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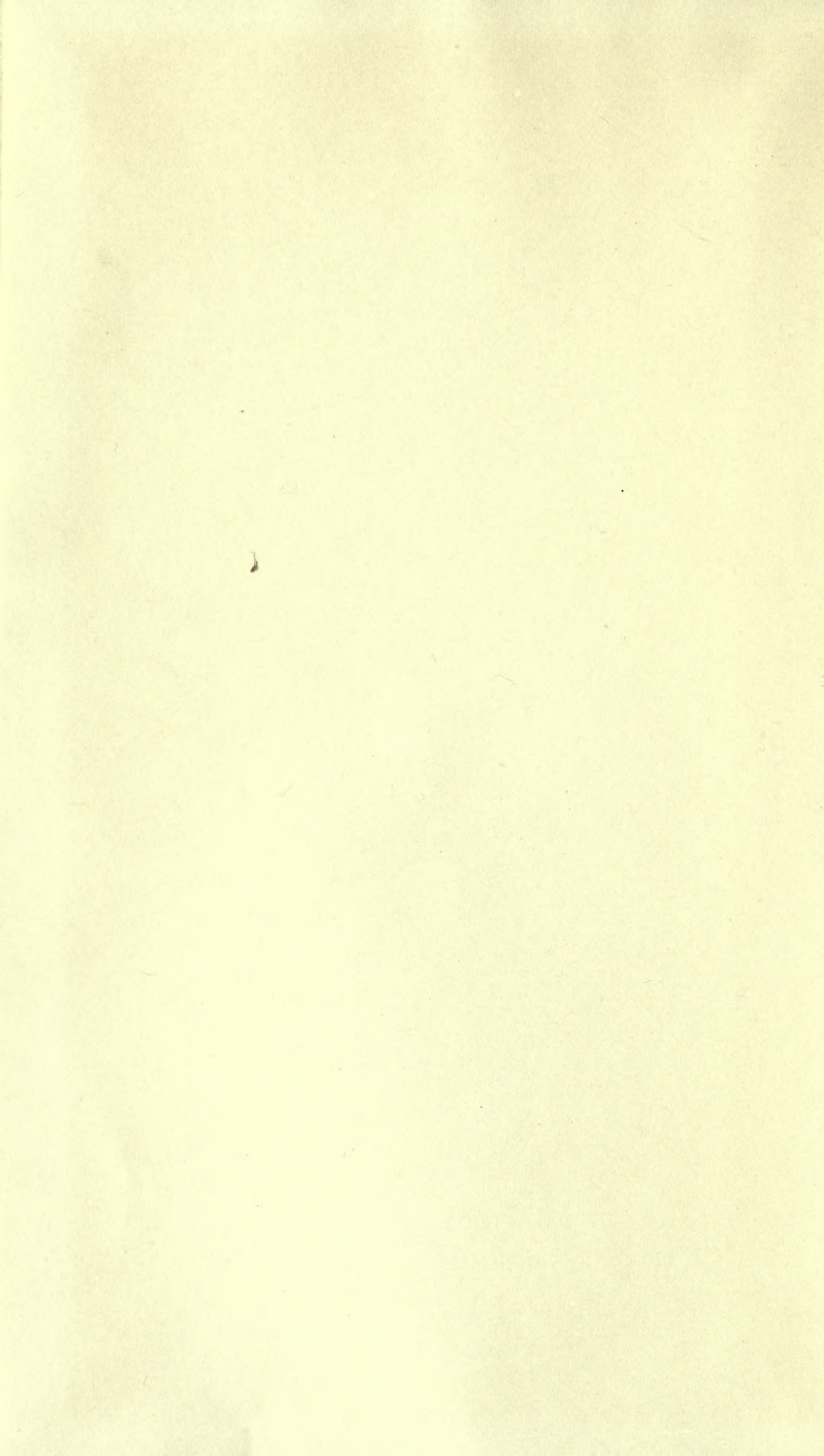














THE  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

OR

BRITISH REGISTER

OF

LITERATURE, SCIENCES, AND THE BELLES-LETTRES.

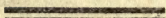


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BRITISH REGISTER

INTERESTING NEWS AND THE REGISTER



WAYS TO REVENUE

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1836



THE  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND THE BELLES LETTRES.

VOL. X.]

JULY, 1830.

[No. 55.]

GEORGE THE FOURTH.

THE lamented death of his late Majesty occurred within so few hours of the time when this publication must go to press, that we might be easily excused from noticing it but by a paragraph. But we have been anxious to do more, and, by whatever exertion on our part, to meet, in some degree, the public interest natural to so grave and melancholy an event as the demise of the Sovereign.

George Frederic Augustus, his late Majesty, was born on the 12th of August 1762, the eldest son of their Majesties George the Third and Queen Charlotte. As it was the desire of his royal father that he should be master of all the knowledge and accomplishments necessary for the future monarch of the most intellectual and influential nation of Europe, the prince was put at an early age into the hands of tutors of acknowledged capacity, the chief of whom were, Markham, late Archbishop of York, and Cyril Jackson, afterwards distinguished as the Dean of Christ Church, Oxford. There were some subsequent changes in the persons about the prince, but his education was continued with a diligence which made him no mean scholar, and imbued him with a degree of general taste and literature probably equal to that of any sovereign of Europe.

The prince, to those high advantages, united those of nature in a remarkable degree. He was tall, well formed, his countenance handsome, and his air, manners, and address *princely*, in the fullest sense of the word. But it is one of the characteristics of English life that it shall be mingled with politics. No man of rank can be suffered to escape the general net of party, and of all men, the future master of the throne is naturally the chief prize. To a prince of the heir-apparent's time of life and buoyancy of spirits, there could be no comparison between the parties which, on his coming of age, solicited his connexion. Pitt had communicated his own stern and reserved habits to his administration. The Whigs exhibited the complete contrast to this solemn and matter-of-fact school. They were the chief nobility of the land, the leaders of fashionable life, the men of wit, elegance, and taste; their houses were the resort of all that was brilliant in male ability and attractive in female elegance. Fox, Burke, Sheridan, Wyndham, with a crowd of inferior stars, glittered in the Whig galaxy; while, on the other side, nothing was to be seen but the frowning majesty of Pitt's genius, his retired virtue, and his uncompromising scorn of the pliancy and moral laxity of his showy competitors. Pitt's official subordinates were scarcely more attractive; whatever might be their personal qualities, they were but instruments in the hands of their great master, and the whole aspect of Toryism was clouded and hardened by official severity.

The prince instantly adopted the party which offered the stronger captivations to his unpractised and susceptible passions; and the Foxite principles, if principles they deserve to be called, were from that hour his political creed for years.



But unhappily the connexion with Whig politics implied that intimate connexion with the leaders of the party, which involved the prince in their private habits. No result could be more unfortunate. Fox and his chief associates were notorious for indulgence in all the dissipations of fashionable life. The prince plunged into those dissipations with the reckless ardour of passions unrestrained, of rank without a superior, and of fortune that, by youth, might be deemed inexhaustible. Actresses, wine, the turf, building, a boundless establishment, all the shapes in which income could be expended, dissipation indulged, or public anxiety and repugnance excited, were the habitual indulgences of a prince scarcely emerged from boyhood—but nothing could be more disastrous than this commencement of his career. The public morality was hurt by the example of the prince's private life. The public burthens were unpopularly increased by his expenditure, at a time of national pressure; and the rising spirit of disgust against all royal privileges, just and unjust, which had been first excited in America, then propagated in France, and was rapidly becoming familiar to England, took singular advantage of princely irregularity as an argument against royal rule.

In 1783 the prince terminated his nonage, was introduced into the House of Peers, appointed colonel of the 10th dragoons, and received an increased allowance of 50,000*l.* a-year. This allowance was speedily found unequal to the expenditure of the prince's various establishments; and his debts, within three years, compelled an application to parliament. There could have been no more unpopular application, for the sum was enormous, nearly £300,000. But the public distrust was still augmented by another instance of the rash and undirected passions of the prince. Mrs. Fitzherbert, a woman of fashion, and of striking beauty, had attracted his attentions. She was a widow, and it began to be rumoured, that the prince had actually married her. The grievance was increased in the public and royal eye by her being a Roman Catholic, a marriage with whom would, by law, extinguish the prince's succession to the throne. The king was indignant, the public were offended, and the ministry felt themselves empowered to impose the harshest terms on the prince, and to heap on the opposition the whole obloquy of having encouraged him to an act little short of treason to the Protestant throne. There was but one way to evade the crisis, and Fox took upon himself the extraordinary expedient. In the face of the House and the country, he pledged himself that the prince was *not* married. But even this expedient succeeded but imperfectly—Fox's pledge was dubiously received;—the public believed that he had sacrificed his honour, and a compromise was finally made, scarcely less galling than a total refusal. A part of the encumbrances was paid off, leaving the prince liable to the most pressing debts—his debts of honour, and concluding with equal irritation on the side of the king, the prince and the people.

The prince was now for some years abstracted from politics. The utter hopelessness of the Whigs, while Pitt continued to be supported by the king, had sickened them all of public life; and the party reserved their strength for some of those contingencies which so frequently change the aspect of affairs in England. The contingency at length came. In 1788 the king was suddenly afflicted with insanity. The Whig party now awoke in its strength, and Pitt was assailed in the absence of his powerful protector. The grand object was to place the prince at the head of the nation as Regent. But the singular genius of Pitt, never more splendidly exercised than at that moment, established his supremacy. The Whigs, urged by eagerness for power, rashly suffered themselves



to become the advocates of maxims directly opposed to the Constitution. The ministry were thus placed in the position of its defenders—the public feeling gradually gathered round them—restraints on the Regency were sanctioned by great majorities in Parliament, which would have made the Regent but a superior servant of the administration; the prince shrank from this fettered authority, and while he still hesitated, the nation was surprised and rejoiced by the announcement of the king's complete recovery. Whiggism sank at once, and Pitt's fame and influence were triumphantly established on its ruins.

The prince now sank again into private life. But debt still pursued him. He attempted to throw it off, by reducing all his establishments. This measure was unsuccessful; his creditors were not to be paid by retrenchment; and the painful resource of a parliamentary appeal became once more necessary. His debts now amounted to £639,000!

But Pitt was now his advocate, for the king's consent had been obtained by a sacrifice which the prince had often declared to be the most trying, and which in after days he had bitter reason to deplore. The king's commands had been laid upon him to marry in his own rank; and his majesty's niece, the late unfortunate Queen Caroline, was chosen as the bride. The prince's stipulation was the discharge of his debts. The debts were discharged, the marriage ceremony performed, and within a week it was understood that disgust on one side, and disdain on the other, had separated the royal pair forever.

On the 7th of January, 1796, her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales was safely delivered of a princess, at Carlton House, and on the 11th February following, in the evening, the royal infant was baptised, and received the name of Charlotte Augusta. Notwithstanding the general joy that prevailed throughout the nation on the birth of a princess, her parents now determined on a formal separation, and the princess had apartments assigned to her in Kensington Palace. Her Royal Highness subsequently purchased a house at Blackheath, and continued in England until the 9th of August, 1814, when the princess embarked at Worthing, in an English frigate, the *Jason*, to return by way of Hamburg to Brunswick.

A long and painful inquiry into the princess's conduct, termed "The Delicate Investigation," had preceded this measure. The charge was not less than her having born a child to some stranger. This the Committee of the Privy Council declared to be altogether unsustained, but admitted that the princess had been singularly careless of appearances.

Long preceding this unhappy result the prince had been pained by his Majesty's direct refusal to gratify him in a point which honourably interested his personal feelings. The threatened invasion of England, in 1803, had summoned the nation to arms, and the prince justly conceiving that he would be expected to signalize his spirit, applied to the throne for some military command. We give one of his eloquent and manly letters on this occasion.

"I ask"—such was the language of the prince—"to be allowed to display the best energies of my character, to shed the last drop of my blood in support of your Majesty's person, crown, and dignity; for this is not a war for empire, glory, or dominion, but for existence. In this contest, the lowest and humblest of your majesty's subjects have been called on: it would, therefore, little become me, who am the first, and who stand at the very footstool of the throne, to remain a tame, an idle, and a lifeless spectator of the mischiefs which threaten us, unconscious of the dangers which surround us, and indifferent to the consequences which may follow. Hanover is lost; England is menaced with invasion; Ireland is in rebellion; Europe is at the foot of France. At such a moment, the Prince of Wales, yielding to none of your servants in zeal and devo-

tion—to none of your subjects in duty—to none of your children in tenderness and affection—presumes to approach you, and again to repeat those offers which he has already made through your majesty's ministers: A feeling of honest ambition, a sense of what I owe to myself and my family, and, above all, the fear of sinking in the estimation of that gallant army, which may be the support of your majesty's crown, and my best hope hereafter, command me to persevere, and to assure your majesty, with all humiliation and respect, that, conscious of the justice of my claim, no human power can ever induce me to relinquish it.

“Allow me to say, Sir, that I am bound to adopt this line of conduct by every motive dear to me as a man, and sacred to me as a prince. Ought I not to come forward in a moment of unexampled difficulty and danger? Ought I not to share in the glory of victory, when I have every thing to lose by defeat? The highest places in your majesty's service are filled by the younger branches of the royal family; to me alone no place is assigned; I am not thought worthy to be even the junior major-general of your army. If I could submit in silence to such indignities, I should, indeed, deserve such treatment, and prove, to the satisfaction of your enemies and my own, that I am entirely incapable of those exertions, which my birth and the circumstances of the times peculiarly call for. Standing so near the throne, when I am debased, the cause of royalty is wounded. I cannot sink in public opinion without the participation of your majesty in my degradation. Therefore, every motive of private feeling and public duty induces me to implore your majesty to review your decision, and to place me in that situation which my birth, the duties of my station, the example of my predecessors, and the expectations of the people of England, entitle me to claim.”

The request was sternly refused, and it cannot be doubted that the refusal further alienated the prince from his sovereign. But all discussion was soon to be forgotten, in an event of the most afflicting nature.

George the Third had been subject, since his recovery in 1789, to relapses of short duration, and it is understood that in 1804 he was for some deprived of his reason. In 1810 it became necessary to communicate to Parliament the undoubted return of the former illness. The question of the regency was revived, and discussed with great interest. The proceedings terminated on the 5th February, 1811, when the bill appointing the Prince of Wales Regent, under a number of restrictions, became a law. The restrictions were to continue till the 1st February, 1812.

As the opposition to the restrictions was conducted in concert with the Prince, some surprise was manifested at his continuance of the Perceval Administration in office. In a letter which was published at the time, his Royal Highness apprised Mr. Perceval “that the irresistible impulse of filial duty and affection to his beloved and afflicted father, led him to dread that any act of the Regent might, in the smallest degree, have the effect of interfering with the progress of his sovereign's recovery, and that this consideration *alone* dictated the decision now communicated to Mr. Perceval.”

Yet when the restrictions on the Regency expired, the Whigs were destined once more to be disappointed. Perceval was retained in power, as some presumed, by Sheridan's dislike to the Greys and Grenvilles, or as others by the express desire of the Queen; but more probably by the prince's knowledge of their domineering spirit and their national unpopularity.

On the 29th January 1820, George the Third departed this life, and the Prince Regent, who had exercised the sovereignty with restrictions since 1811, and without restrictions since 1812, now became King. By the laws of this country, the Queen Consort is invested with certain rights and privileges, and much anxiety had always been felt with respect to the period when it would become necessary for the wife of the sovereign to assert her rights. It was feared that the appearance of



the Queen in England would be the signal for the recommencement of proceedings for which a foundation was laid in the inquiries instituted on the Continent ; and from the *unguarded levity*, to speak in the language of the Commissioners, which belonged to her character, the reports circulated to her prejudice led many persons to believe that she would best consult her safety by continuing to live on the Continent.

His Majesty, now invested with royal power, displayed his disgust to his spouse by ordering her name to be struck out of the liturgy. To this were added, offences offered to her by the English foreign diplomats. And her irritation was rapidly inflamed into open defiance.

The Queen determined on returning to England. She had wished, previously to taking this step, to consult with Mr. Brougham, (her Attorney-General,) at Geneva, but a journey of such length was incompatible with his other engagements, and the interview was fixed at Calais. On the intentions of the Queen being communicated to Lord Liverpool ; who, being of a timorous and apprehensive character, dreaded the consequences of her return ; Lord Hutchinson was selected on the part of the Ministry, to repair to France, and endeavour to dissuade her Majesty from taking so hazardous a step. The whole country was in commotion.

The conduct of Ministers in the whole transaction was culpably feeble. The personal disgust of the King had urged them to severity against the Queen. The angry and contemptuous aspect of the populace frightened them into the abandonment of every measure of justice and wisdom.

The Bill of Pains and Penalties was introduced by Lord Liverpool on the 27th June. Her Majesty was charged with adultery with Bartolomeo Pergami or Bergami, a foreigner of low station in her service, and the penalties were, dissolution of the marriage and deprivation of her title and rights.

The memorable trial of the Queen now commenced. Into the details of that proceeding it is impossible here to enter. At the time addresses were voted to her Majesty from every part of the kingdom, and there was no limit to the processions which took place to the Queen's residence at Brandenburgh House. In fact, the whole of the middle and lower orders of the country became passionate partizans of her Majesty. There are periods when all ordinary motives cease to act, and when men disregard all sacrifices to which their conduct may expose them. This was now exemplified. Tradesmen disregarded the threats of the higher ranks : workmen set their employers at defiance. The people scorned the King.

The bill was read a third time by a majority of only nine. This majority was not deemed by Ministers a sufficient justification for proceeding further with the Bill, with the public feeling against them. The majority had been diminished by the objection of several Peers to the Divorce Clause, against which Ministers themselves voted.

The concerns of the empire had now been postponed to a family quarrel. The ministry had been defeated by a woman ; the parliament had been led by a mob. The king had been cast from his height by a low conspiracy of Italian valets and English vagrants. To cover this defeat, the coronation was ordered. By a singular destiny, it accomplished all its purposes ; it pleased the populace, who were dazzled by its show ; it pleased the nation as a splendid novelty, and an act of constitutional homage ; and it extinguished the queen's influence for ever. It was even the probable cause of her death. She had first demanded to be crowned



with the king, this was refused by the privy council as not "of right." She then insisted on forcing her way into Westminster Hall, but was repelled.

The coronation passed off with *éclat*, and the Queen vainly strove to conceal her chagrin. Her health suffered from the effort. On the 30th of July, whilst at Drury-lane Theatre, she was much indisposed. On August the 7th, her life was terminated by inflammation of the bowels, which produced mortification.

In the midst of those domestic dissensions, the effect of personal errors, the country had gone on from prosperity to prosperity, the result of the manly policy and foresighted wisdom of Pitt, and the men educated in his principles. Napoleon had been overthrown, and sent a prisoner to St. Helena, where he died in 1822. Occasional distress tried the country, but it rose with astonishing vigour from all its difficulties. The single exception of the year 1825, the year of the "panic," is still memorable for its shock of public credit, and for the unexplained cause of a ruin, which for the time seemed to threaten the whole financial fabric of the empire. Yet Lord Liverpool, cautious and temperate, but altogether without commanding powers of mind, had rather held the ministry together, than governed the national councils, when in 1827 he fell into total paralysis and idiotcy.

On the 12th of April, 1827, Canning was appointed First Commissioner of the Treasury and Premier. His supremacy was brief. An unlucky and degrading coalition with the Whigs, visited him with public indignation. His spirit was sensitive; and he sank under the blow. A cold caught in returning from Windsor hastened his dissolution; and on the 8th of August of the same year he died, much reviled and much praised, but pitied more than either.

But the firmest ground for his panegyric was furnished by the contrast that followed in the Goderich Administration. The nation cried out against this most feeble of all cabinets. It was less broken down than shaken to pieces; and after a few months of abortive experiment and popular ridicule, it was haughtily abolished by the King, and its wreck given over to the Duke of Wellington to compound it again in what manner it might please this new arbiter of the fates of England. The last legislative act of the King was the passing of the Catholic Question in April, 1830; an act of which we *will* not trust ourselves to speak; but which the infinite majority of the empire looked upon as the most formidable and fatal exercise of the royal privilege, and which the apostate minister who was its chief advocate, self-convicted, pronounced to be a "breach of the Constitution."

The details of his late Majesty's illness have been long before the public. His first attack was in March last, from which he partially recovered. But on the 15th of April, the first bulletin was issued, announcing an affection of the chest and lungs. The disease gradually became a disease of the heart. The extraordinary vigour of his frame struggled long against a distemper, which for the last month was known to be mortal. At length the struggle was terminated by a cough which exhausted his strength, and on Saturday, June 26, at a quarter past three in the morning his Majesty died, fortunately, without pain. In this melancholy detail, our only gratification is to be able to say, that for some time past, his Majesty's mind had been turned to subjects of higher import than earth can offer; that he took an interest in religion, and often spent the intervals between his pangs in prayer.

## THE ART OF BOOK-KEEPING.

How hard, when those who do not wish  
To lend, that's lose, their books,  
Are snared by anglers—folks that fish  
With literary hooks;

Who call and take some favourite tome,  
But never read it through;  
They thus complete their set at home,  
By making one at you.

Behold the book-shelf of a dunce  
Who borrows—never lends;  
Yon work, in twenty volumes, once  
Belonged to twenty friends.

New tales and novels you may shut  
From view—'tis all in vain;  
They're gone—and though the leaves are "cut,"  
They never "come again."

For pamphlets lent I look around,  
For tracts my tears are spilt;  
But when they take a book that's bound,  
'Tis surely extra-guilt.

A circulating library  
Is mine—my birds are flown;  
There's one odd volume left, to be  
Like all the rest, a-lone.

I, of my "Spencer" quite bereft,  
Last winter sore was shaken;  
Of "Lamb" I've but a quarter left,  
Nor could I save my "Bacon."

My "Hall" and "Hill" were levelled flat,  
But "Moore" was still the cry;  
And then, although I threw them "Sprat,"  
They swallowed up my "Pye."

O'er every thing, however slight,  
They seized some airy trammel;  
They snatched my "Hogg" and "Fox" one night,  
And pocketed my "Campbell."

And then I saw my "Crabbe" at last,  
Like Hamlet's, backward go;  
And as my tide was ebbing fast,  
Of course I lost my "Rowe."

I wondered into what balloon  
My books their course had bent;  
And yet, with all my marvelling, soon  
I found my "Marvell" went.

My "Mallet" served to knock me down,  
Which makes me thus a talker;  
And once, while I was out of town,  
My "Johnson" proved a Walker.

While studying o'er the fire one day  
My "Hobbes," amidst the smoke ;  
They bore my "Colman" clean away,  
And carried off my "Coke."

They picked my "Locke," to me far more  
Than Bramah's patent's worth ;  
And now my losses I deplore  
Without a "Home" on earth.

If once a book you let them lift,  
Another they conceal ;  
For though I caught them stealing "Swift,"  
As swiftly went my "Steele."

"Hope" is not now upon my shelf,  
Where late he stood elated ;  
But, what is strange, my "Pope" himself  
Is excommunicated.

My little "Suckling" in the grave  
Is sunk, to swell the ravage ;  
And what 'twas Crusoe's fate to save  
'Twas mine to lose—a "Savage."

Even "Glover's" works I cannot put  
My frozen hands upon ;  
Though ever since I lost my "Foote,"  
My "Bunyan" has been gone.

My "Hoyle" with "Cotton" went ;--oppressed,  
My "Taylor" too must fail ;  
To save my "Goldsmith" from arrest,  
In vain I offered "Bayle."

I "Prior" sought, but could not see  
The "Hood" so late in front ;  
And when I turned to hunt for "Lee,"  
Oh ! where was my "Leigh Hunt?"

I tried to laugh, old Care to tickle,  
Yet could not "Tickell" touch ;  
And then, alack ! I missed my "Mickle"—  
And surely Mickle's much.

'Tis quite enough my griefs to feed,  
My sorrows to excuse,  
To think I cannot read my "Reid,"  
Nor even use my "Hughes."

To "West," to "South," I turn my head,  
Exposed alike to odd jeers ;  
For since my "Roger Ascham's" fled,  
I ask 'em for my "Rogers."

There's sure an eye that marks as well  
The blossom as the sparrow ;  
Yet all unseen my "Lyly" fell—  
'Twas taken in my "Barrow."



They took my "Horne"—and "Horne Tooke" too ;  
 And thus my treasures flit.  
 I feel, when I would "Hazlitt" view,  
 The flames that it has lit.

My word's worth little, "Wordsworth" gone,  
 If I survive its doom ;  
 How many a bard I doated on  
 Was swept off—with my "Broome !"

My classics would not quiet lie,  
 A thing so fondly hoped :  
 Like Doctor Primrose, I may cry,  
 " My 'Livy' has eloped !"

My life is wasting fast away—  
 I suffer from these shocks ;  
 And though I've fixed a lock on "Gray,"  
 There's grey upon my locks.

I'm far from "Young"—am growing pale—  
 I see my "Butler" fly ;  
 And when they ask about my *ail*,  
 "'Tis 'Burton' !" I reply.

They still have made me slight returns,  
 And thus my griefs divide ;  
 For, oh ! they've cured me of my "Burns,"  
 And eased my "Akenside."

But all I think I shall not say,  
 Nor let my anger burn ;  
 For as they never found me "Gay,"  
 They have not left me "Sterne."

B.

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EUROPE, AND THE HORSE-GUARDS' CABINET.

WE are anything but croakers. Not the veriest worshipper of ministers ever confided more in the strength of England ; not the most indefatigable hunter of the Field-Marshal's place-giving, power-giving, and all but divine presence, ever more eagerly believed that England, left to herself, was worth the world beside ; and yet for the soul of us we cannot smile. There are the same number of cards dropped daily at Mr. Goulburn's hall-door : the patronage of ministry, down even to such splendid upholders of the national councils as Mr. Backhouse in his den, and Mr. Dawson everywhere, is undishonoured by the secession of a single applicant : Billy Holmes courses the clubs, coffee-rooms, and whatever other rooms, by whatever more delicate name they may be called, whip in hand, with the same ardour, activity, and success, as at any time since Sir Robert Peel's last pledge : in short, every thing goes on in the most brilliant, breast-high, and prosperous way, according to the Downing-street vocabulary, and yet, for the soul of us, we cannot smile.

'Tis true that we have the greatest ministry that ever took pen in hand,  
*M. M. New Series.*—VOL. X. No. 55.

C



ever flourished a daily paragraph in a daily paper, drew their salaries, half-pay, full-pay, allowances, and all with official punctuality, laid on a tax, defended a sinecure, were burlesqued in *the* house, or hated in all houses beside. 'Tis true that we have at its head the greatest orator, financier, diplomatist, and letter-writer that ever existed—a luminary at once to lighten the darkness of Britain, and flash terror in the eyes of submissive Europe. 'Tis true that he has compiled to aid him, if such powers can by possibility require aid, a cabinet composed of the most unquestionably able, pure, and public-minded personages that ever were charged with Apostacy ; that he has at his foot the manliness, candour, and official dignity of Sir Robert Peel, whom, we with pain observe, the public are determined to call Sir Robert *Bliss* ; that he commands, soul and body, the personal virtue, honourable independence, and professional learning of Lord Lyndhurst, with a long et cetera of official underlings, (we beg pardon for the word, but our language is not rich in diplomacy,) the close copies of their talents and virtues. Still we find that the infinite consolation of this knowledge does not penetrate us ; and that if we were inclined to express the words that burst to our lips, we should pronounce the aspect of public affairs mortifying, degrading, and hazardous ; and the only remedy for the evil hour, the instant expulsion of a ministry whom we alternately pity and scorn, hate and despise.

The Duke of Wellington has *not* the talents for governing the country. This is the fact, no matter in what terms it may be told. No man may be fitter to make soldiers march and fight, though there has at no time been much required in the general to make the British soldier do all this : he had done it long before the Duke of Wellington was born, and we trust that he will do it again, long after the Duke may be where his love of office at least will trouble him no more. But the Minister has not ability enough to govern this country, nor any other. We are to be duped no longer by the glitter of epaulettes or the nonsense of Horse-Guards' language. What is it to us how many lazy sons of lazy lords may be on his pension-list, or how many hungry general officers may levy him for commands in the colonies ? We want a minister who will exhibit some depth of view, some knowledge of the principles by which alone great and free communities have been and are to be sustained, some decision in public emergencies, some originality and manly sagacity in devising relief for the casualties of the state. We ask of the whole race of ministerial panegyrists, of the hired and the willing to be hired, of the battalion of sinecurists, of the whole host of nightly applauders of the Home Secretary's speeches, can they answer those demands ?—where is the single measure of the Minister on which they can lay their finger as an answer to any one of those requisitions ?

We pass over the figure which the Minister himself makes in the Lords. We shall suffer his worshippers or his burlesquers to pronounce it dignified, rational, and self-possessed : let them have the full benefit of his style as a model of statesman-like elocution, and of his manners as the perfection of statesman-like temper.—But we turn to more tangible things. We demand what relief has the Premier discovered for any one of the public pressures ? What has he done for Coin, Corn, or Commerce ; those great principles of life in our struggling country ? Has he devised one salutary measure ? or has he been able to conceive any measure whatever ? Has he not left the remedy to what he calls the work of time ; but what every body else

calls the blundering work of intellects puzzled by the commonest problems of public life? The irresistible fact is, that all the great questions lie at this moment in the state in which the Field-Marshal Minister found them at his *accession*; that he has not exhibited the slightest power to alter their shape, or bring them within the grasp of legislation; that in the few attempts which he has made, failure has been the instant consequence; and that the system of sitting with folded arms, and waiting for chance, has at length been established as a principle. It is doubtless the easiest way of getting through the world. The globe will roll on, though ten cabinets were asleep round the military Minister; the day of salaries will come every three months, even though the minister were bathed in laudanum; and if the session can but be once got over, there will be six months secure, undisturbed by the sarcasms of parliament, and as smooth as the prognostics of the pious Mr. Goulburn, or the eternal smile of Sir Robert Blifil Peel.

But there is a time for all things, and the time for opening our eyes has come. We are sick of this perpetual display of insolent pretension and empty performance, of this ostentatious boast of ability and tacit acknowledgment of helplessness. Parliament is beginning to feel that it has other things to do than listen night after night to the men of mediocrity, who, after having been lifted from clerkships into the cabinet, show that their natural designation was the Desk, and that the most glowing passion for Sinecures may be consistent with the most pitiful exercise of the understanding. A great party is rapidly forming. Men of all varieties of opinion upon the minute points of polity are coerced by the force of circumstances into one leading opinion of the necessity of crushing the cabinet of the clerks. Whig and Tory are names gone by. The cabinet has extinguished all distinctions. The party of the country is the only name that will be henceforth acknowledged; and, without compromising personal feelings or old principles, without staining any man by the imputation of acting like the *Blifils*, and flinging off at an hour's notice principles and feelings avowed during a life; that great party will be formed, which alone can save the country from the Cabinet of Corporals!

We demand, where is the proof that the Premier is a fit man to guide the councils of the empire? Let us look over the catalogue of his diplomatic triumphs. And first of Russia. His *declared* policy was to sustain Turkey against Russia. He loftily quoted Pitt's opinion on it,—"That the man who doubted the infinite importance of supporting Turkey was not worthy to be reasoned with." He pledged his political faith upon the protection of the Turkish dominions against a Russian war. And how did he fulfil his pledge? England, with chagrin and astonishment, saw her most dangerous rival suffered to take her course in contempt of remonstrance; saw her rush into the heart of the Ottoman territory, in the teeth of our ambassador's representations, which Russia despised as they deserved; saw her reduce our ally to vassalage, and raise herself to the summit of European power!

Now for another example. France decided upon the invasion of Greece. The measure was obviously hazardous to the natural influence of England. It might be for the permanent seizure of territory; it might be for the seizure of the Ionian Islands, or for the final occupation of Egypt and the route to India. The Premier wrote to the French ministry, remonstrating against the invasion. The French ministry



laughed at the letter and its writer, sent out their expedition, walked over Greece, and would have been masters of it till this moment, but for the volatility of the national character, which found a more tempting conquest in the attack on the Barbary States. So much for the diplomacy of the Premier.

Now for another example. Portugal was laid under ban; Don Miguel was declared an outlaw by the diplomatic honesty of the cabinet. Yet did we see Don Miguel creeping to the foot of the Downing-street throne, or Portugal soliciting law from the British fount of national jurisprudence? The Don laughed at us; the Portuguese scoffed at our interference: they exiled our friends; they entered into correspondence with our enemies; they burlesqued our little pageant of a little queen; they finally forced us to send her back to her nursery at the same moment when they forced us to send them a minister under the name of a consul; and, at this hour, the only tie which prevents Portugal from abandoning our connexion altogether is its own interest—our paying it the most exorbitant price for the worst wine in the world.

We have now gone the whole range of British foreign alliance, with but one exception; and there, too, we have been baffled and turned to ridicule. Need we name Austria, and the negotiations with Prince Metternich relative to the Greek sovereignty? Lord Aberdeen makes a brilliant figure in those transactions: yet what is Lord Aberdeen but the mouth-piece of the Premier?—or does any man, capable of knowing his right hand from his left, believe that this Scotch Peer and Reviewer ventures to stir a step but by word of command? We ask, has Austria been sincere? No man will believe any thing of the kind. We ask, has not the British cabinet been duped? Every man believes that it has. Has not the Premier himself been foiled even by Prince Leopold? Has he not been pledged, and committed, and recommitted? and is not his whole sagacity now worthily employed in backing out of the whole transaction? Not the softest smile that ever thawed the ice of Sir Robert Bliffl Peel's official visage, not the most sanctified glance that the saintly Mr. Goulburn ever threw up to heaven in the paroxysm of an anti-catholic harangue, would now shake our convictions that the Minister has been defeated on every point of his boasted foreign policy.

The state of Europe is at this moment the most singular in the annals of diplomacy. There is no war; but there is no peace. There is no rebellion; but there is no obedience. There is no revolution; but every continental throne trembles. A popular spirit of insubordination has arisen, without a popular knowledge of the principles of rational liberty; and all Europe is fevered by a restless anxiety for rights which none of all its monarchies can concede without ruin, and none of its nations can possess without a total change of the habits, laws, and feelings of the people.

In such a crisis, the rank of England ought to be conspicuous. She ought to take the lead, by little less than a law of nature, when intelligence, freedom, and religion are the objects of discussion. Her great instrument of dominion is mental; and, in the struggle of opinion, all nations would instinctively bow to the acknowledged supremacy of the first intellectual nation of the world. But, thanks to the wisdom which has thrown us into the hands of a military cabinet, no nation now appeals to us for any other decision but that of the sword; and as we cannot fight everywhere, nor call every question to the arbitration of the

Horse Guards, the European nations follow their own career, without caring whether we exist. The Russian war has sunk our name as protectors of the weak ; and, unless the exigencies of some foreign cabinet require a loan, England is as remote from their thoughts as the most mushroom republic of Columbia. But the storm will come. It is gathering in every quarter of the horizon. What is the condition of that monarchy in whose fate England must be always most vitally interested ? France is now running the race that England ran in the days of Charles I. The struggle is no longer between parties in the state, between ministers and their political opponents, but between monarchy and the people. The popular leaders have already set their public existence upon the die, have openly resisted the king in parliament, and have been openly branded with the king's displeasure. The legislature has been dissolved—a virtual declaration that it was either incapable of its functions, or determined to exercise them contrary to the government—that it was either imbecile or hostile.

The representatives have accordingly been scattered through France. More dexterity would have kept them together in the capital ; would have exhausted them by perpetual discussions upon trivial subjects ; would have entangled them in the ministerial meshes until they grew weary of debate, and the people grew weary of the debaters, until one half turned courtiers, and the other half, in the eagerness to escape from the heat, the expense, and the *ennui* of Paris, had given way to any measures of the minister. But the fates of France have ordained it otherwise. In the moment when their irritation was at the highest pitch, when the popular effervescence was rising to its height, and when the king was most obnoxious to national opinion, the deputies have been scattered through every corner of France, like the fragments of an exploded shell, to spread popular animosity.

The fullest success of the Algerine expedition will not extinguish this universal discontent. Its failure may precipitate the collision ; and the ministry must be sacrificed to save the throne. But the public feeling is too deep, too fierce, and too sternly supplied by the materials of national tumult, to be reached by the trivial influence of foreign temporary triumphs or failures. The spirit of France is not republican ; for every man of common competence in France who pronounces the name of the Revolution pronounces it with fear. The days of Robespierre are still a chronicle of blood to the French mind. But the spirit of France is a spirit of change. The evil glitter of the empire still dazzles the national eye. The terrors and shames that Napoleon brought upon his people are forgotten in the sight of the trophies that have been suffered to remain among them. Even the column in the Place de Vendôme, with its haughty inscription of the conquest of Austria in a three months' war, inflames the original rashness of the most war-loving people in existence. The names of the Parisian streets are stimulants to war ; Napoleon's fame is living in a thousand public recollections ; and the last tremendous blow that crushed him and his empire has less broken down the strength of France, than stimulated and fevered its singular native energies for once again ascending to the summit of European fame.

But war will not be the first experiment of France. She feels herself too keenly watched by the great continental powers. She has received a lesson of her true strength too recently, to dare the desperate waste, the continued misery, and the certain ruin of an attack on the continent. A



new illusion has been prepared for her. The vision of political perfectibility has been summoned up from the depths where it has lain for almost half a century, to delude, dazzle, and madden France. Politics, not war; constitution, not conquest; the equal freedom of all creeds, not atheism by law; the utmost discountenancing of all the adventitious distinctions of birth, office, and title, yet not the abolition of ranks, nor republican licence, are now the principles of the French patriots; yet they are dreams, and in France, of all countries on the globe, they are least capable of being realized. They were the dreams of France in 1789, of the States-General, of the National Assembly, of Lally Tolendal, of Neckar, and even of the unfortunate Louis XVI. Then the dreamers were roused from their sleep, like the dreamers in a storm; and, for the festive faces and brilliant lights of their fantastic banquet, they saw round them the elements let loose, the royal ship tossed on a sea of darkness, the thunders roaring above, the wave of blood rolling beneath, the vessel loosening under their tread; until the last struggle came, and all went down.

The philosophy, the religion, the politics, and the public opinion, of France, have, at this moment, the strongest resemblance to those of the age of Voltaire. The mummeries of the popish worship are as much scoffed at; the affectation of superiority to "all that the priest and that the nurse have taught," is still as much a matter of pride; the corruption of manners among the higher orders is not more restrained; and the only difference seems to be, that the absurdity of politics has superseded the absurdity of "philosophy;" that the clergy, impoverished and degraded by being made pensioners of the state, are still less fitted to resist the torrent of scepticism; that the nobility, broken by emigration and the loss of their hereditary privileges and revenues, are still less fitted to stand as a barrier against popular encroachment; that the professions, deprived of their offices and ancient connexion with the court, now universally look to the popular interest for support; and that the popular interest, formed of an immense body of actual proprietors of land, distributed among them, by the revolutionary, has been strengthened tenfold by its actual wealth and independence, and fiftyfold by the relative extinction of all the great bodies, the princely, noble, and ecclesiastical interests, that once formed the outworks of the throne.

The future can alone decide the new shape which those materials of national evil will take; but we may be fully assured, that the Horse-Guards' Cabinet will be impotent during the whole progress of the transaction; that it will remonstrate and be laughed at, and suffer itself to be laughed at; and that it will console itself for the contempt in the certainty that, let the world roll as it will, quarter-day will come round.

Russia is contemptuous, cool, and indefatigably alive to her own aggrandisement. Having commenced the Turkish war in defiance of England, she has concluded it in scorn of Europe. She has gained still more by treaty than she could have gained by arms; and now having secured the head of the Euxine, and planted her garrisons in Armenia, she has only to mature her strength, and be successively mistress of the Euxine, the Dardanelles, and the Mediterranean. Her Asiatic prospects are unlimited. The whole of Tartary, up to the wall of China, is either in her grasp, or in her influence. With two great provinces of Northern Persia in her possession, she has the whole Persian empire at her mercy. The first popular tumult, or disputed succession, will give her an excuse

for invasion, and the next peace will be dictated from the Persian capital. Persia, once broken down, and she may be broken down within the next half dozen years, the route to India is open. Even at this moment the Czar could send troops to the Indian frontier sooner than a British regiment could reach it from Calcutta. Russia is already the arbiter of Asia. But her power in Europe, if less direct, is scarcely less irresistible. Sweden was once her check; it is now all but her vassal. The reigning prince holds his authority only by her permission. And the successor of that prince must bargain for his crown with Russia, or see the son of the exiled king return, and himself driven out to wander through Europe.

Poland, the old counterpoise of Russia, is now her slave. A Russian viceroy lords it over the ancient lords of Cracow and Warsaw, and the knout performs the office of the sceptre.

With Prussia her influence is of the strongest kind. The policy of finding a protector against Austria, had always made a Russian alliance popular in Prussia. But since the infamous partition of Poland, Prussia, touching upon the Russian frontier, feels the stimulant, at once, of hope and fear urging her to the closest connexion with the politics of the court of St. Petersburg. Family ties have added to the force of this mutual interest; and, in the event of a continental war, the whole power of Prussia must be thrown into the scale of the Czar.

The influence of England was once all-powerful with Prussia. The latter years of the French war had united the two courts in sentiments of the strongest cordiality: but this feeling has been superseded by the overpowering pressure of Russian interests. The first manifesto of Russia against this country would be followed by a Prussian declaration of war.

The kingdom of the Netherlands, which the Castlereagh cabinet actually erected, and which is bound by the very tenure of its existence to England, is yet the perpetual object of Russian intrigue. The marriage of the Prince of Orange to the sister of the Czar, was but a part of the system of binding the Netherlands to Russia. In the event of hostilities between England and Russia, if the first object of the Netherlands were not neutrality, the Russian councils would be the law of the land.

But a still more striking proof of the imbecility of the present cabinet of Great Britain is to be found in the general confusion and restless turbulence that now form the characteristic of the European governments. The substantial policy of England is universal peace; she can reap no harvests from fields strewed only with the ruins of national prosperity; her commerce shrinks from regions where tyranny and popular turbulence hold the alternate scourge. Her strength is in the strength of each, and her opulence in the wealth of all. Her supreme interest is in the quiet, the virtue, and the good government of all nations. And yet, at this hour there is scarcely a nation of Europe in which the conflict of kingly fear and popular tumult is not either in preparation or actually begun. Of France we have already spoken. The whole country is in a state of public emotion, unequalled since the Reign of Terror. The whole vast district of the Vendée is agitated by political tumult, giving expression to itself not simply in election harangues and mob-violence, but in the most extraordinary defiance of the armed power of the State, in assassinations, in the burning of farms, and even of villages, and in a palpable determination of shaking the authority of the clergy and the king.



The kingdom of the Netherlands is convulsed with civil and religious discord. The king has been compelled to adopt the hazardous measure of proroguing his parliament, and sending home the popular opposition, to throw fresh fuel on the flame. Fierce and brutal bigotry has reinforced the popular resistance. The popish priesthood have begun those quarrels, which it is their first triumph to create in all protestant governments. Liberalism has joined with monkery in this attack upon the throne. The desire to be united once more with France is openly avowed in the journals. The result is the necessity of prosecuting those journals, and of depriving their writers of the means of inflaming the popular passions. Some of the principal journalists of the Netherlands are already under sentence of the law, and banished. Prussia has offered to be their jailor, and those Netherlandish incendiaries may look upon themselves as fortunate if they escape the dungeons of Magdeburgh, or the casernes of Spandau. But the tumult has not died with their departure. New disturbances have taken their place, and bigotry, jacobinism, political corruption, and foreign treachery, are preparing a bed of torture for the monarchy of the Netherlands.

Turkey is already in a state of revolution. Though the shape of the revolution is not European. The Turk knows nothing of elections, popular harangues, or libellous newspapers. Of those, of course, his revolution will exhibit no signs. But he knows a great deal of devastating a country for a hundred square miles, of burning villages, of living at free quarter, and of cutting off the heads of Viziers and Sultans. At this hour the whole nation is in a ferment. The Turk, the haughtiest of men, has seen his country trampled by the invaders whom, of all invaders, he most hates. He has seen a Russian garrison in Adrianople, the ancient capital of his Greek conquests, and still almost his Sacred City. He has seen Constantinople at the mercy of the Muscovite, his fleets destroyed, his money carried off to the Russian Treasury, his military name trodden into the dust, the key of his supremacy surrendered by the free navigation of the Bosphorus, and all his ancient and lofty prejudices insulted by the new-fangled affectations of European arts, discipline, and manners. He now sees a new kingdom erected out of the wreck of his empire, and his slaves turned into his scoffers and his equals; Egypt, withdrawn from his sceptre by fraud, and the Barbary states on the point of being torn from his allegiance by force. The Turk is galled from top to toe. Every wind that blows from every quarter blows on his uncovered wounds. He sits among mankind the Job of the latter ages, but with no wisdom among his friends, and no patience in himself. The opulent gather their wealth, and fly into Asia. The beggared sharpen their scymitars, and prepare for revenge. Rich and poor abhor Russia, fling out invectives against the treachery of European alliances, and curse Mahmoud. England alone looks on. The Russian robs, the Greek slaughters, the Austrian prepares to plunder. The Frenchman tries his skill on an expedition against the Mahometan of Africa, before he ventures his head against the Mahometan of Greece or Asia. England still looks on, with folded arms, and sees the grand outwork of her Mediterranean and Indian power hourly crumbling down—she waits for Chance, and rejoices in a little knot of men to whom every change will have the interest of surprise, and whom every change will find only more intriguing and more impotent, more presumptuous at home, and more puzzled throughout the circumference of the globe!

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A VALETUDINARIAN.—No. 1.

I AM an older man at thirty-five than most people at threescore, in experience, in knowledge of the world, and, what is infinitely more uncomfortable to myself, in constitution. I had the serious misfortune to become my own master too early in life, and all my adventures, mishaps, and consequent imprudencies, have been equally precocious. I even came into the world sooner than I was expected, for I am a seven months' child; and my first misfortune was the loss of my poor mother, who died in giving me birth. Reduced to premature old age before I have reached the prime of life, I only exist by art; in short, I am now to an arm-chair very much what the man part of the centaur was to a horse.

Thus debarred from active life, I am driven to my own resources for amusement, and look upon my present loss of locomotion as a judgment upon me for my wandering habits in youth. From the time I was fourteen years old, when I first entered the Navy, I have been constantly roving about the world; and if the frequent changes of climate, and the numerous accidents incidental to my life and profession have curtailed my physical enjoyments, they have considerably added to my mental gratification, by providing me with Recollections and Reflections for the remainder of my life. The benefit of these I would fain bestow upon the public, not altogether as an act of disinterested kindness, as I have consulted my own amusement as much or more than their advantage; but because autobiography is so much the fashion, that if one does not write something in the present day, it may be supposed one cannot spell. We have "Memoirs," "Original Letters," "Anecdotes," and "Reminiscences,"—every sort of means by which private occurrences may be converted into public property. We are by nature so curious, so fond of prying into our neighbours' affairs, and neglecting our own, that there is nothing one enjoys so much as a peep behind the curtain into other people's families, in order to become acquainted with things and persons that no way concern us, or of knowing something that is not generally known. We prey upon each other like vampires, filch each other's good stories, portray our dearest friends' weaknesses, and take advantage of their sayings and doings in the hours of confidence and conviviality to make a book. No one, it is remarked, "is a hero to his own valet de chambre;" and it is most true: neither is it possible for any one to be "wise at all hours;" and as long as this domestic inquisition is encouraged as it is by the fashion of the day, the nonsenses and absurdities of our fellow-creatures will not fail to provide us with sufficient materials to flatter our "amour-propre," or gratify our ill-nature.

Notwithstanding all this, however, I must write, for I can do nothing else to amuse myself; and I see no reason why "my reminiscences" should not be just as entertaining as other people's,—as Horace Walpole's for instance, who wrote his for the amusement of the Misses B——. Not that I would by any means have the presumption to compare myself with that accomplished courtier and literary noble, who has written a very pleasant, though rather scandalous, account of his own times, and who I dare say would have flattered himself that he had been a great deal more "in the world," as it is called, than I have. Yet I doubt much if



he had seen more of it—certainly not, geographically speaking. It is said of Lord Anson, that “he had been round the world, but never in it;” of Napoleon, that “he had passed over the world, but never through it.” Now I have been “in the world,” and “out of the world,” and almost “round the world,” for I have crossed the Isthmus of Darien, and seen both seas at once, have peeped down the crater of Mount Vesuvius, and stood on the top of Mount Calvary, where the standard of Mahomet waves over the tomb of our Saviour. Surely many people have inflicted books on society with much less provocation; so why should not I succeed?

“Truth,” they say, “is not to be told at all times;” and although I have not been sworn before a magistrate “to tell the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,” which is sometimes imprudent, and always difficult, when writing about oneself, still I will endeavour to adhere to it as closely as I can. Without boasting, like Rousseau, that “my book should on comparison with that of the recording angel, be found exactly to correspond,” I will not be more lenient to my own faults and foibles than I am to those of others; and I hope that if my theory be less beautiful, my conduct will be considered more consistent, than that of an author who wrote whole volumes on education, and sent his own children to “*Les Enfants trouvés*.” Without further apology or preamble, therefore, I will promise to be as scandalous as I dare, as entertaining as I can, and if the reader likes my terms, “allons”—if not, he is here at liberty to throw away the book.—I was born in the house of my maternal grandfather, which was situated in the heart of the city of London. He was a very rich man, had made most of his own money by his exertions in early life, and had a proportionate dislike to parting with any of it. He was rather pompous in his manners, had an immense idea of his own consequence, which was certainly very great in his own family, and had a general habit of aggrandizing every thing that directly or indirectly belonged to himself. Among many other peculiarities, it was his most particular desire that neither of his daughters should marry any of his majesty’s officers, a class of persons to whom he had a great dislike; consequently two out of three married captains in the royal navy from pure contradiction;—such is human nature!

All infants are pretty much alike, notwithstanding many fond parents flatter themselves that they can descry “papa’s eyes” and “mamma’s nose,” the moment they are born. In my opinion, and I speak from experience, having a little progeny of my own, they all bear an infinite resemblance to a skinned rabbit. I never knew but one exception, and she was too beautiful to live. Every one’s infancy also is too much alike to require any particular description; we are all put first into long clothes, then into short, then into shorter; we all imbibe pretty much the same quantity of pap and barley-sugar, until age promotes us to bread and butter and rhubarb and magnesia. Then comes education, beginning with our alphabet, and thence arises all the good or evil that influences our after life. Not that I mean to say a great deal does not depend on the way in which a child is brought up, even from its earliest infancy, as one sees the greatest difference in children. No one, I am sure, could have been brought up worse than I was, although my father was at sea and I had no mother to spoil me. I had two aunts, however, who vied with each other in that particular, and what they left undone was amply supplied by my grandfather: so that in time I became the

most fractious, spoiled child, that ever existed ; a misery to myself and every body about me.

My grandfather, however, could not bear me out of his sight, and was with great difficulty prevailed on to send me to a school, whose chief recommendation was its vicinity to our house, where I was reported to have made wonderful progress. Whether that was really the case, or whether my grandfather's dinners were the best in the neighbourhood, and my praises the readiest way to get invited to them, I don't know ; but every body said I was a "genius," and had great natural talents ; the surest way to prevent a child's getting any acquired ones. I had the misfortune to be told on all occasions that I was very clever ; I wrote a copy of verses on arithmetic at nine years old, and composed a tragedy on a Spanish subject before I was eleven. The verses are still extant : all I remember of the tragedy is that two assassins were the chief characters, and that one of these was called Pedro. The realities of life have long since cured me of poetry : when I shall leave off prose I have not yet determined.

These ill-judged praises, of course, did not tend to make me either more amiable or agreeable, although my too partial relations considered me perfection ; they made me an idol, and fancied me a prodigy, and I was very well contented to believe myself both. This mutual mistake lasted until I went to a public school, where the usual quantity of the dead languages was flogged into me, until I provoked my lately over-indulgent friends by different misdemeanours, which they punished more in proportion to their own disappointment than my demerits. It is very hard that those who first spoil children should be the persons to visit them with too much severity for faults which they themselves originally caused, and which more judicious treatment on their parts might have prevented. Such was my fate, however ; the sins of the child were visited on the man, and I was returned upon my father's hands.

The crimes of a schoolboy of thirteen years old ought hardly to be considered capital, and punished through the whole of a long life ; but the consequences of my grandfather's anger entirely altered my destination, and even to this moment I feel the effects of his resentment. My father, then a captain in the navy, was the younger son of a country gentleman of an old and highly respectable family in the county of — ; but economy was not the virtue for which they were most particularly distinguished, and he was considerably disappointed at my return. He could do little for me out of his own profession, in which he was universally beloved and respected. But a boy educated for India, as I had been, brought up in every luxury, accustomed to have every want anticipated, and spoiled by my grandfather, was not exactly fitted for his majesty's navy. My grandfather on the father's side had nearly dissipated all the family property that was not entailed on his eldest son, who had a large family of his own ; he was a sort of country Heliogabalus, who would have melted down a bullock to make gravy for a partridge. He was so curious in his sauces, and so "recherché" in matters of eating, that he was celebrated among his contemporaries for having devoured the George or Fountain inn at Portsmouth (I forget which) in three meals, and also for having sold an estate in — shire, on which the purchaser cut down sufficient timber to repay himself the principal in six months. I am told this worthy gentleman once drove his coach and four. I saw him reduced to a one horse chaise before he died ; and



he was so consistent in his conduct to the last, that he would have eaten up the property secured to the younger children, if the parchments had not been too tough for even his appetite. This little property I now possess, but he took care to remove all temptation to my ever residing in my own county, by depriving me of the accommodation of a house, which as he could not otherwise make away with, he knocked down and sold the materials. In this manner he ran through a very fine fortune, ruined his children, and his children's children ; but he had the consolation of giving his name to a fish-sauce.

My other grandfather died soon afterwards, leaving me a pitiful annuity, after all his magnificent promises, which had the single advantage attached to it of my being unable to make away with it. My Indian interest expired with him ; my writership was given to a distant cousin, who will probably return some time or other with a full purse and a diseased liver ; my Persian studies, in which I had made some proficiency, became useless ; and it was determined in the family council held on the occasion, that I should be "sent to sea,"—while my grandfather had no doubt the comfortable reflection, in his last moments, that he had left me sufficient to keep me from starving. If the reader should consider that I reflect too severely on my own relations, let him recollect the story of the boy who bit his mother's ear off when he was going to be hanged, and—make the application in any way he pleases.

It has been observed, that in all large families there is usually one individual somewhat worse than the rest, and he is generally "sent to sea," as the phrase goes, which I now consider to be the next best thing to being sent to Botany Bay. I never had much predilection for his majesty's naval service, for I was always of Dr. Johnson's opinion, that "a ship had all the miseries of a prison, with the additional advantage of the chance of being drowned." However, in spite of likes or dislikes, it was my destiny to go to sea, and I was accordingly rated a midshipman on board his majesty's ship —, then employed on the very memorable, but not over-glorious, expedition to Walcheren, and I proceeded to join her at Flushing.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings on leaving the comforts of home to encounter the privations of a sea life. I have already said that I disliked it ; and twenty years' experience has not altered my opinion. I had been pampered and indulged too much as a child, and also began my career too late, having been intended for a more learned profession. I do not by any means wish to infer from this that learning is incompatible with good seamanship ; but it ought rather to be the superstructure than the foundation of a nautical education, as it is too apt to create a distaste to the profession. I would recommend all young men destined for the navy to enter it very early in life (I would say, at about nine or ten years of age), before their habits or their prejudices have had time to take root. An enthusiastic love of the service must be instilled in early life, as it is more difficult to acquire it afterwards.

I do not recollect ever to have seen a more imposing spectacle than our fleet at anchor before Flushing ; myriads of vessels, as far as the eye could reach, seemed to ensure success. I was told that, including those "armées en flute," there were no less than fifty sail of the line employed on this expedition. Never had England sent forth such an armament, and never since the days of the Spanish armada had such gigantic preparations been so entirely thrown away by any nation. The Spaniards might

have consoled themselves for their misfortune by attributing it to the weather; but we had no such excuse; our failure was entirely our own, solely occasioned by stupidity and mismanagement.

The reader will easily believe that I did not make those reflections at that moment; I was too much occupied by the novelty of my own situation, and a great deal too anxious about myself to think of any thing else. I should imagine that the sensations of a boy first sent to one of our public schools, and those of the young midshipman on joining his first ship, must be very much alike: to use an expression well known to each, they would both be in a considerable "funk." Such, I well remember, were my own sensations on that occasion.

Captain —— (now an admiral of great fame and high consideration) received me with much kindness, and gave me into the particular charge of his clerk, Mr. R——, who had the care of two or three young gentlemen confided to them by their friends. We had "a berth" in the gun-room, or what appeared to me at that time a sort of canvas den, in which five of us, including our caterer (an Irishman of considerable bulk), were to mess and live in a space of about the size of a four-post bed. This was considered also as rather an enviable situation, as we had the advantage of day-light over those who messed in the cockpit, whose inmates were condemned to perpetual candle-light, being some feet below the level of the sea, and receiving only air through a windsail.

My young messmates were delighted at having a "greenhorn" to plague, and did not fail to make me undergo all the torments of initiation. I had the usual tricks played upon me on being introduced to my hammock, which went up and down with wonderful celerity by the help of two or three double-headed shot, which being overbalanced by my own weight in getting into bed naturally came down with me, and as soon as I got out as naturally went up again, to my great discomfiture and amazement. I recollect that I sat down in despair on the wet cable, and actually cried with vexation, until a good old quarter-master at last took compassion on me, and made me "fast," as it is called, for the remainder of the night.

I soon made up my mind to these little annoyances, which I should not have felt so severely, if I had not been so much spoiled by my grandfather. I saw, however, that it was of no use to be sulky; and as I am not naturally ill-tempered, I bore with their practical jokes with such good humour, that they soon got tired of teasing me, and I became more reconciled to my new situation. But a seasoning of a more serious nature was about to befall me, for which I was quite unprepared, and which does not happen to many youngsters so soon after joining the service—I mean, to be in an action with the enemy before I had left home ten days.

The operations against the town of Flushing not keeping pace with our commander-in-chief's impatience, he determined to force the batteries with his squadron, and as our ship bore the flag of Lord G——, the second in command, we were to follow next in the line to him, giving the town the advantage of our broadsides as we passed. Whether in our ardour we went too near the shore, or whether we drew more water than our leader, we grounded stern-on to the batteries, and were consequently exposed to the whole weight of the enemy's fire, without being able to return but a few shot from our stern-chasers.

I shall never forget my sensations on this occasion. When told that



we were preparing for action, I could scarcely believe that my precious person was to be endangered ; that I, so lately the pet of a whole household, on whom the breath of heaven was hardly allowed to blow, and who, but a few short days before, would have been surrounded by a whole host of doctors if but my finger ached, was now to be exposed to the shot and shell of a real enemy. It appeared to me impossible ; and I was much more afraid of being hurt than killed. When the drum beat to quarters my heart was in my mouth, and although we sailed gaily into action with the band playing “ God save the King,” not all the pomp of war, or even the ridicule of my more experienced companions, could overcome the agony of my sensations. I was stationed on the quarter-deck, I suppose in order to accustom me to stand fire, and was nominally one of the captain’s aides-de-camp ; I say nominally, because if he had not had others of more use to him than I was, he would have been but indifferently served. I stood under the poop awning, almost paralyzed with fear ; I do not think any power on earth could have induced me to have moved one inch from the place where I happened to be when the first shot was fired. To add to my terror, as soon as the ship struck against the ground, I heard the admiral say distinctly to the captain, “ By God ! C——, we shall be all blown up ; it will be impossible to get her off before next tide.” This was an awful moment for older and braver hands than I : we could do nothing with our guns, and the men were ordered to lie down at their quarters.

The shot passed over us and through us ; and we could use only the carronades on the poop, which was dreadfully exposed to the enemy’s fire. One single shot did horrid execution among the marines, by striking a stand of arms, and killing or wounding several men with the splinters. I shall not easily forget a poor corporal of marines, who had both his arms and both his legs shot off as he was elevating a carronade on the poop. It is now twenty years ago, yet the poor man’s countenance is as plainly before me at this moment as if it were only yesterday, as he was carried past me to be lowered down the hatchway to the surgeons below. He bore the amputation of three of his limbs, and died under the operation of the fourth.

At length the gun-boats and bomb-vessels got in-shore of us, and took off part of the enemy’s fire, by giving them other employment ; but they still sent us a red-hot shot now and then, and once set our hammock nettings on fire. They could not, however, stand our land batteries, which opened upon them in great force, and they soon hung out a white flag, and demanded a truce for four hours.

Great was my delight, on this cessation of hostilities ; and I would not even confess my fright when the action was over ; but fancied myself quite a hero, and ready to face any enemy, because I had escaped unhurt, particularly when the captain, who partly well guessed the state of my feelings, laughed at me for my “ immoveability,” as he called it. I have been in many battles since, in many situations of equal or greater danger, yet none affected me like this. Use is certainly a great deal in these matters ; but for the time we were in a situation of the utmost peril. We were so long exposed to the enemy’s fire, that it is quite a miracle we were not destroyed, as the red-hot shot passed through us in all directions. After the action was over, one of these shot was found in what sailors call the “ lady’s hole,” next the after powder magazine. It had probably skimmed along the water, and cooled itself, as it had merely

simmered a little in the place where it was found. This was a narrow escape, as, had this shot gone only a few inches further, we should have been all blown into eternity, and the consequences to posterity would have been very serious. The battle of Navarino would never have been gained by our gallant admiral, and these my Recollections would never have been written.—One never prizes life so much as when we have just escaped from a situation of great danger; I am sure I never knew its value so well before, and do not recollect ever to have enjoyed the best dinner I have since met with, so much as the scramble we all had for odds and ends “in the steward’s room down below,” as soon as the action was over. The delight of feeling oneself quite safe, of shaking hands with each other, was beyond every thing I have since felt, and I took the greatest pains to conceal my late panic, which, now the cause was removed, I could laugh at myself.

The fleet having all passed the batteries, we were towed to an anchorage beyond the town of Flushing, as soon as the tide served, out of the reach of shot and shell; so that our business being done, we had only to look on while the people on shore did theirs, and a tremendously fine sight it was. The truce had no-sooner expired, than the land batteries, gun-boats, bomb-vessels, and rocket-boats, all opened upon the town at once, and kept up a terrible bombardment for several hours. At midnight, Flushing presented a most magnificent spectacle; it was on fire in four different places, and the shells and rockets, pouring in without ceasing, added to the increasing conflagration.

The still darkness of the night made the contrast more apparent, while one could not help comparing the quiet safety of our own situation with that of the unfortunate inhabitants. All around us was rest and peace, save the occasional “All’s well!” of the vigilant sentry, the distant oars of the guard-boats, and the swift gliding of the smaller boats going to and fro with orders to our companions on shore, who were more busily employed; while the incessant roar of the batteries and gun-boats warned us that the work of destruction was going forward. Our own sensations of thankfulness to that Omnipotent Being who had that day saved us from sudden and violent death, made us, perhaps, more compassionate than man is to his fellow on such occasions. One could not but feel that those brilliant flames, which caused our admiration, were destroying in a few minutes the work of years; that each shell, whose twinkling light shot through the air like falling stars, was the winged messenger of fate to some of our fellow-creatures; and that each rocket that glittered in the firmament would probably deprive some industrious individual of a home, and bring ruin and desolation on a whole family.

If the reader should consider these reflections superfluous, I can only say, in apology, they were mine at that moment. Time and use will of course get the better of our feelings; but experience and the opportunity of comparison has convinced me, that however the tiger part of our composition may predominate in the hour of battle, and the sight of blood and natural instinct of self-defence may render us callous to such sensations, there is no human being more generally kind-hearted than an Englishman. He never commits an unnecessary cruelty, and is not carried away by the excitement of the moment, like his continental neighbours. I speak principally of soldiers and sailors, for a mob is almost always brutal in every country.

Although I had found out that one might get over an action without



being either killed or wounded, I cannot say that I looked forward with any particular delight to a rencontre with the French fleet, although I hope I should have behaved as well as others of my age and size. However, fortunately for me, I was not put to the trial. In the morning, Flushing capitulated, and our commander-in-chief, Lord Chatham, was obliged to get up before noon (which was rather an exertion with him) to receive the French general's sword. Some few days afterwards, we went up the Scheldt to look at the French fleet. I suppose it was for nothing else, as we did nothing more. The redoubtable Fort Lillo was between us, whose heavy train of battering cannon, level with the river, would most likely have blown us out of the water unless the army had made a powerful attack in the rear, which *they did not*. Perhaps it was all for the best; but if I recollect rightly, the people at home were not very well satisfied with our proceedings.

On our return to Flushing, we were chiefly occupied in destroying the public works in the dock-yard, and in a very short time (so great is man's ingenuity in mischief) we converted one of the finest arsenals in Europe into a desert, and carried away with us as a trophy a large portion of fever and disease. Such is war: we left misery and desolation behind us, and returned home with the remnant of an army of pallid spectres, who looked more like the ghosts of their buried companions than the living remains of a British army.

It is not my intention, however, to stir up the old grievance of the Walcheren expedition; too many persons have reason to regret it for me to be required to dwell upon so disagreeable a subject at so distant a period. As an Englishman, I had much rather forget it; therefore I will not remind the reader what *might* have been done, *but was not*. Politics are too grave for me; I was too young for them then, and I am too old for them now. I will only say, as far as I was personally concerned, that for a beginner it was rather an unfortunate debut, and I will leave all recollections of Flushing to the few survivors, whose anniversary agues and chronic rheumatisms will, I dare say, prove sufficient remembrancers, while I call to mind my feelings of delight on returning home from this my first expedition—such as it was.

I should think there could not be a vainer animal in the whole creation than the young midshipman on his return home from his first voyage. The utter contempt in which he holds his former amusements, his assumption of the honours of maturity, his awkward attempts to sink the boy in his horror of the nursery and side table, with the assistance of his dirk and cocked hat, all tend to make him a little man before his time. I really had grown an inch or two from change of climate and manner of life, but nothing in proportion to the elevation I took upon myself. I swore at my kind-hearted old nurse, who would persist in considering me a child, whenever she proposed combing my hair; talked large of my late engagement with the enemy; and romped with the maid-servants. In short, I was become a complete scamp, turned the house almost upside down, and so disturbed the whole family, that they were quite delighted to get rid of me, when I was obliged to join my ship again, which was fitting out at Chatham.

Any sorrow that I might perhaps have felt at leaving my home a second time was quite forgotten in the contemplation of the magnificent preparations made for that event. The size of my chest and the extent of my wardrobe were never-failing sources of my admiration and my father's animad-

version. The quantity of linen, the full dress-coats and undress waist-coats, the India handkerchiefs and silk stockings, were all of them objects of delight to me and grumbling to him.—To be sure he had to pay the bill, which might have induced him to draw melancholy comparisons between the good old times when he went to sea and the luxuries that were then required. He would hold up my silk stockings between his finger and thumb with the greatest contempt, declaring that he never had but six checked shirts and two white ones with frills; and as to pocket-handkerchiefs, he never heard of midshipmen using any thing but a piece of oakum. What would he have said had he been alive now, good old gentleman, and seen all the elegancies which the “march of intellect” has introduced into our profession, and all the gold lace with which it has pleased the powers that be to bedizen us?

My consequential airs materially diminished as I approached my ship, and my chivalrous feelings considerably abated when I found myself again imprisoned in my canvas-den. My messmates had all rejoined, and it was determined among us to have one good dinner on shore before we sailed; accordingly a splendid entertainment was prepared at one of the principal hotels in Chatham, which had such an unfortunate termination that I shall never forget it.

Our party consisted of five, including our caterer, who was to take care of us, and prevent our getting into mischief; but on shore this worthy man was a greater boy than any of us. We had a most splendid dinner, and plenty of every sort of wine, so that we were in high spirits, and did not think of returning on board till near midnight, when we set out for that purpose “flush’d with the Tuscan grape and high in blood,” and particularly disposed to have a row with any body. In this state, the devil or some of his agents put it into the head of one of our party to assault the watchman’s dog with his horse-whip, which was the next worse thing to attacking that functionary himself.—I do not know how or why it is, but at all the sea-port towns there is a constant petty warfare carried on between his majesty’s civil and naval officers.—Midshipmen always consider watchmen, dockyardmen, and custom-house officers as their legitimate foes, especially when they are drunk. On this occasion the man seemed inclined to convince us of the propriety of the old proverb, “Love me, love my dog,” and immediately commenced hostilities by seizing one of our companions by the collar. This produced a general engagement; the watchman sprung his rattle, and all the guardians of the night were up in arms in a moment. As we had nothing but sticks and dirks to defend ourselves, we were soon overpowered, notwithstanding our Irish caterer showed the pugnacity of his country, and, placing his back against the rails of an area, most vigorously defended himself, breaking the head of one watchman, and wounding another. At last even he was overcome, and our general being disarmed and vanquished, we were obliged to submit to being carefully lodged in the watch-house, where we were left to our own reflections.

We found several of our brother officers from different ships in the same situation as ourselves. The watchmen seemed to have been peculiarly fortunate in their skirmishes that night, having made so many prisoners, that we were nearly as closely packed as if we had been in the black-hole at Calcutta. I never recollect passing such a night, for every body was drunk except myself; and sobriety, like virtue, must be its own reward on such occasions. I would have given a great deal to have



been as drunk as my companions, for even in more comfortable circumstances there is nothing more ridiculous or disgusting than to be the only sober person in a drunken party. Some talked, some laughed, some swore, and others actually wallowed in the mud and mire. I thought the morning would never dawn, and when it was light enough to see each other, I never saw such a sight as we presented to all beholders; for even the little boys came to peep at us through the bars. It was a bitter cold winter's morning as our conductors paraded us through the streets, one by one, sickly pale, and miserable, without allowing us to remove any of the effects of our drunken conflict or late habitation. They seemed to take great pleasure in making us go the longest way to the justice's house, amidst the shouts and hisses of the mob. At last we arrived, and our examination was soon over; the watchman appeared against us, a most woful figure, all over blood, plasters, and bandages, to cover wounds that did not exist. He was assisted by a "man of the faculty," as he called himself, and a man of law, who demanded most enormous damages. The justice, who, I suppose, was well acquainted with the case of "Midshipmen versus Watchmen," did not seem inclined to be severe upon us, but merely bound us over to keep the peace, and fined us in all fifteen pounds, to cure the watchman, who really was much maimed. He then dismissed us with a gentle admonition, recommending us to make use of the pump in his yard, and to go out by the back door, that we might avoid being insulted by the mob. We slunk away to the water's side, and got on board our ship in the best way we could, where of course we were laughed at by our companions, and reprimanded by the commanding officer, besides having to make up the fifteen pounds, which caused a serious defalcation in our pocket money. I believe this adventure tended more to cure me of any liking I might have had to the bottle than many sermons would have done, for if I live to the age of Methusalem I shall never forget the *clink* at Chatham.

It is proverbial that "sailors earn their money like horses, and spend it like asses;" but scarcely any one who has not seen a pay-day on board a man-of-war can have any idea of the childishness and folly of their expenditure. I had an opportunity of being convinced of this fact a few days before we sailed; and if it were not for the salutary regulations that oblige\* them to give a part of their pay to their wives, parents, or other relations, it would all fall into the hands of Jews and prostitutes. Lord Byron has declared that "avarice is the vice of old age;" I do not think it is the vice of the navy at any age, and although our profession has produced many heroes, it has not made many "millionaires" since the time of the galleons. Indeed there are few examples of naval officers making fortunes in the service. Some make a little money after they become captains, but they generally are obliged, or fancy themselves obliged, to spend it.

Our people having in some way or other got rid of their superabundance of cash,—for sailors are good for nothing unless they are poor, at least Lord St. Vincent must have thought so when he said in the House of Lords, "keep them poor, and they'll serve you,"—we proceeded to Plymouth to take in the remainder of our stores, and in a few days we sailed for the Mediterranean.—This was in the year 1810, or thereabouts.

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\* This alludes to "tickets of allotments;" but there is nothing compulsory in arrangements at the pay-table, by which seamen may forward a part of their pay to their family and friends.—EDITOR.

## TALES OF THE DEAD.

THE HALF-HANGED ITALIAN; THE IMPALED TURK; THE HALF-DROWNED ENGLISHMAN.

"To be, or not to be!"—But hold, my masters. Before we go any further, you would probably like to know something of the unlucky scribbler who thus unbidden intrudes upon your literary moments. Before you consent to jog onwards through a tiresome half hour or so, under the guidance of an impertinent moralist, an it please you so to call him, who would fain unharness you from the lumbering vehicle of politics, Russian victories, and Irish riots, to saddle you instead with the baggage of his own light ware, you will no doubt deem it advisable to take a scrupulous inventory of the who, the what, the when, the where, the why, and other indispensable *et ceteras*. Know, then, most gentle reader, that I am in truth a philosophical vagabond, a strange compound of Democritus and Heraclitus, with one eye for smiles and another for tears; being thus gifted with a most convenient cast of countenance, either side of which I can turn as modern statesmen do their coats, according to the exigencies of the moment. I laugh with the laughers; I weep occasionally with them that weep; I contrive to squeeze myself into the midst of every crowd; pick up a little scandal and small-talk at coffee-houses; and hardly ever fall asleep in a church. I have seen many a droll sight; I have listened to many an odd tale, at the telling of which sorrow might ope her flood-gates, with some that would afford food for "laughter holding both his sides;" and could I but find some good-natured publisher to usher me into the world genteelly bound, and some soft-hearted reviewer (quære, "can such things be?") to bestow on my calf-skin a little of the unction of puffing, why then I might enroll myself as a modest supernumerary in that very ancient, valorous, and respectable, but not overfed corps,

"In foolscap uniform turned up with ink,"

heroes that quietly give point with the pen, instead of bloodthirstily cutting, and slashing, and hewing, and hacking with the sword,—cautious crusaders that march to the temple of fame, not through fields of slaughter, but through a second—ay, mayhap, a third or fourth edition, revised and corrected. All this, reader, is *entre nous*: and now that I have, with my usual precision, and quite in my own off-handed unceremonious way, indulged your curiosity with a full, true, and satisfactory account of myself, my propensities, and my customary mode of life, together with a hint of my ulterior and desperate purpose, I shall, with your courteous assent, resume the thread of this most profound and instructive lucubration.

All good is counterbalanced by evil; and my rambling habits have been productive of some sad results, which, in the singleness of my biographical veracity, I must unreservedly avow. In the first place, I entertain an insuperable aversion to the society of methodical, sober, sage people, whom I may presume to call the steady but slowly-revolving lights of the age. The natural consequence of this my antipathy to gravity and regularity is a decided predilection for the company of entertaining and clever vagabonds, whom I may compare to the will-of-the-wisp meteors which, in my boyish days, led me many a merry dance, though I must own that in the end they generally left me in a quagmire.



In the next place, the many strange stories that I have picked up, and the many odd adventures which I have witnessed, or in which I have participated, have led me to contract a habit of settling every question, how momentous soever, by the recital of a tale or scapegrace anecdote. Manifold are the evil consequences resulting from this inveterate habit of mine. I have lost my character for argument; and yet time was when I could handle a syllogism as dexterously as any casuist that ever perplexed a plain case. I am now, forsooth, known only by the appellation of the novelist, or the traveller, or some other such significant epithet, shrewdly indicative of a certain failing, to which, in the opinion of Falstaff, this world is much given. My most veracious histories are treated as agreeable fictions, in which the moral is lost in the romance; my most pertinent anecdotes share the fate reserved of old for the revelations of Priam's ill-fated daughter, who, as Virgil tells us, was doomed to prophecy to a set of obdurate heathens that disbelieved her predictions and laughed at her advice. I sometimes feel my gall rising at this wilful neglect of the good things, at this obstinate blindness to the moral lessons that, on a diligent search, might be found in my narratives; but as I am in the main a good-natured peripatetic, I invariably join in the laugh against myself, satisfied to amuse if I cannot instruct.

Though compelled to yield to the opinion of my friends—I mean the vagabond portion of society, whose fellowship I chiefly cultivate—and though forced in some measure to abandon my pretensions to logical acumen, my head forms a capacious storehouse for anecdotes of every sort; for an infinity of scraps, and odds, and ends, in the way of personal and rambling adventure. By this means, whatever may be the subject started, though I may not always be ready to attack it with the heavy artillery of argument and reason, I can generally from the aforesaid arsenal bring the small guns of illustration and anecdote to bear upon it directly or indirectly. I particularly pride myself upon knowing when to make a hit; upon my dexterity in crushing the pretensions of a rival fabulist; upon a happy knack of snatching a good thing out of a voluble orator's mouth, and making his story my own. I could for hours together make a dead set at the most experienced prosers, watching the first symptom of exhaustion, and availing myself of an unlucky cough or hem to seize upon the audience as my property for the rest of the evening. Commend me to the Frenchman who, having for once in his life afforded an opening to a phthisicky opponent by stopping to take breath in the middle of a long argument, replied to a friend that expressed some surprise at his unusual want of tact, "*Attendez donc; s'il crache, il est perdu.*"

During the course of last autumn, that predilection for a rambling life, which I have always cherished, and which I maintain to be proper and natural to man, introduced me to a *soirée* in the north of France, where I enjoyed the society of as motley a group as ever vagabond observer noted in his chequered page. The evening was wet and gloomy; the very avant-courier of a winter's day. In a spacious antique saloon were congregated an assemblage of quaint physiognomies that seemed as if moulded from a variety of models; while, with a gravity not usual to our Gallic neighbours, the provincial beaux and belles glided along the well-waxed oaken floor, or sat in rueful contemplation of the bleak-looking fire-place, whose unkindled faggots reminded of the cheerful blaze that *had been*, and whose blackness a poetic imagination might have fancied

the mourning-suit put on in sorrow for a lengthened widowhood. The aspect of the society was as gloomy as that of the elements. Here and there a brace of politicians settled the destiny of nations with a nod, or a shrug, or a humph ! Dandies yawned and twirled their thumbs ; and women, wondrous to relate, were silent, and plied their needles instead of their tongues. Conversation was completely-at a stand. The usual novelties on the subject of the weather had already been broached : it had been pronounced bad, shocking, execrable ; execrable, shocking, bad : the topic was worn to tatters. Then there was the opera ; but what does a provincial know of the opera ? He talks about the ballet, about *entrechats* and *pirouettes*, much in the style in which a Mahometan believer raves of the black eyes and coral lips of ever-blooming Houris : he can even describe the position of the building itself, with as much precision as a Homeric commentator points out the ancient site of Troy. The case was hopeless. For my own part I had tried the conversational powers of my neighbours, and in despair had half resolved upon the dangerous experiment of making an amicable advance to a toothless, pursy, purblind old lapdog, that by dint of scraping, and turning, and re-turning, had wriggled himself into a snug bed upon the softest easy-chair in the room. A constant wheezing, asthmatic growl, the exact counterpart of a superannuated pensioner's lament, had hitherto kept me at a respectful distance from the little domestic nuisance that in consideration of a ten years' indulgence, and in pity to his growing infirmities, was tolerated to snarl at the guests, and snap at the servants who in the exercise of their functions were forced to invade the hearth-rug which this autocrat of the chimney-corner considered his legitimate territory. I absolutely shuddered at my own temerity : but what was to be done ? I sighed in vain for an opening—the slightest glimmering loophole through which to insinuate a tale, a smart anecdote, or some exhilarating piece of scandal. But no ; my well-filled budget was to all appearance destined to remain closed for that evening, when—oh miraculous interposition of fate!—a good-natured old gentleman muttered something about the necessity of capital punishment in a state. This grand question once started, the shock became electric. Each had his argument in store ; each had his provision of common-place tediousness ready cut and dry. All spoke at once : an admirable mode of discussion, inasmuch as it saves time, and exercises the lungs. Here was a glorious opportunity for me. Like a skilful tactician, I determined to economise my force till the heat of the opening fire should be over, and then, with the field all my own, to rush with the *corps de réserve* of eloquent narrative upon my exhausted opponents.

Watching the opportune moment when the tide of argument seemed rather on the ebb, I proposed to favour the company with the details of a strange adventure, precisely as I had heard them from the lips of a singular personage whom I had met some months previously in the course of my eccentric wanderings. I fondly flattered myself that the episode which I was about to relate, in illustration of the important question then in debate, would build me up at least a twelve months' fame as a dealer in anecdote. Figure to yourself, reader, a dark-visaged Italian bandit, whose eagle eye had watched many a *veturino* slowly winding along the romantic steep ; one that from the shelter of a projecting crag had often calculated, with mathematical precision, the moment for pounc-



ing upon the traveller in the valley beneath. Fancy this rival of mighty monarchs—this Alexander on a minor scale—this hardy robber terminating his career of pillage by the rope—gallantly swinging on a gibbet, and yet at this very moment still numbered with the living! Such was the hero of my promised tale. I thought myself in high luck to have spoken to a patient fresh from the hands of Jack Ketch, to have gathered from his own lips the recital of his last earthly sensations; in short, to have lived, moved, and breathed in the same atmosphere with one that had hovered on the confines of another world. I fancied myself in possession of an irresistible argument in favour of the penal law so loudly combated, and now or never was the moment to introduce my anecdote. The bare mention of it produced, as I had expected, something like excitement, and lighted up a ray of expectation on many a fair face. The chairs of the company were gradually compressed into a narrow semicircle; and the lady of the house, an elderly maiden aunt, with a look directed towards a tall hoydenish niece of sixteen just emancipated from a boarding-school, ventured, in a paroxysm of hospitality, to hint something about a fire. Blessings on the good old lady!—though the day was Sunday, and though she had hallowed the Sabbath by her customary attendance at church, she could endure the profanity of a little heretic mirth in the evening. When I think of her, I really feel disposed to relax in my antipathy to old maids and sanctified evergreen aunts; for, to speak generally of that class of bipeds, I aver from experience, as well as upon the high authority of Tony Lumpkin, that “aunts are d—d bad things,” though, thank God, I am seldom regaled with the odour of their sanctity:

“Why I thank God for that is no great matter.”

To return the proposition relative to a fire was not thrown away. In the twinkling of an eye a few lighted embers had already kindled the faggots now no longer destined merely for show; and the blaze, fanned by the breath, in plain English, of a pair of bellows, soon communicated its enlivening glow to a set of as eager faces as ever circled round an autumn fire. Would English belle have contaminated her taper fingers with the contact of such a vulgar utensil as was now most lustily plied by the somewhat ruddy hands of the hoydenish niece above-mentioned? Would English belle have stooped to any thing so despicably useful? Reader, “they manage these things better in France.”—And now for my tale, which I related nearly in the following terms:—

I had undertaken a pedestrian excursion through the most romantic and untravelled part of Italy, induced chiefly by the circumstance that no octavo guide that I could lay hold of had lavished its trite commendation on the beauties of scenery unexplored by the generality of cockney post-chaise travellers. That love of vagabondizing and change, which is the very essence of my animal existence, had urged me speedily to return to France, from the gay metropolis of which I was now not many leagues distant. In the middle of the road, and a few paces in advance of me, a solitary traveller walked leisurely along. On coming up with him, curiosity induced me to observe his physiognomy, which a feeble acquaintance with the science of Lavater enabled me to pronounce that of a boon companion, a decided amateur of good eating and drinking, when those blessings were to be obtained without too much trouble. He seemed to be one of those enviable mortals who travel recklessly along the road of life, without knowing or caring whither they are bound,—

one of those to whom the moment is every thing, and who give themselves but little concern about their evening couch or their morning meal. His countenance was frank and open, and his whole person was marked by an appearance of careless jollity, a total abandonment of all sublunary concerns to the supreme divinity of chance; and I must confess that such a system has always appeared to me full as philosophic as any other. In support of my vagabond theory and practice, it may be observed, that he who "takes no thought for the morrow" possesses a prodigious advantage over your cautious calculating reasoner, that true follower of holy precept enjoys the good that fortune scatters in his path, nor alloys it by anticipation of the evil reserved for a darker hour. In short, I have ever remarked, that the man who in the disagreeable journey of existence abandons himself blindly and unhesitatingly to the empire of circumstances comes off better than his fellow-travellers, and is distinguished from the crowd by an air of boldness and freedom not without its value. This was precisely the case with the pedestrian whom I now overtook. As I make it a point to turn every incident to account, and as he seemed inclined to be sociable, I slackened my pace, in order to keep alongside of him, and was soon convinced that I had formed a correct judgment of his jovial disposition, for he was the first to break silence.

"You are probably going to Paris, *monsieur*," said he carelessly: "if so, you can show me the way, for I have twice lost myself in these cursed by-roads."

"With all my heart, my good fellow: you have only to keep along with me, and we shall reach Paris together; though, by the way, you seem in no great hurry to arrive."

"Oh, as for that, I never hurry when I feel myself in safety. Simple as I stand here, many a rock in Italy has served me as an ambuscade for more than fifteen days together; and there have I been planted, my good carbine in my hand, my ear cocked, and my eye on the look-out for game that I could not always start."

I am not naturally timid; and after all, what was there to fear? I was a match for the stranger in physical advantages, and besides was armed; but I own that I felt an awkward uncomfortable sensation, more attributable, perhaps, to surprise than to any other cause. I soon, however, recovered my self-possession sufficiently to reply to him.

"Is it possible, *signor*, that I see before me one of those hardy Sicilian brigands to whose account have been laid so many delightful adventures of robbery and murder, and whose daring career has furnished so fine a subject for the pencil of Salvator Rosa?"

"Faith, even so," replied the bandit; "I have in my day been enrolled among those daring Sicilian bands, those brave fellows that would snatch you up a man from the high road with as much ease as a sneaking beggarly purse-lifter at a village fair would extract a handkerchief or a greasy note-case from a bumpkin's pocket." At these recollections he shook his head mournfully, and gave a long-drawn sigh to days of departed glory.

"Ay," said I with an appearance of the deepest interest, "you may well regret those golden days!"

"Regret them! ah! the bandit's is the only life. Nothing under the sun could compare with our brave mountaineers. Only fancy a dashing young fellow of eighteen; his dress a smart green frock with gold but-



tons; his hair tastefully braided, and kept together by some fair maiden's riband; his pistols and his trusty stiletto stuck in a rich silk girdle; an enormous sabre trailing behind him with a formidable rattle; a well-burnished carbine slung across his shoulders;—only fancy a knight of the road armed thus at all points, posted on the summit of a rock, bidding bold defiance to the abyss beneath; singing and fighting, fighting and singing; making alliance one day with the Pope, the next with the Emperor; receiving ransom for the strangers that fall into his hands as for so many slaves; drinking his delicious rosolio; ruling the roast at taverns; throwing the handkerchief to village beauties; and always sure of dying on a bed of state, or swinging from a gibbet. Picture to yourself, if you can, such a charming life, and then judge what I have lost."

"Lost, say you? And yet, if I may judge, you must have been rather a shy bird to catch. If you have given up the trade, I suppose it was with your own free consent."

"Indeed!" replied the bandit. "You little know how matters stand. But if you had been hanged, like me——"

"You hanged?" And I involuntarily started back.

"Ay, hanged! and all owing to an excess of devotion. You must know, that on a certain beauteous evening I was snugly concealed in one of those impenetrable defiles that border Terracina and, sinner that I was, as I gazed upon the moon, that rose so brilliant and looked so lovely, I recollected that for a long time I had not made an offering of the tithe of my booty to the Madonna. By a singular coincidence, it happened that on that very day was celebrated the fête of the Virgin. all Italy had already resounded with the homage paid to the blessed shrine; I alone, unworthy pagan! had not even muttered an *ave-maria*! Determined, however, to make up for lost time, I descended towards the valley with rapid strides, and, as I went along, poetically admired the soft silvery reflexion of the stars in the broad lake. I arrived at Terracina at the moment when the moon shone brightest; and, wholly bent on my devotion to the Madonna, I boldly traversed a crowd of Italian peasants, who were enjoying the cool evening air at the threshold of their doors. Never once reflecting that every eye was fixed on me, I arrived at the church porch. Only one of the folding doors was open; on the other was posted a large placard, which contained a most flattering description of my person, and agreeably tickled my vanity by informing me that a high price was set upon my head. Nothing daunted, I entered the church,—an Italian church too, with its fretwork arches, its aerial dome, its altar of white marble, its delicious perfume of incense, and the last lingering sounds of the organ that died upon the breeze. The sainted image of the Madonna was encircled with flowers. I prostrated myself before her, and offered her a handsome share of my booty,—a diamond cross that had been worn by a young Sicilian beauty, and a small English box of elaborate workmanship. The Virgin appeared satisfied with my pious homage. I arose with confidence, and was preparing to depart in peace for my mountain, when, just at the church-door, I was seized from behind, and dragged by a set of ill-favoured police blood-hounds to a dungeon, whence there was no escape, for not a petticoat was to be seen in the place; and as I had not a pistole in the world the jailor was inexorable."

"And so you were hanged, my honest fellow?"

"By the Virgin, the very next morning! Great pains were taken to

conceal the report of my detention ; and a few hours sufficed to construct a gibbet, and to find an executioner. In the morning the officers of justice visited my cell, and desired me to quit my dungeon. At the outer gate were collected a vast number of Italian penitents, white, black, and gray ; some with sandals, others with their feet naked ; each holding a lighted torch in his hand, his head covered with a *san benito*, that exposed to view nothing but a ghastly hollow eye, on which the leaden stillness of death was already imprinted. In front of me a trio of priests, muttering a triple salvo of *pater-nosters*, paraded a funeral bier ; and away I marched gaily to the gallows, which, by way of doing me honour, had been erected in the most distinguished style. It was elevated upon a gentle rising ground, and somewhat resembled a large direction-post ; white daisies formed a soft flowery carpet at its foot ; behind rose the hills that had so often witnessed my exploits ; in front yawned a precipice, at the base of which rolled, with monotonous murmur, a rapid torrent, whose exhalations penetrated even to the theatre on whose stage I was about to exhibit. Around the instrument of death all was perfume and light. I advanced with a firm step to the foot of the ladder ; but casting a last look upon my coffin, which lay in readiness for the moment when all should be over, and measuring its proportions with a glance, ‘this coffin is not near large enough,’ cried I ; ‘and, by the Virgin, before I consent to be hanged, one of the proper dimensions must be brought!’ At the same time I assumed so resolute an aspect that the leader of the police gang thought it necessary to venture a few words as a sedative :—‘My son,’ said he with a considerate air, ‘you would have just reason to complain, were this coffin destined to contain your remains entire ; but as your exploits have gained you a high reputation, it has been decided, that as soon as you are dead, your head shall be severed from your body, and exposed to public view from the most elevated point of the city. You may therefore make yourself perfectly easy, for you see you will have plenty of room. I scorn to deceive an honest man like you.’

“With this reasoning I was perfectly satisfied. I ascended the ladder, and in a twinkling was at the top. From my elevated position the view was admirable ; and the hangman being a novice in his art, this circumstance afforded me sufficient time to take a survey of the crowd. I observed some determined young fellows of my own stamp trembling with ill-suppressed rage, and some young girls in tears, while others, on the contrary, hard-hearted jades ! testified every symptom of joy. In the midst of the crowd was one of my own band, a fellow after my own heart, as brave a lad as ever handled blade, one whose parting look promised me a deep and speedy vengeance. Whilst the executioner prepared his apparatus, I walked carelessly to and fro upon the platform of the gibbet, just on the brink of the precipice. The sympathetic hangman stood aghast at my temerity. ‘Have a care,’ cried he, ‘or you will be killed. Would you rob even the gallows?’ At last all was in readiness ; but the tender-hearted finisher of the law was seized with a vertigo—his limbs tottered under his feeble frame—the rolling cascade below, the burning sun above, bewildered his brain. At length, however, the cord was arranged around my neck. The executioner pushed me into the yawning gulf, and attempted to shorten my sufferings by pressing his ignoble foot upon my shoulders ; but on these firm, tough shoulders mortal foot cannot print its trace with impunity. The executioner slipped,



retrieved himself for a moment by catching at the foot of the gallows with both hands: one of them gradually relaxed its hold, and the next instant he was himself precipitated headlong into the abyss, and borne away by the torrent."

This gallows with its blithe and smiling accompaniments, this scene of death so jocundly portrayed, had wound up my curiosity to the highest pitch. I could never have believed that a hempen cravat was productive of such pleasing recollections. I had heard that death came arrayed in pall and winding-sheet; never before had I contemplated him in the gaiety of his holiday suit. The bandit was a philosopher of the right school; he looked upon the gallows as a long-suffering creditor, but one with whom he must ultimately reckon; or rather, like a calculating gamester, he knew that he had fairly lost his stake, and that its payment would be rigorously exacted. I was anxious to hear the continuation of his adventures, and at my request he thus resumed his story.

"I have the most perfect recollection," said he, "even of the slightest sensations which I experienced; and were the whole business to recommence in an hour from this moment, I should feel not the least concern. When the rope had been fastened about my neck, and when the executioner had pushed me from the ladder, I was seized with a violent pain about the throat. Shortly afterwards I felt nothing. The air inflated my lungs slowly, but pinched up as they were, the slightest particle of the balmy breeze revived me; and besides, being lightly balanced in mid-air, I might be said to breathe it at every pore. I can even recollect that this swing-swung motion was not without its charms. I beheld external objects as it were through a thin veil of gauze; my ear was rather fatigued by a stilly silence; I began gradually to lose myself in my meditations, though I can no longer exactly recollect the subject of them, unless it was the money I had won the evening before from my comrade Gregorio. All of a sudden I gasped for breath; I could no longer perceive objects distinctly; I no longer felt the swing-swung motion;—I was dead!"

"And yet," said I, "here you are, alive and hearty; and I congratulate you most sincerely on your escape."

The bandit upon this assumed an air of gravity, and assured me there was a miracle at the bottom of it. "I had been dead," resumed he, "upwards of an hour, when my comrade cut the rope. When I came to myself, the first object that I beheld was a lovely female; her sylph-like form reclining with deep interest over my exhausted frame; her soft black eyes fixed with intense anxiety on mine, that had so long been closed in death; her balmy breath revivifying me with a soul more pure than that which had quitted its tenement. Her voice, her look, her language, her soul, were Italian! Methought for an instant that I had newly risen from the tomb, and that I was in the presence of Raphael's Madonna. Now, signor, you have heard the bandit's story. I have faithfully promised the lovely Maria to become an honest man, if possible. Love, they say, works miracles; and perhaps he will, in favour of Maria, operate my conversion. I have even already made considerable progress in the path of virtue; for I have procured myself two most essential requisites to the character of an honest man—a good coat, and a new hat."

"But, besides that," added I, "you must have a trade; and I am greatly afraid, my good friend, that you have none."

"That is precisely what every one tells me," replied he; "and though I have tormented my poor brains about the matter from morning till night, I have never been able to perceive that a trade leads to any thing good in France. Now, in Italy it is different: there the fields produce mushrooms sufficient to feed a city ten times as populous as that of Rome; in France every thing must be paid for, even to the very mushrooms, which are rank poison."

"Do you think, then," said I, "that the trade of lazaroni is that of an honest man?"

"Most undoubtedly. Your lazaroni is neither master nor servant; depends on no man's orders; works only when his necessities require; and his necessities are never very urgent, so long as the sun shines bright and warm. And then do you reckon for nothing the pleasure of seeing the Pope every day? a pleasure that is worth at least twenty indulgences every twenty-four hours. No life like the lazaroni's."

"In that case I am surprised you have neglected to procure your enrolment as a member of the fraternity."

"I had some thoughts of it," replied he, "and Maria would fain have persuaded me to it; but I never liked the eruptions of Vesuvius."

At the same instant we entered one of the barriers of Paris, and arrived suddenly before the Luxembourg, that beauteous and tranquil retreat formed expressly for the delight of quiet and peaceful souls. The Italian, astonished at every thing, questioned me at every step. His wonder was in turn excited by the old apple-women that encumbered the porch of the palace, and by the young pillars of the state, who came to legislate for the good of the nation. He was amazed that not a single vagabond could be found warming himself lazily and luxuriously in the sun; that most of the lazaroni, as he called them, in this country work like galley-slaves. His musical ear was shocked to hear other lazaroni in the streets screaming their discordant notes to the accompaniment of a hurdy-gurdy; his eye was shocked with the sight of clumsy earthen-pots, every thing modern, nothing antique:—narrow streets; an infected atmosphere; young girls clad in the livery of wretchedness, and lacking the witchery of an Italian smile; venders of poison, ycleped apothecaries, in every street;—and not a single Madonna. The bandit was struck with consternation. "What can I do among such people?" said he, in a tone of anxiety that pierced through the natural hilarity of his disposition.

"In the first place, what are your qualifications?" asked I, beginning, I confess, to feel rather embarrassed with his person.

"Not many," replied he; "and yet I could play better music, I could paint better, I could guard a palace better, than the knaves I have hitherto seen: and as to the venders of poison with whom your streets are filled, here is a stiletto worth all their drugs;" and he sighed as he examined the point of his dazzling blade.

"If these are your only resources, Heaven help you, my good friend! The market is already stocked with about fifteen thousand painters, twice that number of musicians, and God knows how many poets who mount but slowly to the summit of Parnassus. As to your stiletto, if you will be ruled by me, you will let it repose quietly in the scabbard; otherwise you may chance to enjoy the swing-swong motion of which you are so fond at a gallows where the rope never breaks."

"Yet, without boasting, I sing a love-song admirably. At Venice, the amateur serenaders always confided the orchestra to me; and I gene-



rally managed matters so well, that it has more than once been my lot to finish on my own account an affair that I had begun on another's."

"Ah, my good friend, serenading does not go down here. In France there is but one way to a woman's heart;—gold here is a talisman that works more miracles than all the melody of Metastasio."

"In that case," replied the bandit with *hauteur*, "I shall enter the service of the king of France. His majesty shall see in what style I can handle a carbine and manœuvre a battalion."

"In the first place, you must know that his most Christian Majesty is not so easily spoken with as an Italian captain of banditti. In the next, handle the carbine with what skill you may, you will find your matches here;—there are 200,000 brave fellows in France, who are paid for that work at the liberal rate of five sols per day."

"Ah!" cried the brigand, knitting his brows. "What a vile country! that cannot even support a band of brave fellows with a bandit chief at their head! What an excellent cook they would find in me!"

"Cook!" replied I; "and pray what are your pretensions in that way?"

"Pardieu! I would have you know that we lads of the stiletto do not starve ourselves. I could serve you up a ragout such as any man of taste would pronounce exquisite. When I was at Terracina I was famous for a hare civet. If you could only ask Cardinal Fesch, Heaven preserve his eminence! I recollect that one evening I was sent for to prepare his supper, and his eminence swore by all the saints in the calendar that even in his own palace he had never tasted any thing more delicious."

Hereupon I addressed the bandit in a solemn tone.—"I congratulate you," said I,—"*your destiny is in your own hands; your skill as a cook will ensure you a better welcome in France than you could expect had you the abilities of a general. Visit every house in Paris; and when you come to one that suits you, walk in boldly, announce your culinary talents, prove yourself a cook, and you are at the head of affairs directly. —Your fortune is made; adieu!*" I forthwith quitted him, relieved from all anxiety as to his future fate.

Having thus terminated the narrative upon the effect of which I had so largely calculated, I was inexpressibly mortified to observe the feeble sensation which it seemed to produce. Not a murmur of approbation disturbed the decorum of the audience; not even a symptom of incredulity or astonishment tickled the vanity of the narrator, or forced him to resort to solemn asseveration to corroborate the truth of his wondrous tale. In short it passed off as a matter of no interest,—a threadbare fiction,—a dull romance, unworthy even the notice of a doubt or question. I stood exactly in the situation of a wit who, having wasted a good thing upon an obtuse-eared audience, feels himself under the necessity of laughing at his own jest in order to preserve his character. The fact was, that, like many a good story, mine would not bear repetition: it wore the semblance of truth only in the mouth of the hero himself. Again were arguments showered upon me thick as hailstones:—my adversaries, relying on their numbers, pressed me hard, when just in the moment of defeat an unexpected ally stepped forward to my relief.

This new auxiliary was a venerable long-bearded Mussulman. Slowly raising his head from one of the cushions of the sofa on which he had reclined with listless unconcern, and taking up the conversation at the precise point where I had discontinued it,—"*I can easily imagine,*"

said the opium-eater, "that your Italian was hanged, since I myself have been impaled."

Upon this a dead silence ensued. The male portion of the audience drew their chairs closer to the speaker,—the women laid down their needles, and were all attention. Reader, have you ever remarked a group of female listeners? have you ever admired the animated countenances; the large speaking eyes; the heaving bosoms; the stately necks of ivory white, straining forward with intense anxiety? the dear little hands, so soft, so delicate, they scarce can wield a fan; the—the—the—in short, if like me you are a judge of such matters, get invited or invite yourself to a *soirée*, bring about the introduction of a tale of wonder or of pathos, and then feast your eyes, as I did whilst waiting for the Turk to digest his exordium.

"Blessed be the name of the holy prophet!" said he at length, "but on one occasion I penetrated to the seraglio of Mahomet's successor, I dared to cast a profane eye on the chaste spouses of the brother of the sun and moon."

Here the attention of the listeners was redoubled: a blooming Agnes who had scarcely numbered fifteen summers, and who, seated beside her mamma, had fixed her eyes on the speaker, at this juncture modestly resumed her work; but somehow or other the needle found its way into her finger instead of the sampler.

"My name is Hassan," continued the Turk; "my father was rich, and bequeathed his wealth to me. Like a true believer, I have devoted my life to the softer sex; but my fastidiousness has always increased in proportion to the ardour of my passion. In vain did I in my youth frequent the most celebrated slave-markets: my delicate appetite could find no female worthy of partaking my flame. Each day the master of my harem paraded before me a new lot of female slaves—lovely creatures—black as ebony; while now and then, to please my depraved taste, he would present a bevy of Circassians, white as ivory. All would not do. I became every day more difficult to please; and, by the prophet, it went to my heart to lavish upon a female of imperfect symmetry the price that would have purchased a well-shaped Arab mare! Still was I tormented by an undefinable longing; and one evening, when my restless fancy had wandered into the regions of ideal perfection, I was suddenly assailed by a horrible temptation: in short I determined to penetrate, if possible, even to the secret recesses of the imperial seraglio.

"I have always detested concealment, and I scaled the walls of his highness in as much fancied security as though neither janizaries nor mutes were on the watch. It pleased the prophet to crown my rash design thus far with success. I traversed without accident the three hitherto impenetrable enclosures which defend the entrance of the seraglio from unhallowed footsteps; and when daylight dawned, I gazed with impious curiosity upon the inviolable sanctuary. Conceive my surprise when by the pale light of the morning sun I could discern that the wives of Allah's vicegerent were formed like other women. The film fell from my eyes; I was completely undeceived, and yet my imagination could scarcely credit the sad reality. A fit of tardy repentance stole across my mind, when suddenly I found myself seized by the mutes on guard.

"Dreadful was my crime: yet so easy is the yoke with which true believers are governed, that even had my guilt been proclaimed, it would have been merely a matter of decapitation for me and the slumbering



females upon whose unveiled countenances I had sacrilegiously gazed. It was, however, decided that this momentary stain should be carefully concealed from the knowledge of his highness; and an aga having ordered me to be conducted with all possible secrecy from within the redoubtable enclosure, I was marched off to undergo the penalty which my heinous offence had merited.

“Perhaps, ladies and gentlemen, you may require a description of the punishment of impalement. The instrument employed on such occasions is sharp and pointed, and, placed on the top of one of our loftiest monuments, is not unlike one of those spiral conductors with which you unbelievers blindly defy the fury of the elements, and even the immutable decrees of destiny. Upon this instrument was I placed astride; and that I might be enabled to preserve my equilibrium, to each of my feet were attached two heavy iron balls. My agony was intense: the iron slowly penetrated my flesh; and the second sun, whose scorching rays now began to glitter on the domes of Constantinople, would not have found me alive at the hour of noon, had not the iron balls by some accident been disengaged from my feet: they fell with a tremendous crash, and from that instant my tortures became more endurable. I even conceived a hope that I should escape with life. Nothing can surpass the beauty of the scenery around Constantinople: the eye rests with delight on the broad expanse of ocean, sprinkled with green islands, and ploughed by majestic vessels. Spite of my sufferings, the view which I enjoyed was sublime. From the eminence on which I was perched, I could easily perceive that Constantinople was the queen of cities. I beheld at my feet her brilliant mosques, her beauteous palaces, her gardens suspended in the air, her spacious cemeteries, the peaceful retreat of opium-eaters and hydromel-drinkers; and in the height of my gratitude for the glorious sight which the intercession of the prophet had procured me, I invoked the God of true believers. Doubtless my prayer was heard. An unbelieving dog—I crave your pardon, I mean a Christian priest—delivered me, at the peril of his life, and transported me to his humble dwelling. When my wounds were sufficiently healed I returned to my palace. My slaves prostrated themselves at my feet. The next morning I bought the first women that presented themselves, dipped my pipe in rose water; and if I occasionally thought on his highness and his janizaries, it was prudently to remind myself that women must be purchased such as Allah has made them, and, above all, to recollect that God is God, that Mahomet is his prophet, and that Stamboul is the pearl of the East.”

Such was the Mussulman's tale. Fatigued by the length of his recital, he fell back listlessly upon the cushions of the sofa, in the voluptuous attitude of a true believer that blesses his prophet for all things, trusts all to fate, and smokes his pipe at noon. The venerable Turk was the living personification of calm and blissful content, one of those models from which the genius of a Raphael or a Titian might have traced the portrait of a being without care, without desire, without even a thought! Oh, how I sometimes envy the repose of a luxurious Mahometan couched on his Persian carpet, and plunged in that delicious eastern doze which seems to spare the prophet's lazy votary even the trouble of closing his eyes!

Stories, like accidents, follow each other in rapid succession. A tale of interest related with *naïveté* exercises a singular influence on the minds of the listeners: it draws them together, as it were, by a community of

sensations, and changes an evening that has set in with dulness and stupidity into one of social mirth and pleasure. Thus, after the Turk's laconic tale, the evening decidedly assumed a new aspect: the old aunt replenished the fire with an additional faggot in defiance of the almanack, which had not yet announced the commencement of the winter quarter. An autumnal fire is really a subject for the poet; and were it not that my Pegasus rather limps, I might attempt to amble through a verse or two. No, no, I must stick to prose; it gets on faster; and rhymers are troubled with such abominable headaches!

In humble prose, then, the faggots blazed cheerfully; and just at the moment when the white and blue flame, accompanied by the delicious odour of a French wood fire, proudly lost itself in the invisible regions of the chimney, its reflexion irradiated the visage of a personage who had not yet opened his mouth, except for the purpose of swallowing. From the mixture of phlegm and fog distributed in equal portions over his countenance, it was easy to recognise the taciturn stranger for an Englishman: no disparagement to my countrymen, for silence is said to be the concomitant of wisdom. His jaws would have absolutely grown rusty for want of practice in the vocal department, had it not been for the increased agility with which they were forced to perform their masticating functions. And yet, athwart the cold reserve of his countenance, that damped and chilled like the gloomy November of his metropolis, a keen sarcastic glance beamed occasionally from his eye,—a ray of intercepted sunshine, that, piercing faintly through the mist, cheered for a moment with its promise of genial warmth. The caustic smile by which his features were from time to time dilated, the malicious curl which played around his nether lip, denoted that he was visited with moments of mirthful mood, even with casual glimmerings of fun; that he could sometimes utter as well as swallow a good thing, and circulate the jest as well as pass the bottle.

I know not how it happened, but the eyes of the company were simultaneously turned upon the Englishman, as if in expectation of his tale;—for narratives had now become the order of the night, and were as indispensable as the long stories which at the delicate entertainments of Madame de Maintenon, as her biographers have taken the trouble to inform us, the guests were sometimes obliged to accept in lieu of the more substantial *rôti* that usually preceded the desert. Fortunately my countryman was “in the vein” for personal anecdote:—had not his humour of the moment seconded the wishes of the company, I much doubt if I should now have the satisfaction of communicating the following adventure, which was narrated in a tone that might have passed for bantering, but for the imperturbable and somewhat melancholy gravity of the speaker.

“For my poor part, ladies and gentlemen,” said he, “I regret that I cannot gratify you with a dissertation on the pleasures of Suspension or Impalement, never having personally experienced either of those high destinies. My fate was different and less exalted; and if you will condescend to relish a simple scene of drowning, a few artless details of suffocation by water, I have it in my power to contribute my mite to the general hilarity. Though I can only boast of having been drowned, the particulars of my death are rather strange. Not long since, in my rambles through France, I visited Lyons. Some of you who are acquainted with the environs of that city may recollect a charming landscape almost



close to its walls. To that spot I wandered on a smiling summer's morn. Through the clear warm atmosphere not an envious cloud could be seen skimming the blue vault, and the fragrant breeze that scarcely ruffled the foliage seemed to lull all nature to repose. Yielding to the soothing influence of the scene, I stretched myself lazily along the river-bank just where the Saone timidly unites its limpid waters to the current of the Rhone, and, like a coquettish mistress half-meeting the caress she seems to shun, first opposes the impetuous stream, then resists more faintly, till at last both rivers mingle their waves and lovingly roll together in the same broad channel. Hours glided on unnoticed, and the heat of the noon-tide sun rendered the cool transparent flood still more tempting. A species of rude mossy grotto lent me its partial shade,—the same that, if report speaks truth, once afforded a night's shelter to that phoenix of vagabonds, Jean Jacques Rousseau. Around me floated a thin veil of sultry vapours. I was, in short, in that condition between sleep and waking, in that state of beatitude, which an opium-eater may be supposed to enjoy ; and as I gazed upon the sheet of water that appeared to me so peaceful and so calm, imagination presented to my view a fair and fantastic form—a youthful and lovely female seated on a fragment of rock at the bottom of the stream, and tempting me with a smile to her watery dwelling ; while, mixed with the murmur of the rippling current, a soft plaintive melody was wafted to my ear—one of those sweet strains with which the Sirens of old wooed the heedless mariner to his ruin. The charm was inexpressible. The bright vision floated with graceful equilibrium in the clear mirror of the waves. A weeping willow that grew upon the bank seemed in amorous mood to kiss the nymph's fair forehead, while its green leaves encircled her form with a transparent robe. I lay in motionless enchantment, bound by one of those fairy spells whose ecstatic raptures scorn the aid of language. The dreams of my youth returned. I was transported to the world of imagination ; and oh, how exquisitely fair appeared its visionary shapes, its wildest idealities ! How far did this fragile but faultless creation of my fancy surpass the dull sluggish forms that jostle one another on the clod of earth to which mortal faculties are chained ! I revelled for an instant in the bowers of this shadowy Elysium : I lingered for one bright moment on the threshold of a world which was not : I gazed on light which scarce had shone ere it vanished,

‘ Like the lost Pleiad seen no more below !’

“ Without hesitation, away I splashed into the stream ; and neither its chilling coldness, nor the force of the torrent which hurried me along, nor even the sudden flight of the river goddess, could dispel my poetic illusion. Still entranced, I floated for a time on the surface of the waves, which disputed the possession of my person as if it had been their destined prey. Scarcely giving a thought to the dangers by which I was surrounded, I resigned myself without a struggle to the violence of the current. At one moment, like a truant nurseling, I felt myself gently rocked in the arms of the Saone ; while, at the next, the Rhone bore me furiously away. Soon after, placed in a manner within the influence of the two rival streams which opposed a counterpoise to each other, I remained stationary, and at such moments the smiling vision returned. For an instant my divinity appeared so close, that, prompted by an irresistible impulse, I rushed forward to seize her in her flight ; but she

eluded my grasp. I lost all consciousness of material existence ; I passed into a state of repose, of placid slumber, visited by a blissful trance—one of those fairy dreams too bright to last, too fleeting to be remembered. When I awoke, I found myself in a peasant's farm-house. The shades of evening already darkened the hills, the oxen lowed mournfully in an adjoining stable, and the rustic family were anxiously collected around me, whilst my head was supported by one of those comely and sturdy boatmen that are usually to be found on the banks of the Rhone.

“ Such was my momentary exit :—a rapturous dream, nothing more. I perfectly coincide in opinion with the Italian and the Mahometan that death in its various shapes ought not to be regarded as an evil. The penal execution of Italy, the despotic butchery of the east, the systematic suicide of the west, are all alike devoid of terror. Since the day that afforded me a glimpse of the grisly monarch's dominions, I have been a convert to the doctrine of the philosopher who wisely contended that life and death were the same thing ; and I can only add, that since I was once fairly and soundly asleep, they who took the trouble to awaken me performed a most ill-natured office.”

So great had been the interest excited by the Englishman's strange confession, that even for some minutes after he had ceased speaking, the general attention continued unabated. When at length a renewed buzz announced the recommencement of the discussion on capital punishment, the question was argued as hotly as ever. The opponents of the measure, however, were hard-pushed. I repeat that nothing silences a tough disputant so effectually as a good story seasonably introduced. It is a knock-down argument. The partisans of legal execution returned with vigour to the charge. Proofs and illustrations were multiplied without end. Death was pronounced a mere bugbear. More than two-thirds of the company, by their own account, had at least once in their existence visited that supposed “ undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns ;” and yet, by way of belying the bard, were at that identical moment alive and merry, and ready for another trip. One gentleman perfectly recollected having been run through the body, and assured us that the introduction of cold iron into the regions of the diaphragm produced rather an agreeable sensation—a cool, refreshing titillation. Another had received “ a bullet in the thorax,” and had ever since been extremely partial to that species of aperient pill. A third had fractured his skull in several places with considerable advantage to its interior contents, as he had ever afterwards been remarkable for the liveliness of his fancy, and the pungency of his wit. A tertian ague was a mere bagatelle ; and could any thing be compared to the pleasurable excitement, the delightful delirium, produced by fevers of every denomination, typhus, cerebral, or intermittent ? As to hanging, my Italian brigand had settled that point, having proved beyond the possibility of a doubt that nothing could be more delicious than to swing into the other world on a windy day. It was soon decided by a large majority, that the numerous and estimable members of the Jack Ketch family, dispersed over various parts of the world, were really entitled to public gratitude, and, for their efforts to check the redundancy of population, merited the civic wreath which the ancient Romans in their ignorance adjudged to the ill-advised citizen who had warded the stroke of death from a member of society.

At this stage of the discussion, a fat abbé, “ of fair round belly, with  
M. M. *New Series*.—VOL. X. No. 55.



good capon lined," ventured to put in one word. During the greater part of the debate the worthy man had been buried in an arm-chair opposite to the Turk, to whose portrait his would have formed an admirable appendage, and had ruminated profoundly, in the attitude of a high feeder undergoing the tedious process of digestion. Rising with effort from his seat, and placing himself like an ample screen in front of the fire-place, while his little twinkling eyes peered complacently around,—“Gentlemen,” said he, “you talk this matter well: but if I were to describe the fate which I once narrowly escaped, if you could only for an hour or two experience the horrors of a surfeit, you would speak in more respectful terms of the grim king of terrors. Death has many doors—all of them, in my opinion, disagreeable enough; but take my word for it, it is no joke to be despatched into eternity by an indigestible Strasburgh pie!”

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A VISIT TO CEUTA, THE SPANISH PRESIDIO ON THE COAST OF BARBARY.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLER.

AT the time the fortifications of Tangiers were blown up, and that town abandoned by the English, Gibraltar was not an appendage to the British crown. Had the acquisition of that fortress been anticipated, it would have been a want of common sense to have parted with so valuable a prop of sustenance as Ceuta would be to Gibraltar. But our predecessors are to be blamed for a want of foresight, at a time when the Barbary powers were much more formidable than they are at present, in not retaining a possession on the coast of Western Barbary, from which the Moors might at any time be intimidated by marching a force into their country to frustrate their plans or punish their aggressions. It is useless to refer to the disasters which have happened on like occasions to the French and Spaniards of former times. The military power of the Moors is now next to nothing! The political state of the empire of Morocco has, as well as that of other countries, undergone revolutions, but change has brought them no amelioration; on the contrary, it has lessened their effective strength. The Turks in former times fought well, and were deemed a difficult enemy to cope with; that charm is now dispelled by the unopposed successes of the Russians!\* The eyes of the world are now opened to the actual resistance which can be offered to a European foe by these powers. The possession of any point on this coast from which we could march an army into the emperor of Morocco's

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\* Ali Bey has well foretold where the Osmanli would be found in the hour of danger, and what would be the effect of unfurling the prophet's standard! That writer has justly pointed out the difference between real courage and the excitement of fanaticism which turns aside from the first check of opposition. The Turks now seek to bury their swords in the heart of the sultan, merely to get rid of one who is but too well acquainted with their treachery! If it were not for the greater danger Europe would incur by allowing Russia to extend her empire over Turkey, such a step would perhaps prove a service to mankind.

After the successes of Russia in the east and the entrance of her fleet into the Mediterranean, it would not be surprising if she should insist on a proper respect being paid to her flag by the Barbary States. The Moors tremble for the result of Russian projects; for, independent of their real causes of fear, they have a current superstition that the Mahomedan empire will not endure above 1200 years. The time already elapsed beyond the twelve centuries is considered “days of grace!”

dominions would be a terror that would force that power into a compliance with any thing we might dictate. The Moors have a perfect horror of a train of field artillery, and it is almost absurd to mention at what odds the English could fight with such weapons. They are the worst gunners in the world even on land batteries. They can neither fire with celerity, nor have they any accurate idea of simply adjusting the length of a fuse to the distance intended to throw a shell. Such is the known deficiency of the Moors in gunnery, that the Emperor of Morocco is obliged to send his subjects to Europe to have them instructed in that art. This necessity gave rise to a circumstance in which the ludicrous and tragic are so blended, that, notwithstanding the fatal part of the transaction, it is difficult to repress a smile at their superstitious prejudices.

Six Moors were sent to Gibraltar, to be instructed in the art of gunnery. Whilst practising at Europa Flats, under the command of an English officer, and assisted by a party of English gunners, one of the guns, from some defect, burst, and strewed the platform with the limbs of three of the unfortunate Moors. Strange to say, the English artillerymen all remained unhurt. The Moors looked upon this providential exception in favour of the English not exactly as the effect of chance, but rather as some invisible design to punish them alone; for, at a subsequent muster, they could not be brought to their work; they insisted on returning to their own country, exclaiming, "No, no! we see how your English guns refuse to kill Christians! we will not stay here to be sacrificed!"

There is some share of blame due to our Ministry to have given back Ceuta to the Spaniards, at a time, it was well known from experience, there existed a necessity of keeping a depot near to so important a fortress as Gibraltar, which is totally dependent for provisions (even vegetables) on foreign resources. It may perhaps be urged, that we could not retain a place which we merely held in trust during the Peninsular war, to prevent its falling into the hands of the French, who would thereby have contested with us the mastery of the Mediterranean. By the same rule that it would have been an annoyance to us in their hands, it may become so in possession of the Spaniards, with whom we might at one time have negotiated for its retention on very easy terms. Spain would readily have consented to any proposition of the sort; it would have been a rod, with which we could have chastised the Moors, and it would at all times have afforded the most valuable relief to the garrison of Gibraltar. It may not be so easy a matter as is supposed to retake it when required. There is scarcely any means so sure of keeping the Moors in subjection as to establish a footing on their territory, an advantage which perhaps we shall discover hereafter.

CEUTA\* is only six leagues distant from Gibraltar across the straits. It lies midway between Tangiers and Tetuan, in the most charming and romantic country the eye ever beheld. From the "Hacho," or signal station on the top of the mountain, which forms the extreme end of the bay, the prospect is the finest that can be imagined. It commands an entire view of the straits east and west, and the opposite mountains of Spain, the Sierra Nevada. On the land side the view is bounded southward by the long blue line of the lower range of the Atlas mountains,

\* Ceuta is supposed to have been built by the Carthaginians, and afterwards appertained to the Romans, by whom it was colonized. It next became the metropolis of the places which the Goths held in Hispania Transfretana, and was after that abandoned to the Arabs and the Moors by Count Julian. It was taken by the Portuguese in 1415.



which already in the distance leap into the skies. The beautiful azure of these mountains, the refracted hues which glitter and sparkle on their sides, the huge shapes they assume, look as if Nature had sported with these masses of earth to show man his vanity and insignificance! They already give the beholder a faint idea of their gigantic parent, the snow-clad Atlas, from whose refreshing breath in the plains of Morocco the languishing Arab inhales a vigour to support the exhaustion of that burning zone.

The fore-ground of this picture is the most verdant copse and cover, in which game lies as thick as in a preserve. At a short distance in the uplands is seen the solitary castle of the Moorish *alcalde*; and here and there are scattered Martello watch-towers, from whose tops the wild head of the Arab sentinel is now and then seen.

A Spanish escort of cavalry accompanied us to the Moorish lines, where we roused the guard from their tents. They arose from their straw as fantastically dressed as mad Tom in *Lear*. On seeing a party of English they exclaimed, "Ah good English, fine English!"—that talisman flattery not being forgotten even here, where so little occasion exists for bringing its power into action. We despatched one of the grisly messengers with a small present to the *alcalde*. He bounded over bush and heather to the lone castle like a wizard. In the distance we saw his emphatic explanatory gestures of who the strangers were, and what they wanted. He soon returned with the permission required to shoot over the country, and explained to us "that the land was all our own," a figurative Moorish compliment!

The town of Ceuta is chiefly of Portuguese and Spanish construction, and is extremely clean and healthy. The salubrity of the climate, and its total exemption from the fevers which ravage the opposite coast of Spain, is proverbial. It is infinitely preferable to Gibraltar, where the eternal *Levanter* darkens the sky, and covers the skin with a damp vapour; where the subtle white dust of the rock creeps into the closest recesses; and where the natural heat of the climate is augmented by a reflexion of the sun's rays from the stupendous sides of a perpendicular white mountain, rendering the temperature almost insupportable.

Some of the best regiments in the Spanish service are kept here in garrison, which amounts to about six thousand men—a force by no means too great to defend the place, to keep the prisoners in order and the Moors in respect. One particular part of the town is allotted to the residence of the Moorish inhabitants, who chose to remain here at the time of the conquest of Ceuta by the Portuguese. This quarter is the only part of the town not of European structure. The low flat-roofed Moorish houses are here preserved; and the Moors of Ceuta retain their costume, religion, and privileges, the same as in a Mahomedan country—privileges which have been secured to them by different grants of the Spanish monarchs. They, in return, are bound to furnish a guard for his Spanish Majesty's service, and are once or twice a year mustered as a matter of form. They are governed by their own *alcald* or chief, whose dress on state occasions is very splendid, over which he wears a scarlet *bernous*\* trimmed with gold lace. It is not generally the custom

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\* The *bernous* is a mantle with a hood or cap. In bad weather this hood is drawn over the turban; and then the mantle itself, which is generally hanging on the back, is drawn round the body. The woof is of cotton and silk, impervious to water from its close texture.

amongst Moors of distinction to wear splendid costume: those possessing rank or power have a sort of reliance upon their native dignity, which seems to suit rather more civilized notions than they are generally supposed to possess.

They have likewise amongst them a lady to whom they pay homage as their sovereign. They say she is a lineal descendant of the Abencerrages who were driven from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella after the conquest of Grenada. They call her the Princess Almansora, and acknowledge her as their sultana. Her appearance bespeaks any thing but royalty; for, from the princess down to the lowest of her subjects, they are all alike—poverty and dirt have despoiled them of all idea of grandeur!

The Moors regard those who reside in this town, and who have accepted of the protection of the Spanish monarch, as renegades, and would kill them if found in any other part of Barbary, where they durst not venture. The Mahomedan ladies do not here conceal their faces; and instead of their husbands' jealousy being thereby excited, they are flattered by any curiosity which leads a stranger to look at them.

Ceuta is by no means a disagreeable residence, though, from its being a presidio, a prejudice is generally entertained that it must be very dismal. It certainly tires the mind's eye to be perpetually doomed to view the same scene, however beautiful; but this reproach is equally applicable to Gibraltar, where the communication with Spain is subject to many restrictions.

The Alameyda of Ceuta is a very picturesque promenade, being a levelled space or walk between two mountains, and can boast its proportion of female beauty and grace with any town in Spain. The ladies of Ceuta have indeed always rivalled the Andalusians. Neither the Prado of Seville nor Cadiz can boast a greater proportion of fine forms and exquisitely small feet, that monopolized attraction of Spanish women. Their pride of carriage, and seeming haughty turn of the swan-like crest, to adjust the already but too well-posed mantilla, beneath which steals many a soul-searching glance, might almost pardon an episode from an anchorite's pen in praise of their charms. The beauty of the national costume of Spain is certainly highly becoming to their shape and features. In vain does any other nation wear the *basquiña* with advantage. English women appear as much out of their element in the *majo* dress as they would be at a *fiesta de toros* applauding the fierceness of a bull which gores the horse and endangers the *picador*, all of which a Spanish lady may do with impunity.

The contraband traffic of Spain, it is well known, fills the prisons of this place annually with an immense number of delinquents, who, when foiled in their smuggling speculations by the *guardias de rentas*, take to the "mountain and the glen" with as little remorse as if the transition were nothing more than natural to turn robbers when misfortunes overtake them.\* These are confined in the lower part of the town, and are

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\* The reader may judge of the present disorganization of Spain, when he is told, that the diligence from Seville to Madrid is escorted through the province of La Mancha by the robbers themselves, whom the administration of diligences have been obliged to take into their pay. Mr. R——, an English merchant at Madrid, with whom the writer had the pleasure of travelling, pointed out one of the escort of the diligence who had robbed him *professionally* a year previous.

Amongst some of the means resorted to for getting rid of the robbers in Spain, the following has been recorded. A formidable band had for a long time infested one of the provinces, setting the menaces and efforts of the government at defiance. They had been smugglers,



obliged to work in fetters, in repairing the fortifications, cleansing the streets, clearing the port, &c.

The state-prisoners are not allowed any intercourse with the inhabitants of the town, the residence of whom is on the mountain. They are the only portion of the prisoners who really excite compassion, men of noble minds and great families, whole cargoes of whom were quietly shipped off from Barcelona, at the period of Ferdinand's late visit, for no other cause than suspicion of disaffection to the reigning government. The noble devotion of the wives of some of these men, who voluntarily share the captivity and sorrow of their husbands, affords an example of affection seldom surpassed.

The attempt at fraud, of an ingenious rogue now in confinement here, is not one of the least curious pieces of villany that has been devised in a prison. This man profited from the juncture of the Barcelona banishments to write to a merchant at Gibraltar (many of whom then interfered to protect the property of the exiles from confiscation), requesting him to take charge of a consignment of cocoa and sugar daily expected from the Havannah. He represented himself as unfortunately implicated in the Barcelona conspiracies, under the necessity of throwing himself on the generosity of a British merchant to preserve to him the remainder of his fortune. He stated the cargo to be worth 75,000 dollars, and transmitted the bills of lading, with an order to detain the ship at Gibraltar, at which port she was to touch on her homeward voyage to Barcelona. The letter concluded, as a mere secondary and unimportant consequence, by requesting an advance of 12,000 dollars on the bill of lading. This was a demand which no merchant in the world, on receipt of such documents, would have refused; but from excess of caution it was determined to advance no more than 5,000 dollars, and that not until it was in the power of the person to make inquiries concerning the truth of such vessel and cargo being bound for Gibraltar, which the arrival of another captain from the Havannah confirmed in every particular.

A person was despatched to the noble prisoner—for he was, in fact, a man of rank—with the 5,000 dollars, and an apology for the non-possibility of advancing any further sum till the arrival of the vessel. Already was the prisoner, at sight of the messenger, preparing to count the money which the welcome visitor had brought, when, to his great disappointment, he only received the sum above stated. He flew into a passion, vowed vengeance against the trembling messenger, whose position was rather a critical one, from the mystery and stratagem that had been employed to procure this interview with a state-prisoner, which is strictly prohibited.

Alarmed at his threats, the affrighted messenger in haste and agitation sought to retrace his steps to the port, in order to embark for Gibraltar. Before he could gain the felucca, the alarm was given, the envoy was brought before the governor, and, on what appeared to be the clearest

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and had kept the revenue-officers in pay for years, who at last betrayed the hold where their merchandize was kept, and caused it to be seized. Desperation for the loss of their property drove them to the mountains, from whence they issued to bury their remorseless blades in the breast of the helpless traveller, whose unpitied shrieks resounded to the skies in vain. The government, in order to get rid of them, offered a reward, to every robber who should bring in the head of his companion, and a free pardon to the survivor. Nearly the whole of the banditti were thus exterminated by each other. Those who claimed the promised pardon were sent where they could not make their stories known.

evidence, was convicted of carrying on a communication with the prisoners and their political party in Spain. Explanation, or the offer of tendering proofs in favour of his innocence were considered an impudent aggravation of the offence; he was therefore thrown into prison.

It is almost unnecessary to say the bills of lading were forged, and that the whole was a deliberate plan of robbery, founded on an insight into some correspondence on the subject of this cargo, which belonged to another person, and which had accidentally fallen under the prisoner's observation. After a lapse of some time, the Spanish authorities were convinced of the fraud, and liberated the person who had innocently been exposed to the loss of his liberty, but no redress could be afforded to the unfortunate merchant for the loss of his money.

The fortifications of Ceuta, on the side towards the Moorish territory, are of immense height, and truly formidable. The numerous convicts have from time to time erected a range of batteries which "laugh a siege to scorn." Much has been added since the attack the Moors made to regain possession of this place about thirty-five years since. If all the embrasures were mounted with cannon, which they are not, it might on the land side be ranked as impregnable; but the poverty of the Spaniards, and the spoliations of different nations, have caused the loss of the most valuable bronze and brass artillery that any nation ever possessed.

The Emperor of Morocco, in his last visit to Tangiers, passed this fortress on his route from Tetuan, on approaching which he exclaimed, "Ah! that is the land of the Christians, who have given us so much trouble!" It is said he raised his eyes to the walls with a wishful look, but they defy the power of the Moors to make any farther efforts to take the place.

A deputation from Ceuta went out to meet the sultan in order to treat regarding the boundary of their different territories, which had never till then been settled. According to that invariable custom in Barbary, without which it is impossible to advance a step, the deputation gave the emperor some valuable presents, which induced him to settle the disputed point according to the wish of the Spaniards. His majesty refused to enter the walls of the garrison, into which his army would not of course have been admitted; but requested the deputation, which consisted of the principal military officers of the place to follow him to Tangiers, where the business was definitively arranged.

The Spaniards have a ridiculous jealousy on the subject of the fortifications of Ceuta. Whilst one of our party, the late Lieutenant O—— (who fell in the fever of Gibraltar), was sketching a view of the Barbary mountains from the deck of his little yacht, which lay at anchor in the canal which makes this place an island, we found ourselves suddenly under the unexpected care of an officer and his guard, who, from the ramparts above our heads, in the most violent and angry tone, hailed us to desist from taking a plan of the fortifications, threatening to fire if we attempted to move. The folly of such a suspicion was explained; which not being inclined to believe, he held us prisoners till our offence was represented to the governor, who politely sent his aide-de-camp in his barge to desire us to wait on him with the sketch. On being assured that it was but a view of the Barbary mountains, and that the plans of the fortifications of Ceuta were too well known in England to need any intention on our part to make fresh ones, he seemed satisfied with the explanation; but on producing the unfortunate sketch, an angle of one of the bastions had really been introduced in the fore-ground, which



angle caused an impediment to our liberation. A council was called, at the head of which the commanding officer of engineers presided. Sentence was however pronounced in favour of our innocence, and to the great disappointment of our accuser we were liberated !

Convicts often make their escape from this fortress into Barbary, which is not difficult at periods of low tide, which leaves the beach sufficiently dry to pass along the sea-shore to the Moorish lines, if they can escape the vigilance of the Spanish sentries. The only condition on which the Moors consent to protect the fugitives is that of their becoming Mahomedans : if they do not apostatize, they are delivered back to the Spaniards. Certain religious ceremonies render the adoption of his faith, an inconvenient and dangerous experiment at an advanced period of life ; but there is no alternative for them : the punishment which awaits their return is more dreadful than the one proposed ; they therefore generally consent to the latter, and make up their minds to settle in the country. Notwithstanding the change of costume, and the disguise of the shorn head and turban, it is easy to discover these converts from the genuine Moors. Such is the zeal of the Mahomedans to convert Christians that they are satisfied thus to force their faith upon them ; but the moment the unfortunate renegade has submitted to all they require, they openly manifest their contempt, and give him to understand his progeny even to the third generation can only then be considered pure Mussulmen. They watch over him to prevent his escape from the country, any attempt at which would cost him his liberty, perhaps his life !

I recollect meeting with a renegade at work in the gardens of the American consul at Mount Washington near Tangiers. Beneath his turban there appeared features more Hibernian than Arabesque. In reply to a question asking him to what country he belonged, he answered in the true vernacular of the Emerald Isle, "that his country was that in which he found his bread." A tender cord was touched ; but he continued, "that in his youth he had been a sailor shipwrecked on the coast ; that a number of wild Arabs had fallen on the captain and the crew, whom they had murdered ; but that his life had been spared in pity to his youth, on consenting to become a Mahomedan."

The real truth of Sidi Abdallah's shorn head, which I afterwards learnt, was this :—He had remained in Spain after the peninsular war, in which he had served. Some slight misdemeanors had caused him to be transported to Ceuta, from whence he had made his escape. On his way across the country he observed a woman washing clothes at a brook. Sidi Abdallah, then Tom O'Reilly, or some such name, boldly advanced towards her ; but the nearer he approached, the more closely did the lady muffle herself up in her shawls. This, instead of serving him as a warning to retire, only tended to whet the edge of his youthful curiosity ! He found means, by dint of money, to induce the damsel to exhibit her face ; but soon regretted the expense he had been at, for she was one of those ugly, broad-nosed, thick-lipped creatures, with the complexion of a mummy, belonging to the half-castes. He turned from the sight in disgust, when he found his path intercepted by half a dozen Moors, who had witnessed his interesting interview with the lady, and had determined on making him pay the penalty of his impertinent curiosity ! He was placed in confinement, and was doomed to die ! On consideration of his inexperience of Moorish customs, he was however offered the alternative of marrying the woman and becoming a Mahomedan, which he thought proper to accept.

## NAVAL AFFAIRS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

IN resuming our discussion of the important subject which the pamphlet of Sir Charles Penrose has forced on the consideration of men in power, we are led to revert to the Admiral's practical suggestions touching the necessity of an alteration in the tonnage and artillery of our vessels. In order that this desired alteration should be made on a safe and satisfactory basis, Sir Charles recommends, as will have been seen in our last, a series of experiments.

"These experiments would necessarily lead to much of that increased exercise and experience afloat which I so strongly recommend. It is only by seeing ships of different classes together, in all the various circumstances of wind and sea, that any correct opinion of their real qualities can be formed; and many of our younger officers must necessarily be completely uninformed in these particulars. I should therefore try together one or more of our first-rates, new eighty-gun ships, *razéed* seventy-fours, twenty-four and eighteen-pounder frigates; and as we have unfortunately a considerable number of almost new twenty-eight-gun ships, which in their present state are only calculated to disappoint and disgrace us, I should see whether, by converting them into corvettes, their sailing qualities might not be considerably improved, and they would at all events be reduced to their real denomination in point of force. A larger class of corvette, with sufficient breadth to carry heavy long guns, is however so indispensably necessary, that I should not rest until I had succeeded to my full satisfaction in this particular. Here such officers as Captains Hayes and Symonds, who are experienced seamen as well as excellent naval architects, would afford the greatest assistance; and I have no doubt that the second, if not the first attempt, would produce a most desirable vessel of this class."

Here we disagree with the Admiral. The measure, as regards the Eight-and-twenties, is an impolitic one, as we feel certain would be admitted by those scientific officers alluded to. To convert any one of this class of frigates to the description of corvette designated, is totally impracticable, inasmuch as the original structure is deficient in that breadth of beam indispensably necessary in the formation of the vessel proposed to carry such weight of metal as would be required. No, no; this is not the way to rid ourselves of those "fatal and perfidious barks," which, in the words of Sir Charles, are "only calculated to disappoint and disgrace us." Let us have no half measures: banish them at once from his Majesty's service, and, by so doing, give confidence to our captains of frigates, who, although proverbially brave and loyal, would scarcely feel themselves justified in meeting an American or French vessel bearing the same *delusive* name, but being, in point of fact, of nearly double force. Had it not been for this calamitous oversight, or rather obstinate resistance to improvement, on the part of our Admiralty board, the natural tendency of "Jonathan" to imitate the little self-flatteries of that worthy gentleman Captain Bobadil would have been useless for lack of matter.

Were we asked how we should propose to free ourselves from these miscalled frigates, which are the reproach of our navy, our reply would be, "Sell them to the merchants of the country, for they are just calculated for West Indiamen, or East India register ships." If our naval administration design to put our ships of every class on a par respectively with those of other nations, let us do as other maritime



powers have done and are still doing ; that is to say, let us build *de novo*, for assuredly in no other way can we fairly cope with them. In speaking of the flush-deck vessels of the United States, Admiral Penrose informs us, that the Americans say, " that their corvettes, armed with long twenty-four pounders for chase guns, will be able to beat off our eighteen-pounder frigates ; and certainly, if their superiority in sailing be equal to their extraordinary weight of metal, such an event is by no means impossible." This being the opinion of the admiral, whose inference is made by himself to depend entirely upon superiority of sailing, we cannot but wonder how he could recommend the conversion into corvettes of a class of frigates, among whose miserable qualities that of bad sailing is notoriously not the least apparent, and which, as they must necessarily continue, in their metamorphosed state, with the same construction of bottom, would be as inefficient in one shape as contemptible in the other. Pursuing the subject, our author says :—

" The French, I hear, are building some of nearly equal force : and shall we, while these improved and superior vessels are rising up on all sides around us, obstinately persist in our old system, until defeat and shame too late convince us of our error ?"

Yes, judging by experience, it is to be feared we shall do so ; for our " defeat and shame" in the American war has not been productive of the good lessons usually to be learned of adversity. It would seem as if we were covetous of " defeat and shame ;" for though our men in power cannot but be aware that the French are not only building, but *have* built and put into commission, frigates of superior force to any we possess (witness those employed in the present expedition to Algiers\*), still no measures are taken on our part to place ourselves on an equality, in this particular, with other maritime powers. It was not until we lost three or four frigates in the American war, that we thought it might be *rather* advisable to cut down two of our seventy-fours (the *Majestic* and *Saturn*), and form them into what are called *razées*, that they might be sent out to the American coast to drive into their own ports those frigates of the United States which, until then, with no other opposition than our frigates of comparatively small size, had successfully swept the seas. It is hardly necessary to observe, that our heavy squadrons could have no effect on the fast-sailing frigates of America ; and our own ships of that denomination, which could alone bring the enemy to action, had no chance from being so incomparably inferior in force.

With reference to another class of vessels, still more calamitous in their employment than the frigates just spoken of, namely, Ten-gun brigs, the use of which we deprecated in our last number, the admiral says,

" I further recommend entirely discontinuing our ten-gun brigs, considering them most inefficient vessels of war, and the expense they occasion a most complete waste of the public money. A certain number of the eighteen-gun brigs, on the contrary, *as brigs*, would, I have no doubt, always be found very useful as small cruizers when judiciously employed, and kept chiefly on those stations (the West Indies, for instance, and the Mediterranean) where enemies' vessels of their own class are principally to be found. To employ them indis-

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\* These frigates mount sixty thirty-two pounders, and each ship carries a crew consisting of five hundred men.

criminally in all parts of the world, or to keep them on the coast of North America, or in the Bay of Biscay during winter, could prove only that total want of consideration as well as professional knowledge which is most discreditable in the conduct of naval affairs!"

The Admiral's meaning is here not clearly to be understood. In one part of the foregoing extract, he alludes to the incompetent force of our brigs when employed on certain stations where enemies' vessels of their own class, but of superior size, are likely to cruize; in another part of the paragraph, Sir Charles seems to deprecate the use of these vessels, because they are not adapted to bad climates. Both these reasons are valid in themselves; but, to have due force, they should have been distinctly stated, and not confused in one observation. The admiral would have forwarded his object more effectually had he pointed out the dreadful deprivations necessarily suffered by those who are forced to embark in brigs indiscriminately "stationed." But the secret of having so many small vessels in commission is to be detected in the fact that opportunity is afforded thereby to give command to a number of youthful sprigs of nobility; for were the Admiralty to confine the navy to ships of real utility, the patronage of that body would be *fearfully* crippled, and the junior aristocracy would be entirely thrown upon the tender mercies of the army and the church. This system, it must be confessed, carries with it a bane and antidote; for if these young patricians are the cause of the superfluity of inefficient vessels, they, in their turn, do their utmost to reduce the number of such ships to its proper level, according to the notion of a certain sea-senator, who said, in the House of Commons, that until Ireland was brought to its proper level, by being twenty-four feet under water, no good would come to the country. In proof of our opinion as regards the unsought-for diminution of the craft in question, we may assert that more small vessels have been lost, in proportion, during the present peace, than have been destroyed in many preceding years of war. This has been long known to every naval man in the kingdom; and so frequent have the losses become that, at length, even the *land-lords* of the Admiralty have gradually opened their eyes to the fact. Indeed a recent court-martial has thought it might not be amiss to make a sort of example of one of our beardless captains; and, accordingly, *pour encourager les autres*, one of our young Admiralty aspirants has received a *check*, by losing his commission for having grounded one of his Majesty's brigs, himself not being well grounded in his profession. In this respect what was sauce for the goose was not sauce for the gander. The captain and not the vessel should have been well grounded.

It is remarkable, considering the care which Sir Charles Penrose has evidently bestowed on his subject, that he should have omitted to particularize a certain arbitrary exercise of power in the present administration of our naval affairs. We allude to the practice of "scratching off the list" the names of many valuable officers without court-martial, or previous investigation of any kind. Persons in office seem to think that an act, which converts a gentleman into a pauper, may be committed without the necessity of assigning any other reason than that "it is the pleasure of His Majesty;" whereas it is well known that His Majesty would be the last man in his own dominions to do an unconstitutional act; for martial law ought to be compounded of the same elements as civil law, one of the fundamental principles of which is, that no man



may be punished without trial! It may reasonably be wondered why some of our *soi-disant* patriots, in the House of Commons, do not demand a list of officers who have suffered dismissal without an official inquiry into their conduct; for the consultation between three lords of the Admiralty, who do not call on the party for his defence, cannot be designated an official investigation. We know that the principal cause of dismissal is to be found in the circumstance of our officers sometimes seeking employment in the service of our allies, rather than be forced into jail, or starvation on the miserable pittance at home, given as a remuneration for long and hard services. Instead of taking away the commissions of honourable men who have offended in the above manner, it would be wiser and juster to inquire into the cause which led to the necessity of their seeking subsistence abroad.

The Admiral's observations on the expediency of introducing steam-vessels in our marine for the purposes of war are, on every account, worthy of the most serious attention:—

“I observe that in the French navy-estimates for 1829, the minister of marine demands an extra sum of 7,000,000 francs for the express purpose of the construction of steam-vessels; but I have not yet been able to learn that our attention has been turned as seriously as the importance of the subject requires, towards any preparations for this new species of maritime warfare. Here I am afraid our old habits and prejudices again oppose the progress of improvement, and that, while we look back with deep regret on those golden days when an order in council directed that no two-decked ship should in future be built larger than the *Repulse*, and no frigate larger than the *Euryalus*, we cannot yet screw up our courage to try experiments with armed steam-vessels, trusting, I suppose, that sailing will last our time; but that in the event of any extraordinary emergency requiring it, we may be able to purchase a sufficient number of the Leith and Dublin traders to answer our purpose. It is very true this may be possible to a certain extent; but as it is the bounden duty of those entrusted with the conduct of public affairs to prepare against evident dangers, and not to lavish the public resources in guarding against those which no longer exist, why, may I ask, do we not reflect that we are misapplying the funds granted for naval purposes, when we employ them in the construction of vessels which are no longer required? and that half the sum expended since 1815 in *twenty-eight-gun ships and ten-gun brigs*, would have created a *respectable flotilla of steam-vessels*, and enabled us to try in time all those experiments with this new species of force, which appear now to be delayed until the emergency for its employment actually arrives? We have still every thing to learn with respect to their equipment for war, and how many invaluable days and weeks will be lost, while (with all the mistakes and miscarriages inseparable from the want of full information and experience) we are hastily arming and fitting out a number of vessels constructed for other service, and but imperfectly adapted to the purposes of war.”

We are not unaware that a strong prejudice exists among professional men against the introduction of steam-vessels into the British navy. “Steam-jacks,” as they have been termed, are the abhorrence of many; but when it is known that other nations are intent upon employing this powerful agent for warlike purposes, we should not be *astern of the lighter*, or behind our neighbours in making experiments to ascertain its eligibility. Though the French may be said to be “young in steam,” they are not backward in attempting to satisfy themselves of its capability in hostile operations: indeed, we know that at this moment no fewer than seven “steamers” of one hundred and eighty horse power, and carrying from ten to fourteen guns, accompany the French expedition against Algiers.

But, as we have already said, the Navy, which ought to be the principal consideration of government, is scarcely ever thought of by our military rulers. Lord Byron said that—

Nelson *was once* Britannia's god of war,  
And still should be so, but the tide is turn'd ;  
There's no more to be said of Trafalgar,  
'Tis with our hero quietly inurn'd ;  
Because the Army's\* grown more popular,  
At which the naval people are concern'd ;  
Besides, the Prince is all for the land-service,  
Forgetting Duncan, Nelson, Howe, and Jervis."

It is, we suppose, to this decline and fall in the good graces of the high and mighty, that the peace establishment of our navy is suffered to continue in so shabby a state. Let us hear what was said on this subject, four years ago, by an able naval officer (Captain A. J. Griffiths), whose pamphlet on Impressment, from which the following passage is derived, has had little more than a private circulation, having, oddly enough, been published at Cheltenham, which is not precisely the kind of *watering-place* favourable to the sale of a work on *maritime* affairs ! We shall be doing a public service, if we can contribute to raise the very able production of Captain Griffiths from unmerited obscurity. Mr. Hume, in particular, should " read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest it."

" It is self-evident that the demand for seamen on the commencement of war, must be in proportion to the numbers employed in the peace ; and the effects of revulsion on the first burst of war, from the very great supply necessary to be taken from the merchant's service, must be so pressing, as to render it highly important to reduce its numbers as far as can possibly be done. Dependence on the impress to man our fleets, and the reduction of expense during peace, have induced the naval establishment to be placed on the *very lowest scale* which national safety, and the care of our numerous colonies, would possibly permit. Another reason also for an addition to our present numbers has also been given, in the chapter on " The Inefficiency of future Impress," among which the probably lessened number of foreigners in our service is a material consideration. We are not sanguine of obtaining consent to such an augmentation as in our opinion would be wise. The navy, which should be the last, has ever been the first service visited by reduction. Lulled in the security of peace, the *present saving* is all that is considered ; forgetting the old adage of " penny wise and pound foolish." It is too self-evident to admit of a doubt, that every increase of numbers employed in the peace, correspondingly reduce the demand on the com-

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\* On this subject Admiral P. observes, " I am far from wishing to draw invidious comparisons, or to repine at the superior advantages enjoyed by our sister profession, which leads *to*, instead of excluding *from*, the highest honours of the state ; yet I cannot but see that our naval departments are degenerating into political engines, and the smallest possible number of professional men permitted to take part in their deliberations.

" Let me only contrast this system with that pursued in our military offices. At the Horse Guards the commander-in-chief is a general officer : all his staff, adjutants and quarter-master-general, and their deputies, military secretary, &c. are exclusively military. The secretary-at-war is a colonel in the army ; the whole of the Board of Ordinance, master-general, lieutenant-general, surveyor-general, &c. &c. are all military men ; not a single naval officer is admitted, although all the alterations and experiments on *naval ordnance* are tried at Woolwich, and (as I have heard) very great unnecessary expense often incurred from the want of that information which professional experience can alone afford ; all the minor branches, comptrollers of army accounts, &c. are equally filled by valuable officers, whose previous habits peculiarly qualify them for the duties of their station ; but when we turn our eyes towards our naval departments, what an extraordinary contrast do they present !"



menacement of war, proportionally lessen the evil of impressment, and the pressure on the trade of the country. It appears that on war breaking out, thirty thousand additional seamen would at once be required: and it must be quite clear, if an additional thirty thousand were employed in the peace, none would be wanted; no call on those in the merchant's employ would be requisite. If then only an additional five thousand were employed, the demand would be reduced to the same amount, and the revulsion occasioned by change from peace to war would thereby be materially diminished. We would then propose an increase of at least five thousand to the present peace establishment. Expense being the great objection to overcome, our purpose will be to show how this augmentation may be obtained with the least pressure on the finances. The ships in commission have generally reduced complements. The cost of the wear and tear of the ships, rigging, sails, and ordnance, are the same, whether with the present short crews, or with the full ones. The wages and victualling would consequently be nearly the whole additional charge; and, further to reduce the amount, our proposition is to create this number of seamen, by employing five thousand well grown able-bodied youths, of the age of from sixteen to eighteen; to receive wages at the rate of eighteen to twenty shillings per month. If these lads were put into the tops, and after-guard, instructed in the duties of seamen, and duly taken care of, in two years they would become most valuable men. To induce them to enter, the time of the servitude should be limited to three years, and the promise of ordinary seaman's rating at the end of two, *if they put themselves forward*. The advantages of this plan would not be confined to the actual increase of seamen. From the ships being more efficiently manned, reduced discontent, too often the cause of desertion, could not fail to attend it, as well as the lessened necessity of impress which would consequently result. These men would, in all probability, stick to the navy through life. Those commencing their career, and brought up as it were in the navy, are little likely to prefer the labour and toil of the merchant's employ; precisely as the domestics of the wealthy, with little work and pampered feeding, are not found to return to the loom or the plough. Lads of this description, well selected, placed under the immediate care of the captains of the forecabin, tops, &c. and duly attended to by the officers, would speedily become most efficient and valuable men. That no difficulty would be found to procure them, may be fairly inferred from the fact before stated, that none is found to obtain workmen for any, even the most disgusting and unhealthy employs. Let justice be done to those who serve, let the abolition of the impress be seriously attempted, let the seamen and the population see, and feel, such was the conduct they may rely on experiencing, and a rational hope might be indulged of finding volunteers. One thing is self-evident, *that the abolition of the impress and a small peace establishment are perfectly irreconcilable!!* The utmost inducement the nation is capable of offering, could not produce the numbers wanted on the commencement of war, unless such numbers were materially lessened by a considerable increase of those usually employed in peace.

“PETTY OFFICERS.—These are unquestionably the primest men in the service. It has been shown, page 130,\* that the portion of these classes now in the navy

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\* “The peace establishment is so comparatively small, and the system of withholding the pensions which have been granted, from men who serve, has at once driven away and excluded from the navy that important class of seamen—the petty officers. At the conclusion of the war, we possessed a proportion of these invaluable men for 115,000; while since the peace, the proportion we have employed is that of about the odd 15,000. You cannot expect men who had been boatswain's mates, gunner's mates, quarter-masters, &c. to come and serve in the navy as private seamen! Men of this description are worth their price *any where*, and nothing but positive distress would induce them to descend in the scale; besides that all these, and indeed *all our seamen* who from servitude receive pensions, could not be expected to enter. Where is the inducement? The king's pay, even since the last regulation, is not equal to that of the merchant service, and every pensioned petty officer and seamen losing these, while serving, it *bona fide* amounts to a prohibition. Instead, therefore, of their being won to the service, thus are they excluded, and by whom

cannot be an eighth of those we possessed at the conclusion of the war, and that, under the present system, they are actually driven out of the service. A set of good petty officers is an incalculable advantage to a ship: they may be said to give efficiency to a badly manned ship. We propose an additional number to be allowed to the ships during peace, say two hundred and fifty. There are now about one hundred and thirty men of war in commission, so that it would be hardly more than one to each. What a foundation for the ship's companies of twenty or twenty-five sail of the line these additional petty officers would be! On the breaking out of a war, with the officers, the marines, and these men, they might be said, in efficiency, to be one third manned. As such men would be comprised in the general number employed, the only additional expense these extra ratings would incur would be the little increased pay, above that of the able seamen; a perfect insignificance when compared with the high value of these men's services."

The above considerations, we think, should not be neglected by our senatorial seamen. Not that we have much hope from these honourable gentlemen, who, however independent some of them may be on other topics, are invariably acquiescent in any measure originating in the Admiralty, and who sit quietly and hear the grossest official mis-statements, aware of the existence of many official sins as well of omission as of commission. Why should this wretched subserviency be required? It is a bad sign when a public body cannot afford to permit persons who are in its power to speak their opinions honestly. This is not only hurtful to power itself, but is utterly destructive of that tone of mind in individuals without which neither public nor private good can long subsist. "The political liberty of the subject," says Montesquieu in his *Spirit of Laws*, book xi. chap. 6, "is a tranquillity of mind, arising from the opinion each person has of his safety. In order to have this liberty, it is requisite that the government be so constituted as that one man need not be afraid of another." It is nothing but the fear of loss of favour that keeps the professional members of the House of Commons from discharging properly their duty to their constituents and to the country. It is in vain for any of them to say, "I am no orator as Brutus is;" for oratory is not required of them, nor would oratory stand them in the least stead. What is wanted is a plain exposition of that which is wrong, an honest guidance towards that which may be right; and a service of this kind is better done in few than in many words. We have it from the competent authority of the Duke of Wellington himself, that the only object of long parliamentary speeches is to mislead and confound. But even should eloquence be once in a way necessary, the occasion will never fail to inspire it, if the speaker be familiar with his subject. A wise English writer has said that "What we know thoroughly, we usually express clearly, since ideas will supply words, but words will not supply ideas. I have myself heard a common blacksmith eloquent, when welding of iron has been the theme."

But we fear that independence is not to be expected from men who are under so serious a liability as are our naval officers. The evil is without a cure; and yet it is impossible not to lament, and difficult not to reprehend it.

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are they replaced? In addition to our *own* observation, we have the authority of others whose opinions carry infinitely greater weight, that many sent to the navy now, are fit only for sweepers."



Sir Charles Penrose has "done the State some service" in writing the pamphlet before us. It is true that he is not always correct in his oburgations; but that he should be so for the most part is enough to warrant his friends in their determination to print what had been embodied by the pen of the veteran admiral. We have not hesitated to say openly that we coincide with him in most of the sharp rebukes directed against the powers that be; and we shall endeavour to be equally candid in opposing him where his strictures are not founded in justice. As regards naval discipline, for example, he says:—

"I had earnestly hoped, in common with many of my brother officers, that advantage would have been taken of this long period of profound peace, to digest and introduce some material improvements into our general system of naval discipline; and that while our civil and military codes have been gradually and almost imperceptibly assuming a milder spirit, and becoming more in unison with the altered temper of the age, and with the general disposition which prevails amongst enlightened men to govern, as far as may be possible, by reason rather than by force,—I had hoped, I say, that this important subject would not have escaped the attention of our naval administration.

"I am fully aware of the difficulty and delicacy of the task, and that any undue relaxation of the reins of discipline might be to the full as dangerous and pernicious as the opposite extreme; but I cannot believe that in this, as well as in all other human affairs, there is not a happy medium by no means impossible of attainment; and remembering, as I too well do, all the occurrences which led to the fearful explosion in 1797, I feel doubly anxious that our system of discipline afloat should be so regulated and mitigated as to prevent, as far as possible, those sad instances of individual harshness and severity, which I would gladly expunge from my memory, but which I have no doubt contributed very materially towards the subsequent discontents."

In this particular, we know that the Admiralty is not only not to be blamed, but deserves the thanks of the nation. The punishment of flogging at the individual will of a commander is now very rare; and the navy is not, as Sir Charles insinuates, behind either civil or military jurisprudence in the wise mildness of its punishments. Captains of men of war have, in late years, been compelled to make quarterly reports of all punishments whatever inflicted on board their respective ships, and it cannot be denied that this salutary regulation has had its origin at head-quarters. Sir Charles Penrose cannot, therefore, be borne out in his strictures on this head; more particularly when he speaks of the discipline of 1797, as compared with that at present observed. We shall not, after what we have said, be accused of undue partiality for the present naval administration of our country; but, in denouncing what we think is evil, let us not be tempted to overlook or misrepresent that which is obviously good.

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## AFFAIRS OF BRITISH INDIA.

THE second grand fallacy upon which our Indian reformers have mounted and careered—as witches upon fiery steeds, which “glamour” alone prevents the spectators from perceiving to be nothing but beanstalks—is built upon the truism that human nature is universally the same; and that, consequently, our conduct as the rulers of Hindostan, should be regulated by general principles, without regard to any peculiarities of national character, the in-grained habits of the people with whom we have to deal, or the unprecedented nature of the situation which we occupy.\*

In other words, the argument of these philosophers is this: the mind of man is everywhere the same, but as, under a favourable combination of circumstances, men have obtained a far larger share of liberty, security, and social happiness in some countries than in others, it follows, as a consequence, that if we transplant the institutions under which the former people have flourished, nothing further will be wanting to raise the less favoured nation to the same level. We cannot force the oak to grow in India, it is true, nor can we raise the bamboo in England, for in those respects the differences of soil and climate interpose insuperable obstacles; but the mind of universal man is one, whether he dwell beneath the tropics or within the arctic circle; he loves liberty and plenty in every quarter of the globe, and we have not yet found a people who have a passion for taxation. *Therefore*, there can be but one mode of proceeding, deal with whom we may; and it is only reasonable, when we have a delightfully spacious field before us whereupon to erect a fabric of legislation, to build upon the model of that which has already been found so admirably adapted to the works and wishes of one of the branches of the great family of mankind. Trial by jury, for instance, is an institution to which Englishmen are extremely partial (though Mr. Bentham thinks it an unphilosophical prejudice), but human nature is universally the same; *ergo*, let the Hindoos be empanelled incontinently. Again, the unrestricted freedom of the press has effected more for England than all the wisdom of her senators, and all the valour of her warriors; and time and long habit have rendered even the worst excesses of the gigantic moral engine comparatively innoxious. But as the mental faculties and feelings of the natives of India are essentially the same as those of Englishmen, those who doubt that a free press would work wonders for our fellow-subjects in the East, must be influenced either by bigotry or self-interest.† The next step is the denouncement of the Company and

\* “General principles” is the stock phrase of the day, which has succeeded to its equivalent, so much in favour with Philosopher Square, “the unalterable rule of right, and the eternal fitness of things.” The value of both aphorisms consists in the vagueness which renders them equally useful on all occasions, and facilitates sophistry and evasion.

† E. g. “The same general principles which are applicable to Ireland, are equally applicable to India. There may be trifling differences in the modes of their application; but these will be found trivial and unimportant. Human nature is pretty much the same in all ages and climates. What is fundamentally true of it under a fair complexion, is equally so under a brown or black one. It cannot be transmuted to serve the interested purposes of patronage or party. When we legislate for the Hindoos, in short, we legislate for men, and not for creatures of a clouded and egoistical imagination.” *Free Trade and Colonization*, p. 55. Mr. Crawford has the grace to make some slight qualifications, but with those exceptions, every sentence is more or less a fallacy. It is a mere insult to our understandings



its servants, and the apotheosis of Messrs. Buckingham and Arnot, as martyred patriots.

Goddess of common sense! what would Mr. Hoby say if he were advised to make all his boots upon one last, because human feet were universally the same, and all his customers had heels and insteps? Could the most ingenious breeches-maker in this metropolis cut out a pair of leathern "continuations" upon such undeniable "general principles," with regard to the human form in the abstract, as that they should sit, with equal elegance and satisfaction to the party, upon Mr. Buckle, of Newmarket, and his Grace the Duke of Buckingham? We are rather inclined to think not. Is it an easier task to fit the mind, without individual or national measurement?

Our illustrations may be thought irreverent by those whose opinions we impugn; and, therefore, we will ask them a question of a more intellectual character. How would they estimate the understanding of a schoolmaster who should apply stimulants, whether of severity and encouragement, the same both in kind and degree, to one hundred pupils, on the ground that all possessed extremities formed by nature for the rod, and that all were alike under the influence of the fear of punishment and the hope of reward?

The fact is, that the human mind is universal, as the human face is universal—in its generic form and features. It may be that minds, as well as faces, had at one time much more affinity than at present: we know, indeed, that the Tartar, the Negro, and the Caucasian family, had one common ancestor. But, at present, the mind of the Asiatic bears no nearer resemblance to that of the European, than the features of Lady Jersey to those of the reigning Empress of Timbuctoo. Upon the face, climate alone, and, it may be, the personal peculiarities that distinguished the founders of the several races, have operated, yet we see how marked the distinctive differences have become; whilst the mind, under its full share of those causes of disagreement, has been subjected for centuries to the influence of hereditary national habits. Such habits of opinion and feeling time has woven into the very texture of men's minds; they are imbibed in youth, and, in a vast majority of cases, accompany him that has formed them to the grave; and as successive generations are dovetailed into each other, many must pass away before new habits are formed with regard to matters of importance. Not one man in ten thousand steps so much out of the roadway as to get rid entirely of national characteristics; and they are very few who ever doubt whether the institutions, manners, and customs, which they have obeyed and observed all their lives, be not the best that human wisdom could possibly devise.

But as it is a mere play upon words to speak of the human mind as something different from the opinions and feelings of men, it is an idle sophism to maintain the identity of universal mind, to back such arguments as those which our Indian reformers make use of, when it is noto-

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to tell us, that what is *fundamentally true* of human nature, under one complexion, is equally so under another. Every infant knows that; but who is to tell us what are the fundamental principles of human nature, and what are factitious habits? A deeper philosopher than Mr. Crawford, we imagine. He tells us at page 49, that "the people of the East are, and have been in all ages, more passive and pusillanimous than the people of the West. The dark-coloured races are more passive than any of the fairer races of men." Now, whether is courage or pusillanimity to be predicated as the fundamental constituent of human nature?

rious to all that the mental habits and associations of the different families of mankind are widely, and, to all appearance, irreconcilably discrepant. Is the human mind more identical than the human stomach? There is but one structure for each; and all minds crave after happiness, as all stomachs crave after food. Why not act upon "general principles," and, as roast beef and plum-pudding are, to our tastes, at least, viands far preferable to rice and vegetable curry, force our national food, as well as our national institutions, upon the Hindoos? The intestines are everywhere the same: let the Indian be dieted on bread and fat bacon; and let us victual our seamen on boiled pulse, and the putrid fish of which our ultra-Gangetic subjects are so fond. It is vile bigotry to suppose that the natives of Hindostan will not relish that which is agreeable to us; but experiment has proved, that hard biscuits are at once more nutritious and more digestible than the soft unleavened cakes which the poor wretches, knowing no better, devour in such enormous quantities; therefore we shall abuse the trust committed to us, if we do not constrain them to change their food incontinently.

This is absurd; but wherein do such sentiments differ from the opinions of those, who, when we are called upon to legislate for a people at the further extremity of the globe, desire us to act upon "general principles," and abstract reasoning on mind and government, in utter disregard to the moral pulse, and the national idiosyncrasy of our subjects? "*A people*," did we say? There are nations under our sway as numerous and distinct in manners and feelings as all the inhabitants of Southern Europe put together; and yet there are professors of the art of government made easy who talk of subverting every thing that has been done, running counter to all their habits and prejudices, and introducing an uniform system of entire novelty, as familiarly as "maids of fifteen talk of puppy-dogs." And our warrant for all this pulling down and building up is to be the universality of the human mind!

We have said that this cant phrase, as applied by the writers to whom we refer, is a mere verbal clinch. The Bedouin Arab loves liberty, so does the Englishman: do they love the same thing? The Arab's notion of freedom is to rove the desert without control, and to rob by stealth or open violence all but his own tribe. An Englishman, we suspect, would give a different account of the object of his attachment. Again, there can be little doubt that filial affection has a place in the breast of the Hindoo, as well as in that of the Englishman. But how do the natives of each country severally manifest their feelings upon the occasion of the last great test? The Englishman sends for Sir Henry Halford, or the most skilful physician whose attendance he can command, to prescribe for his dying parent; the Indian carries him down to the bank of the Ganges, and stifles his last gasp by filling his mouth and nose with the mud of that sacred river. Could a clearer illustration be given of the manner in which superstitious habits destroy the practical uniformity of human nature? Yet superstition is only one of the many agents which have been constantly employed, since the date of the confusion of tongues, in creating national individuality. The system of land-taxation which has prevailed from time immemorial in India, would, doubtless, be intolerable to the Englishman; but is it more oppressive and vexatious than his own Excise laws? Our philosophers argue, in the first instance, as if the feelings of the Hindoo were the same as our own, since mind is universal; and then propose ulterior measures because it is desirable to



create that assimilation. If mind be universal, that is, (for we will not be juggled by a quibble), if our Indian fellow-subjects think and feel as we do, they cannot possibly require any infusion of English colonists to change their habits, and raise them in the social scale. We shall pause upon this dilemma, until we are favoured with a definition which shall prove "mind" to be something distinct from habits of thought and feeling.

We shall close this branch of our subject with two anecdotes illustrative of the manners and character of the people of North-western India. The actor in the tragedy was a Rajpoot, a Hindoo of the military class. The hero of the second story was a Pitan or Affghan, a Mahommedan, a descendant of one of the soldiers of fortune, to whom the country on the left bank of the Ganges, between Oude and Hurdwar, was granted as a fief. They are known as Rohillas, and their grant was called, in consequence, Rohilcund. The first anecdote is extracted from a very able and unassuming pamphlet published last year by Mr. Robertson of the Bengal Civil Service.

"Some fifteen years ago, a village in the district of Cawnpore being put up to sale for an arrear of revenue, was bought in by government. The arrear amounted to about seven hundred rupees. This arrear the villagers raised among themselves, by a general contribution, and carrying to the collector, procured the reinsertion of their managing partner's name in his books as proprietor. About a year after his reinstatement, this individual sold the whole property to an indigo planter, who, although a native in the eye of the law, on account of his maternal connexion, was in every other respect an English gentleman. This transfer the villagers very naturally resisted, and in the court of the district obtained a decree invalidating the sale. From this decision an appeal was made by the indigo planter to the provincial court of Bareilly. While the matter was pending in that quarter, a robbery occurred in the vicinity of the disputed village, on which, one of the parties benefited by the decision of the court of the district, mounted his horse, and, spear in hand, pursued and caused the apprehension of the robbers. Such unusual activity attracted attention, and the supreme criminal tribunal at Calcutta, in confirming the sentence passed by the judge of circuit on the gang, directed a handsome reward to be given to the person who had caused their apprehension. Before this order reached Cawnpore, the decision of the civil court of the district having been reversed in appeal by that of the province, the very individual who was to have received the reward, went, at mid-day, into the house of the man who had sold the property to the indigo planter, dragged him out into the street, cut his head off, and then fled across the Ganges into the territory of the king of Oude."

Mahommed Esuf Khan, a desperate fellow, who was deeply implicated in the insurrection which took place at Bareilly in 1816, and was, indeed, supposed to have killed Mr. Leycester with his own hand, fled to Oude, and was taken into the service of the prime minister at Lucknow. After he had remained in that employment for some years, he took deadly offence at the elopement of a dancing-girl, who was his servant, or under his protection, and her reception into the family of the vizier, one of whose ladies she had probably found means to conciliate. Esuf Khan felt himself dishonoured and wronged, and resolved to reclaim the girl at whatever personal hazard. He armed himself and a few determined

attendants to the teeth, entered the house of the vizier, whilst that officer was at court, and possessed himself of his two infant sons, whom he took into the garden, and threatened to put instantly to death if his terms were not complied with. Those terms were, the restitution of the girl who had fled from him, a sum of money equivalent to £5000, and a guarantee of personal safety from the British resident. On no other conditions would he spare the children's lives; he set no value, he said, on his own life when his *honour* was implicated, and the approach of any person within a certain distance of the spot where he held the infants, should be the signal for their immediate destruction. The vizier was summoned; but Esuf Khan would not trust his promises, unless they were backed by the word of the British resident. The father was in agony, for he knew the character of the man with whom he had to deal; Major Lockett, the resident's assistant, was sent for, and after a long negotiation, the vizier was obliged to submit to all the exactions. The money was paid down, and the girl sent for. She entered in a state approaching to distraction; for no one doubted that Esuf Khan would slay her on the spot. He smiled when she entered, declared that his *honour* was satisfied, threw her a bag containing 1000 rupees, (£100,) and told her that she was at liberty to go where she chose.

These anecdotes might be mated to any extent. Yet these are the people who are to be governed upon "general principles," either spun out of theory, or at the best, deduced from observations and experiments upon the motives of action which influence individuals or bodies of men, living in a state of society so dissimilar as not to afford the slightest materials for any sound analogical reasoning!

There is yet another sophism, which, although flagrant enough to frighten a schoolman, has been frequently resorted to, without any apparent sense of shame, by some of the most eminent among the writers who have girded themselves for battle, in the public cause, against the Hydra of Leadenhall Street. They have found the rapid and uninterrupted rise of our empire in the east, its enormous extent and vast wealth, its internal peace and prosperity, and its security from foreign aggression, grievous lets and hindrances to the free currency of the flippant charges of incompetence and mismanagement which they have brought against the Company. Great as was their desire to vilify and blacken that body, and to hold it up to contempt as well as execration, it was impossible to conceal or deny, that, through the agency of its servants, it had done mighty deeds; and had given, in the course of a long career of war, uniformly successful, and advantages acquired by conquest or negotiation, invariably improved, the most unequivocal proofs of political wisdom. "*Little more than fifty years ago*," says a cotemporary, "the East India Company's territories were comprised within a few factories at different points on the Asiatic coast, and the Indian subjects of the King of England might possibly equal in numbers the population of Liverpool. Now, the East India Company are lords of a country, which measures in extent of surface about ten times the surface of the British Isles, and which contains a population equal to not less than six times the population of England, Scotland, and Ireland." These territories afford a revenue averaging from twenty to twenty-two millions of pounds sterling per annum; and their acquisition by an association of merchants commenced at the very period when the government of the crown was suffering the magnificent colonies of North America to slip from its



grasp. Here was a difficulty that might have daunted partisans less experienced in the warfare of pamphlets and magazines ; but it is the part of great minds to find resources in every dilemma. Great emergencies call for bold measures ; and as the Company must be represented as feeble and impotent as all hazards, the notoriety of the facts left its adversaries no alternative but to dispute the supposed agency. It is true, they admit, that British India is the most splendid jewel that ever was set in the crown of any prince, and that those who annexed such an appendage to our empire have deserved well of their country. But not a tittle of this glory appertains to the Company. The valour of Englishmen has won the many hard fought fields of which our territorial acquisitions are the fruits ; the same agents have consolidated and improved these conquests, by the exercise of those milder talents and virtues, for which they are exclusively indebted to the moral and intellectual education received in their native land. So far from affording them any effectual assistance towards the amelioration of the state of society in India, or rendering its connection with this country truly valuable to either, the Company has acted the part of an incubus upon those energies which have been directed towards the attainment of these objects. All the good that has been effected has been brought about without their knowledge or concurrence, or even in direct opposition to their orders. They have silenced the voice of philanthropy in their dominions, and even banished those patriotic journalists, who alone “ faithful found, among the faithless, \* \* \* among innumerable false,” have denounced their vicious system of government, and devoted themselves to the common interests of England and the whole native population of India. Whatever advantages either country has reaped from their mutual relations are solely ascribable to English merit ; whilst for every evil to which that connection has given birth, or which, though pre-existent, it has failed to eradicate, the Company are exclusively responsible.

All hail, Genius of British valour and wisdom ! for verily thou hast wrought great things for us ! The Greeks made Gods of their heroes, but we have so far improved upon the practice, that we have first formed a hero out of our own abstract essences, and then proceeded to idolize ourselves. We are really at a loss to determine, whether it be more wonderful that men should delude themselves with a fallacy so extravagantly absurd, or hold the intellects of their fellow-creatures in such mean estimation, as to entertain a hope of foisting it upon the understanding of a single reasonable being. Under this novel system for the appreciation of human actions, neither the head that devises, nor the hand that executes, seems entitled to any consideration. We have been all along in error. The great general who leads our armies to victory, the statesman whose wise counsels would appear, to vulgar eyes at least, to have saved his country from ruin, are alike unworthy of our commendation or gratitude : the national genius has achieved both triumphs, so let us praise and thank ourselves. Equal measure must be dealt to the philosopher and the poet ; for every individual owes as much to the advantages which his nativity has conferred upon him, as each of the many persons who collectively constitute the Company, and its civil and military services. But the Company has enjoyed great facilities in the establishment of its empire, from the nature and character of the nursery from which it has been able to draw its executive officers and instruments of government. So must every Englishman, or body of En-

glishmen that embarks in any enterprise. So has every British general from Richard the lion-hearted to Arthur the stoney-hearted ; so have our descendants in North America ; so did our early circumnavigators ; so did Messrs. Peel and Arkwright. The proprietors of India stock could hardly be expected to fight Tippoo Saib or the Mahrattas in person ; to form at the same time component parts of a general court, and to officiate as magistrates at Meerut or Allahabad, or as adjutants of their two hundred regiments of Sepoys ; to man their pilot-vessels at the mouth of the Ganges, or to serve out the medicines at their dispensary in Calcutta. Yet unless it be supposed, that rulers, to deserve praise, are bound to perform every function of government for themselves, without the interposition of any agency, we can see no plausible reason why the glorious and beneficial acts and measures of their dependent and responsible servants should not be carried to the credit of the Company.

Where *evil* can be predicated, our reformers are far too generous to lay an unequal portion of the burthen upon the shoulders of either party, by contradicting the acts of the Company from those of their servants. On such occasions, the utmost care is taken to couple them closely together. "It is the East India Company and their own servants," says Mr. Rickards, "armed as they are with power and instigated by jealousy, who have from the earliest times to the present hour, been involved in quarrel, disturbance, and war, with the natives of India ; and who, to guard their own privileges, ascribe to others the outrages and disorders of which they themselves have been most guilty."\* In like manner, the whole tenor of Mr. Crawford's Essay upon the "Free Trade and Colonization of India," is coloured by the assumption, that the Company, the local Government, and its agents, go hand in hand in their hostility "towards all the private enterprises of British subjects," and an anxious desire and constant effort to repress and destroy every germ or principle of improvement by which the condition of their subjects might be bettered. The theory, therefore, which these and other nameless writers profess to hold, and which the "*Dii minorum gentium*,"—their Neophytes,—implicitly believe, (upon the principle laid down in our first paper upon this subject, "*quia non intelligunt*,") appears to be this : the Genius of Britain is the Ormusd of India, whilst the Company enacts the part of Ahriman,—the great first cause of evil,—to baffle and counteract all the good offices which its disinterested antagonist is earnestly endeavouring to perform. Mr. Buckingham is supposed to be the incarnation of Ormusd.

Such are the fallacies of which the adversaries of the Company have made the most liberal use ; and those who will take the trouble to analyse their writings, will not fail to detect them lurking in every argument, and colouring every statement,

"Taking all shapes, and bearing many names."

Examples may be found, "as plenty as blackberries," in the pages of the *Oriental Herald* ; and those Franklins of literature, who may be bold and resolute enough to force their weary way through Mr. Rickards' voluminous Essays, will stumble upon them at every step. Whenever Mr. Crawford so far forgets the dictates of prudence as to turn from the details of commerce, which he *does* understand, to treat upon the government of



continental India, and the condition of its inhabitants, subjects with which it is impossible that he should be acquainted, dire necessity compels him to pick up and make use of the sophistical weapons of his allies. The armoury of the brotherhood contains no better, but a man of real talent should scorn to use such rotten staves; for though they appear the very spears of Goliath to Messrs. Buckingham and Rickards, Mr. Crawford is far too clear sighted not to be aware of their utter insufficiency. We thought at one time that it would not be an inappropriate punishment, if he were condemned to swallow all Mr. Rickards' paradoxes; but, on second thoughts, we were alarmed at the severity of a discipline, which nothing short of a moral ostrich could undergo with impunity. So we leave him to the conscious pride which he cannot but feel from the situation which the Edinburgh Review assigns him, as first member of the glorious confraternity, the brilliant triad, of which Messrs. Rickards and Buckingham form the other limbs.\* Assuredly, there is a magic in great names; an honour in being associated with them!

Besides the engines of offence which we have described, the philanthropic reformers of the administration of British India have not condemned the employment of humbler and more direct means of misrepresentation and slander. We say "humbler," because whilst it requires some portion of ingenuity to invent a paradox, or to bolster up a sophism into plausibility, the mere hardy assertion of "that which is not," demands nothing more than a moderate stock of assurance. In this respect no deficiency is observable. Our library, unhappily, is not graced with any numbers of the Oriental Herald, bound in half Russia, and gilt and lettered, as would well besem their worth; nor does our memory retain the statements of that periodical,—now, alas! but semianimate,—very deeply engraven on its tablets. We can recall, however, two of its veracious charges, the first of which possesses the peculiar merit of involving an impossibility. The public will be shocked to hear, from authority so unquestionable, that the Government of British India arrogates to itself nine-tenths of the *gross produce of the soil*. The second lamentable fact is, that the judges and magistrates appointed by the Company do not understand the languages in which they administer the laws. We are happy in being able to dry the tears of sensibility, by informing our readers, that Lord Cornwallis' Settlement professed, *in theory*, to secure to the State *nine-tenths of the Zemindar's, or middle-man's, collections from the cultivators*; but that, *in practice*, those persons, throughout the provinces to which that measure extended, enjoy net incomes fully equal, on the average, to the sums which they pay, from the gross assets of their several estates, into the coffers of Government. With regard to the other allegation, we can only say that we should be sorry to lower ourselves by giving it its real name.

We have only room to take very brief notice of Mr. Rickards' exploits in this line, but we shall enjoy ample opportunities of recurring to them, from time to time, for his refreshment. The following are some of the broader and more condensed misstatements. "A monopoly of a prime necessary of life to the poor, (salt,) is established in a pestilential climate, carried on by forced labour."† "The ryots are, down to the present hour, as much harassed, oppressed and drained as ever."‡ The police officers "appear to have been vested with powers equal to those of a jus-

\* No. CI. Note to page 285. † Vol. I. p. 647. ‡ Vol. II. p. 214.

tice of peace in England.”\* “Perfas aut nefas, the revenue is accordingly collected; and when defaulters cannot pay, it is taken from those who can.”† These are but specimens: Mr. Rickards’ Essays teem with passages conceived and published in the same spirit; charges to which, as we have said, nothing but respect for our own character prevents us from replying in the most indignant and contemptuous terms which our language affords.

It is a most melancholy spectacle for those who really wish well to their kind, whatever their nativity or colour, to contemplate the mischief which mere partisans or wrong-headed enthusiasts have done to the best and holiest principles and interests which tongue or pen ever advocated. Paley says, and most truly, of pious frauds, that “Christianity has suffered more injury from this cause than from all other causes put together.” It is quite as certain that the march of improvement and the triumph of truth, in secular matters, have been more retarded by the ill-judged exertions of those who have professed themselves the most zealous philanthropists, by their intemperate language, their reckless employment of sophistry and misrepresentation, their hyperbolical descriptions of grievances and abuses, and their equally absurd anticipations of benefits and blessings, than by any direct opposition which interest or prejudice has arrayed against them. At least half of the professed “friends of humanity” have been fighting against the cause which they have pretended to buckler. They have done their utmost to render the most sacred principles ludicrous or contemptible, by the free and flippant use of the most unworthy auxiliaries. They have disgusted and alienated those who would go any lengths, in a direct and manly course, for the attainment of the objects which they profess to make their goal; but who cannot condescend to contaminate themselves by throwing filth at their opponents, by exaggerating or misstating facts, or by making common cause with those who resort to such measures. Thus the wise and good draw back from the front of the battle, where their very presence would, like the bugle-blast of Roderick Dhu, “be worth a thousand men,” and leave the conduct of the controversy in sickness of heart and contempt, to three or four Thersiteses, with whom no temptation could prevail on them “to march through Coventry.” Under such circumstances, it is not wonderful that little or nothing of good should be effected. The public hear a loud clatter of abuse and vehement assertions, and see a great dust which the worthies in question have stirred up with their own feet, and mistake for the result of their efforts against their adversaries, but in the mean time they advance not a jot. The detection and exposure of one of their fallacies or misrepresentations gives more strength to their opponents than all their puny hostility can countervail; and half, at least, of the ridicule which they have so justly merited, unhappily attaches itself to the cause which nothing but their advocacy could have contrived to defeat.

With the exception of Wilkes, no person, we believe, at all answering to our description, has ever conferred even an accidental benefit upon society, and verily his fame is now not the most eminent or enviable.

We leave the Indian reformers to take their station by his side, and shall close our article with a choice moral selected from a speech delivered at the Crown and Anchor at a late meeting convened to give the finishing

\* Ibid. p. 210.

† P. 138. referring to Zemindary form of settlement.



stroke to the political existence of the East India Company. Hear, and perpend!

"In India, British subjects were oppressed beyond belief. They are, by a proclamation, prohibited from going ten miles beyond Calcutta without permission. One of the Company's servants, by interest, could get an order, and transport an unfortunate man without further process. No slave trade was equal in hardship to the sufferings of this oppressed people. Children, born British subjects, of native mothers, were outcasts. They could not acquire property in travel (?) or trade!"\*

The orator who was delivered of this surprising nonsense was the great Daniel O'Connell.

"Antoni gladios potuit contemnere, si sic,  
Omnia dixisset."

Which may be interpreted that Daniel would have been quite safe from the knotted lash of Mr. Doherty if he had always confined himself to balderdash so excessively absurd, and statements which Ferdinand Mendez Pinto himself would blush to father.

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#### VOICE OF THE COUNTRY—ABOLITION OF SLAVERY.

IN the circulars addressed to the colonial governors in 1828 by Secretary Sir George Murray, and in various despatches issued by his predecessors in office, it seems to have been considered necessary, or to have become customary, to urge the adoption of measures recommended for ameliorating the condition of the labouring population in the West Indies by constant allusions to the *voice of the people* of this country.

In whatever degree the colony addressed was or was not assumed to have incurred official censure, the "impatience of the people of this country" was mentioned to each of them in the same threatening manner by the new colonial secretary; and the instant adoption of measures, evidently emanating from persons inimical to the welfare of the Colonists, or conceived in ignorance of the actual state of the labouring population in those possessions, was stated to have become absolutely necessary in consequence of the state of "public opinion in the mother country."

We certainly think there is something ludicrous in this manner of treating the colonists; and that to approach them with injurious measures in one hand, and an apologetical threat regarding the necessity of enforcing them in the other, is not the manner in which a question of this important nature would have been put forth by a wise and decisive government!—We further presume to think that a very little previous examination and reflection would have shown to the colonial secretary that what was then successfully foisted upon him as "public opinion" was not the voice of the community at large, nor of the intelligent part of that community, but the mere clamour of a party principally composed of ignorant and fanatical sectarians, sustained by the most unworthy artifices of their vain-glorious or self-interested leaders, who by the most artful misrepresentations did then, and do still, continue to keep in their train not only many persons who are too idolent to examine both sides of an intricate question, but also others who from the strength of an igno-

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\* We have copied the newspaper report verbatim.

rant zeal are still less capable of forming an impartial judgment, although better qualified to support thereby *any* proposal which their plausible leaders may be pleased to dictate.

To enumerate even a tenth part of the mean stratagems, worthless manœuvres, and mendacious statements, which have from time to time been put in practise by the demagogues alluded to, for the purposes of attracting popular applause, and inducing a belief in the justice of their pretensions to extraordinary disinterestedness and exclusive philanthropy, would lead us much beyond the limits which we can, prudently, afford to any article however important; but as our attention has been called to this subject by recent meetings of anti-colonial societies, and by publications emanating from that party, we think it prudent to adduce a few facts to show the manner in which the vulgar clamour held forth as being “the voice of the country” has been raised, and is sought to be perpetuated. And before concluding we shall endeavour to give a short sketch of some of the consequences which up to the present time have resulted from the exertions of Mr. Wilberforce and his coadjutors “in the cause of humanity,” leaving our readers to anticipate the afflicting results which would likely ensue were the Government and the colonists weak enough to give way to their designs.

We may here briefly notice how completely the predictions of Lord Castlereagh and other statesmen who, in 1806, recommended the *gradual abolition of the slave-trade*, have been verified. It was at that time urged in favour of “gradual abolition,” that unless we first obtained the concurrence of other nations, they and their colonies would continue the trade to a much greater extent, and in a more inhuman manner, than at that period; and, accordingly, we find that notwithstanding all our negotiations, the gross misapplication of seven millions of public money, and the loss of thousands of lives, it has been, and is still, carried on to a greater extent than at any former time, and with a cruelty proportioned to the necessity of concealment—all this may be attributed to the intemperate zeal of Mr. Wilberforce and his coadjutors, who took upon themselves positively to assert that “no such thing could take place!” Others who were more under the influence of reason and common sense, in vain foretold that the abolition of the slave-trade, by Great Britain alone, would not put an end to it, nor promote the cause of humanity in Africa; but their local and general knowledge of the subject was despised or overborne by the headlong ardour of their antagonists. We now find, that, contrary to the opinions then confidently asserted by the present Lord Lansdowne and others of the anti-colonial party, recent accounts from Badagry and other parts of the African coast state that the most savage and sanguinary barbarism is still prevalent to, if possible, a greater extent than at any former period, and that blood continues to be spilt like water;\*—but we cannot perceive that the philanthropic William Wilberforce, the friend of Africa and Africans, or any of those persons who, under pretence of advocating the cause of humanity, have made the slave-question the means of their own worldly advancement, make the slightest movement in mitigation of these horrors, although they are active enough in their endeavours to promote measures which, if adopted, would reduce the slaves in the West Indies to a state of similar anarchy! It was also, at the period alluded to, urged that the fur-

\* *Vide Lander's Travels, &c.*



ther introduction of Africans was not necessary for keeping up the population of the colonies ; but the great inequality of the sexes seems to have been studiously kept out of view by the abolitionists, and the subsequent diminution of numbers which has, in consequence, taken place, has been very adroitly turned against the planters as a proof of their inhumanity; although their antagonists are well aware that any decrease has been owing to the unavoidable decrement of human life in such an unequal state of the population, and that this apparent falling off has been increased by *manumissions*—a circumstance which the anti-colonial party carefully exclude from their comparative calculations.

The late Joseph Marryat, Esq., M. P., has given us many instances of the palpable falsehoods, gross impositions, and suppressions of the truth, which distinguish the proceedings of the abolitionists ; and before saying any thing respecting the late anti-slavery meetings, we shall extract from one of his pamphlets, published in 1816, the following account of one of those exhibitions, *got up* by Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Stephen, and their compeers, for the purpose of influencing “the voice of the people.”

It having been announced by advertisement that the members and friends of the African and Asiatic Society would dine together at the Freemasons’ Tavern, on the day the Report of the African Institution was read, *and that a number of Africans and Asiatics were expected to dine in an adjoining room*, Mr. Wilberforce took the chair. After dinner the company drank the usual toasts ; the King, the Prince Regent, the Queen, and the rest of the Royal Family (*but without rising from their seats*).

“Mr. Stephen then arose and apologized for addressing the meeting, which he was induced to do as being more accustomed to speak in public than Mr. Prince Saunders, a man of colour, who had just returned from a mission to St. Domingo, and whose communications from thence he would lay before them.” “Mr. Stephen addressed himself in a great degree to the Africans and Asiatics, who had only been separated from the company by a screen drawn across one end of the room, from behind which they had by this time emerged, and *were standing round the tables*. He dwelt upon the infamy of supposing, that the difference of colour in the skin could occasion any inferiority in the mind. From a warm eulogy upon blacks as contrasted with whites, he slid into a panegyric upon Christophe, whom he described as an *ornament* to the African name, and an *honour* to the human race—as the friend of the immortal Toussaint—the *patriot, liberator, and exalter* of his fellow-creatures—*liberal, enlightened, beneficent, merciful*—and, above all, A SINCERE AND PIOUS CHRISTIAN!!

“Mr. Saunders corroborated every assertion of this harangue by bowing assent from time to time. Mr. Stephen distinctly asserted that King Henry of Hayti, the name by which he always spoke of this person, was one of the most august sovereigns in the universe ; the glorious founder of a new dynasty, which he predicted would, in no distant time, subvert the relations of the western world as at present constituted, and give Africa its natural rank, if not superiority, in the scale of mankind!!”

The health of this blood-thirsty negro was then drank with three times three and enthusiastic acclamations, *the whole company standing!*

“Mr. Prince Saunders confirmed the details of Mr. Stephen. He repeated the earnestness with which Christophe longed for religious instruction, and his disdain for the trappings of state. He particularly

dwelt on the assurances he had given his majesty, his court, and his people, of the *sure alliance* and aid they might expect from Mr. Wilberforce and his associates in this country!\*

"The secretary of the society next congratulated the company on the display of African talent which they had just heard; and said he would favour them with another specimen of its superiority, by calling on Mr. Paul for a speech."

This Mr. Paul repeated a *composition*, something between a speech and a sermon: but by this time the party-coloured children had made their way to the table, and were delivering their sentiments so loudly on the relative merits of the nuts, figs, and oranges of the desert, as to give no small interruption to Mr. Paul, and render much of his narration inaudible. It appeared, however, to consist principally of a mixture of religious instruction, more connected with the mysteries of the Christian faith than with moral advice, and of fulsome compliments upon Mr. Wilberforce, interlarded with texts of scripture. He congratulated himself "on the happiness he never expected to enjoy, of seeing face to face the saviour and benefactor of the blacks, the friend of the *whole* human race,"—by which we presume the orator meant not merely the negroes in the West Indies, but also those in the foreign colonies, in the United States of America, in St. Domingo, and in Africa, for whose benefit he and his associates are doing—what? strenuously exerting themselves? No! neither they nor the other philanthropists of the present day include these unhappy beings, nor the numerous uninstructed and starving poor of Great Britain and Ireland in the narrow pale of *their* humanity.

Mr. Wilberforce, who sat "attentive to his own applause, declared when another of the company wished to address the chair, that he was glad to find it was one of his own countrymen; for after the admirable specimens of eloquence they had just heard from their brethren of colour, *he began to be apprehensive they had monopolized all the talents*, and that he should feel ashamed of his own complexion. Mr. Stephen determined to take the lead in this gratuitous contest of humility, intimated that *he actually felt* (the hypocrite!) *that shame* which Mr. Wilberforce only began to apprehend.

"Dr. Stoddart prefaced the health of Mr. Wilberforce by an eulogium upon that gentleman; according to which Mr. Wilberforce was the greatest living being in this hemisphere, as King Henry of Hayti was in the other! The world was full of their fame; and nothing but the universal conflagration, which is to devour the universe, would prevent its continuing to resound with their praises!"

Mr. Wilberforce then praised Mr. Stephen, Mr. Stephen praised Dr. Stoddart, Dr. Stoddart returned the compliment with interest, and translated an address, composed by a French gentleman present—who, like King Henry, had not, we suppose, studied English—in praise of Mr. Wilberforce. But enough of this nauseous humbug!

We shall only add, that in the early part of the entertainment a *black man led in a white woman*, with a party-coloured child, the fruit of their

\* Mr. Mackenzie in his "Notes on Haiti," gives among other documents a fac-simile of a letter addressed by this *enlightened* monarch, as king, to "Baron de Dupuy, Secrétaire, &c. de S. M.," in which there is the following amusing specimen of his progress in English composition and orthography:—"You no me, and of sufficient and of to no I alway keeping good what, and no you too fare men alway keeping good what." The signature is fully as unintelligible as that of some members of parliament!



mutual loves. This interesting group paraded round the room, as a proof of the happy result of that union of colours and races, which all true philanthropists are so anxious to promote.

When the Africans and Asiatics introduced themselves from behind the screen, which at first separated them from the company, a medley of blacks and mulattoes appeared, *MANY OF THEM MENDICANTS, whose faces were recognised, as constantly plying at their respective stands in the public streets; and in the true spirit of equality and fraternity, wine was handed about to them to drink with their benefactors.\** We appeal to our readers whether any thing can be more disgusting to every sincere friend of humanity than such trumpery exhibitions as these; yet, by such pharisaical proceedings, it has been, and it is still—attempted to influence “the voice of the country.”

Had such exhibitions been discontinued, we might not at present have found it necessary to bring the name of Mr. Wilberforce again before the public; but when we perceive that the actions of societies calling themselves “for the abolition of Slavery” are still marked by the most acrimonious hatred against the colonists;—that they persist in forcing upon the attention of the public—measures which, if carried into execution, would ruin our colonies, and every one of our countrymen connected with them; and which would counteract all that has already been done, or is now doing, for the improvement of our colonial labourers;—that these labourers, who are gradually acquiring feelings, habits, and *property*, to enable them to fulfil hereafter the duties of industrious freemen, would, by the accomplishment of such plans be, as in Haiti and Mexico, thrown back into a state of barbarism;—and that since Mr. Wilberforce has again allowed himself, in his feeble old age, to be dragged from his easy chair to preside at a public meeting, called in support of the pernicious views of the anti-colonists, he and his injudicious advisers must not expect their proceedings to pass without scrutiny and exposure.

The malignant spirit by which the anti-colonists are evidently actuated, is too clearly evinced in their public writings, to require any elaborate exposition on our part. When we see it asserted in pamphlets, published and given away by the hundred, under their express sanction, that the colonists are “daily and hourly proceeding in a series of crimes, any one of which, if perpetrated in this country, would call for the gibbet and the executioner to do their duty on the felons and murderers,” when we see the mild system of religious instruction and improvement now going forward in the West Indies, *under the safe superintendence and guidance of our established church*, stigmatised as “a bloody and atrocious system,” “a mass of abomination;” and when we see it asserted that “the many excellent men who compose the governors of the Christian societies for converting the negro slaves, and for propagating the gospel in foreign parts,” are “ranged on the side of falsehood, imposture, irreligion, and impiety”—what opinion can we form of the intentions and designs of the anti-colonial society? When we further see lauded to the skies such incendiary writings as the following, viz.:—“Have we forgotten how long a few Maroons defended the central mountains of the island (Jamaica) against all the effort of disciplined valour?”—that “a similar contest, on a larger scale, might be protracted for

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\* More Thoughts, &c. by Jos. Marryat, esq. M.P.—Printed for Ridgway.

half a century ;”—that “ not a soldier or officer is sent to the colonies who does not know, that the only way of reconciling his service with the duty of an honest man, or the honour of a gentleman, is by considering himself as the guardian of the great acts of justice which must speedily take place,” and that “ in any other light he might as well be invited to patrol Hounslow, in aid of the knights of the road, or form a cordon round the houses of the Marrs, and the Williamsons, while the man with a hammer did his office inside !” When we further see it asserted, under the sanction of the same society, that “ when West-Indian magistrates apply the term “wretch” to a negro, who is put to death for having failed in an attempt at resistance, the people of England do not consider him as a “wretch,” but as a good and gallant man, dying in the best of causes, and would “stand by and cheer on their dusky brethren to the assault !” When we further see the promulgation of such sentiments applauded, and are told by the *humane* “Society for the mitigation and gradual abolition of Slavery,” that they *envy* “the writer’s power of producing on the public mind the effects which the popular talents where-with the great Author of these talents has endowed him, enables him to produce, were it not that we should almost shrink from the heavy responsibility both to God and man, which they impose upon their possessor—how is it possible to form any favourable opinion of their intentions ?”

Heavy, indeed, might be the responsibility incurred by the publishers of such sentiments, were it not that the only effect produced by them is a feeling of pity and contempt. Well may every honest man shrink from communion with any society capable of avowing and putting forth such infamous opinions ; and it raises “our special wonder” to see that many honourable and well-meaning persons still allow their names to remain on the lists of this society. One good purpose, however, these declarations do serve, namely, to put our countrymen in the western world firmly and decisively on their guard against the machinations of insidious emissaries ; for, although, as we shall shortly have occasion to notice, the colonists are partly prepared against the artful proceedings of the sectarian preachers, and have, in some measure, been able to check their dangerous designs and shameful rapacity, to the repulsion of which may be attributed, in a great measure, the late virulent proceedings and petitions “from some places in Yorkshire,” “from congregations of dissenters,” &c. ; yet it is well for them to know the length to which the society at home, and, of course, their missionaries in the colonies, are, under the cloak of religious philanthropy, avowedly ready to go ; and that, in the words of Mr. Canning, “instead of diffusing gradually over those dark regions a pure and salutary light,” these persons are more likely to “kindle a flame only to be quenched in blood !”\*

It is very well known to have been entirely on account of the precautionary clauses introduced into the wise and humane slave act passed by the Assembly of Jamaica in 1826, for restraining the practices of the missionaries, that that bill was rejected at home. One of the most offensive of these clauses commences thus :—“And whereas, under pretence of offerings and contributions, large sums of money and other chattels have been extorted by designing men, professing to be teachers of religion, practising on the ignorance and superstition of the negroes in this island, to their great loss and impoverishment : and whereas an

\* *Vide* Death-warrant of Negro Slavery, “*printed for the Society,*” &c. pp. xi. 22. 32, 33.



ample provision is already made by the public and by private persons for the religious instruction of the slaves, Be it enacted," &c.

Alexander Barclay, Esq., a gentleman well known as a man of honour and probity, in a letter addressed to Sir George Murray, recently published, states, that "many benevolent persons in England accustomed to read the Anti-Slavery Reports, will find difficulty in believing that any portion of comfort, much less of wealth, can be in the possession of "a race of beings degraded to the level of brute and inanimate nature—driven by the cart-whip to excess of labour, and stinted of necessary food, even to the shortening of their miserable days." As the colonists deny the existence of any such wretchedness amongst their dependents, the question is, which of the parties is to be believed? The Reverend James Coultart, a baptist minister in Jamaica, in a letter addressed to his patron, Dr. Ryland, and published in the Baptist Magazine, speaking of the means for providing a new chapel, says, "When I consider that by my own feeble exertions, *one thousand pounds have been collected in two months among poor slaves or negroes in our own small church*, I hope, allowing a little time for the rest, that we shall, if God should spare life, and bless succeeding efforts, obtain our wishes.\* \* \* What church in England would have done so much in the time, notwithstanding their superior circumstances?" Mr. Barclay justly observes, that if a thousand of the Jamaica *planters* had sworn to this fact, they would not have been believed in England!—but here it comes from more undoubted authority.—Another of these preachers, the Rev. Mr. Barry, states that at the opening of a new chapel in December last—"some person put a gold ring into the plate. Previous to making the evening collection, I took notice of the circumstance, and said, I thought there were many such superfluous ornaments then in the chapel which might be devoted to the same purpose, and should, if given, be sacredly applied to that use." (?) Here is the fact, not only that their money is taken, but that even the little trinkets of the coloured or black females are actually called for with all the powers of persuasion, and all the denunciations of such ornaments being sinful and forbidden. But it appears that the sectarians of Jamaica go even a step farther, and rival the Catholic clergy of old—"Among the most extraordinary, and, as many think, most objectionable modes resorted to by the sectaries for raising money among the slaves, is that of selling 'tickets' to them, which is practised, I believe," says Mr. Barclay, "by all the sects, with the exception of the Moravians, whose disinterested conduct in their holy calling forms a striking contrast to that of their brethren. *These tickets are small slips of paper, with a text of scripture written on them.* On what grounds the money is asked by the different sects from the poor ignorant creatures who buy them, I know not; but their value in the minds of the negroes may be understood from the following little anecdote related by a clergyman:—"at the conclusion of worship, last Sabbath," said he, "an aged man and woman came to me and asked for tickets." The reverend gentleman, after some conversation, told them that he would always be glad to see them at worship, and would willingly explain any thing they did not understand, but that he had 'no tickets to sell,' and assured them that tickets would be of no use in taking them to heaven.' This information they received with considerable indifference and incredulity, from which it appeared that they had been too deeply impressed with a belief in the merit of

the tickets." The poor deluded creatures had mistaken this clergyman for a baptist preacher, who had settled in the place, and who, as it appears, was *exchanging his tickets for ten penny pieces every Sunday.*"

According to the Wesleyans, a ticket is "the certificate of continued membership given or withheld as the character for morality and industry is satisfactory or otherwise. What idea the slaves have of "membership, I know not," says Mr. Barclay; "but a certificate of moral character from the ministers of God (for such the ticket is described) for which they pay money, can hardly be otherwise viewed by such ignorant creatures than as a passport to Heaven, if they should die within the current quarter!" No person acquainted with the implicit faith placed by the superstitious natives of Africa in the efficacy of amulets and charms (*gris-gris*), can for a moment doubt the accuracy of this conjecture; and we would ask the "philanthropists" of England whether these artifices for raising money are not rather more likely to perpetuate than to expel the Pagan superstitions of Africa? And whether this is a proper method of dispelling pagan darkness by the pure lights of the gospel? Mr. Barclay gives several examples, showing that comparatively enormous sums of money are extorted from the negroes in this manner! Yet it was for endeavouring to check such practices, and to preserve the health and morals of the negroes, that the humane laws enacted by the legislature of Jamaica in 1826, were rejected at home.

We consider it necessary to notice these things at the present moment, because from the renewed activity of the anti-colonial party, we have reason to apprehend some new attempt, under the usual pretence of vindicating the rights of humanity, about to be made upon the property of our already impoverished colonists. Meetings of anti-slavery societies have been held in various parts of the country, and although the "saints" have been very chary about publishing all the slanderous and often refuted charges habitually brought forward on these occasions, enough has been printed to indicate their intentions; and it has become necessary to put the public on their guard against their deceitful representations. Whenever the saints have made specific and tangible allegations, they have been as promptly met as the distance between this country and those communities whom they habitually slander will admit. For instance, a statement which appeared some time ago in a London Journal, entitled "*Cruelties of West India Slavery at this Moment: by an Eye-Witness,*" has been investigated; and the slanderer, a Mr. George Hamilton Smith, a custom-house officer in Jamaica, discovered, and forced, at a public examination, to acknowledge that his whole statement was a gross falsehood and fabrication, and that alterations were even made *at home* upon his letter before it was published and circulated, under the patronage of the anti-colonists, who still defend it on the ground of *verisimilitude*. A statement made some time ago by Mr. Clarkson in his correspondence with Mr. Green, published in 1829; namely, that "several aged, worn out *slaves*, would have *died of hunger* in Antigua, if it had not been for a committee in London, which supports them annually," has been fully investigated and successfully refuted. It turns out that Mr. Clarkson has been deceived by certain designing knaves of his own party, who had embezzled the money, and who, on the institution of a regular inquiry, acknowledged that they had never known any slave in distress, who did not receive



instant and effectual relief in the manner provided by the laws of the island ; and that, in fact, there were no *slaves* in the island requiring any such eleemosynary aid ! It must be obvious, however, that between the promulgation of these statements and their refutation from the West Indies, a considerable time must always elapse ; and the anti-colonial party are well aware of the advantage which is thus given to them. Moreover, many persons see these slanderous charges which, as in the latter instance, are sometimes put forth not in a fugitive shape, but in octavo volumes, and thus perpetuated, who do not see their subsequent refutation.

The London Anti-Slavery Society also held a meeting lately ; and as this society has been rather falling into bad odour with the public, it became necessary to make some effort to collect the usual audience ; and it was therefore announced, by previous advertisement, that Mr. Wilberforce was to take the chair.

The room being quickly filled, the chairman supported by Mr. F. Buxton, Mr. Macauley, jun., Lord Calthorpe, the Rev. Daniel Wilson, and the usual squad of abolitionists, after a few words from Mr. Clarkson, commenced the business of the day, by making a long speech, wherein instead of candidly taking blame to himself for the hasty and precipitate zeal with which he had originally hurried forward the abolition of the slave trade, or lamenting the great extent and additional cruelty with which it is carried on by foreigners, mainly in consequence of that precipitancy ; he complained that *nothing* had been done, and expressed his fears that nothing could be done for the final abolition of slavery, except at a very distant period. He adverted to the measures of 1823, which he asserted were brought forward by Mr. Canning, with the concurrence and by the suggestion of the West Indians ! who had, since then, pertinaciously refused, “one and all,” to adopt these proposals.—Now we assert, and we need only refer to documents quoted in former numbers of our Magazine to prove the assertion, that with the exception of *compulsary* manumission, a subsequent measure, against which the colonists have indeed, “one and all,” from the very first, opposed themselves ; and with the exception of a very few of the resolutions of 1823, which they consider dangerous or premature, almost every one of these recommendations have, in effect, been adopted.\*

He then proposed to take the whole authority out of the hands of the colonists, abolishing their legislatures of course, and to proceed in the work of emancipation *without* their concurrence ! He concluded by praising the high mindedness of the blacks, and asserted that “should England proceed as she had hitherto done—making free with the rights and liberties of those whom Providence had placed under her protection—the time of retribution could not be far distant ; for she could not expect in that case that a great and just God would continue to her her own abused blessings which she had so long enjoyed with so little gratitude.” We do not presume to interpret the inscrutable decrees of Providence, but we certainly do think that if England were to give way to the indiscreet zeal of the anti-colonists, and to replunge the negro population into that state of barbarism from which they are gradually emerging, she would add much to the responsibility of her present position.

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\* *Vide* An Abstract of the British West Indian Statutes for the Protection and Government of Slaves.—Ridgway, 1830.

Mr. Wilberforce was followed by Mr. Buxton, Lord Milton, and that "precious youth," Mr. T. B. Macauley, who amused the meeting by comparing the "high minded" negroes to post horses!—Mr. Hunt endeavoured to procure a hearing for the poor paupers of England, and reminded the meeting that in some parishes they were forced to draw waggons in the depth of winter, or starve; but as these unfortunates were merely "free-born Englishmen," with *white* complexion, he was hooted down and could not obtain anything like a fair hearing.—The Rev. Daniel Wilson next took in hand the motion intrusted to him, which was in reference to "the moral and religious bearings of the question," and, in the course of his speech, censured "the great religious societies of the church of England, especially in reference to the Codrington estates in Barbadoes, which, though in the hands of the 'Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts,' for 120 years past, were still worked by slaves, whose condition for a great part of that time differed little from that of the slave population around them, and was still a reproach to the church of England,"—for which we shall have a word with him by and by! Mr. Wilson was followed by Mr. Bennet, Mr. Brownlow, and others; and the meeting having talked themselves into a fitting state to second any measure however violent,—Mr Pownall proposed, as an amendment to one of the resolutions, that "from and after the 1st of January, 1830, every child born within the king's dominions shall be free"—Mr. H. Drummond seconded the motion—affirming that "there were subjects on which it was disgraceful to speak coolly, but if he controuled himself now, and if he conjured those who heard him to controul themselves also, it was that they might *keep smothered within them a more intense fire*,—it was that they might keep from dissipating in idle speeches in a tavern, what was yet to be called into *action in a more efficient place*. In his conscience, however, he believed and feared, that this question would never be carried *until some black O'Connell, or some swarthy Bolivar was found to take it up!*"

Mr. Brougham and Mr. S. Rice, who must have felt ashamed of these unseemly ebullitions of spleen, demonstrated the impracticability of the amendment, and opposed or qualified it. They were followed by Mr. Dan O'Connell, who seeing the meeting inclined to be placable, and not having the fear of Mr. Doherty before his eyes, manfully declared that "*he had served three apprenticeships to agitation*," and that "*if we were to go to battle, the sooner we began the fight the better*." After a good deal of further *blarney* he talked of "a voice of thunder in the glens and valleys of his native land" that had made itself heard already, and "*should ere long be heard again!*"—meaning, we suppose, that he is to raise a rebellion in Ireland for the benefit of the negroes in Jamaica.—After Mr. Buckingham and others had delivered their sentiments, the thanks of the meeting were voted to Mr. Wilberforce, and the audience dispersed.

The most prominent feature in the resolutions of this meeting is that which pledges the abolitionists to have a day fixed after which all the children of slaves shall be born free; but whether they mean to take this question out of the hands of Mr. Otway Cave, or whether that gentleman has given it up, and joined Mr. James Salt Buckingham, (as would seem to be indicated by a paper put into our hands at the door,) in schemes for encouraging the trade and civilization of *China*, time must show! To revert to the charge of the Rev. Daniel Wilson against



“the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts”—an accusation originally brought forward in that repository of mendacity, the Anti-Slavery Reporter, and successfully refuted, as Mr. Wilson ought to have known, in the tenth number of the British Critic (pp. 435 to 454), we would refer in further refutation of this charge to the annual report of the society itself, and also to the report of another society, viz. the Negro Conversion Society, for 1828, pp. 90 and 91, from which we make the following extract:—

“Upon the estates held in trust by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, under the will of the late General Codrington, ‘for the erection of a college on the property, established as a public institution for the advancement of learning, and to be maintained by the labour of slaves,’ there is a regular chaplain, whose views are exclusively directed towards the promotion of christian knowledge and christian habits among the slaves. He performs divine service twice on the Sunday, and gives catechetical instruction to 25 scholars for two hours in the body of the chapel previously to public worship; and out of crop season on one day of the week. The chapel is open to the neighbouring properties, and is attended by many free coloured persons and slaves from them.

“The society also maintains a school for the younger children in a small neat house, situated between the two estates, in which there are 48 scholars. They are taught to read on the national plan, and remain under the tuition of their governess, Miss Davies, from 9 till 1 every day, Saturday excepted.

“An ample provision is thus made for the religious instruction of the negroes on these estates. Their number is 366, in which there was an increase by births of 53 within 7 years, exclusively of 3 who had purchased their freedom.”

Further details of the management of these estates are contained in a printed letter addressed by Mr. Forster Clarke to the Rev. A. Hamilton, from which we extract the following passages:—

“You have no doubt received the fullest information respecting the school, and plan of religious instruction pursued on these estates, from the chaplains who have resided on them. Every child on the estate, from six to ten years of age, attends the daily school, argeeably to the instructions of the society, (but in no instance are they removed too young, many remaining until they are 14 years old); and after that period they are taken into the Sunday-school, and are carefully instructed in the knowledge of religious duties and christian principles. They are also compelled to attend the chapel on Sundays, when a large portion of the adult and older slaves also assemble, and where divine service is performed twice a day on Sundays, with a lecture by the chaplain at each service: and the society have been most fortunate in the appointment of persons to fulfil these duties, which have been performed by their late and present chaplain with an uncommon degree of zeal and assiduity.

“My observations are confined to the system pursued on the Codrington estates, where the continued and regular increase of the population is an evident proof of the welfare of the slaves, and of the benefit of these regulations.”

And to sum up the whole, Mr. Coleridge, in his Six Months in the West Indies in 1825, pp. 60 and 61, states that—

“The trustees of Codrington College comprise a large portion of the learning and virtue of England; their disinterestedness is perfect—their intention excellent—their care commendable. Their disposable funds are ample, and the trust estates remarkably flourishing. They deserve this prosperity; their zeal for the welfare of their slaves is most exemplary, and they have gone to the utmost bounds of prudence in advancing the condition of those negroes whose happiness and salvation have been committed to them. A chapel and a school have been erected almost exclusively for their use, and a clergyman, (the Rev. J. H. Pinder,) fixed amongst them, whose talents, kindness, and simplicity of man-

ners, are not more remarkable than his judgment and his piety. The attorney and manager are both of established character, the buildings, and especially the hospital, in good order, and the negroe huts comfortable."

If, therefore, these estates are "still a reproach to the Church of England" we would ask what proprietor of property in the West Indies can escape censure? and, if the labourers upon them "differ little" from the surrounding population—whether there is any just ground of complaint—especially in regard to religious instruction? In short, it must appear evident that the *Reverend* Daniel Wilson has either been grossly deceived,—or, if the anti-slavery report be correct, has disgraced his holy calling by publicly uttering a base and scandalous libel!

To return to the anti-slavery meeting—the arts usually resorted to on these occasions for attracting public attention were not lost sight of. Negroes, whose personal appearance gave no very favourable idea of their progress in civilization, were posted at the door, or carried placards in front of Freemason's Hall, with an inscription round their hats, "*Am not I a Man and your Brother?*" These fellows had been hired for the occasion—one of them is said to have declared that he and his brethren in attendance knew nothing of the objects of the meeting—that he was a Roman Catholic, originally from Guadaloupe, "that he worshipped St. Joseph and the Virgin Mary, but knew nothing of our Saviour! Such," says a respectable contemporary, "was the confession of this poor black man, hired by the Anti-Slavery Society to parade before the door of a meeting-house, wherein Mr. Wilberforce and his colleagues were complaining that their missionaries have not full scope for instructing the slaves in the West Indies!"

Notwithstanding that constables were in attendance, many persons had their pockets picked; and altogether, on a calm review of the whole affair, it is quite clear that the day for this kind of humbug has gone by, and that the friends of Mr. Wilberforce acted very injudiciously in again exhibiting the old gentleman to the gaze of a mob, and the scrutiny of the public. We do not hesitate to tell them that however loudly they may halloo in his ear that he is the benefactor of the human race, the friend of the negro, and the regenerator of Africa—they cannot stifle the still small voice which whispers to him that his philanthropy has been of a holy-day and pharasaical cast; that, owing greatly to his indiscreet zeal, the slave trade is carried on by foreigners with much greater cruelty now than when it was a regulated trade, under humane provisions—the necessity for concealment having brought hundreds of thousands of poor creatures to a cruel end;—that his friends, particularly at Sierra Leone, have disgraced the cause of humanity by their selfishness;—that seven millions of public money has been uselessly wasted, our own colonies injured, and the number of slaves in foreign colonies immensely increased; and, finally, that all the future exertions of his party, even if they were to succeed in throwing the British West Indies into confusion, could only end in ruin and massacre similar to that which has come upon St. Domingo, and the sugar districts of Mexico; together with a similar obliteration of all the benefits which our West India labourers have derived, and are daily deriving from the present system of religious education, and gradual amelioration.



In conclusion, we would seriously recommend to the colonial legislatures, and to every one interested in the prosperity of the West-India colonies, to use every means in their power to second the views of Government *for Improving the Condition of the Negro Population*—so far as these views may be practicable, and not dangerous to the welfare of all,—standing up at the same time *firmly* and *decisively* against every attempt at encroachment or interference on the part of the anti-colonists and their objectionable missionaries, whose interference should be promptly checked, even to the extent of deportation, the instant it exceeds the bounds properly assignable to their functions as ministers of religion.

The number of manumissions, principally originating in kind and benevolent feelings, and the gradual increase of knowledge amongst all classes, is the best guarantee for the abolition of slavery; and in the event of any convulsion caused in this country, from bad counsel, or otherwise,—the colonists cannot for an instant doubt that, from one quarter or another—prompt and efficient protection would, without much difficulty, be obtained for them.

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#### THE SUGAR CANE.\*

THE author of this instructive and entertaining work very justly observes, that few subjects are of greater consequence to the commerce of the British empire than the sugar-trade, whether considered with reference to the vast amount of capital which it employs, or the extent of the public revenue which it yields.

He observes that during the past and present centuries it has increased in an eight-fold (he might have said almost in a *twenty*-fold) degree, and that the class of merchants to whom it gives employment is second in respectability and intelligence to none of the great mercantile interests in this country.

Under these circumstances a good account of the nature and properties of this useful plant, the *saccharum officinarum* of Botanists, and of the best methods of manufacturing its products into sugar, a food equally pleasant, nutritious, and medicinal,—was a desideratum which has been opportunely supplied at the very moment when the attention of the public had been attracted to the subject, by the present parliamentary discussions on the sugar duties, and by the depressed situation of our West-India interests.

The author commences with an account of the first culture of the sugar-cane, which he affirms was known, and its produce scientifically manufactured by the Chinese, two thousand years before it was introduced and enjoyed in Europe! That sugar, chiefly in the candied form, was known as an article of commerce long before the cane began to be cultivated in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean; and that it was not planted, even in Arabia, until about the thirteenth century, having up to that period been brought from the islands of the Indian Archipelago, in the kingdoms of Bengal, Siam, &c. From

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\* The Nature and Properties of the Sugar- Cane, with Practical Directions for the Improvement of its Culture and the Manufacture of its Products. Smith, Elder and Co. 1 vol. 8vo.

Arabia-Felix its culture passed into Nubia, Egypt, and Ethiopia; thence to Sicily, the Canaries, and St. Domingo. It spread so rapidly in the latter island, and sugar quickly became an article of such importance, that we are told the cost of the palaces of Madrid and Toledo, erected in the reign of Charles the Fifth, was defrayed by the proceeds of the port duties on the sugar imported from Hispaniola.

Once introduced, its culture was rapidly extended in the western world; but our limits will not admit of our entering upon the discussion whether it was or was not indigenous to the West Indies. One rather curious fact seems to militate against the former assumption, namely, that although it flourishes in the West Indies, its organs of fructification appear to be without the power of fecundity. "A whitish dust, or rather seed, is sometimes produced from the flowers; yet this being sown, has never been known to vegetate; while in the East, canes may be raised from seed." (p. 16.)

The Venetians' seem to have been the earliest refiners of sugar in Europe. "At first they imitated the Chinese, and sold the sugar which they purified in the shape of candy; clearing and refining the coarse sugar of Egypt three or four times over. They afterwards adopted the use of cones, and sold refined sugar in the loaf."

Dr. Dutrone, in his *Histoire de la Canne*, "states the period of the sugar plant's arrival at its full maturity, to be from twelve to twenty months; but he was unacquainted with the Otaheitan variety, which was introduced into the West Indies about the end of the last and beginning of the present centuries. This is much larger and finer than the Brazil cane, and comes to maturity in about ten months, in the elevated parts of the older settled West India Islands; but in vales, and in the low alluvial soils of the colonies, where the land has not been much cropped, the plant is oftener from twelve to sixteen months, and even longer, in becoming full ripe" (p. 17). The cane contains three sorts of juice, one aqueous, another saccharine, and the third mucous. The relative proportions of these, and the quality of the two last, depend upon a great number of particular circumstances, a knowledge of which is of the greatest importance in regulating the judicious care required for the cultivation of this plant."

Accurate and minutely descriptive drawings are given of the cane. "The roots are very slender and almost cylindrical; they are never more than a foot in length; a few short fibres appear at their extremities." The number of joints of the stalk or cane, vary from forty to sixty, sometimes even eighty in the Brazilian cane; but there are much fewer in that from Otaheite, its joints being much further apart, some of these being eight or nine inches long, while the finer specimens of those of Brazil, are from two or three inches in length. There is on every joint a bud, which encloses the germ of a new cane."

"It would perhaps be tedious minutely to follow the plant through all the different shades of its developement and growth. Its juice is, of course, variously modified in all its different stages: in its first formation it has all the characteristics of that of unripe mucous fruits; after awhile it very much resembles both in taste and smell the juice of sweet apples; by degrees it loses this, and takes the smell and taste peculiar to the cane.

"The first joint requires four or five months for its entire growth, and, during this time, fifteen or twenty joints spring from it in succession, and the same progression continues as by degrees each joint arrives at the period of its growth, which is ascertained by the decay of its leaf. \* \* \* The last joint, which is



called the arrow, is four or five feet long; it is terminated by a panicle of sterile flowers, which are eighteen or twenty inches high.

"In new and moist land, such as the colonies of Dutch Guiana, the cane grows to the height of twelve, fifteen, or even twenty feet. In arid calcareous soils, it sometimes does not attain a greater height than six feet, and one of ten feet is considered long."

The cane originally brought from the Island of Bourbon, and reported by the French to be the growth of the coast of Malabar, seems now to be the favourite. It and the Otaheite cane are similar in growth and appearance. They are much larger than the Brazilian, the joints of some measuring eight or nine inches long, and six in circumference. They are ripe enough to grind at the age of ten months; they appear to stand the weather better, and are not liable to be attacked by that destructive insect the borer. They are considered so superior to the old canes, that their adoption has nearly banished the original Brazilian plant from our islands. "A mixture of clay and sand, or what has been called brick-mould, seems to be generally acknowledged as most favourable to the growth of the cane; and, although the effects of rain on this soil are apparently soon over, the inner portion retains a considerable degree of moisture, even in the driest weather, and it has the advantage of seldom requiring trenches to be made even in the wettest season."—(p. 33.)—Next to this the favourite soil is a black mould. We must, however, refer to the publication itself for much valuable information on this subject, and also regarding manures, the application of which the Chinese are said to understand better than most of our planters.

In planting canes the use of the plough is recommended, and is frequently used on lands that are suitable for its operations.—"In about a fortnight after planting, the young sprouts appear a few inches above the earth." The holes are filled up with earth as the plant rises, and care is taken to extirpate weeds, and also to clear away the off-shoots, which draw off the nourishment from the main shoot.—"When the skin of the cane becomes dry, smooth, and brittle; when it is heavy; the pith grey, approaching to brown; the juice sweet and glutinous; then it may be considered in perfection. It is of great advantage that the canes should be cut in the dry season, as they then always produce better sugar than those cut in the rainy season, when they are more replete with aqueous juice, and require more fuel in evaporating it."

The ratoons are the developement of the buds which form the secondary stole of a plant that has been cut. These are called first, second, third, &c. according to the age of the root from which they spring; they are found annually to diminish in length of joint and circumference. "It is found, from observation and experience, that the juice from the ratoons is much easier clarified, and its essential salt requires less care in concentration, than that of the plant cane, the sugar obtained from which is also of an inferior quality." (p. 49) On some soils it is found to be advantageous to depend chiefly on ratoons.

When vegetation appears too active, it is then advisable to take off the decayed leaves from the cane, that the plant may receive the uninterrupted rays of the sun, otherwise its juices will be poor and aqueous. This is called trashing the cane, and it requires great judgment to know when to have recourse to it. Various kinds of vermin do considerable injury, and the usual methods of destroying them are pointed out.

The canes, being ripe, are cut, and tied into bundles for the convenience of taking to the mill.

Chapter fifth contains many valuable observations on the vegetable economy of the sugar cane, and concerning the juice of plants in general. "In the last modification of the juice (of the sugar cane) the saccharine mucous juice is entirely deprived of its yellow colour and balsamic smell, while its saccharine taste is much more developed. This last state is that which constitutes the essential salt of the cane. It is enclosed in cells, and appears beautifully clear. As each cell is absolutely isolated, and as there is no communication between them, this juice only escapes when it is pressed out by the mills; it can never flow out of the cane either in the shape of syrup or concretion."

When the canes or ratoons are ripe they are cut and carried to the mills in bundles, and are there submitted to its action. They are compressed twice between the rollers, by which means they are squeezed perfectly dry. In this process the juice carries with it some of the bruised cane, and the whole forms an homogeneous product which the author denominates the *expressed juice* to distinguish it from that what is subsequently *clarified* and concentrated.

By simple exposure to the air and sun the watery parts evaporate and leave sugar in the crystalline form; but unfortunately the quickness with which the juice passes into fermentation, makes this operation totally impracticable on a large scale, and hence promptitude in boiling the juice is absolutely necessary; and it is also necessary to use an alkali to assist in separating the feculent part. The expressed juice of the cane deprived of its feculency, contains the sap and mucous juices, united with mucilage, forming together the *cane liquor*, a clear, transparent fluid of a yellow colour.

The saccharometer is recommended for ascertaining the specific gravities of fluids, thereby to conduct the process of sugar boiling with greater certainty and precision. A table is given of the quantity of sugar contained in 100 lbs. of good juice; and also of the quantity of water that must be evaporated to reduce the same to the state of saturated syrup taken at each degree of the saccharometer.

This part of the work contains much valuable chemical information regarding the boiling process and comparative value of the juice at different periods, and under various circumstances, well worthy the notice of sugar planters, especially at the present moment, when it is so necessary to adopt every possible method for increasing the quality of the produce of their estates, and for saving manual labour.

"The result of an examination into the actual produce of a considerable estate in Jamaica, during eleven years, gives 122 lbs. of sugar as the highest produce of 100 gallons cane juice; 96 lbs. as the lowest, and 108 lbs. as the average produce (p. 73, 74. ;) but this varies very much in different soils, islands, and seasons. Alkalis are injurious in proportion to their activity in separating the mucilage from the feculent parts; and in the necessity of employing them to clarify the expressed juice we should carefully seek for every means of judiciously conducting the operation. *This delicate and important office is, however, generally performed in the most slovenly and careless manner.*"

In the manufacture of the juice into sugar, *cleanliness* is strictly enjoined, the buildings and utensils minutely described, and valuable practicable improvements indicated. "When the work of the boiling-



house is about to commence, a busy and cheerful scene ensues. Negroes are employed in cleaning and washing out the coppers, preparing the quicklime, and making lime-water. The mill is put about, and every one is actively employed." Our limits will not permit us to give even a tolerable idea of the various operations previous to the sugar being ready for *potting*, or putting into hogsheads. The molasses are allowed to drain through holes in the bottom of the cask. "It is a good plan, and will abundantly repay the trouble it occasions, if, previously to heading up the hogsheads, the portion of sugar which is least perfectly cured is taken from the bottom of the cask, and its place is supplied with dry sugar. The portion thus removed may then be returned to the cooler; and if hot liquor from the boiler be then poured upon and mixed with it, the subsequent curing will be more perfect than the first." Attention to this, and similar matters, appear to us of great importance, as, on many estates, more serious loss is occasioned by drainage previous to shipment, and during the voyage, besides consequent deterioration of quality than many planters are aware of. The sugar made in this way is the *raw* or *muscovado* sugar, commonly used in this country.

In the foreign colonies an additional process is resorted to for forming what are called *clayed sugars*. It is put into conical earthen vessels, two feet or upwards in height, and thirteen or fourteen inches in diameter at the base—the vortex pierced with a hole of about an inch in diameter, through which the molasses are, in the first place, allowed to drain. To deprive the sugar of the greater part of its remaining impurities, the sugar is pressed down, and a diluted argillaceous earth, or clay, put on the base of the cone or loaf of sugar. The clay performs the office of a sponge, allowing the water to percolate slowly through the sugar; the syrup which it contains is thus diluted and rendered more fluid, and descending through the chrystals to the lower part of the form, drains into the pot placed beneath to receive it. The clay, having parted with all its water, is taken off the base of the loaf, a second and third repetition of the process takes place.

The sugar is then left in the form for twenty days longer, that the sugar may be entirely freed from syrup. It is then taken out of the form, and exposed to the heat of the sun. Afterwards it is well dried in a stove, pulverized in wooden trays or troughs, put into hogsheads, and sent to market.

In Cuba and Brazil, where larger cones are used, the loaf, after stoving, is divided into three portions: the base is called white, the middle yellow, and the small part brown. These portions are pulverized, packed separately, in wooden boxes, for sale.

"It is calculated that about one-sixth of the chrystalline sugar is dissolved, and runs off in the operation of claying; this, together with the extra labour and utensils required, are not thought to be sufficiently counterbalanced by the improvement in quality. Sugar is, therefore, very seldom clayed for exportation in the English colonies." (p. 92.) The syrup which runs from the sugar during the operation of claying is re-crystallized and re-undergoes a similar process.

The author enters into a full statement of the French method of manufacturing sugar, and of the improvements suggested by Dutrone, from which the British planter may derive some useful hints.

"Syrups when concentrated beyond the point of solution, assume, in cooling,

the crystalline form. Experience shows us that the molecules (or small parts) of similar bodies, in taking this form require to move more freely in the fluid which holds them in solution, in order to their exercising upon each other their mutual attraction. These molecules take, in their union, a form much more regular in proportion as the water in which they unite themselves is more considerable. When the mother water exists in a great proportion compared to the sugar which is to be crystallized, very large and regular crystals are formed; in this state it is called sugar candy. We know that salts are much more pure and perfect as the forms they take approach nearer to those which nature has assigned to them. Sugar candy is in the most perfect state that can be desired, and the means that it is proper to employ to extract the essential salt of the cane, ought, therefore, to be founded on this principle of chemistry;—*to crystallize in a considerable quantity of water, a principle fully ascertained and established for all bodies which crystallize in cooling.*—(P. 142.)

Some interesting chemical facts are stated under the head of “Analysis and Properties of Sugar.”—480 grains of sugar decomposed by heating them gradually to redness, showed the following products :

Acetic acid and oil	270 grains
Charcoal	120 „
Carburetted hydrogen and carbonic acid gas	90 „

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480

If pieces of sugar be rubbed against each other in the dark, phosphorescent sparks are clearly visible.—(P. 165).\*

The clamminess observed in West India raw sugar kept for some time in the warehouses in this country is attributed to the action of the lime.—“It is a common error to suppose that highly refined sugar is less saccharine than raw sugar; the fact being that, in the most refined sugar, the saccharine taste is more developed than the sweet taste, and thus, although more saccharine it sweetens less. It would be a work of supererogation to enumerate all the various uses of sugar. *“It affords,”* says Dr. Rush of Philadelphia and other eminent physicians, *“the greatest quantity of nourishment in a given quantity of matter of any subject in nature”*—and its numerous medicinal properties confer incalculable benefits upon all who are able to use it in any quantity†: yet our government and political economists who profess to study so much the comforts and health of the people, load it with such enormous duties that the lower orders cannot, by any possibility, consume the tenth part that they otherwise would do.

Plans and descriptions of the most improved sugar mills are given; and also some account of the various patents for improvements in the manufacture of sugar, principally with a view of purifying the juice, regulating the boiling process, and for expelling the molasses; most of these

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\* “Lavoisier was the first who discovered that sugar is a vegetable oxide composed of oxygen, carbon, and hydrogen. The following are the results of analysis by different chymists:

	Lavoisier.	Gay Lussac and Thenard.	Berzelius.	Prout.	Ure.
Oxygen.....	54	50.63	49.856	53.35	50.33
Carbon .....	28	42.47	43.265	39.99	43.33
Hydrogen.....	8	6.90	6.879	6.66	6.29
	100	100	100	100	100

† *Vide* pp. 161 to 171—for many interesting facts in illustration of this part of the subject.



are liable to objections on account of the great risk of derangement of the apparatus in a country where engineers are not very numerous, and where few, if any, can lay claim to much ingenuity; this circumstance together with the general carelessness of West Indian labourers, renders it absolutely necessary that every improvement should be recommended by the simplicity of its machinery. Amongst those for regulating the boiling process, the patent of Messrs. Beale and Porter seems least liable to objection; and that of Mr. John Hague, (now the property of John Innes, Esq.,) for expelling molasses from sugar by an atmospheric pressure—has been partially introduced in Grenada, Demerara, &c. with very considerable advantage. We happen to have seen both in operation, and consider them, although perhaps susceptible of further improvement—well worthy the attention of every scientific planter.

The author has collected much interesting information regarding the culture of sugar and the very imperfect mode of manufacturing it in India. An expedient for protecting the cane during high winds is to bind several of them together with their own leaves (p. 216). One part of the process for *whitening* in India is rather repugnant to the taste of the people of this county—namely, “the sugar is spread on a piece of coarse canvass in the sun, where it is trodden by people with their *naked feet*, till all the lumps are broken, and the grain of the sugar appears white and smooth, which will in a great measure be in proportion to the time and labour bestowed upon it.” (p. 226.)

It appears from the most authentic statements “that in every particular connected with the manufacture of sugar, our West India Colonists are very greatly in advance of the agriculturists of the East, whose processes are at once less productive and more laborious than those employed in the West Indies:—disadvantages which can only be met by the comparative cheapness of labour, arising out of the state of oppression and abject poverty in which the miserable peasantry of India are kept.”

We are far from attributing this state of misery to the Company's government. We believe it arises entirely out of the inveterate and unchangeable superstitions and civil institutions of the country.

The culture of the sugar-cane, and manufacture of sugar, is carried to a considerable extent in Java, China, and various eastern countries. The immense increase, of late years, in Mauritius, owing to the employment of English capital and improved machinery, is a proof that it might be produced by the application of similar means in the eastern world, in any requisite quantity. “In a report made by Major Moody, which was printed by order of the House of Commons in February, 1826, there is a statement of the comparative number of days' labour required in different countries, for the production of equal quantities of sugar, viz.

In Guiana	206 days.
Barbadoes	406
Tortola	653
Bengal	1200”

The wages paid to labourers in India are said not to exceed *twopence-halfpenny per diem*!

“On the art of refining sugar,” and on “patents for improvements” in that art, there is much interesting information; but our limits do not permit us to go into that part of the subject.

The distillation of rum is closely allied to the manufacture of sugar. In the work before us the utensils and process are fully described, and

various improvements discussed and pointed out. Molasses, scummings from the clarifiers and evaporating coppers, and sometimes even raw cane juice, purposely expressed, are the matters subjected for distillation; these must be diluted with water; the lees or feculencies of former distillations are likewise added to supply the necessary ferment or yeast. When the fermentation has proceeded favourably, it will generally be completed in from five to seven days; the liquor is then conveyed to the still. Cleanliness is as necessary in this process as in that for producing good sugar. It is usual to obtain about one hundred and thirteen gallons of *proof* rum from twelve hundred gallons of wash. The relative proportion which the rum, produced on an estate, bears to sugar, varies much according to circumstances, but may be averaged at about 200 gallons of rum to three hogsheads of sugar, each 16 cwt. Considerable improvements in the apparatus used for distillation have of late years been introduced, with the view of obtaining a strong spirit at as little expense of fuel and labour as possible. Of two stills which have been generally considered great improvements in this way, we prefer that of Mr. Corty (or Shears and Sons), on account of the greater simplicity of its construction. The other, viz. that which has been patented by Mr. Winter, is, perhaps, capable of yielding a more concentrated spirit, but we fear there are few proprietors who have servants sufficiently careful to ensure its efficiency during successive years.

We would observe, in conclusion, that every thing tending to improve the quality of the produce of West India estates and supersede manual labour, is yearly becoming of greater importance to the planter. The unequal manner in which the very high duty on sugar falls upon inferior kinds: the great change which has, since the abolition of the slave trade, taken place in the efficiency of the labourers on West-India estates, and the unequal competition which he is now obliged to sustain with foreigners, can only be carried on by superior science, capital, and machinery.

The work before us contains such valuable scientific and practical information on these subjects, that we have no doubt it will find a place in the library of every planter and person connected with our sugar colonies.

#### NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

*“Pensions to Ministers, Privy Counsellors, &c.—*Sir J. Graham rose, pursuant to notice of motion, to move for an Account of all salaries, pay, fees, and emoluments, whether civil or military, from the 5th of January 1829, to the 5th of January 1830, held and enjoyed by each of the members of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council, specifying with each name the total amount received by each individual, and distinguishing the various services from which the same is derived.” In the course of his speech Sir James Graham said that the total number of Privy Counsellors was 169; of whom 113 received public money.—(Hear, hear.) The whole sum distributed annually amongst these 113 was 650,164*l.* and the average proportion of that sum paid to each yearly, was 5,752*l.*—(Hear.) Of this total of 650,164*l.* 86,103*l.* were for *sinecures* (loud cries of “hear, hear”); 442,411*l.* for active services, and 121,650*l.* for pensions, making together the total which he had stated.



Of the 113 Privy Counsellors, who were thus receivers of the public money, 30 were *pluralists*, or persons holding more offices than one, whether as sinecurists, or civil and military officers. The amount received by the pluralists was 221,133*l.* annually amongst them all, or 7,321*l.* on an average to each annually. (Hear.) The whole number of Privy Counsellors who were members of both Houses of Parliament was 69, and of those 17 were Peers, whose gross income from the public purse was 378,846 (hear, hear), or upon an average to each, 8,065*l.* a-year. (Loud cries of "hear.") The remaining 23 were of the House of Commons, and the gross amount of the receipts was 90,849*l.* or, upon an average to each individual, 4,130*l.* a-year.—(Hear.)

Documents like this account for all the phenomena of British legislation. Out of 169 Privy Counsellors, who of course comprehend the most influential persons connected with parliament and public affairs, 113 are pensioned by the public money; every man of them having incomes besides, and the pension being neither more nor less than a retaining fee; the fifty-six who receive nothing (*at present*), being for the most part connected with Opposition, and only waiting the opportunity of a change to lay hold on similar emoluments, the pensions of the chosen amounting to more than half a million of pounds sterling, which supplies those pure, independent, and high-principled personages with average allowances of above 5000*l.* a-year each.

No wonder then that men should like to push themselves into the way of government; no wonder that politics should be a regular profession; no wonder that elections should be contested; no wonder that the minister for the time should be applauded to the skies, as the brightest, best, wisest, most everything that ever minister was or will be. No wonder that great politicians dine on gold plate, and keep race-horses, and worse things than race-horses, by the dozen; that the wives of great politicians have opera-boxes, flourish in britchskas and barouches round the town, and fill the columns of the *Morning Post* with gazettes of the parade of ministers, princes, and moustached monsieurs that crowd their "at homes."

But of all this there must be an end. The nation which pays for this extravagance has a right to inquire for what services it is lavished? The investigation must come; and we shall rejoice to see patriotism, then only worthy of the name, defying the clamour of the whole host of "Gentlemen-pensioners," pauper Lords, and Treasury alms-seekers, probing the evil to the bone, and curing the most fatal disease of the country.

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"*The Steam Engine.*—In the steam engine the self-regulating principle is carried to an astonishing perfection. The machine itself raises in a due quantity the cold water necessary to condense the steam. It pumps off the hot water produced by the steam, which has been cooled, and lodges it in a reservoir for the supply of the boiler. It carries from this reservoir exactly that quantity of water which is necessary to supply the wants of the boiler, and lodges it therein according as it is required. It breathes the boiler of redundant steam, and preserves that which remains fit, both in quantity and quality, for the use of the engine. It blows its own fire, maintaining its intensity, and increasing or diminishing it, according to quantity of steam which it is necessary to raise; so that when much work is expected from the engine, the fire is proportionally brisk and vivid. It breaks and prepares its own fuel, and

scatters it upon the bars at proper times and in due quantity. It opens and closes its several valves at the proper moments, works its own pumps, turns its own wheels, and is only not alive."

All this is true; and yet, as if in shame to "science," as it is called, every particle of all these curious inventions is due to clowns. Watt was a working mechanic in Glasgow, and his discovery of the new condenser was mere accident. Every subsequent improver has been like Watt, a mere mechanic, and every subsequent discovery a mere accident. It would be a pleasant rebuke to University pride, of all prides the most self-sufficient, to enquire how many discoveries have been made within the walls of any English University since the days of Friar Bacon? All has been the work of the clown, "the lean, unwashed artificer," the mechanic patching the crazy machine, and thus taught its strength and weakness, or the fire feeder trying to relieve himself of a part of his trouble. All has been the work of mere practice, nothing the work of theory; and until our superb wranglers, and high capped doctors follow the course of the clown, and take the machine itself into their hands, they will never furnish any thing more practical than some clumsy translation of some foreign algebraist, to this hour the grand achievement of the philosophers of Cambridge, some tenth transmission of Venturoli, or La Grange, or some bungling commentary on Euler.

*"Newspapers in Paris and in London.*—The total number *per diem* of the daily journals printed in Paris exceeds 60,000. The number *per diem* of all the journals printed in the same city during the month of April amounted to 91,982! The Opposition daily prints circulate 32,929; of which number the *Constitutionnel* alone sells 16,666; the copies of royalist journals amount to 27,866. The daily press of London consists of twelve journals, six morning and six evening, which circulate altogether about 25,000. Paris has a population of 700,000; London, of 1,500,000. If the demand for newspapers in the one town were as great as in the other (and if the tax were a penny instead of a groat, there can be little doubt that it would be greater), the sale *per diem* of the London daily journals would not be short of 125,000; to say nothing of the hundreds of daily papers that would start up in every respectable town in England, which at present are compelled to depend for their earliest intelligence on a journal printed at one, two, or three hundred miles distance."

This comparison is formidably against the London press in point of figures. But it is a fallacy after all; for one London paper ought to go for half a dozen French; it has, in fact, a measureless superiority in information, variety, and interest. The very best French papers are a pitiable compound of wearisome essays on politics, and endless extracts from books that no one but the extractor will ever open. The actual news is generally confined to half a dozen paragraphs, purposely mystified in all the government papers, and as purposely mystified in all the opposition. What human being can read the *Moniteur* through? or what human being ever ploughs through the dreary diatribes of the *Constitutionnel*? The question of expense, too, ought to be taken into consideration. The expense of a single daily paper in London would pay for half the journals in Paris, editors, annuitants, pensioned ministerial secretaries and all.

Nor do we feel more inclined to be of our contemporary's opinion, on



the advantage of having three or four newspapers to the present one in our country towns. Too great facility in setting up newspapers is as great a nuisance as a neighbourhood can conceive. In America there is that facility. Every fellow who can command the price of a printing machine sets up a newspaper; and as his object is to make money, money is hunted after by every insolence and art of low-cunning and privileged dexterity. Libel, as being the boldest display, and scandal, as being the most poignant, are always the first distinctions of the rising paper; and by this system, private character is perpetually on the rack.

We hate monopoly and taxes as much as the freest Yankee that ever squatted in the Illinois, and defied the armies of the earth to lay hold on his naked hide. But we are fully satisfied that excessive ease in excoriating our neighbour's character, or the magnificent privilege of libelling religion, law, and government, are not to be reckoned among the advantages of society; and so far we have no objection to see the Press retained in hands that, if not altogether perfect, are yet not completely trained to dip for lucre into offence and insult to every name, honest or honourable in the empire."

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*"New Power of the Moral Licensor.*—It is said that a bill is to be brought into Parliament by Lord Ellenborough, enacting that in future the length of the petticoats worn by the Italian Opera-dancers, is to be sent to George Colman, previously to his licensing any ballet at the King's Theatre."

George Colman may be fairly laughed at on this occasion, or on any other. He has made too many people laugh, in another place, as the parliamentary orators say, to object to the broadest visitation of ridicule. Lord Ellenborough is pretty much in the same condition, and notwithstanding his official five thousand pounds a year, his carmine and his curls, he is a very laughable personage. But, for all that, the Opera costumes might, not indecorously, undergo some regulation. If complete exposure of the figure in flesh-coloured silk be meritorious, the Opera ladies have all the merit of the most utter absence of disguise. Yet George Colman must, we fear, content himself with nibbling at love speeches, and "angelic" interjections in melodramas, at least until his powers as licenser are enlarged, and the morals of the opera *coulisses* can be entrusted to the writer, who has, for the last forty years, done such wonders for the morals of the Green Room.

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*"Steam Boats.*—In 1814, the United Kingdom boasted 11 steam-boats, averaging 50 tons each, and manned by 65 men. In 1829, the port of London alone had 167, averaging 100 tons each; and the whole number in England amounted to 342; the tonnage to 31,108; and the crews to 2,745.

"The number of steam-boats in France is thirty-five. The first boat possessed by the French (in 1819) was an old vessel named the Rob Roy, that used to ply in the Firth of Forth. It has been rebaptized the "Henri Quatre," and is employed at present as mail-boat between Calais and Dover. Five of the French boats are not yet launched—they are intended for the service of the expedition to Africa. The Russians have two steam boats. There are six on the Rhine. One plies between Seville, Cadiz, Gibraltar, and Carthage: it formerly belonged to Sir J. M. Doyle. There are two at Calcutta—the Enter-

prize and a country-built vessel. In 1812, the Americans had 170, mostly small; in 1829 the number was 320, nearly all of them large vessels."

In this enumeration, we must observe that almost the whole of the English external commerce is still carried on by sailing vessels, while nearly the whole of the internal is on canals, in which steam-vessels are not used. The American internal commerce is, almost without exception, carried on by steam. In fact the English steamer is little more than a passage boat, or substitute for the stage coach, which, however, it has scarcely in any instance put down. Yet the number of the English steam-boats is greater than that of the American. So much for the luxury of England.

The contrast with France is still more striking. The Rhone, the Garonne, the Seine, and the Loire, all navigable to a great distance from the sea, and traversing the finest part of France, have on them all scarcely more steam-boats than belong to the port of Glasgow. The enormous expense of building the British steam-boats is also to be remembered. A Thames steam-boat costs from fifteen to twenty thousand pounds, and probably the value of the whole is not much less than a million and half. But the most attractive purpose of the system is now the shortening of the East India voyage. If any man had ventured to say twenty years ago that letters from Bombay would be delivered in London within six weeks, he would be laughed at as a visionary. Yet this has been nearly done within these few days, and the calculation now is that it may be effected in little more than a month; in other words, that Bombay may be brought as near London as Rome, for the practical effect of increasing the speed is to shorten the distance. If the railway system shall spread through England, Edinburgh will be brought within a twelve hours drive, or be as near as Bath is now, and Bath be scarcely further than Richmond. The advantages of this accessibility, for trade and intercourse of all kinds would be beyond all calculation, and would almost entirely change the face of society. If the railway were to be also adopted on the continent, the furthest point of Europe would be at a trivial distance; yet even the railway may be exceeded. We do not despair of seeing the steam engine applied to ballooning. It requires only to be made on a lighter and more compact principle, and to require less fuel than at present, to be made the directing and moving power of the balloon. Then difficulty and distance would vanish, mountain and sea, climate and cloud would be no barrier. The intercourse of nations might be carried on at a height above mountain and storm, and the world would for the first time since the patriarchal age be one great family, one brotherhood, rejoicing in the interchange of all the bounties of earth and heaven.

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"*Boxing.*—The fight between Perkins, the Oxford Pet, and Alic Reid, for 100*l.* a-side, took place on Tuesday, near Chipping Norton. On Saturday the London coaches brought into Oxford a large number of the Fancy, including Dutch Sam, Dick Curtis (seconds for Reid), Jem Ward, Harry Jones the Sailor Boy (seconds for Perkins), Ned Neale, Tom Gaynor, Stockman, Oliver, Sampson, and others. Betting 7 to 4 on Reid. The fight lasted an *hour and nine minutes*, during which 34 rounds were fought. Reid won. Both the men were severely punished."

Such is the detail of one of those collections of every vice and atrocity of London, that take place perpetually in the presence of a whole host of



overpaid magistrates and constables. We should wish to know what the Oxford authorities were doing, when those coaches of "gentlemen of the fancy" were pouring in among them. As to boxing-matches, every one knows them to be nothing more than the contrivances of low ruffianism to raise money on the public—a combination of pickpockets, swindlers, and keepers of gin-shops. Three-fourths of the fellows who regularly attend those exhibitions, are known to the police as common thieves; and if we are to estimate the profession by the practice, their patrons are little better. The pretext that boxing-matches keep up the courage of the people, or prevent assassination, has been long exploded. The bravest nations of the ancient world would have considered a free-man disgraced by a practice which they suffered only among criminals and slaves; for the game of the *Cæstus*, or the *pancratiast*, among the Greeks, was a general display of strength and dexterity, and even this was not in repute; the Roman boxer was generally taken from the jail, to which place we think that the English boxer and his patrons should in all cases be consigned. Some murders have been lately committed at those scenes of brutality; and it is to be hoped that neither rank nor money will be suffered to screen the delinquents, one and all.

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"Mr. Croker, the Secretary to the Admiralty, one of the Stewards of Hampton races, and who occupies a cottage at Moulsey, which, for the comfort and accommodation of his friends, he has recently enlarged, kept a sort of *open house* during the past week. The right hon. gentleman's dinners were most luxuriant; turtle, venison, and choice wines in abundance. The company consisted of many noble lords, and one of the most brilliant wits of the day, who on the occasion was too happy to sing "Dear Ally Croker."

When the unlucky Marquis of Worcester took upon his hussar shoulders the office of Lord of the Admiralty, the caricaturists immortalized him as the Horse-marine; and the noble marquis was so much affected by the resemblance, that he instantly vacated the office, changed the Board for the stable, and dismounting his dolphin, remounted his charger. However, we hope a secretary of the Admiralty, commanding in chief at a horse-race, is less amenable to the Cruickshanks of this world, and that he may escape with no further detriment than the conversation of the noble lords whom, as the paragraph says, he is treating so *luxuriantly*. The name of the wit who is recorded as singing the well known English ballad, is whispered about. But, to prevent trespass on the manors of original genius, we must say, that it is neither Keppel, Luttrell, nor Horace Twiss.

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"It is said that, in the event of Mr. Whitbread's retiring from the representation of Middlesex, there is some intention of starting Mr. Hume as a candidate."

We do not believe a word of this. The Greek loan affair has let the world so much into the secret of Mr. Hume's financial feelings, that the Middlesex people will not give him a smile. The gleanings of his fifty-four pounds three shillings threepence three farthings, has settled him for life as a metropolitan candidate. He may flourish in some rocky outlet of creation in the Highlands, where men eat oats, and know nothing of loans: but in Middlesex, they will have nothing to do with the costly purse, notwithstanding the most generous effusion of promises that ever

flowed from the lips of candidate patriotism. Hume, as a politician, is an absurdity.

“*Philharmonic Society*.—Their eighth and last concert was a good one, and went far to redeem this series from the inferiority which has pervaded, with one or two exceptions, the performances this season. It opened with Beethoven’s splendid *sinfonia*, No. 7, and concluded with his overture to *Coriolon*, a very fine composition. Malibran, Donzelli, and Lablache sang, but nothing very new. De Beriot gave a concerto on the violin. As far as execution is concerned, this gentleman is unrivalled. He also plays with consummate taste and expression. Spagnoletti led, and Bishop conducted.”

Notwithstanding all this panegyric, the philharmonic is going to the vault of all the capulets. “*Sinfonias*” have been its death. The shortest *Sinfonia* of Beethoven is an hour long, and half an hour of such trial to the ears is enough to occasion death to any human being, who does not take refuge in sleep, which is a serious difficulty, as the *Sinfonia* is generally as loud as it is long. Beethoven’s fame is rapidly perishing in this country. Professional musicians are zealous for his compositions, because they completely answer the purposes for which alone nine-tenths of professional musicians are fit; they are difficult, and, of course, require manual dexterity, but there the merit ends. The composition is a chaos; through the mortal hour the keenest ear can scarcely detect a touch of melody, all the finer part of composition, the soul of the art, is buried under an endless toil of tiresome science, and the only perception of pleasure that ever reaches an audience, is when every fiddler is resting upon his fiddle, and the whole Gothic confusion is at an end.

The praise lavished on De Beriot, too, is absurd. He is a *neat* performer, and no more. He has not discovered, nor will he ever discover, the power of the violin; one of the most extraordinary instruments in the whole range of human invention. In the hands of genius, the violin is scarcely less than a prodigy. It was such in the hands of Giardini, of whom our fathers still speak with wonder; it was scarcely less so in the hands of Jarnovick: it is said to attain the same rank in the hands of Paganini. But De Beriot, though possessing the most accurate skill in the mere manipulation of the instrument, wants the genius of the violinist. He amuses and pleases; he never delights nor astonishes, and for the wonders of the art, we must wait for Paganini. As to Spagnoletti, he is a fiddler, and, we suppose, does well enough to accompany a song.

“We stated on a former occasion, that Sir Matthew Tierney had not been consulted by the King during a period of twelve days. This intelligence excited the utmost astonishment. We now positively assert, upon the best authority, that Sir Matthew signed the bulletins during a period of at least seventeen days, without having been consulted by the Royal sufferer. It is, indeed, asserted that the presence of the worthy knight appeared to produce so much irritation and distress in the bosom of his Majesty, that it was thought prudent to request him to withdraw, and he thus signed the bulletins without examining the subject of them, trusting to chance and ‘invisible’ influence for their accuracy. The three ‘Sirs’ are said to have acted towards each other



with great delicacy and kindness on this momentous and perilous occasion. Various reasons have been alleged for his Majesty's displeasure, but the report of its having been caused by the flippancy of tongue often noticed in a certain lady, is not true."

So says the "*Lancet*," and its saying has gone the round of the newspapers. We acknowledge that we must believe it to have been misinformed. Yet if the news be true we cannot understand how the matter should escape investigation. It would leave the country dependant on the opinion of a single physician for the most important interests that could affect it—the health of its king. We of course have no idea that if any one man were to be confided in on such occasions, Sir Henry Hallford would not deserve as full confidence as any of his compeers. But still we have no right to run risks, and the possibility of a dangerous precedent ought to be avoided as much as its reality. The King's whole illness had undoubtedly been a curious example of the dexterity of court language. The bulletins were mere variations of the same language, day by day. To this moment nobody outside the palace or the cabinet knows the exact nature of the royal illness, for the bulletins and the private accounts were in perpetual contradiction. The physicians say one thing, the ministers another, the attendants whisper another; the newspapers combining the stories of all make another addition to the public perplexity. In the mean time, the only fact that transpired amidst this confusion and racing of couriers between Downing Street and Windsor, is that the King did not get better. And on this we had a pure practical comment in the courtly baseness of some of our fashionable names. These people were already dropping their cards at Bushy Park in profusion; discovering that the Clarence portion of man and womankind are every thing that is kingly, queenly, and so forth, and already commencing that system of contemptible and shameless prostration to the heir apparent, which on the same terms they would offer to Beelzebub.

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"The Swiss Cantons, according to the last census, contain a population of very nearly 2,000,000. The federal military contingent consists of 33,758 men, with a reserve of double that amount, and the armed landweyr consist of 140,000; forming a total of 207,518 men, exclusive of the federal staff. The Swiss troops in the service of foreign powers, but subject to be recalled should their country be engaged in war, amount to 18,136 men. It is observed by a French Journalist, that if France could adopt the military organization of Switzerland, she might have, at an expense not exceeding 30,000,000 francs, a disposable force of more than 500,000 men, and a reserve of the same amount, and a national guard army of 2,200,000 men."

All our romancers lavish all their eloquence on the Swiss. Simplicity, modesty, independence, and pastoral scorn of the gross pursuits of worldly gain, an Alpine Arcadia, make up but a water-coloured portraiture of the blissful population of the land of Tell. Yet in all ages the Swiss have been notorious for their passion for lucre. In all ages they have been the disturbers of the neighbouring countries, and in all ages have been guilty of the enormous baseness and crime of hiring out their soldiery to execute the rapine and murders of foreign nations. For shedding the blood of a fellow creature there can be but one excuse—self-defence. The Swiss, defending his own country, is a patriot, but fighting the battles of France, or any other stranger, for his pay, is a mur-

derer. The old apology of the cantons is superfluity of population, and the desire to provide for their people. But no ground can be valid for sending out yearly multitudes to commit slaughter for money, on men against whom they can have no possible cause of quarrel. In the various foreign services the Swiss are generally employed in guarding fortresses, or the persons of the government, but they are liable to be ordered into the field, and actually do take the field on the order of the government which pays them; one only stipulation being made, that they are not to be opposed to their own countrymen in the various services. A stipulation, however, which has been often broken in the exigencies of the field, and sometimes voluntarily by the Swiss themselves, who have opposed each other, regiment by regiment, and perished by mutual slaughter. It is remarkable that the Swiss have been the only nation who have habitually hired out their troops; the German principalities, in the few instances in which they attempted it, having been in general shamed out of so atrocious a practice by the outcry of Europe. But the Swiss still persevere, and with all their pretended virtues, are the only mercenary butchers of Europe.

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“Mr. Wood and Miss Paton are announced to perform together at the Dublin Theatre. It was hinted, we understand, to the gentleman, that in the modest capital of the Sister Kingdom it would be necessary to be very circumspect, as if the Irish moralists find that in their case plurality of lodgings may be dispensed with, not even hisses will suffice for the expression of their virtuous indignation; *crim. con.* being considered, as Mr. C. Phillips expresses it, ‘an imported vice.’”

We see no possible reason why the virtuous pair should not be met by the strongest national scorn. Knowing nothing, and condescending to know nothing of such people but through the public prints, we hold it to be a stigma upon public decency that their “imported vice” should be tolerated in their instance, unquestionably one of the most daring and rankest that has ever come before the public.

As to the affectation that the public have nothing to do with the conduct of actors and actresses, the whole affair is nonsense. How can the public help knowing their licentiousness? And how can they help forming an opinion upon it? They see before them a wretched creature whom every newspaper in the country declares to have committed, within the last twenty-four hours, some vileness that would drive any other woman out of all society to the last day she had to live. They see this miserable culprit brazening out the public scorn, exulting in her crime, and defying the natural disgust and abhorrence which every one must feel at voluntary profligacy. And how is it possible that an opinion must not be formed by the audience within a theatre, as well as by the same individuals under every other roof?

We are called on largely to pay public respect to an actress of character, and public respect is unquestionably at all times paid to character on the stage. But if we are to exercise judgment in the one instance, we have an equal right in the other. And what has been the result? While Siddons remained upon the stage, it was the public custom to exact propriety of manners from the players, and the natural consequence followed; they were singularly well conducted, the few instances in which ill conduct evinced itself, were instantly marked by the public, and the degraded actress served as a warning to her profession by her loss of patronage. But of late years a new system has been



adopted ; the cry is that the audience have no question to consider but the theatrical ability of the performer ; and the consequence is, that in the memory of the stage the life of actresses has never been so openly vicious. At this moment almost the entire number of the principal actresses are public scandals. Of the foreign actresses and opera people we say no more, than that the system of making no inquiry as to the moral conduct of performers, has produced its full effects there, the whole number of them being perfectly understood to have no scruple of any kind. In England it had been otherwise. But now we have a set of people puffed and panegyricized as delicate, delightful, divine, and so forth, for whom six months' bread and water and the treadmill in the House of Correction, would be the true regimen and the fitting reward.

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" The votaries of Port wine will be alarmed at hearing that the trade which has so long subsisted between this country and Portugal is seriously called in question. It, however, seems very clear that the Methuen treaty, as it has now for many years been acted upon, is any thing but beneficial to England. An overgrown company governs the wine trade, and a monopoly, odious in itself, and fatal alike to the interests of importers and consumers, is said to have long exercised its baneful influence."

We differ from our contemporary. The votaries of Port wine can feel no alarm on the subject, though the votaries of sloe juice at the price of Port wine, may. Mr. Villars's speech told the House of Commons only what every man who had inquired into the subject knew already, that an immense quantity of " Port wine" was no more grown in Portugal than Madeira is grown in Middlesex. The whole trade is a process of fabrication. The Oporto Company being monopolists, and of course taking the advantages that all monopolists take, in the first place sell their good wine at ten times its value, and in the next mix their good wine with their bad, which they thus sell at fifty times its value. But the process does not end there. This medicated wine is again mixed and medicated in Guernsey, and every where that it is warehoused before it comes to the table of the English consumer, a mixture of Portuguese brandy, British sloe juice, and American dye stuffs. Such is the history developed by Accum, and now more fully opened by Mr. Villars. And for this we pay six times the price that the best claret would cost, if the foolish Methuen treaty were abandoned, and the Portuguese wine makers were left to make their market on fair terms.

We should not have a drop of Port wine the less, if we wished for it. The only difference being, that we should have it six times as cheap and infinitely better. The Portuguese nation, too, would be better pleased by the abolition of the monopoly, for the wine market is now restricted to a certain district and a small corporation ; it would then be thrown open to the country. But the true question is with ourselves. Is it consistent with common sense or rational economy to pay six times as much for a bad material as for a good, for the heady and unhealthful wines of Portugal, as for the fine vintage of France ? The old notion of reciprocity is narrow and childish. Our statesmen tell us that the duties must lie on French wines until the French take our manufactures in return. But what treaty will bind nations unless their interests coincide ? We want the wines of France. France does not want our woollens or our cutlery or our smoke-jacks. Why then should she be

compelled to take them, or, if she did promise to take them to-day, can we doubt that if she found their taking injurious, she would find means to make it practically null and void to-morrow? It is no question of rival manufactures, for we have no wine manufacture; and if all the wines of France were poured into England, the only result would be that we should have excellent wine cheap, and that our lowest population would enjoy a luxury now restricted to the superior classes. It would not shut up a single workshop, nor cause a single pair of scissors the less to be made. On the contrary, it would probably cause a great many more workshops to be opened, and a great many more pairs of scissors to be made; for every means of rational and natural enjoyment brought within the reach of the labouring classes, naturally stimulates their exertions to possess it. On France, the first effect would clearly be, to conciliate the commercial interest, now the most powerful interest of France, to this country. Merchants seldom volunteer a quarrel with their best customers, and the grand staple of France is the vine. Wealth flowing into the hands of the French merchant would also produce its effects in the purchase of foreign produce, and the direct result would be a demand for those articles of luxury and use which can be furnished by no country but England.

The common arguments for the Methuen Treaty are now grown childish. Portugal will not throw herself into the arms of Spain an hour the sooner or later because we pay dear for bad wines. Portugal hates Spain, and will hate her though we were at the bottom of the sea. The friendship of Portugal is worth nothing to us. The friendship of France is of the highest importance; and when the former, too, cannot be had but by a heavy tax, and the latter costs nothing, but is joined with our indulgence in one of the finest luxuries of nature, the man or the politician who would pause on the subject must be a simpleton, even though he were the president of—the Board of Trade.

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“Five or six thousand pounds, in addition to the amount already subscribed, is now wanted to carry into effect the *new street* from Waterloo Bridge across the old *site* on which Mr. Arnold’s theatre originally stood, and thence to Gower-street, Bedford-square, where the communication with the high north road is already effected. Surely, this plan of such admirable utility will not be permitted to fall to the ground for the want of so paltry a sum. Is the government asleep?”

“The strain at a gnat and swallow a camel” system is curiously exemplified in this business. The Pimlico palace, a monster of architecture and extravagant expenditure, has already cost nearly a million, and will cost half as much more before either King or Regent will ever drink a cup of coffee within its walls. Here a few thousand pounds would effect a most desirable public object, but no money is forthcoming.

By driving a street through the Seven Dials and the whole district north of the Strand, a mass of moral evil as well as physical would be broken up; a great addition made to the comforts of the metropolis, and no trivial one made to its beauty. Yet Government shrinks from the attempt. The Waterloo Bridge people have already suffered too much for further experiments. Arnold’s Theatre cannot wait for the slumbering wisdom of our potent, grave, and reverend Seniors of the Treasury; and the possibility of securing this admirable line of communication between the North and South of London will in a week or two be at an end.



*Mad Dog-alarm.*—"Mr. Editor,—It was only last Sunday I was taking a walk, accompanied by my pointer, who was going an innocent trot before me, when a ladies' school broke rank and file, and ran across the road: my Juno, unaccustomed to revolt, seconded the movement by following them, which caused a complete consternation and rout; and which was not appeased till I got up to and assured them that my dog was not a 'mad-dog.' A passer-by condoled with the ladies on the 'awfulness' of my sane Juno going without a muzzle, and recommended them not to venture out again during this season till *all* dogs were muzzled, which advice the ladies' preceptor stated her intention of obeying.—This circumstance shows the excitement of the public mind at the present moment, and I believe such a feeling is universally abroad; but until Parliament tax all dogs as rigidly as horses, the evil will continue.—"W. F. M."

"Camberwell."

This letter is a specimen of the thousand and one sillinesses which have filled the papers since the first alarms of hydrophobia this season. Every cockney who promenades with "a pointer" prides himself on his philosophy, and wonders that any body should be alarmed at being hunted after by a dog. But if the police of Camberwell did their duty, this coxcomb and his "pointer" would have been speedily put out of the way of pursuing their frolics on the high road. The fact is, that the public, instead of exhibiting any unjustifiable alarm, have rather exhibited an unjustifiable apathy. What can be a greater impeachment of public common sense than the popular exposure to the most horrible and most incurable of all diseases, when its possibility might be almost extinguished by a few municipal regulations? The streets are suffered to swarm with dogs, while we know that the first week of hot weather will render one half of them dangerous to human life. Every shop in every lane has its mongrel, ready to spread death; every hut in the suburbs has its nuisance of the same kind, sufficiently hazardous to the passers-by, at all seasons, but in summer, as much to be dreaded as a wild beast. A snap from one of those curs may inflict the most dreadful of all the dreadful shapes in which death can assail the human frame. The heartlessness and utter disregard of human injury evinced by the keepers of those animals, whether they be foolish old maids, making love to their poodles, as a proof that they are capable of the tender passion for something on this earth; or sauntering coxcombs, who, with all their pointers, would probably not know a pheasant from a barn door fowl, are unpardonable. We only wish, that every owner of one of those animals should first feel the advantages of its keeping, in a rabid snap to teach them to feel for others.

But the evil is so formidable, the chance of incurring it so frequent, and the prevention so obvious, that the Home Secretary ought to take instant measure to awake the slumbering activity of the magistrates and other persons attending to the public welfare. At present it is not safe to walk the streets. In scorn of all the placards ordering dogs to be kept at home or muzzled, there are hundreds of dogs roaming about unmuzzled. The provisions of the Grosvenor Act extended through London would be a public benefit. A heavy fine inflicted on the owner of every unmuzzled dog in the first instance, with damages to the amount of the injury inflicted on any individual in the next; would be essential to make the dog-lovers feel that they owed a duty to the community. But the only security for keeping down the increase of the hazard in every season to come, would be a *heavy tax laid upon all dogs in towns*. Much as taxes may be disliked, this would be universally welcome.

## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

*Life of Bentley, by Dr. Monk, Dean of Peterborough.*—The Dean of Peterborough is no novice in literature; but we never gave him credit for talents which the work before us proves he possesses. Much, indeed, of the bulky volume is occupied with the rights and customs of the University of Cambridge, and its administration for nearly half a century—a subject which will interest few, perhaps, but Cambridge, and especially Trinity men; and much of it also is taken up with controversial topics, the interest of which, though once universal, is now gone by, and will not be revived; but all of them are intimately connected with Bentley's story, and Dr. Monk's narrative interweaves the whole with as much felicity as care. These are matters, however, which could not, with any regard to a full and distinct view of Bentley's character, have been omitted; and though *general* readers, as light readers are called, will care little for University annals, the living generations of Cambridge men will alone amount to no inconsiderable number. In addition to great labour of research, Dr. Monk's book affords abundant proofs that every subject which came within his purview has been well considered, under the guidance of sound sense and vigorous judgment. He has not flinched from a free expression of censure; and Bentley's conduct, it must be confessed, gave frequent occasion for it. With this freedom we have been, above all, well pleased, for we fully expected some attempt to wash the Ethiop white. The dean—and we thank a man of his station for the avowal—sees neither justice nor expediency in biographers suppressing errors and frailties—truth is the paramount consideration, and the failings of great men are as well calculated as their virtues to point a useful moral. Contrast Nares, in his life of Burghley, with Dr. Monk, in this respect. The same bullying temperament which plunged Bentley, in his literary pursuits, into intemperate conflicts, prompted him to tyrannical acts in the exercise of authority. As Master of Trinity, he broke through all established rules and rights, in a resolute determination to indulge his passion for autocratic power. He was a perpetual torment to the senior fellows of his own college, and kept the University in a flame for almost forty years—cool himself, and enjoying the conflagration he had kindled around him. Neither the suspension of his degrees for five or six years, nor even a sentence of deposition, broke or bent him; he set all at defiance—baffled all, the Vice Chancellor's court, the diocesan, the King's Bench, the Privy Council, the House of Lords, and to his dying hour kept possession of his dignities and appointments.

Bentley's career, however, was one of the good old English kind—the result of ability, M.M. *New Series*.—VOL. X. No. 55.

and the friends whom that ability secured. The son of a Yorkshire yeoman, he was brought up at Wakefield school, and graduated with distinction at St. John's, Cambridge. As early as twenty, he was made master of Spalding school, the patronage of which had lapsed to his college; and, luckily for him, after a twelvemonth's pedagogue, accepted the happier appointment of tutor to Stillingfleet's son, to reside in the family, and accompany his pupil to Oxford. Stillingfleet's connexions thus became Bentley's; and, what occurs to few, he had thus also the opportunity of extending his acquaintance among his cotemporaries at both Universities. Bentley entered the church at rather a later period of life than usual; but within the first year of his ordination, Stillingfleet, then become Bishop of Worcester, made him his chaplain, and procured him a stall in his own cathedral. Other occurrences, in quick succession, brought his name in *ora virum*, and marked him out as a man qualified, and at the same time destined, for higher employments—his Ep. ad Millium, a learned letter upon scores of learned topics with which the professed object had nothing to do; his appointment as King's Librarian; and, above all, the Boyle lecture, to which he had the distinguished honour of being the first appointed, and in which, by the way, he was the first person who attempted a popular account of Newton's recent discoveries. The Phalaris controversy established his reputation for unrivalled sagacity in learned criticism.

Stillingfleet died when Bentley was thirty-seven; but he was then able to stand on his own legs. The very next year he was made Master of Trinity, and, almost immediately after, Archdeacon of Ely, and a short time would doubtless have seated him quietly on the episcopal bench, but for his own official intemperance, which at times made it discreditable for his friends to assist his farther advancement. Nor was he to be easily satisfied. At one time he refused the bishopric of Bristol; and being asked by the Duke of Newcastle what would satisfy, he replied, What would not make him wish for more: and, at a later period, and one of less expectations, he declined the deanery of Lichfield, because a prebend of Westminster was not to go with it. The Regius Professorship of Divinity, however, he seized by main force, or, rather, by a sort of trickery that would have sunk irrecoverably to the lowest depths any other man living. Encroaching, at last, beyond endurance, upon the rights of the fellows of his college, they appealed to the visitor, which gave Bentley an opportunity of raising the question of *who* was the visitor, the Crown or the Bishop of Ely, which led the way to endless litigations. In the mean while, Bentley pursued his own



measures, and first or last, by fair means or foul, carried every point, and, especially, built his magnificent lodge at the cost of the college. Deserted as he seemed to be at times by almost every body, he was never for a moment daunted or diverted. His enemies were bitter, inveterate, implacable—he had only himself to thank for it: but he cared for no one; his confidence in his own resources rendered him reckless of offence; he indulged his whims, and gave way to the violence of his temper, in contempt of common justice, and to the sacrifice of the rights he was bound officially to protect. His opponents, as he had foreseen, were finally worn out—many died, and the rest compromised; and the last four years of his long life were spent in tranquillity, farther annoyance on his part being prevented by the management of his friends. Yet, with all this infirmity of temper, no man had firmer friends, or more devoted, or more admiring. For this he was indebted, we must suppose, to his abilities and his power: some sided with him from the hope of patronage, and others in reliance on his dexterity, or from despair of effectual opposition; and even his disinterested friends, if he had any, must have been influenced more by awe than attachment.

Through all the stormy periods, which consumed a large portion of his time, he never abandoned his studies, though he seems never to have pursued them consecutively, or with a definite object. His works were, most of them, written on the spur of sudden motives—the results of accident, and many of them acts of revenge. Hare's *Terence* piqued him to the production of his own; and his *Emendations on Menander and Philemon* were published to confirm a flippant remark of his own, and prove *Le Clerc* an ass. Of his editorial works, the *Terence* is decidedly the most valuable. His *Horace*, *Dr. Monk* thinks, and we agree with him, has been unduly depreciated: certainly it is not to be classed, as some have foolishly pronounced, with his atrocities upon *Milton*. The *Phalaris* is beyond any praise of ours—it is an unequalled piece of critical acumen.

*Three Courses and a Dessert.*—The punning decorations of this handsome volume must be the first thing to attract attention. The “*Whims and Oddities*” are the suggestions, or rather the inventions, of the magnificent host himself; but they have been dished up, and put into a presentable shape, by that prince of cooks, *Cruikshank*. In his preface, the *paterfamilias*, after making his best acknowledgments to the artist, squeezes out a deprecatory sentence or two to his guests, for his own temerity, and winds up characteristically with a *crocodile* erect in a pulpit, shedding tears.

The *Three Courses* are of course three sets of tales, entitled, successively, *West Country Chronicles*, *Neighbours of an old Irish Boy*, and *My Cousin's Clients*; and the *Dessert*

consists of a few bonbons—short, sweet, and crisp. The *West Country Chronicles* are told chiefly in the Somersetshire dialect; and so pat and perfect in it is the author, that it may be presumed he is to the manner born. One of the pieces of this course—a *pièce de résistance*—is so remarkable for strength and pathos, that we pick it out of the ludicrous, to give the reader a taste. It is called *The Braintrees*. Braintree had been a country gentleman's gamekeeper, and had been hastily turned out of office through the insidious dealings of the man who took his place. He had been till then an honest fellow enough; but the loss of his place drove him to poaching, and the loss of character stung him to revenge. No single act seemed capable of soothing his exasperated feelings; and he laid a scheme which took time to mature, and all the while too fed and fostered his vengeance. His wife was nursing the squire's son and heir, and he commanded her to substitute her own child in his place. Affecting to yield to his wishes, her maternal feelings forbade her to execute them; and Braintree fondly cherished the conviction that he held the squire's happiness in his hands, and gratified his hatred by ill-treating the child. Every blow he gave the boy, as he grew up, seemed to him inflicted on the squire. In the meanwhile, he took all possible pains to win the affections of the young squire, whom he believed his own son, by initiating him in the mysteries of sporting. The young men were now eighteen years old, when accidentally encountering the keeper in the woods in the night, and quarrelling with him, Braintree shot him dead, and then exulted in the success with which he contrived to throw the appearance of guilt upon the youth he had so long harshly treated. He had not, however, managed the matter so cunningly as not to leave some shades of suspicion, which caused his own arrest. In this unexpected embarrassment, he sent for the young squire, and, breaking to him that he was his father, commanded him to assist him in escaping, by cutting the rope which bound him. Confounded at the discovery, and torn by conflicting emotions, the youth cut the rope, and then gave himself up to the most torturing thoughts: he was attached to Braintree's daughter, and she now seemed to be his sister. Meanwhile, Braintree takes flight; and, in his farewell interview with his wife, discovers that the exchange of children had never taken place, and that he has all along been acting under a delusion. Horror-struck, he hastens back to the magistrate to exculpate his son; and he is, at last, killed in a desperate attempt to escape. The scene at the little ale-house, where the villagers discuss the murder, is a most felicitous piece of painting.

The *Bachelor's Darling* has some capital scenes of low life. We shall quote a most vivacious account of a London life of business. The speaker is a merchant: he is on a visit to a brother, a country baronet,

after an absence of many years. In the course of conversation, the baronet, hearing his brother talk of engagements, exclaims, "But you must have *some* time to kill."

"Kill! kill time!—Oh, dear! no," replied Archibald; "you know nothing about the matter. Time travels too fast by half to please me;—I should like to clip the old scoundrel's pinions. The complaints which I have heard, occasionally, of time passing away so slowly, *ennui*, and what not, are to me miraculous. Time seems to travel at such a deuce of a rate, that there's no keeping pace with him. The days are too short by half, so are the nights; so are the weeks, the months, and the years. I can scarcely get to bed before it's time to get up; and I haven't been up but a little time, apparently, before it's time to go to bed. I can but barely peep at the Gazette, or any matter of similar interest in the papers, and swallow an anchovy-sandwich, and a couple of cups of coffee, when its time to be at the 'counting-house. By the time I have read the letters and given a few directions, it's time to be in a hundred places;—before I can reach the last of them, it's time to be on 'Change;—I don't speak to half the people there, to whom I have something to say, before it's time to reply to correspondents; and my letters are scarcely written before it's post and dinner time. Farewell business!—but then there's no time for enjoyment: dinner, wine, coffee, supper, and punch, follow in such rapid succession,—actually treading on each other's heels,—that there's no time to be comfortable at either of them. It's the same in bed; a man must sleep fast, or time will get the start of him, and business be behindhand an hour or two, and every thing in disorder next morning. If I accept a bill for a couple of months, it's due before I can well whistle: my warehouse rents are enormous; and, upon my conscience, Lady-day and her three sisters introduce themselves to my notice, at intervals so barely perceptible, that the skirt of one of the old harriards' garments has scarcely disappeared, before in flounces another. It's just as bad with the fire-insurances, and a thousand other things,—little matters as well as great: a man can scarcely pick his teeth before he's hungry again. The seasons are drawn by race-horses; my family has barely settled at home after a trip to Buxton, Brussels, or elsewhere, before summer comes round, and Mrs. H. pines for fresh air and an excursion; cheque again. I can scarcely recover the drain made on my current capital, by portioning one daughter, before another shoots up from a child to a woman; and Jack This or Tom T'other's father wants to know if I mean to give her the same as her sister. It's wonderful how a man gets through so much in the short space of life; he must be prepared for everything, when, egad! there's no time for anything."

*Humane Policy; or Justice to the Aborigines of New Settlements, &c.* By J. Bannister, late Attorney-General in New South Wales.—Though applicable in principle to all our settlements, the immediate object of the author's remarks is the Cape and its neighbourhood. No British settlements are at this time in so much jeopardy, from the resentments of the natives, as those of Southern Africa. The causes are obvious enough. More injustice and cruelty have been committed in those regions, and less pains been taken to cover and colour usurpations, than elsewhere. Nothing of the kind

will, of course, be acknowledged. The fault all lies at the door of the miserable natives—the Hottentots are stupid, the Caffres ferocious, the Bushmen implacable—they can none of them distinguish friends from foes. The colonists, though meaning nothing but good, have all their kind views counteracted by the insensibilities or the atrocities of the savage; and as to governments, they have, of course, but one cure for all sores—the sword. New lights break in, however, by degrees. A little common sense at home infuses gradually a belief that every thing in the human form has passions and feelings in common; and that if superior intelligence does not work its natural influence, the fault is probably in the unskilfulness with which it is employed. We must not expect gentleness for violence, or, when we encroach upon others' rights, hope that the owners will turn round and thank us, and not rather seek opportunity for vengeance. That the African of the Cape is not the unimpressible being he has been represented is proved from the intercourse of the missionaries, and still more satisfactorily from the experience of the few colonists who have tried gentle methods, and treated them on the footing of human beings with human feelings.

From the first conquest of the Cape we find governors affecting to recognize the principles of common equity; but their measures, down to the very last year, prove the recognition is one of words only. The project of seizing Gaika, the Caffre chief, in 1822, and the Griegans, in Beaufort Town, in 1820—the killing of the Ficani in 1828, and the seizing of the neutral ground, and Macomo's land, in 1829, would surely have never been devised, if those principles had really operated; or if, as Mr. Bannister justly observes, such measures were liable to be submitted to public opinion. A free press at the Cape, apparently, could do no harm, and might check the *abuse* of power.

No doubt the habits of the people interpose numerous obstacles to any project of civilizing them; but *civilizing* them is not, and cannot, be the first object of colonizing, if it be even the secondary—it is rather, perhaps, not one at all directly and by special effort, but only one that is likely to follow from the neighbourhood of *good* example, and one that is desirable. If any thing can be done, it must be more by forbearance than by any thing else. In tracts of country either unoccupied, or but thinly peopled, difficulties have rarely been found in prevailing upon the natives to cede considerable portions upon *terms*. These contracts, it may be, the natives occasionally break; but the melancholy truth is, Europeans *always* break them, and no faith has been kept at all with the people of the Cape.

The object of Mr. Bannister's book is to show the means that are in our hands to secure at once the well-being of the colonists,



and to promote the improvement of the natives: and these are, to dispense justice; to distribute lands and prevent encroachments; to protect trade; to keep up political intercourse; to support the well-disposed colonists; to encourage the well-disposed natives; to impart instruction, civil and religious; and expend money, not in making war, but in maintaining peace. Under each of these heads the indefatigable and earnest writer has collected a vast deal of information calculated to show the weakness and the wickedness of the old system, and the indisputable grounds that should urge us to enforce a new one. The acquisitions that have been made by usurpation have cost, within these few years, sums treble their worth in military expeditions to secure them. Some of the money thus uselessly spent might be usefully employed in sending agents beyond the frontiers. "The very least advantage to be gained from such persons would be that we should know what our neighbours are doing. Instead of adopting this advice, the old state of ignorance is allowed to exist; and the natural consequences are, that in 1827, large districts were stript of the inhabitants to be sent, for weeks together, to the frontier, in search of an enemy never seen. In 1828, a far greater disturbance of our domestic affairs takes place (pressing most heavily upon the neediest class, the Hottentots); and we attack a people who would have joined us against the enemy we were seeking, and whose great sufferings we ought to have alleviated instead of aggravating. In 1829, the same unacquaintedness with much nearer neighbours, the Caffres, again fills the whole colony with alarm and disturbance, accompanied by the usual array of armed men, and expensive military arrangements."

Two things at moderate expense may, the writer thinks, be proposed with advantage to promote a better course. First, the adoption of the settlement at Port Natal; and, secondly, the appointment of a single commissioner for the interior. His usual residence might be at the head of the river Key, near the Moravian station in the Klippart branch; but he should visit the great chiefs, and be the organ of communication with all the tribes from Natal to Lattakoo. It is believed that 600,000 souls would come within the immediate influence of his duties; and that an impression would be made through such an appointment, calculated to lead these Africans, eager as they are well known to be for improvement, to high civilization in a very few years. The special duties of this commissioner may be proposed in a few words. He should represent the king to the tribes subject to the governor at the Cape. He should negotiate treaties with the chiefs; assist them in advancing the civilization of their people; report all their complaints; reduce their customs to writing; organize common laws between them and us on all points, subject to the approval of the Cape government; promote the union of tribe after tribe with us; acquire their language, and print annual reports concerning the interior, in addition to making reports to the governor of the Cape every week upon all points concerning his post, and upon the state of the tribes.

If his yearly reports were published in the Cape newspapers, it would be the best guarantee for his efficiency; and, every year, ten-fold his salary would be saved in the improvement which his influence must extend among the tribes, and also the colonial border authorities.

*The Family Cabinet Atlas, Part I.*—The numerous publications of maps of all sizes indicate the general feeling of their importance, not only as aids in the education of youth, but for the use of all ages. Maps have been too much neglected. They are potent helps in presenting historical and geographical relations clearly to the understanding, and fixing them in the memory. By far the greater part of people read histories and travels with little or no reference to maps; and the consequences are general confusion, and a fast fading away, for the want of that binding quality which they peculiarly possess:—they are the mordents of literature, and of equal virtue with chronological tables and biographical charts. The *Family Atlas* is destined by its size to accompany the many periodical works on all sorts of subjects now publishing, and which show better than any thing else how rapidly and extensively the demand for books is spreading. The scale of these maps is of course very small, but the engraving is distinct and neat. To avoid the crowding of names, the principal places only are inserted in the plates, and the less important are thrown into alphabetical tables on the opposite pages with latitudes and longitudes affixed, by which their relative positions in the maps may be readily ascertained. The first portion has two plates, with the relative lengths and heights of the principal rivers and mountains in the globe.

*The Fortunes of Francesco Novello da Carrara, Lord of Padua, an Historical Tale (not a Novel) of the 14th Century, from the Chronicles of Gataro, by David Syme, Esq.*—The house of Carrara is identified with the story of Padua throughout the fourteenth century, and the fortunes of Francesco Novello, the last lord of the name, have all the variety and interest of a romance. The Carraras were Guelfs, and of course in political conflict with their opponents, the predominant faction. In 1389 Francesco Vecchio, by the treacheries of his counsellors corrupted by Galeazzo, the Lord of Milan, was induced to resign and withdraw to Treviso. The family, however, had friends still stanch to their interests; and his son, Francesco Novello, was immediately recognised chief of the state. Novello was then about forty, and a man of considerable experience; active and resolute besides, and not of a disposition to abandon readily his rights. They were, however, soon lost, and won and lost again.

The story is circumstantially told by Gataro, a name distinguished among the chroniclers of Italy, and whose work constitutes a portion of Muratori's invaluable col-

lection. (By the way, how is it we have no English Muratori? The materials abound; and Mr. D'Israeli—is he not the very man for the editor?) Gataro's narrative is full of interest, though unmercifully prolix; but Mr. Syme has wisely clipt a little of its luxuriance, or, taking his own metaphor, he has melted down the original narrative, and recast it in a smaller mould, preserving as much as possible the fashion of the workmanship.

The Count of Milan, though surprised, we do not know why, by the appointment of the younger Francesco, was not to be readily baffled. Contracting an alliance with the signory of Venice, he forthwith despatched a hostile message to Padua. This the new lord endeavoured to elude, by telling the herald the message was meant for his father, no longer Lord of Padua, and that he himself was desirous of living at peace with his neighbours. Poh, poh, cries the count, when the reply was reported, sons of cats are fond of mice; and no farther time was lost in verbalities. Francesco too bestirred himself, and made all possible preparations to repel the coming invasion; but his utmost efforts were vain against the force of his enemies and the treacheries of his subjects. Terms were accepted, and Novello retired to Milan, ostensibly under the protection of the count; but soon discovering some further stratagems, especially a plan of assassinating him, and failing himself in an attempt to be beforehand with his oppressor, he found escape was the only chance of security. This, though not without difficulty, was successfully accomplished, in company with his wife, a very dainty dame; and the details of their embarrassments and perils, by the way of Vienne, Avignon, and the Genoese coast to Florence, are calculated to give a very lively conception of the state of the country, and the accommodations for travelling in those days. At Florence it was no part of Novello's purpose to sit down quietly: he quickly got up a little alliance, and being aided by his wife's connexions from Germany, in a few months took Padua again by storm, and found himself firmly established in his old seat. Some time after this happy event, the Count of Milan, under the sanction of the emperor, assumed the title of duke, and the year 1395 was distinguished by the splendour of his inauguration. According to the honest chronicler, "there were present, besides the representatives of Christian powers, those of the Grand Turk, of the King of the Tartars, of the Great Soldan, of Prester John, of Tamerlane the Great, and of many other heathen princes." At this splendid spectacle appeared also Da Carrara, but of course with nothing like cordiality. He still hated the duke, and longed for more complete revenge. A new war was soon kindled against the aspiring duke; Francesco was the chief instigator and conspicuous leader; Padua, in consequence, bore the brunt of the storm, and the horrors inflicted

upon the country surpassed the common atrocities of the age. Failing completely in his object, Francesco finally fell into the hands of his conquerors, and was conveyed, with his two sons, prisoner to Venice, where all three perished by the bowstring in the dungeons of St. Mark, at the command of the signory. The noble family was thus extinguished.

*Divines of the Church of England, with Lives of the Authors, &c. by the Rev. T. S. Hughes, B. D. Bishop Sherlock.*—This is a very desirable set of reprints, and we are glad to see the superintendence of them placed in the hands of so respectable an individual as the late Christian Advocate of Cambridge. The greater part of our old church divines have not for very many years been reprinted, a fact which bespeaks something like indifference, and betrays a censurable, because a careless neglect of the sources of theological sentiments current in English pulpits from their days down to our own. The commencement is made with the younger Sherlock; and a complete edition of his writings, which singularly enough has never been published, is now contemplated. We like, notwithstanding a little incumbrance of bulk, complete editions, because we like complete judgments to be formed of character and talent, and fair estimates of effects produced by the union, which cannot be accomplished without. In the prospectus we observe some names, the republication of whose works would be quite superfluous, as Paley; and some quite unimportant, as Ogden and Hurd; while we miss others that cannot be dispensed with, as Tillotson; but the plan is not yet perhaps matured, or at all events may yet be modified. Of those who are usually classed as reformers, we see only Jewell's name.

The first volume contains a life of Sherlock by Mr. Hughes, and twenty-four of Sherlock's sermons, the characteristics of which are sound sense and safe theology. "I shall first explain the text, and then make some useful remarks," is the usual preface, and nobody can fairly complain of any breach of promise. Though an able and prominent man, professionally and politically, the materials for his biography, either in the shape of correspondence, or scattered notices in contemporary writings, are not very abundant. He was born in 1678, and educated at Eton and Cambridge. At Eton he was in friendship with Townsend, Walpole, and Pelham; and at Cambridge was of the same college with Hoadley, with whom he clashed at lectures, the source probably of some of the bitterness which is visible in his subsequent conflicts with him. Upon his professional life he entered with the most favourable auspices. His father was Master of the Temple and Dean of St. Paul's, and had interest enough, on his resignation of the Temple, to get his aspiring son appointed, at the early age of 26. Though vacating his



fellowship at Catherine Hall, on his marriage in 1707, he kept up his connexions there, and in 1714 was elected master of his college, and the same year, while vice-chancellor, came into collision officially with Bentley. On the accession of the Hanover family he obtained the deanery of Chichester, through the personal favour of Lord Townsend; for Sherlock himself was a man of tory principles, though not of the sternest cast; at least they were found susceptible of occasional flexibility, and only retarded his advancement. In 1716-17 appeared Hoadley's tract and sermon, which, as every body knows, involved the divine rights of the clergy, and their claims to independence of the civil power. These were brought before the convocation, and Sherlock, as chairman of the committee, drew up the report, denouncing the tendency of both publications. Measures of some intemperance would probably have followed, but for the prompt and peremptory step the whig ministry took of proroguing the convocation, and never suffering them to debate again. The question, however, was taken up out of doors; and among above a hundred combatants who first or last engaged in the fray, Sherlock became conspicuous, and was considered, more from his station than his exertions, as Hoadley's leading opponent. For a time he suffered the honours of a confessor, and had his name erased from the list of court chaplains. This, however, was but a passing eclipse. Walpole was a personal friend, and on the accession of George II. he made Sherlock Bishop of Bangor, and subsequently removed him to Salisbury. In the House of Lords he had an opportunity of obliging Walpole, in full consistency with his tory feelings. Whigs in office are Tories of course. Walpole suffered the pension-bill to pass the commons, being sure of the peers, where Sherlock magnanimously opposed his friend and patron. On Walpole's final defeat, however, Sherlock stood forward in defence of his friend in a manly way, whatever may be said either of his consistency as a party-man, or his virtue as a patriot. Though much engaged in secular politics, he was at the same time professionally active, and that in more important and less acrimonious controversies than the Bangorian one with Collins and Wollaston, on the topics, respectively, of prophecy and miracles. He was now getting old, and so much enfeebled by disease as to decline the primacy on the death of Potter; but rallying again a year or two after, he accepted the bishopric of London, and held it twelve years, to his death.

Sherlock died very wealthy, a fact with which his memory has been upbraided a thousand times. Charges of this kind are lightly adopted and rarely scanned. To throw a little more weight into the scale, he was said to have left the palace at Fulham in ruins. Mr. Hughes has collected some evidence which qualifies the matter considerably. In a letter still extant, written upon

his new appointment, Sherlock says,—"I find there is a very bad old house. I must repair a great deal of it, and I am afraid rebuild some part. It is late for me to be so employed, but somebody will be the better for it." The present Bishop of London informs Mr. Hughes by letter that Sherlock *did* build a dining-room (which is now the kitchen) with bed-rooms over it. Sherlock had considerable property from his father and brother, who were both rich. His large possessions fell to the Gooches of Suffolk. Gooch, Bishop of Norwich, married Sherlock's sister, from whom the Suffolk Gooches are descended.

*Influence of Climate in the Prevention and Cure of Chronic Diseases, &c., by James Clark, M.D.*—There is no quackery, at least, in Dr. Clark's book. He makes little attempt at theorizing, keeping almost wholly to what appear matters of fact. His main object is to exhibit the results of observation—to state the physical characters of particular climates, and the effects experienced under them. From these two sets of data he occasionally ventures to express what he terms the characteristic or medical qualities of climates—so far only as they warrant, and that to be sure is but little. The physical characters alluded to seem to mean no more than *temperature* and perhaps *hygrometry*, and the effects no more than the *apparent* ones. Of course no deduction made from such imperfect premises can be adopted with much confidence. It is idle to talk of any law, which governs the effect of climate upon disease, when climate itself is not yet defined; and of course nothing can be more hazardous than to pronounce peremptorily upon supposed effects. In the present state of our knowledge, the matter is wholly one of experience, almost a tentative matter. The more diseased persons are found to be relieved upon a residence at a given spot, the greater becomes the probability as to the fact of the medical qualities of the place (call it climate, or what we will) for specific diseases; or, at least, the greater will be the belief in them, and the more confidently will recourse be had to them. Dr. Clark has traversed the whole line of the south and south-west coast of England, and ascertained the differences of temperature in most of the frequented spots: their range is not considerable. Some places he finds also drier than others; but his statistics have not yet their requisite nicety. Generally the south coast is less dry towards the west than towards the east. Undercliff, a spot of about six miles on the S. E. of the Isle of Wight, seems to Dr. Clark to be the Madeira of England. It is more sheltered than Hastings, with the advantage of a considerable space of protected country for rides and drives, while two or three hundred yards are the utmost extent of the skreened part of Hastings.

After this survey at home, Dr. Clark takes a similar glance along the coasts of France

and Italy, Madeira, and the West Indies, collecting his informations, when his personal knowledge fails, from his medical friends, and persons whose evidence he relies upon. He has chiefly in view diseases of the lungs and the digestive organs; and as to the former, he ingenuously confesses no benefit is to be hoped for from any known change of climate in any of the specific stages of the disease. There are indications of approaching disease, which are probably the disease itself in its incipient state, when a change of scene is found sometimes to be efficient. But at Madeira itself, diseases of the lungs are common. Dr. Clark's book is very intelligibly and sensibly written, and calculated to contribute materially to the important print of medical statistics.

*Introduction to the Study of the Greek Classic Poets, by H. N. Coleridge, Esq. Part I.*—The very useful and intelligible aim of this little publication is, by suggesting sound and eternal principles of criticism, to encourage a free and manly exercise of the judgment upon the productions of the Greek poets of antiquity. These precepts are of a general cast, and applicable alike to old and new, and independent of all that is adventitious or accidental. Imagination, fancy, good sense, and purity of language, are the characteristics of excellence in all ages and countries. In his general introduction, Mr. Coleridge takes a distinction between fancy and imagination for which Stewart might have envied him. On the principles of Scotch philosophy, meaning the Stewart school, Mr. C. finds them to be two distinct faculties; though he might with the same reason split what the same school calls the faculty of attention into two or a dozen, according as the mind is exerted on problems or poems, facts or fables. Queen Mab's equipage is an exercise of pure fancy; the mad scene of Lear and Edgar, one of imagination. The first presents objects of nature or art as they are—mere pictures, to be looked at, but not to be felt for or with. The images of imagination are transfigured, the colours and shapes are modified, as passion mixes with them. He illustrates his meaning by a reference to different sets of similes: those of the fancy are like to the sense, and those of the imagination to the *mind's* eye. Virgil likens a fair body stained with blood to ivory stained with a purple dye. This is a resemblance to the eye—not existing in the nature of the thing. The same poet compares a beautiful boy suddenly killed to a bright flower rudely cut from its stalk, and withering on the ground. This is a resemblance to the mind—not existing in the nature of things. Catullus, in the same way, compares the crush of his love by the infidelity of its object to a flower cut down by the plough. All this, it will be seen, is a distinction founded on the objects of sense, and feelings arising from moral relations, and not resting on distinct

mental faculties. They are merely classes of objects, and the mind that contemplates them the same, one and indivisible.

Homer is of course the poet whose works, genuine or reputed, are discussed in the present volume. Mr. C. inclines to Heyne's conclusion as to the origin of the *Iliad*, and aptly adds—

There are thousands of old Spanish romances on the *Cid*, and the heroes of Roncesvalles, undoubtedly the productions of various authors, which yet might be arranged in order, and set out as several heroic poems, with as little discrepancy between them in style and tone of feeling as can be perceived in the rhapsodies of the *Iliad*. The same may be said, with even more obvious truth, of the ancient English ballads on Robin Hood and his famous band. We know that these little poems are from different hands; yet I defy any critic to class them under different heads, distinguishable by any difference of thought or feeling.

The *Odyssey*, Mr. C. considers, on the general tone of the thing, and on divers small particulars, as the production of a later age—in a different state of society—one of advancing refinement. We doubt if this is not *refining*. The scenes of the *Odyssey* are chiefly domestic, while those of the *Iliad* are on the battle field:—the heroes are in temporary huts, at a distance from domestic accommodations, and in a situation adverse to domestic habits. The age, we think, might very well be the same; the difference consists only in scenes and circumstances. The hymns, usually assigned, for want of another name, to Homer, though ancient, do not correspond in theology with the principles of the *Iliad*; and the frogs and mice are evidently of a later period, that of Aristophanes probably.

We are glad to find a gentleman like Mr. C., engaged in an active and laborious profession, one often alien from the muses, turn with pleasure to the studies of his youth, and bring a cultivated and matured intellect to bear upon imaginative matters.

*Cabinet Cyclopædia, vol. VII.; Cities and Towns.*—This seventh volume professes to be the first of three, devoted to a description of the "cities and principal towns of the world;" and very much dissatisfied we are, not so much with what is done, as at what is left undone. The volume must be taken as a specimen of the geographical department of the Cyclopædia; and it obviously does not accord with the large professions of the editor. According to his announcements, the Cyclopædia is to "embrace every subject necessary for a work of general reference, and, moreover, all the conveniences of alphabetical arrangement," &c. The volume before us, however, will serve none of the purposes of a work of reference, for no one can guess *what* specifically he is likely to find. The title expresses Cities—a word which with us is definite; or at least every episcopal see is a city, if every city be not an episcopal see. But of English cities, only eleven, we believe, are noticed, and certainly



it would require an *Œdipus* to detect the principle of selection for the greater of them. What criterion, again, determined the "principal towns," is equally puzzling. The ancientness seems to have been the ground of selection in some cases, yet we have no account of Chester or Durham: sometimes manufactures appear to have been the cause, yet nothing is said of Leeds, or Nottingham, or Leicester, or Coventry; sometimes commercial importance, yet no notice is taken of Newcastle or Hull; sometimes the mere fashionableness of a place has prompted a notice, yet not a word have we of Brighton or Cheltenham. In Scotland the author finds only four, and all in the south, and five in Ireland. In the Netherlands, sixteen are described; in France eleven, but no notice of Toulon, Bayonne, Brest, Dieppe, Nantes, Pau, Metz; and in Spain thirteen, but not a word of Xerez, Valencia, Valladolid, Tarragona, &c.

The wood-cuts, of which there are a great number, are many of them clever and competent sketches; but others are miserable even in design, and generally in point of execution below, if not the promise, yet certainly the style of neatness with which the book is in other respects got up. The view of London is pitiful; and Canterbury Cathedral, that magnificent structure, is dwindled to a parish church; and the crows that cluster round Bell-Harry Steeple only make the matter more contemptible. King's College, Cambridge, looks like a card-rack, or a toy, cut in papier machié; and Warwick Castle is shorn of all its strength: the view should have been taken from the bridge, or some part of the river. Some few are very tastefully drawn, such as Bath. The Netherlands are generally fair; but the best things are among the Spanish buildings.

The textual descriptions are respectable: the whole is mere outline, but more could not be accomplished within the limits, and more, perhaps, is not desired.

*Family Library, Vol. XIII.; Cunningham's Lives of Artists, Vol. III.*—Mr. Cunningham's are by far the most welcome volumes which the Family Library has hitherto produced. More, we hope, will follow, though three was the limit announced. We have as yet had no architects, and may, therefore, look for a fourth. The nine sculptors, whose biography fills the present volume, have been selected mainly as presenting a kind of historical sketch of the art in this country; but they are also the most distinguished among those of whom it can scarcely be said any have reached a very lofty eminence. Many artists make excellent single figures, while their groupings are almost always inferior and often execrable. Allegories and personifications, though intolerable in statuary, still disgrace our monumental sculpture. St. Paul's is full of the most revolting absurdities. Sculptors are continually forcing their art upon services which

it cannot execute. They do not know where to stop, and seem absurdly to think what painting can do, sculpture can do. It has a much narrower range.

Grimling Gibbons comes first. Whether Dutch or English, he was early known in England, but rather as a carver than a statuary. Nothing has ever equalled his fruits, and game, and flowers, and feathers, masses of which in wood still survive in some profusion at Chatsworth and Petworth. The prevalence of Grecian architecture checked the career of carving: Mr. Cunningham wishes she would cover her nakedness with an ornamental leaf or two. At Whitehall there is a statue of James II. from Gibbons's chisel or his modelling, and a bust in bronze of James I., and a very noble one; that is, unlike, as Mr. C. remarks, the portraits of the British "Solomon;" but feeble as was James in character, he was no fool. Of Gibbons personally little is known: his flowing wig and extravagant cravat indicate vanity enough.

Of Cibber, notwithstanding the volubility of his clever son Colley, not much more is known than of Gibbons. He was a Dane by birth, and came to this country, according to his son, some time before the restoration of Charles II. Mr. Cunningham says *revolution*; but that must be a slip of the pen or the printer. And by the way there are many such. Archbishop Tennyson is printed Jamison, and Mr. Hope's Anastasius is turned into Athanasius. After labouring at a stone-cutter's, he at length set up for himself; and at a time when the fashion prevailed of filling groves and lawns with satyrs and fawns, and gods and goddesses, as naked as they were born, he became a distinguished manufacturer of figures in free-stone, finally, at 35*l.* a piece, a price with which the artist was well pleased, and proposed to maintain. These are gone with the change of tastes; but some of his statues made for public buildings still remain—the kings to Charles I. and Sir Thomas Gresham in the Royal Exchange. The Phoenix over the south door of St. Paul's has considerable merit, and his Madness and Melancholy are of a still higher character. Of these well-known statues, the younger Bacon has, it seems, restored the surface. Mr. Cunningham discovered poetry in them, he tells us, at the first glance. When he was yet a stranger to sculpture, he felt the pathetic truth of the delineation: they gave him his first feeling for art, and led him to expect better sculpture than he afterwards found. Every body remembers Pope's lines upon these 'brainless' statues, and Flaxman depreciates them; but public opinion bears down, says the author, all solitary authorities, however eminent, and in this case it has been pretty strongly expressed for 130 years. One of the figures is said to have been taken from Cromwell's giant porter.

Roubilliac was a Frenchman, and came into England about 1720. He proved something of a reformer in our monumental sculp-

ture, or rather he introduced a new taste, that of allegorical personages, or, as Mr. C. puts it, poetic personations of sentiment and feeling, which it is now perhaps high time to get rid of again. His monuments in honour of Admiral Warren and Marshal Wade, however beautiful in point of workmanship, are mere conceits of the most contemptible description. His Trinity busts are among the best of his performances, but especially the statue of Sir Isaac Newton, in the chapel of the same college. The Shakspeare now in the British Museum does not match it. It was a commission from Garrick, who bargained with the sculptor for a price barely sufficient to cover the model and the marble; nor was Roubilliac left to his own conception. Garrick, it is said, put himself into countenance, and then into posture, and desired the astonished sculptor to model away—"for, behold," said he, "the poet of Avon." Roubilliac had much of the vanity and vivacity of his nation; and this, and his indulging in the vagaries of enthusiasm, occasioned many curious little anecdotes, which Mr. C. delights to retail.

Wilton, undoubtedly an Englishman, was born in 1722; and though educated in Brabant, Paris, and Rome, with every advantage of professional instruction, turned out but a one-eyed monarch among the blind. His independent circumstances enabled him to resist the control of architects, who before tyrannised over sculptors; but the emancipation gave no buoyancy to the leaden wings of his genius. Some copies of the antique showed he could copy; but the best specimen of his own productions is Wolfe's monument in Westminster Abbey, with lions below and angels above, &c. He was a very successful man, gave good dinners, and was highly respected. His beautiful daughter became the celebrated Lady Chambers.

Banks was born in 1735, and was a man of a higher order. He had genius and poetry in him, and made, as usual, but a very indifferent man of business. The royal academy, then recently instituted, sent him to Rome with 50*l.* a-year, and there it was he executed his exquisite figure of Love pursuing a butterfly. In pursuit of patronage, which he did not find at home, he went, when fifty years of age, to Russia, where he met with nothing but disappointment. The empress gave him a subject—the armed neutrality! when he was thinking of nothing but Homer's heroes. He soon left Russia, probably expecting, says Mr. C., to be called upon to do into stone the last treaty with the Turk. Returning to London, he modelled his Mourning Achilles, which was smashed to atoms by the overturn of a waggon, but afterwards put together again, and now stands in the entrance of the British Institution. In the latter years of his life, he was very much with Mr. Johnes at Hafod, and some of his most beautiful pieces perished in the destruction of that building a few years ago. Banks was the first English sculptor who gave him-

self up soul and body to classic subjects. That he felt poetically, the results prove; but his cold description of the Venus de Medici contrasts curiously with his own glowing executions. His daughter, Mrs. Forster, is still living, and has written a very agreeable account of her amiable father.

Nollekens's life is made up of Smith's "ungentle" memoirs; but though a little softened in the detail, the effect remains pretty much the same. Nollekens was a mere matter-of-fact copier: he had an eye for living forms, and copied them faithfully.

Bacon, though a self-educated man, was thoroughly a mechanical sculptor. His inventiveness was shown in mechanical matters, in improving the "pointing-machine," by which the figure of the model is transferred to stone with an accuracy before scarcely conceivable, though his machine has been still farther improved by Chantrey.

To enrol Mrs. Damer in the list of distinguished and executive artists is merely a compliment. Her vanity, says Mr. C., led her into the labyrinth of art: pride forbade her to retreat; but the fortitude of her perseverance cannot be too much admired. The memoir is a very agreeable one; though but an indifferent artist, her beauty, talents, and spirit, with her rank and wealth, make her a singularly interesting person.

But the chef-d'œuvre of the volume is Flaxman's life. Mr. C. estimates him very high as an artist; something above the mark, we think: but we have not space for another word.

*The True Plan of a Living Temple. By the Author of Farewell to Time, &c.* 3 vols. 12mo.—With a fixed conviction that we are destined for a consecutive and superior state of existence, the purpose of the very earnest and eloquent author of these volumes of enlightened devotion is to determine in what light we should regard the occupations and pursuits of *this* life. Strange notions on these matters seem everywhere prevalent. In the minds of the most serious, there is a perpetual struggle between the interests of this world and the next—forced by inevitable circumstances to attend to what is before them—bound by the most imperative obligations to regard what is in expectation, and all the while distrusting the compatibility of the two. These notions and suspicions are enforced by divines and moralists. Listen to them—and it must puzzle the acutest of us to discover *what* we are here for at all, if we are to separate ourselves from that into which we find ourselves plunged, and from which we cannot, while we stay, escape. In the mind of the author, they teach what is wholly alien from the doctrines of Christianity. They misrepresent the matter miserably; as if, in fact, Christ proposed to withdraw men's affections from earth to heaven, while, all along, his object was, and it is his language too, rather to bring down heaven upon earth—not to teach them to betake themselves, in



magination, to heaven, but to aid in spreading it, in reality, upon earth. The "kingdom of heaven" was perpetually in his mouth—it was the eternal subject of his discourses. What this kingdom of heaven then means, forms the first grand division of the author's inquiry. It is the reign of knowledge, virtue, freedom, concord, order, and happiness; and we must frankly confess we have never seen the matter so eloquently, and we may say so philosophically developed. This is a kingdom peculiar to no time or country. The qualities which characterize it have always been visible, more or less, as long as man has existed: they have even predominated, in spite of the reign of darkness in all its hateful forms. The appearance of Christ was more to extend the limits of this kingdom than to found it, and especially to connect it with our after-existence.

As Christians we are, perhaps, in an *especial* manner, subjects of this kingdom; and the author's next effort is directed to ascertain what is the object proposed to us as *subjects* of this kingdom. Heaven upon earth, and heaven above the earth, are but two states, two aspects of the same thing—they are but different evolutions of one universal scheme. To talk of their interests, then, being incompatible, is idle, and the old and ineffective representations are no longer receivable. A new turn is given to the whole matter; and we no longer fly from the world, in terror of corruption, but to it, for the purpose of promoting, by all our energies, the extension of God's kingdom—in other words, to cultivate and spread knowledge, virtue, freedom, and felicity. *Perfection*, accordingly, is the object proposed to us as the business and duty of loyal subjects of this spiritual kingdom—the object to be steadily and heartily aimed at; not perfection in an absolute sense, for such a notion is absurd, because impracticable in fact; but rather, as the author expresses it, *perfecting*, by which he means a perpetual improving, without the possibility of exhausting the resources of improvement.

Though partly implied in the preceding division, the author's third effort is to inquire into the best means of accomplishing the object thus proposed to us as subjects of the kingdom of heaven. These are to raise in our minds to the highest the standard of excellence—to encourage the most exalted notions of moral beauty—to take care that, in thus elevating our standard, we do not get into the regions of fancy, and lose sight of a practical reference to the business of life—to keep a strict eye and close vigilance upon the smaller duties—to suffer nothing, in short, to escape our own observance—do nothing by mere habit, but all with a view to the furtherance of the great interests of God's kingdom. In his fourth division, he throws a rapid glance over what he terms a *good life*—the life to be pursued, that is, of course, by a subject of this kingdom, who has ascertained his position and his point, and the best means of accomplishing it. It consists of

maxims and rules of a general cast, and for general situations, without any minutiae, or any attempt at individualizing. The difference between this and the preceding division is that which is discernible between pointing out the path which must be followed, and giving such directions as will enable the person who enters upon it to pursue it with steadiness and success.

We can do no more than give this bare and most imperfect outline of the author's views. Nothing short of copious extracts could present an adequate notion of the large and catholic views of the work—the original and independent conceptions—the preterition of technicalities—the intensity of feeling—the fervour of eloquence, not flighty and flashy, but full and argumentative—and the deep sincerity and conviction that pervades every page of these earnest effusions. The sharp eyes of an orthodox divine will readily detect a good deal of what sounds latitudinarily; but the author is obviously one who is little inclined to respect artificial creeds and exclusive articles: he looks for the spirit of the question, and seems to have found it. The writer is well read in German divines, especially of the school of Reinhard; and has successfully learnt, from Brown, to distrust abstractions, and renounce superfluous distinctions.

*The Executor's Account-Book.* By John H. Brady. — Mr. Brady is the author of two very useful little books relative to the construction of wills, and the execution of them. The present publication contains a set of formulae, constituting itself an account-book for keeping the accounts of executorships in an intelligible form, and what is of still greater importance, in a form precise and specific enough to satisfy the courts on the one hand, and heirs and legatees on the other. The importance of keeping such accounts with the most scrupulous care, every body who has had any concern with such matters must feel at once; and instances are not of rare occurrence, where not only executors themselves, but *their* executors also, have been involved in inextricable difficulties, proceeding from a negligence in this respect.

*Leigh's Guide to the Lakes of Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Lancashire.*—Every tourist finds a manual of this kind indispensable in his route. It supplies, to a thousand questions, answers which it is extremely difficult to obtain orally from the most observant of our friends. Not to say it must often happen, that those who can furnish particulars are not always at hand just when they are wanted; whilst numbers equally desirous of information, have no acquaintance, with the requisite knowledge, to apply to at all. But a local guide of this kind supplies at once, all we want; and more completely, than on the most favourably suppositions, is likely to be gained from the recollections of friends and visitors; and, more-

over, if the memory fails, after communication, the book will refresh it, and not complain of importunity. Mr. Leigh's competent little volume has a general map of the country on a considerable scale, and particular maps of the lakes, an inch to a mile. The topographic details contain ample accounts of the neighbourhood, with distances, bearings, places of accommodation, &c. with all due precision.

*The Villa and Cottage Florist's Directory*, by James Main, H. L. S.—Mr. Main appeals to the experience of fifty years spent in the cultivation of flowers as some warrant of ability for accomplishing the task he has undertaken—to construct a Florist's Directory. This is fair presumption enough, supposing this fifty years' experience to have been, also, on an extensive scale; but the logic of the next ground of reliance is not so intelligible. It is impossible, he says, that he should have been contemporary with a Maddock, a Hogg, a Sweet, and many other eminent florists, without knowing something of the art. Why, we ourselves have been *contemporary* with these same eminent florists, without gathering an atom of this kind of knowledge. A third ground of self-recommendation is still less conclusive—where, he adds, if his own knowledge or practice may be defective or confined, at least his judgment will enable him to recommend with safety, and direct with propriety. Mr. Main, to be sure, is one of the drollest reasoners we remember to have met with. Floriculture, says he, has become the study and amusement of all ranks, because it embellishes the dwellings of the rich and great, and forms the gayest ornament of the villa—because, again, it receives the regard and employs the pencils of the most refined and fairest of nature's works; and, most of all, because it decorates, while it endears, the poor man's cottage. The poor man's cottage! and this in our days! But Mr. M., though no logician, may be a very good florist, and often, we observe, gives very intelligible directions, though he is terribly given to mixing them up with what he doubtless considers to be philosophy; and we see how closely he can reason. Our eye has just caught the following morcean. He is speaking of polyantheses. Dutchmen, says he, are less tender of foliage than we are; nor do they seem to attribute to the leaves that peculiar function which is given them by the botanical physiologists of this country. *Perhaps certain ideas, like diseases, are endemical, &c.* This is fearfully profound. Does Mr. M. really think the Dutch do not know as much about the physiology of plants as the English?

*Philosophical Problems*, by Miles Bland, D. D. &c.—A vast collection, consisting of some thousands of problems on the different branches of philosophy, adapted to the course of reading pursued in the University of Cambridge;—or, more specifically, in tri-

gonometry, hydrostatics, optics, Newton's Principia, and astronomy. A small volume of Mechanical Problems was published some time ago by Dr. Bland. Those were, the greater part, if not all of them, accompanied with solutions. The present volume is left wholly without any thing of the kind, from the conviction Dr. Bland feels, confirmed by a judicious and able tutor still residing at Cambridge, that the problems will be of greater service to the students in the present form. We cannot think so. It may seem presumption to differ from such experienced persons; but we must still believe, if some of each section, suppose a third, had been accompanied with solutions, and the results of others appended, with occasional references to principles in established works, the book would have carried with it something like practical utility, not only for students in Cambridge, but out of it; and now it has none. We never saw anything so arid and bare.

*A Short Treatise on the Liabilities of Trustees, &c.* by Sir G. F. Hampson, Bart.—Considering how very large a part of the property, which is disposed of in this country by deed or will is placed under the control of trustees, it is of considerable importance that the liabilities to which they are exposed should be distinctly and generally understood. The office is no desirable one, though it is often, obviously, both conferred and accepted as a compliment; often requested on the one hand without regard to the onus it imposes and the embarrassments it involves, and undertaken on the other with little thought or anticipation of the trouble and peril likely to be incurred. For the most part it is thought to be mere matter of form; or at all events a lawyer is always at hand, and the estate must pay; and especially if a lawyer be a co-trustee no harm can follow. But the fact is, the liabilities are very great and even precarious, notwithstanding the protection of the courts: neglects are easily incurred, and followed by fatal responsibilities; and even where they are not so alarming, unpleasant bills of costs often surprise the unwitting offender. The object of Sir G. Hampson's treatise—it is a corrected and enlarged edition of his old work—is not to alarm and deter from the acceptance of an office sometimes of great family importance; but only to place trustees upon their guard by pointing out these dangers and duties—to keep them, in short, out of scrapes.

A still more valuable service, but one not to be expected from the profession, would be to expose the absurdity of the growing practice of placing property under trust. In numerous instances it is done from mere fashion; it sounds loftily and gives importance. In three cases out of four, perhaps, in these latter days, it is at best superfluous; and is then calculated for nothing but to make work for lawyers, and to plague families by giving them masters.



*The Doom of Devorgoil and the Ayrshire Tragedy; a Melodrama and a Tragedy, by Sir W. Scott, Bart.*—An old lord of Devorgoil had ravaged the lands of Algonby, in Cumberland, and encountering a storm on his return, threw the miserable captives overboard to save the more valuable treasure. Though this same lord, apparently, died quietly in his bed, the deed of atrocity brought a curse upon his house, and the grandson, at the period of the drama, was sunk to the lowest pitch of sordid poverty. A prophecy was, however, still to be fulfilled—the suit of armour which the guilty perpetrator wore at the time was to drop from the wall, on which it had hung fifty years, the “night when Devorgoil’s feast was full.” Feasting had long been a stranger at the Hall, and the prophecy began to lose credit; but the fated night at last came, and with it unexpected supplies, and as unexpected guests. During the unusual feast, a flash of lightning strikes the armour, and down it drops, and discovers a scroll which bids them,

Should Black Erick’s armour fall,  
Look for guests shall scare them all.

The ragged chief, accordingly, and the greater part of the family sit up to await the coming of these awful guests; but others go to bed, and among them a goose of a priest, who is conducted to a chamber, which has the reputation of being haunted, and left to his fate. In the meanwhile some of the under agents of the melodrama get up a little ghost scene to plague the unlucky parson; but scarcely had these frolicksome persons played off their trick, when the real goblins appear—to execute the doom of Devorgoil. This, from the firmness of the lord, does not prove a very formidable one. The stolen treasures had been all buried, and by the aid of some elaborate machinery, they are all laid bare, and, finally, clutched—poetical justice being fully satisfied by a marriage between Devorgoil’s daughter and Algonby’s heir, who figures on the scene as a deer-keeper, and capital shot.

The piece was written to oblige Sir Walter’s friend, Mr. Terry, of the Adelphi; but the mixture of mimic and genuine goblins, it seems, was found objectionable, and the play was never subjected to the stage ordeal, which, it was foreseen, it never could sustain—not for the reason alleged, for that is obviously worth nothing—scores of more incongruous things succeed to admiration—but for the want of dramatic point. It has neither incident nor character sufficiently marked to fix attention; the humour wants smartness, and the sentiments excite

no sympathy. The proud chief was in rags, and starving himself and his family, and was doing nothing to relieve the common misery, but whining or storming. Not a gleam of the author’s genius illumines a line of it except, perhaps, this morceau.

“I know, that minds  
Of nobler stamp receive no dearer motive  
Than what is link’d with honour. Ribbands, tassels—  
Which are but shreds of silk and spangled tinsel—  
The right of place, which in itself is momentary—  
A word, which is but air—may in themselves,  
And to the nobler file, be steeped so richly  
In that elixir, honour, that the lack  
Of things so very trivial in themselves  
Shall be misfortune. One shall seek for them  
O’er the wild waves—one in the deadly breach  
And battle’s headlong front—one in the paths  
Of midnight study,—and, in gaining these  
Emblems of honour, each will hold himself  
Repaid for all his labours, deeds, and dangers.  
What then should he think, knowing them his own,  
Who sees what warriors and what sages toil for,  
The formal and established marks of honour,  
Usurp’d from him by upstart insolence?

The Ayrshire Tragedy is most revoltingly tragical; but calculated to illustrate the ferocious habits of the Scots of the 16th century. The subject develops a deadly feud of the most horrible description. These things are now over with the Scots; but Sir Walter doubts if the change among their descendants be much better. They of old committed crimes for revenge; while modern Scots are as atrocious for lucre. The loftier, if equally cruel, feelings of pride, ambition, and love of vengeance, were the idols of their forefathers, while the caitiffs of the present day bend to Mammon, the meanest of the spirits who fell. The proud chiefs of the older times do not, however, seem to have forgotten the matter of “lucre.”

It would be difficult, perhaps, to name a successful play written by a person not in some way intimately connected with the stage. The best plays from the days of Shakspeare to Colman have been produced by players themselves, or managers, or proprietors, or persons given up, almost soul and body, to scenic amusements. The failures of men of the most eminent success in other departments, and of the most brilliant abilities, are innumerable. Sir Walter, we observe, gives sundry minute directions, and some suggestions, for the management of scenery, with some hesitation as to the possibility—and all with a ludicrous unacquaintedness with what has been actually accomplished over and over again at the London theatres, and at Edinburgh too, it may very well be supposed.

## FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS.

## EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

THERE appears to be very little difference of opinion generally respecting the vast superiority of the late president of the Royal Academy, as a portrait painter, over all his contemporaries. For while the uninitiated were won by the exquisite taste with which his subjects were invariably treated; and the more fastidious, by his delicate perception of expression—his lively, brilliant colouring—his careful and elegant drawing; he displayed in his later works a dignity of mind, and a thorough knowledge of his art, that excited among artists a feeling of respect which, in some instances, amounted almost to reverence. At the same time it is difficult to form a precise idea of his degree of excellence, when compared with the illustrious painters who lived before him, and who practised the same branch of his art; especially when a comparison is provoked with Sir Joshua Reynolds, who, like Sir Thomas, took the lead of his contemporaries by introducing a new style in portraiture, creating a school of imitators, and furnishing a model for all succeeding artists to study and to follow. A comparison, however, between these two great painters would lead us into a definition of the striking dissimilarity that really exists, rather than into any points of resemblance—which occur only in the relative situations of the artists, and in the effect they have produced upon English art; for their styles are, in every particular, diametrically opposed to each other.

The difficulty of fixing the exact proportion of Lawrence's greatness is considerably enhanced at this time, when his memory has not yet lost "all its original brightness" in our minds, and we are gazing in fondness and enthusiasm upon his works—secretly inclined perhaps to raise him to a level with the highest and the most honoured of his predecessors. The smiles that give loveliness and life to the features of his female portraits, seem to disarm criticism, and to plead with fame for an unquestioned perfection and the praises that should attend it. Satin dresses and jewelled bracelets, stars, coronets, and crowns, cocked-hats and epaulettes, transferred from the "dreary intercourse of daily life," become consecrated relics of art—heir-looms of genius. Submitted to the alembic of his talent, and stamped by his taste, princes and lords, however commonplace in themselves, are converted into objects of general interest and value. We are dazzled, when we first glance round the walls of this gallery, with the trappings of royalty and the glittering appurtenances of rank, that every where meet the sight; but one minute's observation suffices to convince us that we are surrounded by sterling works of art—and the delight we experience as we

proceed in our discoveries of beauty, is in inverse proportion to the fastidious caution with which we commenced the investigation.

The great novelty in this interesting exhibition is the Waterloo Gallery, the principal portraits in which are his late Majesty, the Emperors of Austria and Russia, the Kings of France and Prussia, the Arch-Duke Charles, Marshal Blucher, the Hetman Platoff, Prince Metternich, the Duke of Wellington, Cardinal Gonsalvi, and the late Pope Pius the seventh. These pictures have never been before the public until the present season. Taken altogether, they display greater power of execution than any work of Lawrence that we ever saw. Commissioned by the late King to execute this series of portraits for the gallery at Windsor, Sir Thomas seems to have entered upon his undertaking with a daring but not a delusive ambition. At Paris, the mighty works in the Louvre would challenge his utmost skill to competition; and whilst at his easel, in the palace of Charles the Tenth, he would be conscious of encountering the jealous criticisms of the French cognoscenti—at Rome his energies would be no less aroused by the obvious associations connected with that temple of the art. Painting under the eye of those continental powers, in the wide theatre of Europe, in the character of P. R. A. and portrait painter to the King of England, must be a very different thing to taking sittings in Russel-square of ladies and lions for exhibition at Somerset-house. By an ambitious man such a trial would be anxiously desired; and whatever were the feelings with which Lawrence engaged in it, he has passed the ordeal with the highest honour both to himself and to his country. Much as his taste has generally made of English costume, it is to be regretted—seeing the pictures here produced of the Pope and the Cardinal—that he had not more frequent opportunities of introducing into his compositions something more essential picturesque than the coats of Pall-Mall and St. James'-street. The ladies, however, are safe. Like Sir Joshua, Lawrence converted a formal and artificial vice into an unaffected and natural grace. But the Cardinal!—His left hand rests upon a table, the fingers foreshortened towards the painter, who, with a temerity only to be found in an English Protestant artist, *puts it in as it is*—the grey tints and blue veins are touched and left unadulterated. The scarlet robe is flung more carelessly over the sacred shoulders of the Cardinal, than a Catholic painter would have dared to imagine. The red cap is in the right hand resting on the lap. He is sitting. The wonderful eyes, black and brilliant, look into you and speak—they animate all that is around them. The whole face is lighted up with a shrewd, cunning, and in some de-



gree hypocritical expression. It is an extraordinary picture. The Pope, on the other hand, sinks feebly into his stately chair; and, with all the attributes of decay stamped upon his brow, seems to maintain the urbanity of his nature and smiles on you to the last. What could any one but Lawrence have done with such a man as this—and yet what a picture has he produced!

Opposite to these stands Charles of France, with his cocked-hat on his arm, smiling and chattering like a lacquey in a farce. This is forcibly contrasted with the deep, rich, quiet beauty of its immediate companion, the portrait of the Emperor of Austria, one of the very finest of the imperial group—that of Alexander being the worst, unworthy alike of the artist and the autocrat.

The other rooms are adorned with many old portraits. The finest of these are the portraits of Lady Agar Ellis and her son, Miss Croker, the Marchioness of Londonderry, the Duchess of Richmond, Lord Liverpool, Master Lambton, and—"the greatest is behind"—Lady Gower; which is beyond all comparison the highest achievement of Lawrence in female portraiture. He has in this picture gone far beyond the mere display of vulgar and uninspired beauty, and has realized the poetry of domestic life. In Canning's portrait, with the arm extended as if in the energy of eloquent denunciation, Lawrence has attempted a very peculiar illustration of character; but, through well drawn, it is not a pleasing picture. In the first place, a figure in action requires the presence of other figures to account for its position; and in the next, the expression and the attitude are utterly at variance—the one being all energy, the other all repose and placidity.

Of the large picture of Satan, the only great effort of Lawrence in historic design, we do not think very highly. The exquisite taste with which the artist so skilfully handled the materials found in the palace and the drawing-room, was utterly useless when required to exert itself in the wild region of poetry, and grapple with the colossal forms of Milton's imagination. Lawrence could only seek for assistance in the plaster-rooms at the academy; beyond these, except in dimensions, his poetic fervour has not carried him far. It may, however, be regarded as a glorious promise, an omen of might—for it is comparatively an early work. It is well for certain ladies, whatever it may be for the world, that the great portrait-painter was not encouraged to proceed in poetical design. Instead of giving, in Pope's phrase, "dross to duchesses," he has clothed them in living gold, and covered them with immortality.

#### EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOUR.

We take censure to ourselves for omitting to notice this exhibition until it is just on the point of being closed; and the more so, be-

cause we invariably see it with more unmixed pleasure and a purer sense of satisfaction than any other. One cause of this, perhaps, is, that it is so entirely and essentially English in its character—that it is something peculiar to itself, and has no parallel; and unquestionably another cause is to be traced to the fact that, in this collection, there are no bad pictures—no miserable make-weights. If there is not an equal degree of excellence in all, there is something in every picture which the eye of taste will discern as worthy of admiration and encouragement.

We can now afford but a very hasty view of them. Prout has first caught our eye. His contributions this year are not so numerous, but they are quite as excellent as upon former occasions. One picture of his—the Ducal Palace at Venice—is a most rich and lovely composition. It would require a volume to do justice to Copley Fielding, whose pictures would alone form an exhibition of no mean attraction; we cannot even enumerate a tenth part of them—perhaps we prefer (for it is very difficult to choose) No. 64, a Gale coming on at Sea—and No. 38, Nausica and her attendants—the one for its wild, natural effect, and its beautiful back-ground—and the other for the classical spirit and grandeur that pervade it.—The Misses Sharpe have several very exquisite pictures. In Miss E. Sharpe's 73, the children—two repeating their prayers and one on the lap of its mother—are painted with extreme feeling and delicacy; while in the scene from the Vicar of Wakefield, by Miss L. Sharpe, we were charmed with the free, fresh and graceful beauty that is thrown over our favourites. We like the colouring, the composition, and some of the characters—those of the "ladies from town" especially. Barret again has several pictures, all of them faithful yet poetical transcripts of nature. His twilights are the very creations of truth—yet they realize the loveliest dreams of fiction. Dewint has also some fine performances—finer perhaps than usual; the Views of Lincoln awaken a recollection of the old fable of the devil looking over that celebrated city: we can admire his taste, and we wish he could see Mr. Dewint's landscapes. Robson, Hunt, Harding, and Varley, have each their share of beauties; more indeed than we can particularize. Cattermole also stands conspicuous for his gloomy, but in some respects grand and powerful sketches; his scene from the Merchant of Venice is an extravagant but a clever composition. We were much pleased likewise with some graceful and spirited pictures by Stephanoff. The collection altogether this year is calculated to advance the taste for this branch of art, and is worthy of its predecessors.

#### WORKS OF ART.

A Cameo enamel of George IV. has made its appearance, under the immediate patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Duchess

of Gloucester and the Princess Augusta. It is the production of the late Mr. Brown (whose talents as a gem sculptor were so pre-eminently acknowledged by his Britannic Majesty George III. and the Courts of France and Russia), and is in the possession of his daughter, Miss L. H. Brown, No. 15, Upper Frederick-street, Connaught-square, where alone applications for it may be made; and where, also, may be seen casts from the gems, as stated to be placed in the cabinets of the different courts of Europe.—It is an elegant bijou, and may be appropriated either in cameo or intaglio, for brooches, and other ornaments in dress; or as a portrait elegantly mounted.

#### FINE ARTS PUBLICATIONS.

*Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels.—Part II.*—This work, if completed as it has been begun, will be worth all the mis-called illustrations of the Waverley novels that have hitherto appeared. It is curious how, in some of these latter, the artists have avoided every thing like an approach to delineation of character. They have made some of the most mysterious mistakes in the world; never by any chance, or in any one instance, happening to hit upon an expression that could be considered as applicable to the text. It is a pity that they were not published as illustrations of *Paradise Lost*, or *Don Quixote*. This work is introduced by a host of names that, as far as names go, will ensure it success. We find among them Barret, Daniel, Dewint, Copley Fielding, Prout, and Stanfield—the engravings being executed by the

two Findens. Of the four views here published—Skiddaw and Keswick, Dunnottar Castle, Loch-Ard, and the Waste of Cumberland—we prefer Lock-Ard for its extreme softness and delicacy; but they are all brilliantly executed, and of a convenient size; so that these illustrations may really be regarded as ornamental to a volume, instead of being, as most of the others are, a pretended decoration and a positive deformity.

The thirteenth and fourteenth numbers of the *National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages of the Nineteenth Century*, are before us: the one containing portraits and biographical notices of Mr. Canning, Mr. Davies Gilbert, and Lord Whitworth, and the other of Sir Thomas Munro, Lord Verulam, and the Bishop of Norwich. We cannot but think that the mode in which the living and the dead are here mixed up together is objectionable, and detracts in some degree from the value of the work. For instance, Mr. Canning's biography is complete; but Mr. Davies Gilbert lives, "a prosperous gentleman;" and the world, if it require any, will require a complete memoir of him at a future time. The lives of the living personages that figure in this illustrious and eminent gallery should have been printed with blanks for the date of their decease, which the purchaser might have filled up as he pleased. To the portraits, however, there can be no objection; they are neatly, and in some instances beautifully engraved; the work is carefully and elegantly got-up, and (a circumstance not to be overlooked,) it is published at a price unusually moderate.

#### WORKS IN THE PRESS, AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

##### WORKS IN PREPARATION.

Nearly ready for publication, a Memoir of his late Majesty George the Fourth. By the Rev. G. Croly, A. M.

The Templars, an Historical Novel, is on the eve of publication.

Early in July will be published, the first volume of Sharpe's Library of the Belles Lettres.

A Brief View of the Different Editions of the Scriptures of the Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches.

Prince of Killarney, a Poem. By Miss Bourke.

The Northern Tourist, or Stranger's Guide to the North and North-West of Ireland. By P. D. Hardy.

Six New Lectures on Painting. By the late Henry Fuseli.

Musical Memoirs, comprising an Account of the General State of Music in England, from the first Commemoration of Handel, in 1784, to 1830, with Anecdotes, &c. By W. T. Parke, Principal Oboist at Covent Garden for 40 years.

Southerman, a Novel. By Galt. In 3 vols.

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Wedded Life in the Upper Ranks, a Novel. In 2 vols.

Clarance, a Tale of Our Own Times. In 3 vols.

The Life of Lord Burghley. Volume 2d. By Dr. Nares.

Visions of Solitude, a Poem. By the Author of Sketches, Scenes, and Narratives.

A New Annual for 1831, entitled The Humourist. By W. H. Harrison. Illustrated by 50 Wood-engravings, from Rowlandson.

Personal Memoirs, or Reminiscences of Men and Manners at Home and Abroad during the Last Half Century. By P. Gordon, Esq.

Mr. Britton has announced a Dictionary of the Architecture and Archæology of the Middle Ages, including the Words used by Old and Modern Authors.

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An Interesting Memoir of the Rev. T. Bradbury, Author of "The Mystery of Godliness."

Christus in Cælo, &c. By the Rev. J. Brown, of Whitburn.

The Journal of a Tour made by Señor Juan de Vega, the Spanish Minstrel of 1828 and 1829, through Great Britain and Ireland: a Character performed by an English Gentleman. In 2 vols. 8vo.

London in a Thousand Years, and other Poems, by Eugenius Roche, late Editor of the Courier.

Popular Lectures on the Prophecies relating to the Jewish Nation. By the Rev. Hugh McNeill, M.A. Rector of Albury, Surrey.

The Greek Testament, with Critical and Explanatory Notes, in English. By the Rev. Edward Burton, D.D. Regius Professor of Divinity, Oxford.

Peninsular War.—Major Leith Hay is preparing for publication a Narrative of the Peninsular Campaigns, extending over a period of nearly six years' service in Spain and Portugal, from 1808 to 1814, in which the scenes personally witnessed by this gallant officer will be faithfully delineated from journals kept from day to day, to which other events of importance will be added, from information derived at the time from the most authentic sources. The Narrative will form two handsome royal 18mo. volumes.

## LIST OF NEW WORKS.

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Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I. King of England. By I. D'Israeli. 8vo. Vols. III. and IV. 28s.

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To John Holmes Bass, of Hatton Garden, in the county of Middlesex, gentleman, for having invented certain improvements in machinery for cutting corks and bungs. 3d June, six months.

To John Levers, of New Radford Works, near the town of Nottingham, lace-machine maker, for having invented or found out certain improvements in machinery for making lace, commonly called bobbin net. 8th June, six months.

To George Vaughan Palmer, of the parish of Saint Peter, in the city of Worcester, artist, for having invented a machine to cut and excavate earth. 8th June, six months.

To William Tutin Haerft, of the Circus, Greenwich, Doctor of Medicine, for having invented or found out certain improvements in steam-engines. 11th June, six months.

To Thomas Bruntton, of the Commercial Road, Limehouse, in the county of Middlesex, merchant, and Thomas John Fuller, of the same place, civil

engineer, for their having found out and invented an improved mechanical power applicable to machinery of different descriptions. 10th June, six months.

*List of Patents which having been granted in the month of July, 1816, expire in the present month of July, 1836.*

2. John Barlow, Sheffield, founder, for a new cooking apparatus.

11. John Towers, Little Damer-street, Coldbath-fields, chemist, for a tincture for the relief of coughs, &c., called "Towers' New London Tincture."

27. Henry Warburton, Lower Cadogan-place, Chelsea, for a method of distilling certain animal vegetable and mineral substances, and of manufacturing certain of the products thereof.

— Robert Salmon, Woburn, Bedfordshire, for further improvements in haymaking machines, called "Salmon's Patent self-adjusting and manageable Hay machines."

— John Hague, Great Peare-street, Spitalfields, London, for certain improvements in the method of expelling molasses from sugars.

## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

## LORD REDESDALE.

The Right Honourable John Freeman Mitford, Baron Redesdale, of Redesdale, in the county of Northumberland, a Lord of Trade and Plantations, and a Privy Counsellor of Great Britain and Ireland, F.R.S., F.S.A., &c. was born on the 18th of August, 1748. His family appears to have been of considerable antiquity in the north of England; for Sir John Mitford, Knt., was Lord of Mitford Castle, Northumberland, so early as the time of William the Conqueror. As he left no male issue, two collateral branches succeeded: the elder was related, by means of an intermarriage of his only daughter, with the Bertrams, Barons of Mitford; while the younger produced the Mitfords of Rolleston, the representative of whom, Robert de Mitford, received a royal grant of Mitford Castle, in the reign of Charles II. William Mitford, of Newton House, in the county of Hants, Esq., the fifth in descent from Robert, had an heir, John, by Margaret, daughter of Robert Edwards, of Wingfield, in Berkshire, and of London, merchant. He was a member of Lincoln's Inn; and having married Philadelphia, daughter of William Revelly, of Newby, Esq., (and first cousin of Hugh Percy Smithson, first Duke of Northumberland), John, the subject of this sketch, was the younger of his two sons. The elder son was Colonel William Mitford, of Exbury, in the county of Hants, M.P. for Beeralston, and New Romney, Colonel of the South Hants Militia, and author of the History of Greece.

John Mitford, educated at New College,

Oxford, adopted the profession of his father, who died when he was only fourteen years of age. Having studied at Lincoln's Inn, he was called to the Bar; and, devoting himself to the Court of Chancery, he speedily attained an extraordinary degree of celebrity. So early as the year 1782, he published "A Treatise of Pleadings in Suits in the Court of Chancery, by English Bill," a work in high repute. A situation so distinguished as that of leader in the chief court of equity, soon conferred upon him wealth and eminence. He also obtained a silk gown, and with it all the advantages arising from the office of King's Counsel. Afterwards, he received the honourable appointment of a Welsh Judge, and was nominated one of the Justices of the Grand Sessions for the counties of Cardigan, Pembroke, and Carmarthen.

By the interest of his cousin, the Duke of Northumberland, Mr. Mitford was, in 1789, returned Member of Parliament for the Borough of Beeralston. At, first, he spoke little in the House; but, soon afterwards, we find him debating on most of the great subjects that came under discussion. He spoke several times during the trial of Mr. Hastings; and he supported the petition of that gentleman, complaining of the introduction of irrelevant matter, at the Bar of the House of Lords. Two things, in particular, he observed, should be adhered to in a prosecution: "Never to bring forward a fact that was matter of calumny to the accused; and never to inflame the passions of those who were to decide as judges."

On the 23d of June, 1789, Mr. Mitford obtained leave to bring in a bill "to relieve, upon certain conditions, and under due restrictions, persons called *Protestant Catholic Dissenters*, from certain penalties and disabilities to which Papists, or persons professing the Catholic religion, are by law subject." Men of different parties in Parliament approved of this measure; yet, in consequence of certain technical objections, a period of nearly two years elapsed before the provisions of the bill were carried into a law.

Soon after the meeting of the New Parliament, in the winter of 1792, a question was stated with reference to Mr. Hastings, and argued with great ability on both sides, "Whether an impeachment ought not to abate by the dissolution of Parliament?" Mr. Mitford contended, and we think justly, "that the House had no power to revive an impeachment, since it is an acknowledged principle of the Constitution, that the Parliament should die, and all proceedings determine with its existence."

On his promotion to the office of Solicitor-General, in 1793, Mr. Mitford received the honour of knighthood. In his official capacity he was employed by the ministry to conduct the state trials of Hardy, Tooke, and Thelwall, under Sir John Scott. After a long and elaborate argument on the law of treason, and an application of its specific provisions to the case before him, Sir John Mitford thus closed a speech which occupied many hours in its delivery:—"And now, Gentlemen of the Jury, I have nothing more to offer. I have discharged; God knows, with much pain, the harsh duty imposed upon me. You will now do yours. If your verdict shall discharge the prisoners, I know you will give it with joy; if the contrary, yet it must be given. The cup, although it may be bitter, must not pass away from you. I have had a duty to perform beyond my strength and my ability: I have discharged it faithfully and satisfactorily to my conscience." Sir John was so much affected on the occasion, that, as he resumed his seat, the tear was seen to roll down his cheek.

In the course of the war with France, Sir John Mitford gave his cordial support to Government, and spoke upon almost every public subject that occurred. In 1799, when Sir John Scott, now Lord Eldon, was raised to the Common Pleas, he succeeded him as Attorney-General. When Mr. Pitt retired from office, and the Chair of the House of Commons was vacated by his successor, Mr. Addington, Sir John Mitford, who had been recently returned M.P. for the borough of East Looe, was deemed a fit person to sustain the important office of Speaker. He was accordingly elected on the 18th of February, 1801. He was proposed by Lord Hawksbury, who was seconded and supported by Mr. J. H. Browne, Mr. Pitt, Mr. Martin, and others.

Higher honours were in store for him. It was determined that he should receive the Great Seal of Ireland, and be invested at the same time with an English peerage. In consequence of these arrangements, he vacated the chair of the House of Commons on the 9th of February, 1802; received his appointment; and, on the 15th of the same month, he was created Baron Redesdale, of Redesdale, in the county of Northumberland, and a member of the Privy Council of Ireland. To that kingdom his lordship soon afterwards repaired, and continued to preside in the Court of Chancery till the month of March, 1806; when, in consequence of the death of Mr. Pitt, and the accession of the Fox and Grenville party to power, he yielded his high office to Mr. George Ponsonby. It was on the 5th of March, that, in a most feeling, dignified, and impressive style, his lordship delivered his farewell address to the Irish Bar.

Lord Redesdale was always a staunch and determined advocate of the paramount rights and privileges of the Protestant Church. In 1805, on the presentation of a petition from certain Irish Roman Catholics to both Houses of Parliament, when Lord Grenville delivered a long and able speech in favour of their claims, Lord Redesdale rose, and observed, that the object of the petitioners was clearly pointed out by themselves to be, "an equal participation, upon equal terms, with their fellow subjects, of the full benefits of the British laws and Constitution." His lordship, however, contended, "that the maintenance of the Protestant, as the established religion of the Government, and the exclusion of the Roman Catholic faith from the administration of that government, had become fundamental principles, long deemed essential to the preservation of the liberty, both religious and political, of the country."

While Chancellor of Ireland, Lord Redesdale usually came over once a year to England during the sitting of Parliament; but the greater part of his time was passed either at his house in the capital, or his country residence at Kelmacap, in the county of Dullin, where he built, planted, and effected several other improvements. With the Roman Catholic party he was of course unpopular; but his conduct as a Chancellor was always free from the suspicion of bias, and the business of his court was distinguished by its propriety and decorum.

Besides the tract mentioned in the early part of this sketch, Lord Redesdale published a few years since, "Observations occasioned by a Pamphlet entitled 'Observations on the Project of Creating a Vice Chancellor of England.'" His lordship was always considered as a profound lawyer, and his judgment was much valued in the Upper House, especially in appeals.

Lord Redesdale married, on the 6th of June, 1803, the Lady Frances Perceval, daughter of John, second Earl of Egmont,



and sister of the Hon. Spencer Perceval, Premier of England, who fell by the hand of Bellingham, the assassin. Her mother was Katherine, in her own right, Baroness Arden, of Lohort Castle, sister of Spencer Compton, eighth Earl of Northampton. Receiving a considerable addition to his fortune by the death of W. G. Freeman, Esq., he, in consequence took the name and arms of Freeman, in addition to those of Mitford, by royal sign manual, on the 28th of January, 1809.

By his marriage, Lord Redesdale had one son, John Thomas, his successor, born in 1805; and two daughters, born, respectively, in 1804, and 1807. Of his daughters, only Frances Elizabeth, the elder, survives.

His lordship died at his seat, Batsford Park, Gloucestershire, on the 17th of January.

#### THE RT. HON. GEORGE TIERNEY, M.P.

Mr. Tierney was the last of his school—the last remnant of the old English Opposition. He had not only sat in the same House with those worthies, but he had taken an active part in the debates in which Burke, Fox, Pitt, Wyndham, Sheridan, Whitbread, Romilly, and others, had often, by their full, powerful, and commanding eloquence, enchained the ear of the listener, and carried conviction to his mind. As an orator, however, he was, strictly speaking, *sui generis*; for, as it has been justly observed, his style displayed neither the poetry of Burke, the comprehensiveness of Fox, the logic of Pitt, the sarcasm of Wyndham, the dazzling wit of Sheridan, the bitter vituperation of Whitbread, nor the soft and oily persuasion of Romilly. His language was simple, idiomatic, and colloquial; his manner cool, dry, and caustic; his own features remaining stoically unmoved, whilst those of his hearers were frequently convulsed with laughter.

Here, however, we have not room to examine, to analyse, or to display his character; we must speak of him merely with reference to some of the leading facts of his life.

Mr. Tierney was born in the year 1756. He was the son of a London merchant, trading under the firm of Tierney, Lilly, and Roberts, in Lawrence Pountney-lane; but, whether he first saw the light in London or in Dublin, appears not to have been ascertained. He was bred to the bar; a profession for which, by his natural acuteness and discrimination, he was eminently suited; but coming unexpectedly into the possession of a good fortune, by marriage, he exchanged the arena of the law courts for that of the House of Commons. But he was an author before he became a statesman. His first publication, entitled, "The Real Situation of the East India Company considered with reference to their Rights and

Privileges," was put forth in 1787; and it is by no means improbable that it would be found to possess considerable interest at the present moment.

At the very commencement of his public life, Mr. Tierney attached himself to the Opposition. Patronised, as it was understood, by a noble Duke, he, at the election of 1790, offered himself as a candidate for the representation of the Borough of Colchester. The contest proved a severe one: Tierney not only lost his election, but was saddled with expences to the amount of twelve thousand pounds. His talents were now known; and, on the invitation of the Southwark electors, who pledged themselves to indemnify him, he contested that borough, in 1796, with Mr. Thelluson, the opulent Government candidate, with whom he happened to be connected by marriage. Thelluson was returned, but was petitioned against as ineligible, on the ground that he had violated the treating act. Tierney acted as his own counsel before the Committee of the House of Commons. The Committee reported to the House, that the election was void, and that Thelluson was incapacitated to serve. However, on the issue of a new writ, that gentleman renewed the contest, and was again successful on the poll. A new petition was presented by Mr. Whitbread; the case was referred to a Committee; the Committee reported, that Mr. Thelluson was not, but that Mr. Tierney was, duly elected; and the latter took his seat accordingly. Mr. Tierney continued in the representation of Southwark till the year 1806, when he resigned: he has since represented, successively, Athlone, Bandon-Bridge, Appleby, and Knaresborough. In the last of these he has been succeeded by Mr. Brougham.

Tierney proved a frequent debater on every great and important subject in the House, and immediately rose to celebrity. He may be said to have been a sharp thorn in the side of Mr. Pitt. Soon after the meeting of Parliament in the autumn of 1797, he gave notice that he should move the House, "not to acknowledge the Right Hon. Henry Dundas, in any parliamentary capacity." This proceeding originated in a supposed legal disability on the part of Mr. Dundas, in consequence of his acting in the capacity of *third* Secretary of State. "If he spoke on that occasion in a style of asperity," Mr. Tierney observed, "it was not because he felt any personal dislike or private animosity to the right honourable gentleman, but that he thought the whole transaction of which he complained a most corrupt job—a job not avowed, but detected—a job that never would have been brought to light if it could have been kept in concealment, and which was at last brought to light by the labours of a committee." The defence of Mr. Dundas was feeble; yet, on a division of the House, only eight members supported the mover, while no fewer than

one hundred and thirty-nine were against him.

In the month of March following, Mr. Tierney gave his cordial support to a Bill brought in by Mr. Dundas—"to enable His Majesty more effectually to provide for the defence and security of the realm;" and, in reply to a vulgar sneer from a Member on the Treasury Bench, he added, "that no part or action of his life could justify that honourable gentleman in insinuating, that he was not animated by as cordial a zeal for the welfare and prosperity of his country, as any man who lived in it." In the spring of 1798, he also voted for the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* act. Soon afterwards he supported Colonel Walpole in his enquiry into the conduct of the assembly of Jamaica, relative to the transportation of the Maroons; and in the summer of the same year, in consequence of the melancholy aspect of affairs in Ireland, he declared, "that the minister ought to come down to the House clothed in sackcloth and ashes, to find public affairs in such a critical state in the fifth year of the war, and after an expenditure of about two hundred millions of money."

It was, we believe, previously to this (Friday, May 25, 1798) that an incident occurred, the consequences of which might have been fatal. During the debate on the Bill for suspending seamen's protections, Mr. Pitt was so far thrown off his guard—a rare circumstance with him—as to declare, "that he considered Mr. Tierney's opposition to it, as proceeding from a wish to impede the service of the country." Mr. Tierney immediately called the Chancellor of the Exchequer to order, appealed to the House, and invoked the protection of the Speaker. Mr. Addington, who then occupied the chair, observed—"That if the House should consider the words which had been used as conveying a personal reflection on the honourable gentleman, they were in that point of view to be considered as 'unparliamentary and disorderly.' It was for the House to decide on their application, and they would wait in the mean time for the explanation of the right honourable gentleman."—Mr. Pitt, instead of apologising, immediately said—"If he were called on to *explain away* anything which he had said, the House might wait long enough for such an explanation! He was of opinion, that the honourable gentleman was opposing a necessary measure for the defence of the country, and therefore he should neither explain nor retract any particle of what he had said on the subject."

Here, of course, the affair did not end. Mr. Tierney sent his friend, Mr. George Walpole, with a message to Mr. Pitt; and, at three o'clock, on the next Sunday afternoon, Mr. Pitt, accompanied by Mr. Ryder (now Lord Harrowby), and Mr. Tierney, accompanied by Mr. Walpole, met on Putney Heath. A case of pistols was fired

at the same moment without effect. On the second fire, Mr. Pitt discharged his pistol in the air. The seconds then jointly interfered, and insisted that the matter should go no further; as it was their decided opinion that sufficient satisfaction had been given, and that the business had been terminated with perfect honour to both parties.

Mr. Tierney was a uniform and steady opponent of the war with France; yet, on the victory of Aboukir, in 1798, he cordially acquiesced in the motion for the thanks of the House to Rear-Admiral Lord Nelson, and affirmed, "that no man was more anxious than himself for the general security of the empire; and that no man ever felt more warmth and animation than he did whenever our Navy was triumphant. His opposition to the war rendered him also an opponent of Mr. Pitt in finance. In that science he was considered, especially by his friends and partisans, to be eminently skilful; and, for several years, it was almost his uniform custom to bring forward a series of resolutions in opposition to those of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

In the debate upon the projected Union with Ireland, Mr. Tierney expressed his opinion that that measure would be the ruin of the liberties of England; a prophetic intimation, which, to a great extent, has been since fulfilled, though not in the light through which it was viewed by the seer.

In Mr. Addington's short-lived administration, Mr. Tierney was nominated to the lucrative office of Treasurer of the Navy; and he became, at the same time, Lieut.-Colonel of the Somerset House Volunteers. On the return of Mr. Pitt to power, he again joined the Opposition. During the Fox and Grenville administration, in 1806, he was first Irish Secretary, and afterwards President of the Board of Control. With the Whigs he quitted office; and, on the death of Mr. Ponsonby, he became leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons. Notwithstanding the severe, the deserved, the merciless castigation, which he bestowed on Canning, on that gentleman's taking office, not only *with* but *under* Lord Castlereagh, he, on the formation of the Canning ministry, was made Master of the Mint, with a seat in the Cabinet. He went out with Lord Goderich; and, since that period, struggling with age and infirmity, though in full possession of all his intellectual powers, he has been seen but little in public life. For many years he had laboured under an organic disease of the heart, with great tendency to dropsy in the chest and limbs, attended with cough and difficulty of breathing. His complaints, however, were so much relieved by medicine, that he transacted business, went into company, and retained his cheerfulness to the last. The day before his death, which occurred at his house in Saville-row, on the



25th of January, a friend called upon him, and found him reading "Moore's Life of Byron." He talked and laughed on various subjects for half an hour, and had never appeared in better spirits. Within five minutes of his death, he had franked a letter for a friend. He was found quite dead, sitting in his arm-chair, as though he had been asleep, and had probably passed unconsciously into another state of existence. On account of the suddenness of his death, a Coroner's Inquest was held upon his body; and the verdict returned was—"That the deceased died a natural death by the visitation of God, occasioned by enlargement of the heart."

Amongst several pamphlets written by Mr. Tierney, were—"Two Letters on the Colchester Petition, 1791;" and, in the same year—"A Letter to the Right Hon. Henry Dundas, on the Situation of the East India Company." Mr. Anderson, accountant to the East India Board, controverted the statements of Mr. Tierney, and that gentleman replied in a second letter to Mr. Dundas.

#### GENERAL GARTH.

Within the last three or four years more than one notorious transactions has brought the name of Garth—a name previously always mentioned and heard with respect—somewhat too much before the public. It can hardly be necessary to say that we allude, in the first instance, to a *crim. con.* affair, *Asley v. Garth*, in which the son of the general figured as defendant; and, more recently, to a disgraceful and scandalous business, which furnished the pro-popey journals with an opportunity of emitting volumes of the grossest slander and libel, against one of the most distinguished personages of the realm. With all this, however, beyond its marking the fact of relationship, we have nothing to do.

Thomas Garth, to whom this brief notice immediately refers, was born about the year 1744; and his youth and prime of manhood appear to have been passed in the service of his country. He entered the army on the 12th of August, 1762, as a cornet in the 1st dragoons; served in the campaign of that year, in Germany, in the allied army under the command of Prince Ferdinand; in 1765, obtained a lieutenantancy; and, in 1775, was appointed captain in his regiment. In 1779, he exchanged into the 20th Light Dragoons, and proceeded to the West Indies in the intended expedition against the Spanish Main; which, however, was anticipated by Lieutenant General Sir J. Dalling, Lieutenant Governor of Jamaica.

Captain Garth returned to England in 1792, and was reduced to half-pay, with other officers of the 20th Light Dragoons. Immediately afterwards he obtained the majority of the Second Dragoon Guards; and, in 1794, he was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the First Dragoons; with which regiment

he was engaged in most of the actions that occurred from the 17th of April to the close of the campaign of 1794.

This officer was next appointed colonel of the Sussex Fencibles; and afterwards, on the death of Lord Fielding, to the late 22d Light Dragoons, raised by the Earl of Sheffield. On the 7th of January, 1801, he was appointed colonel of his former regiment, the First Dragoons. He received the rank of major-general on the 1st of January, 1798; that of lieutenant-general in 1805; and that of general, on the 4th of June, 1814.

General Garth died at his house, in Grosvenor Place, at the advanced age of 85, on the 18th of November, 1829. His will, dated on the 12th of the preceding September, was proved on the 10th December, and the personal property sworn under £16,000. The general bequeathed to his son, Thomas Garth, the moiety of an annuity of £3,000, payable out of the Duchy of Cornwall, and held by letters patent of King Charles II., which, by indenture of the 17th of November, 1820, General Garth had procured to be settled on himself for life, with remainder to his said son for life, and his lawful issue, failing which, remainder to the testator's nephew, Captain Thomas Garth, R.N. To his son, General Garth also left his house in Grosvenor Place, and all his plate, wines, furniture, &c. either there or at his residence at Peddlecombe, Dorsetshire; directing that any sums of money which might have been advanced him to purchase army commissions, or for other purposes, should be considered as gifts, not loans. Some landed property which had been bequeathed to General Garth, by his late sister, Elizabeth Garth, he left to his nephew, Captain Garth, R.N. To his niece, Miss Frances Garth, he left a life annuity of £300. The residue of the general's property was left to Captain Garth, who, with another nephew of the testator, John Fullerton, Esq., of Thoyburgh, in Yorkshire, was appointed executor.

#### LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR HENRY CLINTON, K. C. B.

This officer, a distant relation of the Duke of Newcastle, was the son of Sir Henry Clinton, who distinguished himself in America, during the war of independence, and succeeded Sir William Howe, as Commander-in-Chief. He was also the brother of Lieutenant-General Sir William Henry Clinton, G. C. P., M. P., &c., late Commander-in-Chief in Portugal.

Sir Henry Clinton had seen much service, and was an officer of considerable reputation. He entered the army at an early age; and, in 1795, was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the 66th Foot, from which regiment he exchanged the same year, into the 1st Foot Guards. With that regiment he remained till the 20th of May, 1813, when he was made Colonel-Commandant of a bat-

talion of the 60th; and, in August, 1816, Colonel of the 3d Foot, or Buffs.

In 1809, he acted as Adjutant-General in Spain; and, in the ensuing year, he published a pamphlet entitled "Remarks Explanatory of the Motives which guided the Operations of the British Army during the late Short Campaign, 1809."

On the 25th of July, 1809, he was promoted to the rank of Major-General; on the 4th of June, 1814, to that of Lieutenant-General; and, in the same year, he was invested with the insignia of a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath.

Sir Henry Clinton commanded a division of the army in Spain; was engaged in the battles of Salamanca, Nivelle, Nive, Orthes, and Toulouse; and subsequently in that of Waterloo; services which entitled him to wear the honorary cross, clasp, and medal, for those battles. After the victory of Waterloo, he also received the Orders of Maria Theresa, St. George of Russia, and Wilhelm of the Netherlands.

Sir Henry Clinton was, for some time, Adjutant-General in Ireland; and, through his connection with the Duke of Newcastle's family, he sat during two Parliaments, as member for Boroughbridge. Sir Henry died about the middle of December.

#### MR. WINSOR.

FREDERICK ALBERT WINSOR, who lately died in Paris, in his 68th year, was the founder of the Gas light and Coke Company in London, and of the first gas company which was established in Paris: from his public and persevering efforts arose these and every other gas-light establishment which has since been founded.

It will be recollected that in 1803 Mr. Winsor demonstrated the use to which his discovery of gas-lighting might be publicly applied, though many men of high scientific reputation denied its practicability. His first public experiments were shewn at the Lyceum, in the Strand; he afterwards lighted with gas the walls of Carlton Palace gardens, in St. James's Park, on the king's birth-day, in 1807; and during 1809 and

1810, one side of Pall Mall, from the house which he then occupied in that street. His house was for many years openly shewn, fitted up with gas-lights throughout, to exhibit to the legislature and the country the practicability of his plans.

The memorial to his late Majesty George III. for a charter, and the evidence taken in Parliament and before the Privy Council, bear testimony to the indefatigable and unremitting zeal with which he persevered, until he overcame the obstacles which prejudice had raised against his efforts, and which threatened to prevent the general adoption of his discoveries and improvements.

In 1812, however, a charter of incorporation for a gas-light and coke company was obtained, and success crowned his labours; but his mind having been wholly possessed with the prosecution of an object of such public importance, he was too regardless of his own pecuniary interests, and omitted to retain a legal power over the advantages which resulted from his exertions: he unfortunately trusted too much for his reward to the honour of the parties with whom he was engaged.

In 1815 he extended to France the advantages which had attended his efforts in England. There, too, he was the first to establish a company and erect gas works: but rival interests created other companies, in defiance of patent privileges: and these associations, with large capitals, undermined his interests, and he again gave fortunes to others which ought to have been his own reward.

It is thus that a life, which, it may truly be said, has been an honour to England, has been embittered, if not abridged, by cares and ingratitude. After all the services which he rendered to his country and to the world, and the gains which individuals have realized by his discoveries, the founder of gas-lighting has left no other legacy to his family than the remembrance of his virtues, and of those talents by which the present and future generations have been and will be benefited:

*Sic vos non vobis.*

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#### MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

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ALAS! the customary topic, the weather, takes a melancholy precedence in our present Report; but sanguine hope that June would bring with it a seasonable improvement has been fatally blighted, and to this metaphorical has been joined a material blight, of which a great part of our corn and fruit must experience the disastrous consequences. In our last we deprecated the accustomed annual visitation of that thirsty Saint Swithin; but we have been unfortunately visited by a pre-Swithin, which has deluged all the low lands, caused rivers to overflow, retarded the hay-harvest, and destroyed grass to an incalculable amount. As a heavy addition to this misfortune, the rains have not been associated with winds in the usually rainy points of the compass, south or west, but with cold and chilling winds in the



opposite quarters, attended with hail storms, snow, frosty nights, and a distressing share of the severities of winter and early spring. In these severities, in so great a degree exacerbated and their danger increased in the present advanced season from their constant alternation with the heat of a summer sun. Within these few days we have been flattered with a favourable change, the wind having shifted to the southward of the east, bringing with it a softer and milder temperature; yet the rainy flood-gates are not yet closed, for it rained here incessantly during the last night and morning. Atmospheric alarmists are predicting another cold and rainy summer, with short or spoiled crops, a calamity which Heaven avert! Such an event would finally ruin the major part of the present tenantry of the country. On the other hand, our lunatics are unwilling to surrender their dependence on the influence of the moon, expecting on every change a lunar renovation—a change of the weather; but although the goddess has her regular periodical phases, our atmosphere seems to pay no respect thereto, remaining unchangeable. After all, perhaps, the moon may have no further business with us mortals than to light us to bed. The weather is obviously, and according to all experience, under the dominion of *Æolus*, not of *Luna*. Our only rational dependence subsists in the probability of an opposite change, the weather having so long continued in an unfavourable course; under such a favourable circumstance, the corn crops which have suffered the least injury, might yet turn out highly productive; whilst, to those which have been injuriously affected, an opportunity would be afforded of improvement and recovery.

The crops of grass, as in the last season, natural and artificial, are most luxuriant and heavy, but the rains have retarded the operation of the scythe, much to the injury both of the crops and the lands. Scarcely any commencement was made until the middle of the present month, when a return of foul weather almost immediately put a stop to further proceedings, leaving the grass already cut at a risk, and both farmers and labourers in an unfortunate predicament. At any rate, we have the prospect of a late hay harvest. A considerable riddance is at length said to have been made of the late superabundant stock of old hay. The greatest damage has been suffered from floods sweeping away the products of thousands of acres in the Isle of Ely, Lincolnshire, Durham, Bucks, in many parts of the West, the vicinity of Bath, and in South Wales. The waters retiring from the grass lands, left the crops in such a perished and worthless state, that it would be conferring a favour upon the farmer to clear them away. The clay land fallows are in a worse state, in course, than they were last year, and, as we then predicted, the national stock of weeds has increased, and is increasing to a fearful degree. Great complaints are abroad of the barleys being overrun with *charlock*; and we find in the public prints the following recipe for its eradication, said to be recommended by an experienced agriculturist.—“If you hoe up weeds as fast as they appear, there must soon be an end of their coming. And when after your land shall have become totally freed, and you still continue to hoe, you do so to prevent a recurrence, and for the benefit of dividing and aerating the soil, which is also to bestow upon it a dose of atmospheric manure.” Now this doctrine was promulgated about thirty years since, by that well-known agricultural treatise, the “*New Farmers’ Calendar*,” and had it been generally practised, the lands of this country, instead of their present state, too large a portion of them pretty equally divided between corn and weeds, might the whole of it have been in a state of garden cleanness, the home growth of wheat equal to the national consumption, and the now starving labourers fully employed. The weeds, not the corn crops, have exhausted and impoverished our lands.

Upon low and wet lands all the operations of the season are necessarily backward. On many such, the farmers, ten days since, had not finished potatoe planting, and had scarcely begun to sow their turnips. Sheep shearing commenced about the middle of the month, and the clip is, thus far, reported to be light. The stocks of wool have gradually decreased, at an advancing price, a continental demand having arisen for our long wool. The very old stocks however, held on speculation, go off heavily at an inferior price. The chilling winds and rains which prevailed at the critical season of the wheats bursting into ear and blooming, must have had unfavourable effects upon the most promising crops, upon those of low, cold and infertile soils, the consequences will be ruinous; on such, scarcely half a crop can be expected, and it is no longer rational to look for an average crop of wheat in the present year. The wheats on poor light lands, have suffered much both from ground insects and unfavourable weather. They are thin upon the ground, pale, yellow and sickly, the leaves curled and blighted by the foul atmospheric stroke, furnishing the ear with nests for the reception of the *ova* of the *aphis* or blight fly. Of the oats, too generally, the report is not more favourable. Beans, peas, and potatoes, at present, appear to be the most promising crops; yet it will be an occurrence equally strange as favourable, should the pulse escape the ravages of the black insectile vermin, after such weather as we have experienced. The wheats on good and well tilled soils, particularly in the East and midland counties and in Dorset, wear a large and luxuriant appearance. It is to be noted however, that farmers themselves are customarily guided, not seldom misguided by this flourishing and abundant external appearance; being subsequently taught by the flail, the real state of the case and the extent of internal damage.

The Hops, with few exceptions, have been literally covered with vermin, and where the fly had been washed off by heavy rains, a succession of blighting airs called forth fresh colonies. How this will end remains to be experienced. Bark obtains somewhat more money from the small quantity in the market. The Oaks in various parts, have suffered severely from blight, their leaves shrivelled, pale and sickly as in late autumn. Cheese as before, in great plenty, and slow of sale. The fruit blossom generally injured. Apples said to threaten a complete failure. The cattle markets afford no novelty, whether of improvement or otherwise. All live stock at markets and fairs, particularly sheep and lambs, in vast abundance, numbers frequently driven back for want of purchasers. The great quantity of feed keeps up the price of stores, but if fat stock revive a fraction in price, it is soon reduced by the vast plenty exposed to sale. Of horses, the old story is still current—an immoveable supply of the ordinary and too well worn kind, and an unfailing scarcity of the fresh and good. This necessarily arises from the severity of English labour. There is great plenty of Devon and Sussex labouring oxen, which seem to yield very unsatisfactory prices.

Emigration is proceeding to a far greater extent than has ever before been witnessed in this country. The case of our labourers still remains a most heart-breaking theme, and the misery of the poor hay-makers has brought it home to the sight and feelings of the inhabitants of the metropolis. According to report, these starving wretches have risen in a body at Barnet, and forcibly seized upon all the eatable property of the inhabitants within their reach. As a commentary upon this text, five of these unfortunates have perished in our fields, from mere want of food! This in a country overflowing and glutted with all the necessaries of life and luxury! We are frequently warned that, 'such a state of things cannot endure much longer,' and of the perilous consequences which must inevitably ensue. Political insurrections, however, for certain obvious reasons, are not to be dreaded in the present state of this country: but lamentably, it is not yet without the verge of probability, that we may live to see hosts of marauders, acted upon by the goadings of real distress, and a deep feeling of injury and neglect, prowling the country up and down, and carrying havoc, fire and destruction in their rightful course.

*Smithfield.*—Beef, 3s. 2d. to 4s. 0d.—Mutton, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 0d.—Veal, 3s. 0d. to 4s. 6d. Pork, 3s. 0d. to 4s. 6d.—Dairy do. best, 5s.—Lamb, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 4d.—Raw Fat, 2s. 0½d.

*Corn Exchange.*—Wheat, 48s. to 82s.—Barley, 24s. to 38s.—Oats, 22s. to 32s.—London fine 4-lb. loaf, 10½d.—Hay, 45s. to 105s. per load.—Clover, ditto, 60s. to 110s.—Straw, 42s. to 54s.

Coals in the Pool, 26s. to 35s. 6d. per chaldron.

*Middlesex, June 24.*

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## MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

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**REFINED BOUNTIES.**—It is reported this afternoon that a complete change will take place in the export of refined goods. All bounties will cease on the 5th of July next; that refiners, after that period, will manufacture under the inspection of the excise, taking sugars in bond, West India, East India, and Foreign, paying no duty, and receiving no bounty, but that all the produce of the foreign must be exported; that the molasses from British West India sugar will be allowed to be sold here, and also the refined, under proper regulations as to duty.

**SUGARS.**—The sugar market, on Tuesday, was thrown into great agitation by the unexpected announcement of a complete change in the duties. It will be observed the plans are at present not matured. In the meantime, all business is suspended; about 200 to 300 hogsheads of fine sugar have been only sold. These descriptions cannot be affected by the change of duty. The holders of low brown have withdrawn their sugars from the market. The Mauritius are, nominally, 1s. or 2s. higher for the brown and mid qualities. In refined goods, there has been considerable business, with little alteration in the prices. In low lumps there has been most business done at 70s. to 72s. for packing. The better descriptions have been taken off for crashing. Fine loaves for the double-refined bounty, about 38s. to 39s. are in demand.—*Foreign Sugars.*—There are few sales since the agitation of the new sugar duty.—*East India Sugar.*—The public sales of Mauritius, advertised, 10,000 bags have been withdrawn on account of the expected duty.

**COFFEE.**—The sales have been considerable; British plantation sold heavily; foreign sold rather higher; Havannah, 42s. 6d. to 46s. 6d.; good Cheribon, 34s. 6d. to 37s. or 32s. The Mocha, about 1,600 bags, sold 3s. or 5s. higher; St. Domingo taken in at 32s.; middling fine coffee 2s. or 3s. lower.

**RUM, BRANDY, HOLLANDS.**—The duty on rum, we may now state, is settled; there is 6s. per gallon addition to be placed on all spirits, and the bonus to the West India



planter is the reduction of the duty on sugar. In rum the only purchase is a parcel of Jamaica, 28s. to 38s., over at 2s. 10d. to 3s. In brandy and Geneva there is no business expected.

**HEMP, FLAX, TALLOW.**—The tallow market continues steady, but without briskness. The purchases reported are inconsiderable. Flax is still in demand. Hemp dull.

	1829.		1830.
Stocks of tallow in London,	9,426.	-	15,170.
Delivery weekly,	605.	-	1,177.
Price, Mondays,	37s. 6d.	-	35s.

**Course of Foreign Exchange.**—Amsterdam, 12. 7½.—Rotterdam, 12. 9½.—Antwerp, 12. 6.—Hamburgh, 14. 2.—Paris, 25. 70.—Bordeaux, 25. 95.—Frankfort, 154.—Petersburgh, 10.—Vienna, 10. 16.—Madrid, 36.—Cadiz, 36. 0½.—Bilboa, 36.—Barcelona, 35. 0¼.—Seville, 35. 0¼.—Gibraltar, 47. 0½.—Leghorn, 48.—Genoa, 25. 80.—Venice, 47. 0½.—Malta, 48. 0½.—Naples, 39. 0¼.—Palermo, 119.—Lisbon, 44.—Oporto, 44.—Rio Janeiro, 23.—Bahia, 28.—Dublin, 1. 0½.—Cork, 1. 0½.

**Bullion per Oz.**—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars, £3. 17s. 9d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s. 0d.—New Dollars, £0. 4s. 0¼d.—Silver in Bars (standard), £0. 0s. 0d.

**Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.**—Birmingham CANAL (¾ sh.), 291½.—Coventry, 860½.—Ellesmere and Chester, 99½.—Grand Junction, 294½.—Kenet and Avon, 28½.—Leeds and Liverpool, 462½.—Oxford, 640½.—Regent's, 23½.—Trent and Mersey (¾ sh.), 780½.—Warwick and Birmingham, 284½.—London DOCKS (Stock), 80½.—West India (Stock), 194½.—East London WATER-WORKS, 124½.—Grand Junction, 56½.—West Middlesex, 81½.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 9¾.—Globe, 159½.—Guardian, 27¾.—Hope Life, 7½.—Imperial Fire, 122½.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster chartered Company, 60½.—City, 191½.—British, ½ dis.—Leeds, 195½.

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

*Announced from May 22d to June 22d, 1830, in the London Gazette.*

### BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

W. Grieves, Holborn-bridge, cheesemonger  
W. Walker, sen. and W. Walker, jun. Knaresborough, linen-draper  
T. Bagnall, Westwell, baker  
W. Howard, Braintree, tailor  
T. Hussey, High Holborn, hat-manufacturer  
W. Gausden and J. Jacobs, Barbican, clothes-salesmen  
B. Green, York, corn-miller  
L. Isaac and I. Isaac, Manchester, furriers  
G. Aspinwall, Manchester, commission-agent  
W. Atkinson, Cleckheaton, woolstapler  
Y. Dempster, Mitcham, schoolmaster  
N. Gaskell, Wigan, ironmaster  
W. J. Hooper and C. Burrowes, Adam-street, wine-merchant  
S. Plumbe, Great Russel-street, surgeon

### BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month 118.]

*Solicitors' Names are in parentheses.*

Alexander, T. Manchester, merchant. (Ellis and Co. Chancery-lane; Hampson, Manchester)  
Arthur, J. Bath, baker. (Williams, Gray's-inn; Watts and Co. Bath)  
Aeaster, T. Brotherton, rope-maker. (King, Castle-street; Mason and Co. Doncaster)  
Andrew, J. Stoney-Stratford, innkeeper. (Austen and Co. Gray's-inn; Congreve, Stoney-Stratford)  
Allinson, T. and J. Williams, Manchester, coal-merchants. (Appleby and Co. Gray's-inn; Whitehead, Manchester)  
Adams, J. Preston, tailor. (Norris and Co. John-street; Turner, Preston)  
Bardwell, J. F. Wood-street, warehouseman. (Legge, Roll's-buildings)

Brydone, C. Leicester, carver and gilder. (Thomas, New-inn)  
Bardsley, E. jun. Oldham, cotton-spinner. (Milne and Co. Temple; Casson, Manchester)  
Buxton, R. Skinner-street, milliner. (Manning, Dyer's-buildings)  
Biggs, B. Walworth, surveyor. (Teesdale and Co. Fenchurch-street)  
Beeston, H. and J. Dunston, Hounsdlitch, manufacturers. (Wilks and Co. Finsbury-place)  
Branthwaite, J. Manchester, ironmonger. (Holmer and Co. New-inn; Booker, Liverpool)  
Bretherton, F. Liverpool, coach-proprietor. (Adlington and Co. Bedford-row; Topham and Son, Liverpool)  
Bilton, J. Newman-street, lodging-house-keeper. (Williams, Southampton-buildings)  
Burne, W. Birchin-lane, clothier. (Burt, Mitre-court)  
Bartram, S. Whitechapel-road, coach-maker. (Hudson, Great St. Helen's)  
Barnes, C. Kingston-upon-Hull, earthenware-dealer. (Barbor, Fetter-lane; Young, Stoke-upon-Trent)  
Crosby, J. Spofforth, joiner. (Randel, Walbrook; Stables, Leeds)  
Cussons, T. sen. G. Cussons, and T. Cussons, jun. Manchester, cotton-spinners. (Hurd and Co. Temple; Seddon, Manchester)  
Cordingley, J. T. Lombard-street, laceman. (Robinson and Co. Pancras-lane)  
Crutch, H. and A. Lowdwater, Bucks, paper-manufacturers. (Maugham and Co. Chancery-lane)  
Cromack, G. Leeds, cloth-manufacturer. (Blake-lock and Co. Serjeant's-inn; Nicholson and Co. Leeds)  
Chadwick, J. Leeds, victualler. (Hardwick and Co. Lawrence-lane; Lee, Leeds)  
Carlile, R. Ashburton, serge-manufacturer. (Anderson and Co. New Bridge-street; Terrell and Co. Exeter)  
Dobbie, A. Manchester, wine-merchant. (Cole, Serjeant's-inn; Dumville, Manchester)

- Dunn, S. Exeter, clothier. (Holmer and Co. New-inn; Waldron, Wiveliscombe)
- Diver, R. Great Yarmouth, chemist. (Swain and Co. Old Jewry; Palmer, Great Yarmouth)
- Evans, W. Liverpool, grocer. (Williamson, Liverpool)
- Ely, H. Great Yarmouth, blocksmith. (Ayton, Milman-street; Palmer, Great Yarmouth)
- Fletcher, W. H. Pentridge, brewer. (Hall and Co. New Boswell-court; Hall, Alfreton)
- Foulkes, F. Lambeth, builder. (Selby, Serjeant's-inn)
- Furlong, J. Birkenhead, joiner. (Dean, Temple; Peacock, Liverpool)
- Fawley, J. Berwick-street, painter. (Wilkinson and Co. Bucklersbury)
- Flitz, W. New North-road, builder. (Sheffield and Sons, Prescott-street)
- Flower, H. Welling, chemist. (Bostock and Co. George-street)
- Ford, W. and W. Rennison, Lambeth, pill-box-makers. (Carter and Co. Lord Mayor's-court)
- Farris, T. Canterbury, money-scrivener. (Cross, Surry-street)
- Glover, J. Lutterworth, horse-dealer. (Fuller and Co. Carlton-chambers)
- Glover, E. Ditlewell, horse-dealer. (Fuller and Co. Wratslaw, Rugby)
- Gower, S. S. Catherham, farmer. (Chester, Newington Butts; Long, Croydon)
- Goodall, J. Monmouth, nurseryman. (Pugh, King's-road; Phillpotts, Monmouth)
- Hyslop, M. Token-House-Yard and Jamaica, merchant. (Swain and Co. Frederick's-place)
- Harvey, S. Bodmin, builder. (Smith, Basinghall-street; Wallis, Bodmin)
- Holmes, W. Salford, ironmonger. (Adlington and Co. Bedford-row; Thompson, Manchester)
- Hollis, C. Upper Stamford-street, engineer. (Cole, Furnival's-inn; Griffiths, Monmouth)
- Hobbs, J. Arlington-place, ironmonger. (Patton and Co. Hatton Garden)
- Hagar, J. and T. Morton, paper-makers. (Lake, Cateaton-street)
- Hogg, T. and B. Leeds, woollen cloth-manufacturers. (Wilson, Southampton-street; Payne and Co. Leeds)
- Haslop, T. Bury St. Edmund's, saddler. (Walter, Symond's-inn; Wayman, Bury St. Edmunds)
- Hudson, S. Birmingham, apothecary. (Clarke and Co. Lincoln's-Inn-Fields; Colmore, Birmingham)
- Innes, P. R. and H. Wilson, Milbank, coal-merchants. (Simpson, Austin Friars)
- Johnston, R. Water-street, coal-merchant. (Smith, Great Eastcheap)
- Johnson, A. M. West-Smithfield, victualler. (Evans, Gray's-inn)
- Jenkins, W. Lyme Regis, shipwright. (Holmer and Co. New-inn; Murly, Crewkerne)
- Kain, H. Kingsland-road, agnet. (Statton and Co. Shoreditch)
- King, W. R. W. Hosier-lane, tinplate-worker. (Young and Co. St. Mildred's-court)
- Lloyd, R. Jerusalem Coffee-house, master-mariner. (Spurr, Wamford-court)
- Lamprell, W. Chelmsford, linen-draper. (Jones, Sise-lane)
- Lloyd, L. Skinner-street, furrier. (Spencer, St. Mildred's-court)
- Lautour, P. A. Welbeck-street, dealer. (Charsley and Co. Mark-lane)
- Leeson, W. jun. Nottingham, hosier. (Austen and Co. Gray's-inn; Percy and Co. Nottingham)
- Locke, W. Bury St. Edmunds, innkeeper. (Austen, Gray's-inn; Wing, Bury St. Edmund's)
- Marsh, T. Bath, mercer. (Jones, Crosby-square; Hellings, Bath)
- Macdonald, J. Knaresborough, draper. (Dawson and Co. New Boswell-court; Taylor, Knaresborough)
- Metz, S. Gerrard-street, bill-broker. (Westlake, Tavistock-street)
- Marshall, W. and J. Stoney and J. Dyson, Almondsbury, machine-makers. (Walker and Co. Exchequer-office; Cloughs and Co. Huddersfield)
- Millgate, F. Friday-street, warehouseman. (Davison, Bread-street)
- Miller, B. Chester, brewer. (Philpot and Co. Southampton-street; Finchett and Co. Chester)
- Norcott, W. Covent-garden, wine-merchant. (Gale, Basinghall-street)
- Owen, T. Gledrid, innkeeper. (Blackstock and Co. Temple; Harper, Whitechurch)
- Owen, J. Chiswell-street, victualler. (Clarke, Basinghall-street)
- Peake, T. jun. Oxford, wine-merchant. (Miller, Ely-place)
- Purnell, G. Shoreditch, victualler. (Bousfield, Chatham-place)
- Pengree, H. C. A. W. and J. Noldwitt, Lambeth, ironmongers. (Rhodes and Co. Chancery-lane)
- Parker, J. Whittington, horse-dealer. (Cardale and Co. Gray's-inn; Parker, Worcester)
- Pope, J. Edmonton, builder. (Spyer, Broad-street-buildings)
- Peacock, T. Northallerton, linen-draper. (Lever, Gray's-inn; Anderson, York)
- Priestley, J. Halifax, stuff-merchant. (Evitt and Co. Haydon-square; Craven, Halifax)
- Puckeridge, J. Draycott, farmer. (Eyne and Co. Gray's-inn; Wood, Marlborough)
- Ravald, R. Manchester, ironmonger. (Perkins and Co. Gray's-inn; Thompson, Manchester)
- Roberts, R. Liverpool, builder. (Chester, Staple-inn; Morecroft, Liverpool)
- Reid, A. Bishop Auckland, draper. (Taylor, Clement's-inn's Marshall, Durham)
- Rule, W. Chacewater, grocer. (Clarke and Co. Lincoln's-inn-Fields; Cooke and Sons, Bristol)
- Robertson, I. Clerkenwell, grocer. (Bennet, Cannon-street)
- Riven, A. and T. Egham, brewer. (Richings, Staines)
- Reid, A. Bishop Auckland, draper. (Taylor, Clement's-inn; Marshall, Durham)
- Searle, J. Lombard-street, bill-broker. (Brutton and Co. Broad-street; Brutton, Exeter)
- Smith, W. Warrington, W. Sowden, Manchester, and J. Sowden, Warrington, cotton-manufacturers. (Taylor and Co. Temple; Fitchett and Co. Warrington)
- Stansbie, H. Birmingham, paper-dealer. (Tooke and Co. Bedford-row; Capper, Birmingham)
- Shore, W. A. Stoke-upon-Trent, wine-merchant. (Michael, Red Lion-square)
- Sadler, W. Dartford, lime-burner. (Rush, Crown-court)
- Salisbury, T. Liverpool, sail-maker. (Blackstock and Co. Temple; Deane, Liverpool)
- Sellars, A. Manchester, chemist. (Hurd and Co. Temple; Pendlebury, Bolton-le-Moors)
- Scott, W. Norwich, bombasin-manufacturer. (Lythgoe, Essex-street; Winter, Norwich)
- Shackleton, J. Skipton, innkeeper. (Still and Co. Lincoln's-inn; Netherwood, Keighley)
- Scott, W. New Village, York, linen-draper. (Ross and Son, Gray's-inn; England and Co. Hull)
- Snowden, W. Hollow, builder. (Byrne, Exchequer-Office; Brookes and Co. Tewkesbury)
- Taylor, J. Carlisle, wine-merchant. (Mounsey and Co. Staple-inn; Hodgson, Wigton)
- Thomas, J. Shepton-Mallet, victualler. (Williams, Gray's-inn; Watts, Yeovil)
- Tucker, R. and T. Tower-Royal, stationers. (Richardson, Ironmonger-lane)
- Townshend, R. Great Yarmouth, mast-maker. (Taylor and Co. Inner Temple; Hickling, Lowestoft)
- Were, J. E. Bedminster, tanner. (Stephens, Bedford-row)
- Wylie, H. Bank-chambers, merchant. (Atkins, Fox Ordinary-court, Nicholas-lane)
- Walker, J. Lambeth, builder. (Lewis, Warwick-square)
- Webster, W. H. Oldbury, druggist. (Barbor, Fetter-lane; Fellowes, jun. Dudley)
- Woodward, E. Chelmsford, linen-draper. (Sole, Aldermanbury)
- Williams, T. Cheltenham, coal-merchant. (King, Serjeant's-inn; Croad, Cheltenham)
- Webster, W. Whitechapel, perfumer. (Norton, New-street, Bishopsgate)
- Whitaker, R. New Cavendish-street, linen-draper. (Turner, Basing-lane)
- Walker, W. sen. and W. jun. Knaresborough, drapers. (Strangways and Co. Bernard's-inn; Gill, Knaresborough)
- Willett, T. W. Ernest-street, cheesemonger. (Roe, Gray's-inn)
- Walkden, T. Islington-green, china-dealer. (Duncan, Lincoln's-inn-Fields)
- White, J. G. Minchinhampton, coal-merchant. (Beetham, Freeman's-court)
- Walker, F. Knaresborough, grocer. (Blakelock and Co. Serjeant's-inn; Richardson, Knaresborough)
- Wright, A. Louth, currier. (Hicks and Co. Gray's-inn; Allison, Louth)
- Young, G. Newington-Butts, upholsterer. (Thornbury, Chancery-lane)



## ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. C. J. Glyn to the Rectory of Witchampton, Dorset.—Rev. F. Litchfield to the Rectory of Elham, Kent.—Rev. G. P. Lowther to the Rectory of Orcheston, Wilts.—Rev. B. H. Kennedy to the Mastership of Harrow School.—Rev. T. Comyn to the Perpetual Curacy of Wantesden, Suffolk.—Rev. E. H. G. Williams to the Rectory of St. Peter, Marlborough.—Rev. C. Richards to the Vicarage of Wanborough, Wilts.—Rev. W. Manleverer to the Vicarage of Tynan, Armagh.—Rev. C. Bardin to the Rectory of Derrylovan, Tyrone.—Rev. E. Jackson to the Deanery of Armagh.—Rev. E. B. Sparke to the Vicarage of Littleport, Cambridge,

with Barley Rectory, Herts.—Rev. J. Warne to the Priest-Vicar's Stall, Exeter.—Rev. G. D. Faithful holds the Rectory of Bygrave, with Hatfield Rectory, Herts.—Rev. J. Davies to the Living of St. Pancras, Chichester.—Rev. G. Arthur to the Vicarage of Tamerton Foliat, Devon.—Rev. A. J. Thorp to the Perpetual Curacy of Deneston, Suffolk.—Rev. G. O. Miller to the Rectory of Milton, Northamptonshire.—Rev. A. S. Atcheson to the Rectory of Teigh, Rutland.—Rev. C. Sympton, to the Vicarage of East Drayton, with Askham, Notts.—Rev. W. Cresswell to the Head-Mastership of Chatham and Rochester School.

## CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

## CHRONOLOGY.

May 25. By papers ordered to be printed by the House of Commons, relative to the expenses incurred for the Preventive Service on the Coast, it appears that the total expense was, in 1816, 331,152*l.*; in 1817, 242,510*l.*; in 1818, 392,747*l.*; in 1819, 434,262*l.*; in 1820, 457,608*l.*; in 1821, 523,667*l.*; in 1822, 581,722*l.*; in 1823, 616,839*l.*; in 1824, 581,341*l.*; in 1825, 604,364*l.*; in 1826, 606,097*l.*; in 1827, 581,888*l.*; in 1828, 563,682*l.*; and in 1829, 543,483*l.*

26. Anniversary of the National School Society held at the Central School, Baldwin's Gardens, when the report was made, stating that 216,571 boys and girls were now receiving instruction in Sunday and Daily Schools; and that in 27 places schools had entirely failed during 1829, although they had received pecuniary assistance from the Society!!!

26. Sessions commenced at the Old Bailey.

28. Earl of Aberdeen presented to the House of Lords all the papers in possession of ministers relative to the affairs of Greece, and Prince Leopold's refusal to become sovereign of that country.

28. London Gazette contained an order from Privy Council for Archbishop of Canterbury to prepare a form of prayer for the King's recovery. (N. B. The Jews and other sects had some days previously put up prayers for the same purpose.\*)

29. Sign-Manual Bill, after passing Lords and Commons, (enabling ministers to stamp the King's name to acts of the legislature, &c. during His Majesty's illness), received the Royal Assent.

31. The King appointed Lord Farnborough, Gen. Sir W. Keppel, and Major-Gen. Sir A. F. Barnard, to be his Commissioners for affixing His Majesty's signature to instruments requiring the same.

June 1. Meeting held at the City of London Tavern, for the purpose of affording protection to preachers in the open air, against the interference of the new police; when resolutions were entered into, and subscriptions formed for establishing "The British Open Air and Annual Fair Preaching Society."

2. Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when eleven

\* The prayer for the King's recovery was first used on Saturday last, in Westminster Abbey and St. Margaret's Church—being the anniversary of King Charles's Restoration. One might have supposed that on such an occasion, when the intervention of Divine Providence was to be solemnly invoked for the recovery of a beneficent but afflicted Monarch, that the attendance would have been numerous and becoming: the fact, however, is, that there were not more than *twenty* members of the House of Commons present!!!—*Berkshire Chronicle*, June 5.

prisoners received sentence of death, and seventy-four were transported.

3. Annual meeting of the Canada Company's Proprietors at the London Tavern, when the report stated, that the number of emigrants was increasing; sales of land about 40,000 acres per ann.; average price obtained in the last six months, 10*s.* 2*d.* per acre; in Huron tract about 11,300 had been sold at 7*s.* 6*d.* per acre; at Guelph 1,516 acres had been cleared, 416 of them under wheat crops: the purchases in this district had amounted to 15,274 acres.

4. In the House of Common, 15,000*l.* voted for the late charges of 1830!\*

7. The punishment of Death for the crime of Forgery done away with in the House of Commons by a majority of 13 votes—151 against 138.

10. Public meeting held at Freemasons' Tavern, to consider the best means of relieving the metropolis from the inconvenience arising from the present system of interment, when resolutions were passed for erecting a "Metropolitan Cemetery," out of the town, similar to that of Père la Chaise at Paris.

15. Motion unanimously carried in the House of Commons for forming a select committee to inquire into the present state of the colony of Sierra Leone.

21. News arrived from Paris, stating that the French fleet anchored in the bay of Sidi Ferach (Algiers), June 14; and that the whole of the army had landed that day, and taken possession of the enemy's batteries. The despatches were signed by Count Bourmont, the military commander, and by Admiral Duperre.

26. Death of George IV. announced.

\* Mr. R. Gordon said, "In the recent celebrated persecutions of the Press, the costs were greatly increased by the fees to more counsel than was necessary; in the case of Alexander, *six* counsel were employed for the *persecution* of *one* unfortunate printer, who defended himself." The Attorney-General said, "the reason for employing so many counsel was because frequently he and the Solicitor-General were liable to be called away." To which Mr. Gordon answered: "It was quite plain, of course, that the Attorney and Solicitor General could not each be in *two* places at once—but were they to be paid for being so? Were they to receive fees for being there when it was impossible they could attend?" Mr. Harvey said, "In such cases they were not paid for any thing but for receiving the money!" Sir E. Knatchbull said, "I never before heard of an Attorney-General instituting a *public* prosecution after a *private* one had been commenced!" Sir R. Peel disclaimed having had the slightest share in promoting the recent prosecutions against the Press! He even declared that the Attorney-General had not consulted him *before* the criminal proceedings against the libel on his character had taken place!!!

## MARRIAGES.

At Holland House, Lord Lilford, to Hon. Miss Fox, daughter of Lord Holland.—W. Bissett, esq. nephew to Bishop of Raphol, to Lady Alicia Howard, sister to Earl of Wicklow.—E. M. Whyte, esq. to Alice Maria, second daughter of Sir J. Owen, Bart. M. P.—Rev. R. F. Laurence, nephew to Archbishop of Cashel, to Sarah, daughter of late Hon. Judge Mayne.—Major-General Sir C. Phillips, to Harriet, relict of Rev. R. Strode.—At St. George's, Hanover Square, Lord Ashley, M. P. eldest son of the Earl of Shaftesbury, to the Lady Emily, eldest daughter of Earl Cowper.—Sir Charles Aldis, to Miss Anne Maria Viel.—Viscount St. Maur, son of the Duke of Somerset, to Miss Sheridan, grand-daughter of the late Right Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan.—At Marylebone Church, Rev. C. Baring, youngest son of Sir T. Baring, Bart., M. P., to Miss Sealey.—At Paddington Church, Edward Willson Duffin, Esq., M.D., Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, to Agnes, eldest daughter of John White, Esq., of West-bourn-green.

## MARRIAGE ABROAD.

At Florence, the Noble Demetrio Corgialeagno, of Cephalonia, to Miss E. Harris.

## DEATHS.

At Worthing, Hon. W. H. Irby, brother of the late Lord Boston.—At Blyborough Hall, P. J. Luard, esq. 76.—In Hill-street, Lady Amherst, 90, relict of Jeffery, Lord Amherst.—At Blackheath, R. Sowerby, esq. 94.—Lord Kilwarden.—At Roehampton, Lady Mary Hill, daughter of late Marquis of Down-

shire.—In Great Cumberland-street, Right Hon. Richard Cavendish, Lord Waterpark.—At Walcot Park, the Lady Henrietta Antonia Herbert, 72, Countess of Powis, and mother of the Duchess of Northumberland.—At Weymouth, Rev. Sir C. T. Waller, bart.—In Berkeley-square, General Meyrick.—At Hastings, Lady Charlotte Stopford, daughter of the Earl of Cerestown.—At Cheltenham, Hon. Mrs. Strangways.—At Shepton Mallett, T. Taylor, 104!—At Tonbridge Wells, Hon. and Rev. M. J. Stapleton, eldest son of Lord Le Despencer.—At Sedburgh, Rev. Dr. Somerville, 90.—At Dalston, Mrs. Kidd, 77, sister of Sir C. Flower, bart.—In York-street, Lieutenant-General Raymond.—Field-Marshal Earl Harcourt, 88.—At Hertingfordbury, Mrs. Ridley, widow of the late Rev. Dr. H. Ridley, and sister of Lady Eldon.—Near Worcester, W. Price, esq. : he had been assistant secretary and interpreter to the British Embassy to Persia, under Sir Gore Ouseley.—In Park-street, Sir Lucas Pepys, bart., 89, physician to George III.—His Majesty George IV.

## DEATHS ABROAD.

At Abbeville, 82, Peter Joseph Bertin, formerly Superior of the College of Abbeville, and Member of the Academy of Amiens. He had resided in Oxford; and presented D. C. L. with the present Archbishop of Tours, a peer of France. They resided in the University as teachers of the French language for many years, and, as a mark of respect, the University defrayed the expenses attending their honorary degrees.—In Green County (North Carolina), Anthony Van Pett, 126!—At Florence, Rev. Dr. D. Berguer, 78.

## MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

**NORTHUMBERLAND.**—The unemployed seamen of the port of Sunderland have addressed a letter to the ship-owners of that port, stating that there are "at least between two and three hundred seamen, who have served their apprenticeship out of the port, totally out of employment;" and beg, therefore, humbly to represent their case to the ship-owners of their native port, trusting that they will give them the preference, whenever vacancies take place in their respective ships, to utter strangers, who (as they state) are now very numerous increasing in the port.—*Tyne Mercury*.

June 1. According to annual custom, the children of the Sunday schools in this town (Newcastle) and neighbourhood, connected with the Newcastle Sunday School Union, were assembled at Newcastle and at Gateshead, where they went through the services appointed for the occasion. In the evening a Report for the last year was read, which stated that the formation of Sunday school libraries, in the country schools, had been actively prosecuted, and they were found to be very useful auxiliaries; and that the numbers of schools, teachers, and children, are as follow :—

	Sch.	Teach.	Chil.
Connected with the Union,	128	2,489	13,397
Not connected, about	43	416	4,319
Making a total of	171	2,905	17,716

**CUMBERLAND.**—Thursday last being the day appointed for opening the new corn-market in Aspatria, at an early hour in the morning a large concourse of respectable farmers and yeomen had assembled, and laden carts, with numbers of persons on horseback and on foot, poured into the village in

rapid succession until the time fixed for commencing the market. The quantity of grain and other articles of necessary consumption offered for sale was much greater than could have been anticipated by the warmest friends of this new and apparently prosperous undertaking. From the spirit displayed by the principal inhabitants, who have spared neither expense nor exertions to ensure the success of the new mart, and the animation conspicuous amongst both buyers and sellers, there is little doubt of Aspatria becoming, if not a first-rate, yet a very considerable market, and that at no distant period.—*Cumberland Packet*, June 15.

**YORKSHIRE.**—The Northern Exhibition of the Works of Art was opened to the public, May 24, in Leeds, having on the Saturday preceding been submitted to the inspection of the members and their friends. Many of the pictures are by ancient masters, but they are principally works of modern British artists. The numbers extend to 439, and the arrangement appears to have been made with great skill and judgment.

Our attention has been called to a disgraceful practice, which we are informed prevails in certain villages in the vicinity of this city : this custom is no less than the holding of a sort of weekly *slave-market*. In one of the villages alluded to, it is, we understand, the habit of the farmers to assemble every Friday evening; and being congregated, a list of the labouring poor who are in the receipt of parochial relief is produced, and their work for the ensuing week is put up to auction to the *highest bidder*! and notice is sent to them, that, for the next week, they belong to Farmer Such-an-one; and to him they must go, for him they must labour, and that too for the price he has bid for them in the market.



The price of their labour varies from *three to seven shillings*. In point of personal independence, the wretch who toils among West Indian sugar-canes stands his equal, and we fear surpasses him in personal comforts. Ought such a system as this to be tolerated for one moment in Britain, the land of anti-slavery institutions? The uncompromising enemies of *slavery* in every form, whether among blacks or whites, we have discharged our duty by holding up the matter to public opprobrium, and we trust it will meet with universal condemnation.—*York Courant*, June 8.

At the twenty-fourth half-yearly meeting of the Leeds, Skyrack, and Morley Savings' Bank, held lately, it was ascertained, that since the commencement of that valuable institution, 6662 persons have paid into the Bank the sum of 274,213*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.* and have, as their occasions required, withdrawn the sum of 174,249*l.* 13*s.* 5*d.* The interest-money withdrawn bears a very small proportion to the interest accumulated; and there now remains, including such accumulation, the sum of 133,757*l.* 13*s.* 11*d.* at the disposal of the present depositors, being an increase of 3,979*l.* 2*s.* 1*d.* since last November.

A meeting has been held at Leeds of the friends of "The British and Foreign School Society," whose object is to promote the daily instruction of the children of the poor of every class and sect in the elementary branches of education, and in moral and religious principles.\*

The village of Wykeham, near Scarbro', probably possesses institutions and scientific knowledge in a degree unequalled by any hamlet in the kingdom. For there is "A Literary and Debating Society," a Theatrical Company, with appropriate wardrobe and scenery, and a Professor delivering lectures on Astronomy!!!—*York Chronicle*, June 17.

LANCASHIRE.—The number of emigrants who have sailed from Liverpool for the United States of America, from 1st February to 28th May, as accurately as the information can be obtained, is as follows:—To New York, nearly 5000; Philadelphia, from 500 to 600; Boston, 50 to 100; Baltimore, 500 to 600; number to British America, 600 to 700. The fares are from 25 to 35 guineas for the cabin (finding every requisite during the voyage), and from 3*l.* 10*s.* to 6*l.* in the steerage (the parties providing themselves). The expense of landing is one dollar, to be paid by each emigrant at every port except Boston.

The Common Council of Liverpool has announced the intention of the corporation this year to give 100*l.* in aid of art, and 50*l.* for the best picture, any subject and any size, painted expressly for the exhibition in Liverpool, and the competition to be open to the artists of the United Kingdom.

\* Pleasing accounts of the operations of the Institution in England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Spain, Italy, Malta, Denmark, Switzerland, Russia, Madeira, India, Greece, South Africa, West Indies, South America, United States, the Canadas, Nova Scotia, &c. were exhibited. The information relative to Greece is particularly interesting. Flourishing schools have been established in Syria, Zea, Andros, Tino, Mycono, Samos, Kalumno, Naxos, Paros, Anasi, Santorino, Gambasa, Siphno, Serpho, Thermia, Morea, Egina, Mytilene, and Cyprus. Even in the Turkish dominions they are now about to establish schools. In Greece and Turkey, as well as in India, female education has hitherto been almost wholly neglected. A brighter day has thus dawned upon the world; and the British and Foreign School Society is already become a powerful instrument in the promotion of good; and the pecuniary aid of those who have "enough and to spare" is alone wanting to render it still more extensively useful.—*Leeds Intelligencer*.

June 14, the directors of the Manchester and Liverpool railway proceeded from the latter to the former place, on a tour of inspection. The engine used on the occasion was a new one, constructed by Messrs. Stephenson, and designated the Arrow. In addition to its own weight, with its appendages for the supply of water, &c. seven tons, it drew behind it seven waggons laden with stones, weighing 27 tons: behind these were stationed two coaches, containing the directors and their friends, weighing five tons more; making a total weight of 39 tons! With this weight the engine compassed the distance (rather more than 30 miles) in two hours and one minute, exclusive of 19 minutes taken up in stoppages for the necessary supply of fuel and water.—The average speed on the return from Manchester was 20 miles an hour; and in passing over Chat Moss, the carriages proceeded for a time at the rate of 27 miles!!!

LINCOLNSHIRE.—Colonel Johnson, the High Sheriff of this county, has addressed a letter to the Committee of the House of Commons appointed to investigate the expense attending the service of the Shrievalty, which exhibits the extortionate amount of charges which are levied upon that office in addition to private expenses. After enumerating the respective articles in a *catalogue raisonné*, "To crown the whole," he says, "the fees to officers in the various government departments (Marshal, Usher, Cursitor Baron, *Comptroller of the Pipe, Bag-Man*, &c.), for passing the Sheriff's accounts and obtaining the inadequate allowances, are no less than 113*l.* 8*s.* 7*d.*"

SOMERSETSHIRE.—The Royal Assent has been given to an act for draining and improving the low lands in the parishes of Othery, Middlezoy, and Westonzoyland. Also to an act for building a bridge over the river Avon, from Clifton to the opposite of the river, and for making roads and approaches thereto. Also to an act for repairing and improving several roads leading from Chard to Drempton, in the county of Dorset. Also to an act for making certain new roads in the counties of Somerset and Devon, leading to and from Tiverton; and also for repairing several roads leading to and from Wiveliscombe.

CHESHIRE.—A public meeting of the artisans and others of Macclesfield and the neighbourhood has been lately held, pursuant to a notice placarded on the walls, to take into consideration the propriety of forming an Association for the Protection of Labour, when several resolutions were unanimously agreed on for that purpose.

DERBYSHIRE.—The expenditure for this county, from Easter Sessions, 1829, to those of 1830, amounts to 16,744*l.* 8*s.* 0*d.*—upwards of 12,000*l.* of which has been consigned to law and its concomitants.

DEVONSHIRE.—The new Market-place at Tiverton, which has been erected by subscription, and cost 9000*l.*, was opened, June 8. The workmen employed were regaled with a plentiful dinner and plenty of strong beer at the expense of the Commissioners, and the day was ushered in by the ringing of bells, &c. The cupola and principal entrances were adorned with laurels, flags, &c., and the whole presented a scene of the gayest and most pleasing description. The market was very fully attended, and displayed a show of meat of the first quality; and every one seemed highly pleased with the choice of situation, and the able manner in which every

part of the building is erected. The whole, when completely finished, will occupy an area of two acres, with four entrances to the principal streets.

**LEICESTERSHIRE.**—We have to congratulate the public on the opening of the Bagworth colliery, which took place on Thursday. The coal is of an excellent quality, and is likely to prove very beneficial to the neighbourhood when the new railway (which will pass near Bagworth) is finished. A beautiful steam-engine of 130-horse power has been erected at the colliery.—*Leicester Paper*.

**HERTS.**—A Savings' Bank at Hertford, which, 12 months ago, had invested in Government securities upwards of 12,000*l.*, has, at this moment, only a balance in hand of a little more than 240*l.*! It is computed, that out of 490 labourers and artisans, who, at the period we are alluding to, were getting a living, and "laying by for a rainy day in the Savings' Bank at Hertford," more than four-fifths are now reduced to a state of pauperism!!!

**GLOUCESTERSHIRE.**—The pulpits of our several churches were on Sunday last most successfully devoted to the cause of that excellent institution, the Female Orphan Asylum. The result of the collections was as follows:—St. Mary's Church, 66*l.* 5*s.* 7*d.*; Trinity Church, 50*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*; St. John's Church, 41*l.* 6*s.* 7*d.* We believe the rules of this charity are well known; but, for the information of strangers, it may be just added, that Candidates are eligible from all parts of the kingdom, and that children deprived of either father or mother are admitted to the benefits of the establishment.—*Cheltenham Chronicle*, June 17.

**WILTS.**—June 9, the farmers of the parish of Oaksey, agreed to reduce the wages of the Female Haymakers from tenpence to ninepence per day, which caused general dissatisfaction among them; some of whom assembled next morning at the bell-fry, and tolled the bell! Their numbers soon increased to between 60 and 70; when a "resolution was passed," that they would not return to their work till the old price of tenpence per day should be obtained from their employers!

**BUCKS.**—We have to record another instance of the fatal effects of the abominable system of prize-fighting, which, to the eternal disgrace of the Legislature, has so long been permitted. A great fight took place near the village of Hanslope in Buckinghamshire, for 200*l.* a side, between Simon Byrne, an Irishman, and Alexander M'Kay, a Scotchman. The latter, who lost the fight, was most cruelly beaten. He received many heavy blows about the left temple; and his face was so frightfully cut and disfigured, that the features were lost in a confused mass of gore and bruises! He was bled in the ring, but was totally insensible; and he died the next day! Byrne is in custody.\*

\* Another young man named King has also been killed in "a pitched battle." To this murderous catalogue is also to be added a third fatal termination of one of these brutal encounters, which took place at Apperley (Gloucestershire) between W. Palmer and T. Windle, which ended in the death of the latter. When will these diabolical atrocities be put an end to? When will the opulent persons (*noblemen! and gentlemen!*) who disgrace the character of the nation by being present at these fights be apprehended and made examples of? Mr. Chambers, the magistrate of Union Hall, in reference to the late fatal battle between the Irish and Scotch Champions, expressed himself disposed to send some of these wealthy patrons of boxing to the treadmill!!!

**OXFORDSHIRE.**—June 2, the Oxfordshire Agricultural Society held their Anniversary for distribution of Prizes, &c. on the premises of Mr. Davey at Dorchester. Colonel Tilson (the President), the two County Members, and other gentlemen of the county were present; and about 100 dined in Mr. Davey's *large barn*,\* which was neatly fitted up for the occasion. The day passed with great conviviality, several good songs were sung, and some interesting speeches on agricultural subjects were spoken by different members on their healths being drank. At the dinner it was suggested that the anniversary meeting should be held alternately at Dorchester, Woodstock, Banbury, and Witney, in future.

**WORCESTERSHIRE.**—A valuable stratum of rock salt has been recently discovered at Stoke Prior, within a few miles of Droitwich, where brine-pits have been worked for many centuries. The process of boring for brine was going on in an enclosure of about six acres, the property of Mr. Farden. When at the depth of 100 yards, the workmen unexpectedly met with several veins of rock salt, and, after penetrating a few yards lower, they came to a continuous stratum of that valuable mineral. The stratum has been bored to the extent of ten yards, and so far it is ascertained to be solid; and it is imagined that the rock is of a much greater depth, and spreads over a wide field. The quality of the rock is excellent.

**WARWICKSHIRE.**—The Dissenters of Birmingham have had a meeting on that part of the bill for regulating the Birmingham Free Grammar School which enacts that "no person shall be elected a governor who is not a member of the Established Church of England." They determined to oppose this obnoxious clause, and it has been done with effect, for it has since been taken out of the Bill; and in consequence of a subsequent meeting of the Inhabitants, a petition to Parliament has been voted, specifying, "That it seems highly expedient that the Bill should be withdrawn for the present session"—and the House of Lords have adjourned its consideration.

**SHROPSHIRE.**—By the abstract of the accounts of the trustees of the Srewsbury streets, it appears that the sum of 23,128*l.* 7*s.* 8*d.* has been paid from June, 1821, to August, 1829, for improving, lighting, watching, &c. the streets of that town.

**NORFOLK.**—On opening a bridge recently, connected with the stupendous undertaking which is now going on in this county, Colonel Harvey said, "they had met to open a bridge which would remain for ages a splendid monument of the skill and judgment of their engineer, exceeding in magnitude, by several feet, not only the span of that at St. Catharine's Dock, but of any in the kingdom." We are further told, in the detail of the proceedings of the day, that in less than two short months, a lock capable of receiving the largest class of His Majesty's frigates will be finished, and in less than six months the communication with the sea will be completed!

**MONMOUTHSHIRE.**—The extensive tract of

\* That a *barn* should have been chosen for such a dinner as this, and for such a place as Oxford, has, it seems, surprised many of its friends and supporters; who have hinted the propriety of holding the anniversary meeting, and the distribution of prizes and the dinner to take place in the Town Hall.



woodland country eastward of Monmouth, comprising the Beaulieu Grove, Hadnock Wood, and the crown property, have become a scene of devastation by the ravages of blight. Thousands of oaks which a few days since presented pleasing verdure have been entirely stripped of their foliage, and have become winter-like in appearance. The grub has confined itself to the oak stores or trees; and when the top leaves of one tree are devoured, the insects lower themselves by a fibrous web which they spin, and ascend the next. There are few oaks throughout the whole of these woods but what have been visited by this destroyer of vegetation. The oldest woodwards on this property do not remember such destruction to the oak.

**SCOTLAND.**—A society has been formed at Glasgow by several professional gentlemen, merchants, and manufacturers, resident there and neighbourhood, under the title of "The Glasgow Celtic Society for promoting Literary and other Improvements connected with the Highlands." Two of the resolutions of the Society are as follow: 1st, That, for ascertaining the nature and extent of the improvement of the Gaelic language which will be most agreeable to the Highlanders generally, the Society shall cordially invite the opinion or suggestions of all those who take an interest in the matter, and also give Prizes for Essays on the subject; and shall exert its energies to effect such improvement as, after mature discussion and deliberation, appears most expedient; and, 2d, That the efforts of the Society will likewise be exerted to promote Gaelic literature generally, and diffuse useful information among the Highlanders, as well as to effect such other improvements connected with the Highlands as may be deemed expedient.

It is about 5 years since a Scottish Ladies' Society for promoting Female Education in Greece was formed, and from their Report it appears that they had succeeded in putting their benevolent theory to the test of experiment. Last spring they dispatched Miss Robertson to Corfu as their agent, with instructions to commence operations in that island, who, on consulting Sir Frederick Adam, the governor of the Ionian Archipelago, found that there were two modes by which she might commence her labours. One was by starting a school for the children of the higher classes—the other by opening a seminary on the Lancasterian plan for those of lower parentage. At the date of Miss Robertson's last letter, her own school was in a flourishing state, and her boarders were 40 in number. The Scottish Ladies' Committee, though their funds were exhausted, resolved to trust to the liberality of the friends of education, and empowered the Rev. Mr. Lowndes to continue the other school at their expense. Thus encouraged, he not only continued his school at Potamo, but opened a new one in the village of Castrades. The same gentleman has, moreover, made arrangements for forming a foreign corresponding committee at Corfu, consisting of 3 English clergymen and 3 respectable Greeks. Hopes are held out that the labours of the Society may be equally successful in Cephalonia.

June was ushered in with a shower of snow! For some days previous the weather was exceedingly cold and boisterous, and in the Highlands the drifting snow compelled the people who were busy casting peats, in some places to leave the moors. The Caledonian coach drove upwards of 20 miles of the road betwixt Blair and Inverness through snow; and some of the higher range of the Grampians appeared in the same covering. The unseasonableness of the weather has not, however, affected the appearance of the crops. Potatoe-planting is every

where finished, and the sowing of Swedish turnips is going actively forward.—*Perth Courier*.

**WALES.**—The improvements introduced by the march of mechanical intellect in the North of England are rapidly extending themselves in this part of the country. Last week an improved railway and self-acting inclined plane, of nearly half a mile in length, were opened in the immediate neighbourhood of Swansea, which appear to merit the inspection of the scientific and curious in these matters. This inclined plane connects the Pentre Colliery, the property of the Landore Colliery Company, with the Swansea Canal, and has been formed at considerable expense, the embankment being in some parts above 20 feet high. 10 tons of coal are passed at a time over the space of nearly half a mile in 2 minutes, being at the rate of 15 miles per hour. Thus this simple arrangement would enable the proprietors, if their demand required it, allowing an interval of 3 minutes each time for casting off and reconnecting the empty and full waggons, to send down 120 tons of coal in an hour.—*The Cambrian*.

**IRELAND.**—At no time was distress more prevalent in Ireland than at the present moment: pauperism and starvation are staring her in the face. Potatoes, of the only description now eatable, are *tenpence* a stone in Dublin market; and so scarce and dear are they in all the country parts of Ireland, that it is to be feared the poor will speedily have to endure all the horrors of famine. The late Meeting at the Dublin Mendicity Institution needs neither note nor comment. It appears that the funds of that Institution are reduced to two shillings and sixpence, with nearly 3,000 unfortunate beings totally dependent upon it for support! An alarming rise in the price of oatmeal has likewise taken place. In Tipperary the peasantry are actually famishing, so that provisions cannot be conveyed from place to place without an armed escort. All the fairs recently held have been miserable failures. In Kerry and Clare many thousands are indebted to charitable contributions for the scanty sustenance they receive. In Sligo the distress is said to equal that which prevailed in the memorable summer of 1822. An Enniskillen Journal says that nothing equal to the pressure of want and distress felt at present by the poor of that town has been experienced during the last fifteen years!—*The Warder*.

At a Meeting of the Parishioners of St. Thomas's Parish, Dublin, June 12, It was Resolved—That we, in common with our fellow-subjects of every rank and persuasion, have learned with deep disappointment and regret the avowed intention of Government to force upon this already impoverished Country, in direct opposition to the interests, and utterly regardless of the expressed feelings of its People, a new, uncalled-for, and oppressive system of Taxation, under the pretext of Assimilating "The Duties of the United Kingdom," and that too at a time when they have relieved the fostered and therefore wealthy and flourishing portion of the Empire of Taxes to the amount of upwards of Three Millions.—*The Warder*.

With sincere satisfaction we have been informed that the Protestant Colonization Society has taken a large tract of land, consisting, as we have heard, of about 12,000 acres, from Sir Edward Hayes, Bart., situated near Stranorlar, county Donegal, at 3s. per acre, and of such a description that bullocks might graze on most part of it; and we hear a considerable portion of it is occupied in that way at present.—*The Warder*.

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KING WILLIAM THE FOURTH.

SHARING fully in the general hope that better times are at hand, and, rejoicing in the general joy at the King's accession, we have thought it a duty to devote the first part of our present publication to a brief narrative of the life of his present Majesty.

William Henry, now King William the IVth, was the third son of George the Third, and was born in August 1765, three years after the birth of the late king.

As it was the intention of George the Third to make his sons serviceable to their country, the young prince was intended from an early age for the NAVY, the King justly looking upon that noble service as worthy of all honour, and, like the true patriot that he was, desiring that he should be seen by his people contributing like other fathers to the glory of his country. The young prince entered the navy towards the close of the American war, but was fortunately in time to be present in the great battle fought by Rodney against the Spanish fleet under Langara. He was at that period fourteen years old. The ship in which he was Midshipman was the Prince George of 98 guns, so named in honour of the Prince of Wales, and bearing the flag of Admiral Digby.

After the victory over the Spaniards which established Rodney's fame, retrieved the honour lost by the blunders of our military officers, and showed the English government what the English people had never doubted, that the Navy was the true bulwark of the nation, while the army was at best but a doubtful instrument of success abroad, and might be a formidable means of injury to the liberties of Britons; the prince's ship was employed in pursuing the remnants of the enemy's naval force in the West Indies. The Prince George was fortunate in meeting a French convoy escorted by a ship of the line and some smaller vessels of war. The fighting ships were captured and the convoy dispersed or taken.

His Royal Highness was still a Midshipman, for it was the especial order of the King that he should go through the gradations of service like any other officer. And this circumstance gave rise to a striking and natural remark of the Spanish admiral. Langara, at the close of the action went on board Rodney's ship, and when he expressed a desire of returning to his own, he was waited on by the little midshipman, hat-in-hand, to tell him that the boat was ready. Rodney introduced the boy, mentioning his rank: on which Langara lifted up his eyes, exclaiming, that England might well be irresistible at sea, when the Son of her King was thus content to go through the humblest ranks of her service!

The royal family were, in general, large formed and athletic figures.

M.M. *New Series*.—VOL. X. No. 56.

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The Duke of Clarence was under their stature, but his frame was compact, and appeared to be so much fitted for the hardships of a naval life, that it was probably one of the King's inducements to select him for the sea. Various anecdotes are told of his personal hardihood and spirit, and peculiarly of his taking his full share in the common privations and rough work of the midshipman's life, without any reserve on account of his personal rank. The story of his quarrel with his fellow-midshipman, since Captain Sturt, is one of the instances. From some accident the two boys disagreed on the deck; when Sturt roundly told the Prince that "but for his being a Prince, he would give him a threshing." The Brunswick blood was up in arms at once: the boy pulled off his jacket, which had some little distinguishing ornament of lace on its collar. "You will give me a threshing?" said he, flinging the jacket from him. "There goes the Prince! now try!" The combatants fell to without delay, and fought, till some of the officers, not altogether approving of this style of affairs of honour, separated them; some blood being lost on the occasion, but no honour! and the warriors becoming, of course, greater friends than ever. During his stay in the West Indies his Royal Highness made himself popular by his good humour and absence of the pride of rank. He was learning the business of a Sailor, and no officer in the fleet went through all the points of duty or companionship in more seamanlike style. But he distinguished himself still more by an act of manly feeling for an unfortunate brother-midshipman, which was thus detailed at the time in a letter from an officer in His Majesty's Ship the *Torbay*:—

*"Port Royal Harbour, April 17, 1783.*

"The last time Lord Hood's fleet was here, a court-martial was held on Mr. Benjamin Lee, midshipman, for disrespect to a superior officer, at which Lord Hood sat as president. The determination of the court was fatal to the prisoner. He was condemned to death. Deeply affected as were the whole body of midshipmen at this dreadful sentence, they knew not how to obtain a remission of it, since Mr. Lee was ordered for execution; while they had not time to make their appeal to the Admiralty, and despaired of success in a petition to Admiral Rowley. However, his Royal Highness generously stepped forth, drew up a petition, to which he was the first to set his name, and solicited the rest of the midshipmen in port to follow his example. He then carried the petition himself to the admiral, and in the most pressing and urgent manner, begged the life of an unhappy brother, in which he succeeded, and Mr. Lee is reprieved. We all acknowledge our warmest thanks to our humane and worthy prince, who has so nobly exerted himself in preserving the life of a brother sailor."

With the peace the French and Spanish ports were thrown open, and his Royal Highness made the tour of some of the principal islands, where he was received with great attention by the French and Spanish officers. In the course of his visit to the Havannah, another instance was given of his active and sailor-like good-nature. Some of the English prisoners had in some way or other during the war, broken the Spanish regulations relative to prisoners, and had thereby incurred sentence of death. The sentence having been delayed, probably by the usual tardiness rather than by the humanity of Spanish law, the Spanish governor of Louisiana, Don Galvez, was applied to instantly by the prince,

and after a brief period the prisoners were sent to him. His Royal Highness immediately in the greatest exultation wrote to the governor, thanking him for a boon so valuable to his feelings as a man and a Briton.

“**SIR**,—I want words to express to your Excellency my just sense of your polite letter, of the delicate manner in which you caused it to be delivered, and of your generous conduct towards the unfortunate men in your power. Their pardon which you have been pleased to grant on my account, is the most agreeable present you could have offered me, and is strongly characteristic of the bravery and gallantry of the Spanish character. This instance increases, if possible, my opinion of your Excellency’s humanity, which had appeared on so many occasions during the late war. Admiral Rowley is to despatch a vessel to Louisiana for the prisoners. I am convinced they will ever think of your Excellency’s clemency with gratitude; and I have sent a copy of your letter to the King, my father, who will be fully sensible of your Excellency’s attention to me. I request my compliments to Madame Galvez, and that you will be assured that actions so noble as that of your Excellency will ever be remembered by Your’s sincerely,

“**WILLIAM P.**”

Another letter, and a very characteristic one, is given, in which he almost predicted Nelson’s eminence; at least he formed his opinion of the abilities of that first of naval heroes, at a period when Nelson was comparatively unknown, and when the great warrior of the Mediterranean was confined to the gulphs and straits of the West Indies. The Duke of Clarence, speaking of his own service on the West India station, says, in a letter to a friend:

“It was at this time that I particularly observed the greatness of Nelson’s superior mind. The manner in which he enforced the spirit of the Navigation Act, first drew my attention to the commercial interests of our country. We visited the different islands together; and excepting the naval tuition which I had received on board the *Prince George*, when the present Rear Admiral Keats was lieutenant of her; and for whom we both entertained a sincere regard, my mind took its first decided naval turn from this familiar intercourse with Nelson.”

The *Prince’s* intercourse with Nelson arose from a circumstance which, in the beginning, seemed likely to have ruined that great officer, but which, by the odd turns that apparent disasters sometimes take, finally secured to Nelson both a wife and a friend. Nelson happening to be senior captain on the Leeward Island station, in the latter part of the war, had thought it his duty to see that British law was attended to in all points, so far as the station was concerned. The Navigation Law prohibiting all foreign ships from trading with the islands, and Nelson not being inclined to discover any reason why America, which had rendered herself a foreigner, should transgress the law, immediately on his dropping anchor, gave notice that every foreign vessel which did not quit the islands within forty-eight hours, should be seized. The Americans, proud of their success, and fond of making all the money they could in the British Islands, pretended to think the proclamation not applicable to themselves. But they were yet to know Nelson. He instantly swept the harbour of Nevis, and finding four



Yankee traders there, ordered them to show their papers ; the evidence was sufficient: they were pronounced *foreigners*, to the great astonishment of Jonathan, and to his still greater astonishment, they were pronounced legal prizes. The owners made a prodigious clamour, and applied to the admiral on the station, who, not liking to involve himself in law, was on the point of giving way to the demand. But Nelson interfered, his civil boldness was no more to be terrified by the lawyers than his military spirit by the enemy. He insisted on his being in the right, and he finally secured the prizes. The transaction attracted the notice of government, who highly approved of the decisive and clear conduct of the navy on the occasion, returning its thanks, however, to the wrong quarter, the admiral. But the facts were not to be concealed, and Nelson gained, on the spot, all the credit that he had deserved.

This conduct particularly attracted the notice of Mr. Herbert, the president of Nevis, whose niece, Mrs. Nesbitt, Nelson afterwards married. Prince William was also so much struck with him, that he sought the first opportunity of being introduced, and continued to take all opportunities of being with him during his service on the station.

The prince after serving the regular time in each rank, received his flag in 1790, as rear admiral of the blue ; a more rapid promotion, of course, than can be expected to fall to the lot of naval officers in general, but still not violating the regulations of the navy. He had about a year and a half earlier been made Duke of Clarence, and St. Andrew's, and Earl of Munster, thus taking a title from each quarter of the British Isles.

From this period his Royal Highness had no command, a neglect against which he very frequently and strongly remonstrated. The ground of ministerial objection was never declared ; and whether it was from an unwillingness to hazard a prince, who from the determined celibacy, as it was then supposed, of the Prince of Wales ; and the casualties that might threaten the life of the Duke of York, then commencing his military service ; might be presumed destined to succeed to the throne, a conjecture to which the fact has given testimony : or whether the objection might arise from the fear of royal etiquette embarrassing the conduct of a fleet ; or from a dread of the duke's inexperience in command on a large scale, where the loss of a battle might lay open the shores of England to the combined fleets of Europe under the revolutionary flag ; his Royal Highness lived from that period in retirement.

Of his fitness as a captain of a frigate, we have high testimony. Nelson in a letter to his friend Captain Locker, from the West Indies, says—

“ You must have heard, long before this reaches you, that Prince William is under my command. I shall endeavour to take care that he is not a loser by that circumstance. He has his foibles as well as private men, but they are far overbalanced by his virtues. In his professional line, he is far superior to near two-thirds, I am sure, of the list ; and in attention to orders, and respect to his superior officers, I hardly know his equal. His Royal Highness keeps up strict discipline in his ship, and without paying him any compliment, she is one of the finest ordered frigates I have seen.”

Of the private career of the prince, we have no desire to enter deeply into detail ; the unhappy law which prohibits the marriage of the

blood royal without the sanction of the King, naturally exposes the princes to a species of connexion which offends higher laws than those of the land. On all the male branches of the royal family, charges of this obnoxious kind are commonly fastened; and as it is neither our purpose to enlarge upon topics that cannot serve any good feeling, nor to throw unsuitable offence upon the character of an individual who is now, by the laws of the land, the possessor of the crown, we turn from the discussion altogether.

The Duke made frequent applications to the ministry for employment during the French war. But some powerful competitor always appeared, and the Duke's naval ambition was disappointed. In particular, he had made strong representations to his royal father for the command of the Mediterranean fleet, from which Lord Collingwood, then in infirm health, had solicited to be removed. He was disappointed; and the disappointment, though it might not have soured a disposition which seems naturally kind and good-natured, yet produced a long retirement from public life. While his royal brothers were mixing in general society, and prominent in politics and public meetings, the Duke of Clarence seldom came from his residence at Bushy Park. He stated but a year or two ago, at the dinner of the Goldsmiths' Company, that it was the first public body which had ever presented him with its freedom. And the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund of the year before last, if we recollect rightly, gave the first instance of his presiding at a public dinner. It is no flattery to say, for it was universally felt at the time, that his Royal Highness could have been deterred from public appearance by no personal deficiency, for he is a good public speaker, very fluent, ingenious in adopting topics as they rise before him in the business of the day, and of unwearied spirit and good-humour. He was considered to have made one of the best chairmen that the theatrical dinner ever had; and those who have ever tried the task of presiding at a public dinner, know the trial of temper, quickness of conception, and readiness of speech, to be no easy one.

On the death of the Princess Charlotte, the necessity of providing for the succession, produced a recommendation from the Prince Regent to his brothers, to marry. The Duke of Clarence selected the Princess Adelaide of Saxe Meinengen, an intelligent and estimable princess, whose conduct since her arrival in this country has made her highly popular, and who may render an important service to English morality by following the example of Queen Charlotte, and excluding all females of dubious character, let their rank be what it may. Her majesty may be assured that in a measure of this kind, she would be most amply supported by the goodwill of the nation. On the occasion of this marriage it became necessary to separate from Mrs. Jordan, and she retired to Boulogne and afterwards to St. Cloud, near Paris, where she died in about a year, of some neglected constitutional disorder. It was first rumoured, of poverty. But subsequent evidence has been given, that she had sufficient means, even for luxuries, and that one of them was a diamond ring worth a hundred guineas, which she constantly wore, and which of course precluded any actual suffering from narrow circumstances.

At length the duke's desire for professional employment was about to be complied with, so far as it could be satisfied by a command in a



period of peace. He had in the Regency been appointed Admiral of the Fleet, and had in that capacity escorted the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia across the Channel, on their visit to the Prince Regent in 1815.

But on Mr. Canning's being made minister, the prospect grew still brighter for the duke, by the restoration of the old office of Lord High-Admiral, in which his Royal Highness was placed; the minister having by this manœuvre, ensured the approbation of the duke as prince, and fairly reckoning upon his remembrance of the favour if he should be king.

But Mr. Canning's death in 1827, dislocated this arrangement. The Duke of Wellington became minister, and as it is the secret policy of that noble personage to engross all patronage, he could not but look with a jealous eye upon the share of patronage and public influence which must be claimed by the Admiralty, while it had a prince, the brother of the King, at its head. The probability of his Royal Highness's speedy accession to the throne did not happen to strike the premier in so clear a light as the advantage of getting rid of an authority which might derogate so much from the supremacy of the Horse Guards. Among the very first performances of the Duke of Wellington, therefore, was the dismissal of his Royal Highness, and the restoration of the old official serving-men, who instinctively look upon every premier as endowed with sagacity supernatural. The mode of his dismissing his Royal Highness was quite *à la militaire*, and we may rely upon his not forgetting the favour, nor the mode of doing it.

The fatal indisposition of his late Majesty again drew the Duke of Clarence before the national eye. The symptoms of the King's disorder were from the beginning pronounced to be such as precluded complete recovery, and might bring on immediate dissolution. It is but justice to the duke to say, that his public conduct on this melancholy occasion was as decorous, as his private intercourse with his King and brother was affectionate. In the last week of June the symptoms of death were visible, and on the 26th, at three in the morning, his Majesty died.

In a few hours after, the Duke of Wellington made his appearance at Bushy Park, in full mourning, and did homage to His Royal Highness as King of the British empire. On the following Monday His Majesty was proclaimed, in London, by the title of King William the Fourth, amid great acclamations. The same ceremony was performed throughout the county towns, and with the strongest demonstrations of good-will and loyalty. The King has since led a life of constant activity; every day being completely occupied, from an early hour, with reviewing troops, receiving ambassadors, holding levees, and the other fatiguing and tedious, but necessary forms of royalty. Not content with this fatigue, he generally drives out with the Queen, and some of the younger branches of the royal family, after the ceremonial of the day is done, and makes a tour of the environs, without guards, or more formality than a private gentleman. A great many curious instances are told of his disregarding the inconvenient burthens of court etiquette, and following his old easy and natural habits, learned originally in a Sailor's life.—In passing down St. James's-street, unattended, as is his custom, he wanted to see a newspaper of the evening—the door of a coffee-house was open before him—he walked in, and read his newspaper at his ease.—His first military operation was the popular and amusing one of ordering all the cavalry

to be shaved, excepting the Hussars, that piece of barbarism being part of the essence of those frippery corps. Like all men of common sense, he has looked on the effeminate and foolish changes of the military dress with ridicule, and it is reported that he has ordered the whole army to adopt the old national colour—red ; the British service, at this moment, being the most pyeballed on earth, and in fact, being nothing more than a copy of every absurdity in dress and colour that could be culled from the whole of the continental armies. The impolicy of this borrowing system was obvious, in the first place, as a kind of admission that Frenchmen and other foreigners were our masters in the art of war. An assumption which they are always ready enough to make, and which only increases their insolence. In the next, the more foreign, and less like Englishmen the army looked, the more it was disliked by the people, and the more it was inclined to be the tool of any individual, if such should start up, who meditated designs against the liberties of England. It had a further effect, in the actual increase of confusion and hazard in the field, when no man could know an English regiment from an enemy's one, a dozen yards off, and when, as has happened more than once, the English infantry has been charged by foreign cavalry, whom they naturally mistook for some of their own whiskered and blue-coated lancers and hussars. Lastly, and by no means the least important—by the imitation of the foreign costume, bedizened and embroidered as it was, many meritorious officers were driven out of the cavalry, through the enormous expense of the uniform ; while the younger and richer coxcombs, who would at all times make better mountebanks and mummers than soldiers, were urged to a career of waste, folly, and effeminacy, that absurd and contemptible as it was, absolutely began to infect the habits of the higher ranks of society.

We hope the reign of the moustaches is over. The English soldier may be content to pass in society without looking like a Russian bear, or a French dancing-master. He could fight a dozen years ago better than any foreigner, notwithstanding the disqualification of having his visage visible ; and we hope the abominable dandyism of late years will insult our national good sense no more.

But a still more valuable change may be at hand. The late King, of whom we would still speak with all respect, was unfortunately a Hussar, and his propensities were all for the army. The Navy declined miserably, and this noble object of national honour and public safety, was left to sink into total disfavour. But a Sailor is now on the Throne, and we must hope that he has the true feelings of an Englishman about him. Let him then lose no time in raising the British Navy from its impolitic, ungracious, and hazardous depression. It is of all descriptions of force, the fittest for England ; its name is most connected with English glory ; it is the arm which is most exclusively English, and which no foreigner has ever been able to rival. It is the arm too which is the most suitable to a people jealous of their liberties, and knowing that a military force is always hazardous to those liberties, and that if the Constitution of England should be destined to fall, it will be by an army in the hands of some favourite general. Knowing all this, we say, Long live the Navy of England !—Long live the Liberties of the People !—and Long live the Sailor-King !



## STATE OF IRELAND.

WHAT has emancipation done for Ireland? is a question which may be put to those who were so prodigal of their golden promises, when the removal of the main pillars of the constitution of 1688 was accomplished by every method which intimidation could devise. It is a question we constantly hear urged, by both Protestants and Roman Catholics; but, though more than fifteen months have elapsed since the "healing measure" came into operation, we have not as yet been able to obtain a satisfactory solution of the query. The thorough-going, the treasury hacks, the apostate Dawsons, and the other hirelings of the Administration, have, indeed, had the effrontery to assure us, that immense benefits have been derived from their panacea. They tell us, that peace and good will are advancing, with rapid strides, among all classes of his Majesty's subjects in the sister island; and that, so obvious is the increase of prosperity therefrom, it becomes necessary to prevent, by the imposition of fresh taxes, the Quixotic Patlanders from being afflicted with an inconvenient plethora of riches, lest they should again wax wanton and wicked! Others, however, who are content to look on as common-place spectators, freely confess that they cannot discern any material alteration in the state of Ireland. They perceive the same elements of discord still in existence—the same distrust and rancour between the two conflicting parties are evinced, whenever suitable opportunity offers for their developement.

The discriminating mind, which ventures to look beyond the mere surface, sees that a momentous change has taken place in Ireland, since the safeguards of the constitution were broken down—a change, the probable consequences of which it is fearful to contemplate. While Popery has retained all its native inveterate hatred to Protestantism and England, the affections of the Irish Protestant have been so completely alienated from those who at present hold the helm of the state, that no embarrassment into which the Administration could be plunged, would be likely to elicit from him either sympathy or support. A stern neutrality is now the utmost that ministers could hope for from the very men who, not eighteen months ago, were ready to shed their heart's blood in defence of the honour and integrity of the empire. Public men have forfeited the confidence of the Irish Protestants to such an extent, that the latter know not whom to trust, and almost deem themselves, what their Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen have so often designated them, mere "strangers and sojourners in the land," unattached to it or its governors by any permanent interest or security.

In brief, this much has "emancipation" done for Ireland—it has dissolved the best tie of its connexion with Great Britain, the cordial devotion of the Irish Protestants; and it has raised the hopes, and stimulated the exertions of the Roman Catholics to accomplish that without which they never will rest content—the ascendancy of the papal church; the realization of which project they regard as utterly impossible without a separation from Protestant England.

The repeal of the legislative union, and the prostration of the established church, are consequently themes on which the Roman Catholics of Ireland *now* dwell with delight. These themes agitation has seized upon, and will, ere long, wield with incalculable effect. In vain will the minister endeavour, by temporizing, by intimidation, or by any

other paltry expedient, to crush these exceedingly popular topics among the Irish Roman Catholics; all his efforts will only make them clasp these idols more closely. In vain will he strive to win over the papal clergy, or even the See of Rome itself, in order to avert the tornado which threatens him; every such proceeding on his part will be justly construed into a proof of his weakness, and every concession, every fresh measure of "conciliation," besides calling forth the apprehensions of Protestants, will be haughtily used as a stepping-stone, by means of which the jesuitical party may arrive at the cherished objects of its ambition. The Roman Catholics will continue, after every additional acquisition, to repeat to the expediency cabinet, the cutting retort which Mr. O'Connell, and his brethren of the agitating school, flung at those treasury sycophants, who reminded them of the gratitude they owed the Duke of Wellington—"has he not himself acknowledged," replied the agitators, "that—

"His Poverty but not his Will consented?"

Thus will the very path which the apostates have marked out for themselves, lead them into still greater difficulties. The demands of popery will be incessant; and each bonus conferred on the sworn enemy of the reformed faith, will effect (*if possible*) still greater alienation of the Protestants—or, to employ more correct phraseology, an increased anxiety for the removal of men, whose continuance in power, is regarded with no ordinary disgust and alarm.

In the interim, an object of increased curiosity, if not of commiseration, is the probable fate of the established church of Ireland. However premature the honest declarations of Dr. Drumgoole might have been deemed in December 1813, we fear that some of them, at least, cannot be treated as ludicrous in July 1830:—

"That she" (the Established Church), said the enthusiastic doctor, "*stands in great need of securities*, who can doubt? when she sees division in the camp, and observes the determined war that is carried on against her, *muros pugnatur intra et extra*—that her articles of association are despised by those who pretend to be governed by them; that Socinians, and men of strange faith, are amongst those in command; \* \* \* and the *columns of catholicity* are collecting, *who challenge the possession of the ark*, and, unfurling the *oriflamme*, display its glorious motto—ΕΥΕΤΩ ΝΙΚΑ?"

Those politicians who are still disposed to regard as apocryphal the words we have quoted from Dr. Drumgoole's speech, more especially the concluding portion of the extract, let them merely reflect upon the proceedings which took place throughout Ireland, at the vestries held this year for providing for parochial affairs intimately connected with the service and discipline of the established church. They will find, that not only have parishes been illegally taxed, in several places, for the direct support of popery, but that the Roman Catholics, where they could insure a majority of votes in their favour, have actually thrown the entire of the church rates upon the episcopalian Protestants of the parish. We also beg to refer all state sceptics with regard to the danger which awaits the Irish branch of the established church, to the numerous petitions from Ireland presented against the vestry laws, against tithes and church property—in a word, against every part of the system which the constitution vainly attempted to render permanent for the support of that church, the "rights and privileges" of



which our late sovereign had solemnly sworn to preserve inviolate. In several of those petitions—the first fruits of the “Emancipation” Bill—the Roman Catholics pray for the *total* abolition of the property of the established church, and that its clergy should be entirely thrown upon the *voluntary contributions* of their own congregations.

The Roman Catholics of Ireland are now praying for the abolition of tithes. To this species of warfare their own clergy urged them, when they saw no other method of annoying their antagonists, or of deterring the Protestant clergy from exposing the rottenness of popery. Their reverences cannot now conveniently eat their words, as they would thereby considerably endanger their influence, being fully committed on this popular question. When they declared themselves unwilling to receive any other emolument than that which they obtained from their flocks, and decried tithes as an oppressive tax upon the industry of the peasant, it is very true that they did so in a paroxysm of fury and despair, and merely exemplified the fable of the fox and the grapes. But the deed cannot now be recalled. Thus, pressed forward by the Roman Catholic demagogues, secretly favoured by the necessities or avarice of the landed interests, as well as by the pressing exigencies of the state, and not opposed with any vigour by the conscientious Protestant, who often is more than half-disposed to regard it in the light of an efficient bribe in the hands of profligate ministers, rather than as a sacred fund for the support of men sincerely devoted to the propagation of true religion, the demolition of church property in Ireland may not be altogether so improbable as many persons suppose.

We have hitherto dwelt chiefly on the effects of “emancipation” with reference to the established church of Ireland. In a sense more rigidly political, the consequences of the “healing measure” are vastly more alarming to those persons who feel deeply interested in preserving the present ownership of landed property, and the present arrangement of parliamentary patronage, in that country. The attention of Roman Catholics is now turned, in a very remarkable degree, to the confiscated estates, the merits of the laws of settlement, and their general influence on the prosperity of Ireland. They freely declare it as their opinion, that the transfer of such enormous tracts of territory to the ancestors of *permanent absentees*, such as the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Fitzwilliam, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and a number of others similarly circumstanced, whom not even a repeal of the Union could bring to reside on their Irish estates, is a crying evil. They quote the *argument* of the *liberal* noblemen themselves, and those of their retainers in the lower house of parliament, so frequently reiterated during the multiplied debates on the popery question. These arguments they triumphantly adduce as evidence, that the Irish confiscations were “unjust in principle,” and consequently ought to be reversed. “Is it not admitted,” say the Roman Catholics, “that many of our patriotic ancestors were driven into rebellion by a diabolical and long-continued system of misrule? and that others of them were subjected to forfeiture solely on account of their *loyalty* to their king, and their affectionate attachment to the religion of their forefathers? Do not the Whigs uniformly admit this? And is it not notorious that those *unjust* confiscations are an insurmountable obstacle to the improvement of Ireland, by insuring absenteeism, preventing the accumulation of Irish capital, the encouragement of manufactures, or the patronage of the arts and sciences?”

Such an arrangement cannot, therefore, be any longer defended, either on the ground of principle, or on that of expediency; *especially now that the stigma has been taken off our religion, and it has been pronounced as SAFE a political creed as any other!* It follows that we assuredly have a right to demand that of which our worthy ancestors have been robbed, and the restoration of which the welfare of society requires. How can Protestants, with any sort of consistency, refuse us the benefit of their own express admissions?"

What is to prevent this feeling from daily growing in intensity? And how are its probable consequences to be obviated? *Pastorini* directly encourages it. In the last edition of his "*History of the Christian Church*," page 211, he says, "Who is ignorant of the cruel, persecuting laws, that were in those times enacted in most of the protestant states against the Catholic religion? Among the rest, who is not acquainted with the severe laws of England and Ireland? They are such, as to be owned by such of their own people who have a sense of humanity, to be barbarous, to be a scandal to the Christian religion, and a disgrace to civilized nations. *In consequence of these statutes, how many persons have been stript of their estates? How many individuals have been imprisoned, banished, even put to death? How many families have been reduced to beggary and ruin?*"

Again: page 223—"When people are driven to despair by excessive hardship and oppression, and even threatened with *utter extirpation*, what wonder if an insurrection follows? *Such was the case with the Irish Catholics.*"

Now the Roman Catholics of Ireland, whose "*favourite prophet*" their renowned Bishop Doyle, assures us *Pastorini* is, almost to a man coincide with the foregoing description of the merits of the Irish confiscations. With very few exceptions, they also place the most implicit confidence in *Pastorini's* predictions of the perfect overthrow of those whom their "*favourite prophet*" depicts as their oppressors. The Whigs manifestly acquiesce in *Pastorini's* assertions with regard to the *causes* of the confiscations. It remains to be proved whether "*the march of events*" will not teach them the *logical deductions* from such admissions!

As to the Protestants of Ireland, they, indeed, were once a very formidable obstacle in the way of such revolutionary projects. They were a powerful guarantee to the existing order of property. But the men whose valour and loyalty were the sword and buckler of British connexion, are now emigrating by thousands, and taking with them no inconsiderable portion of the small capital which the provincial parts of Ireland possessed. They are disposing of their interests in the farms which they had rendered productive by their superior skill and industry, turning into hard cash whatever property they can still call their own, and "*winging their way*" across the Atlantic. They do not admire the present aspect of affairs. They are disgusted at what has occurred, and alarmed at what they see in progress. They have abandoned all confidence in those men who steered the labouring vessel of the state into a sea of troubles. They think that their inflexible loyalty has been ill-requited; and that a premium has been held out to turbulence and disaffection. They have taken firm hold of the opinion, that "*even-handed justice*" has not been impartially administered to them—that their lives and properties have been rendered insecure by the leniency which has frequently been shewn to the most sanguinary of the Roman Catholic



delinquents ; while Constitutionalists are almost hunted out of society, and declared unworthy of protection, if they dare to cast a retrospective glance towards the scenes which history records for their instruction. They cannot forget the manner in which they have been despised, conspired against, scoffed at, and calumniated. They cannot avoid contrasting the treatment which they have for some years past received, with the manner in which the Roman Catholic insurgent has often been patronised, his misdeeds screened from inquiry, or else very mildly dealt with, and frequently attempted to be explained away, if not justified, at the expense of every principle of morality and civilization. They point to the "Black Bridge of Chlonoe," and to the hill of Macken, and inquire "Have the characters of even-handed justice been written here? Have our murdered brethren been avenged as the law demanded? Is the example that has been made of their unprovoked assassins such as society had a right to expect, or such as will deter similar aggressions in future?" They point to their Protestant brethren in different parts of the country of Cavan, who, it is alleged, are compelled to go *armed* to their agricultural labours, and whose lives have been placed in the utmost peril, nay, sometimes sacrificed, on their attending fairs or markets.

With such feelings in their bosoms, multitudes of the most peaceable, best conducted, and most industrious of Ireland's inhabitants are bidding adieu to the land of their nativity. The emigrants to America this year from Ireland, it is thought, will exceed FORTY THOUSAND ; and every subsequent year it may be expected to increase, unless some marvellous alteration take place in the prospects and sentiments of the Protestants of that unfortunate country. Those of their brethren who for the present remain behind, partly from a difficulty in arranging their affairs, or from having too great a stake in the country *as yet* to be willing to abandon it, will neither fight for the Duke of Devonshire's tithes, nor for Lord Lansdowne's estates. They will merely endeavour to take care of themselves, and to keep aloof, as much as possible, from the strong holds of Popery.

As a specimen of the political temper of the times, at a respectable parochial meeting in the city of Dublin, held on the 28th of May last, with the Protestant churchwardens presiding, for the purpose of petitioning against the new system of taxation, we extract the following resolutions, which were *unanimously* adopted :—"Resolved—That in these monstrous and incompatible assimilations we are made to taste *the bitter fruits of the union*, exhibiting our country *bewailing the disastrous connexion*, and struggling with the *odious embrace* that would consign her to hopeless prostration under the weight of new and intolerable taxes. That the *vagrancy of the absentee nobility and gentry*, and the substitution of their agents in this country, have generated an assimilation of distress and poverty in this city, which we respectfully render to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for assimilation with the opulence, splendour, and commercial magnificence of London. That a statesman, *who takes no lesson from past events*, and is not instructed by the *obstinate follies* of his predecessors, is a blind guide, and unsafe to follow. That *the fatal results of the Stamp Act in America, by which that country was lost*, should inform our rulers that it is not always *safe* to calculate too confidently on the *patient endurance* of a people," &c. &c.

To find a series of such resolutions adopted, *without a dissentient voice*, by a respectable and numerous meeting, composed of various creeds and

sects, is a lesson that should not be despised! Prior to the Duke of Wellington's "*Protestant-Security Bill*," such unanimity against any ministerial measure whatever could not have been effected. The asperity of language with which the "*disastrous connexion*" is attacked, and *absenteeism* held up to public execration, should be taken to heart by those aristocrats most immediately interested in the political condition of Ireland, who, if they be not altogether blind, cannot fail to discover therein the elements of general dissatisfaction, if not disaffection, and ominous indication of future convulsion.

Certain resolutions passed at a vestry, held at Patrick's church, in the city of Waterford, on the 25th of May last, "For the purpose of examining and confirming the applotment book for the assessments made on Easter Monday and Tuesday," (the Protestant Rector of the parish in the chair) are so confirmatory of what we have advanced respecting the disposition of the Irish Roman Catholics, and such conclusive evidence of the insanity of permitting persons with such feelings to legislate in any way for the established church, that we cannot refrain from quoting them; premising, that they are by no means a solitary instance, and that it is fully understood to be intended by the Roman Catholics throughout Ireland, to follow the precedent, next year, in all cases where they muster in sufficient numbers, or create sufficient intimidation, to obtain a majority of votes:—"Resolved—That the items for providing coffins, and for the support of foundlings and deserted children, be separated from the general assessments of last Easter. That the other items named in the foregoing resolution be applotted generally on all the parishioners, according to valuation. That *all other items* of the several assessments *be applotted upon the Church of England Protestants*, and that the applotment of the Roman Catholics and Protestant Dissenters be reduced to *one farthing* on each individual for the same."

A local journalist offers the following remarks on this affectionate proceeding towards the "*Law Church*," as the Roman Catholics contemptuously style the Church of England:—"Much merriment existed, and many jokes passed, at the idea of the Protestants not only having to pay their share of the foundling tax and coffin money, *which last is almost exclusively given to Roman Catholic paupers*; but also that the vestry were enabled to tax the Protestants at the rate of seven-pence per pound on the value of houses and lands, whilst the Roman Catholics had to pay but three halfpence. *Others rejoiced that it would induce one-half of the Protestants to deny their religion, whilst those who would not abjure should bear all the burden.* Suffice it to say, that some do not conceal their intentions of *entirely doing away with the Church Establishment of Ireland*; and that, in consequence of their (the Protestants) small numbers, they will in a short time be scarcely recognised even as a sect."

The paper which offers this comment on the *conciliatory* deeds and "merriment" of the Waterford Roman Catholics was established, and still continues, under the patronage of the Beresford family, and advocated the policy of the "*healing measure*," in conformity with the wishes of its patrons. It is therefore good evidence in such a case, which can hardly be admitted to reflect much lustre on the wisdom or protestantism of the Wellingtonian converts.

Behold the *benefits* which "emancipation" has conferred upon Ireland! We request the whigs, in whose ranks the most inveterate absentees are



to be found, and the ministers likewise, to ruminate upon these results of their mis-called liberality. If both the church and state be in a most tottering condition in Ireland—if, as the Protestant journals assert, and the Roman Catholic organs confirm, there be at present scarcely a fragment of “a government party” in that distracted land—if *the influence of the Roman Catholic priests among the military be so great as to render it problematical which side many of our soldiery would take in the event of popular contention*—it is high time for our legislators to review that system of policy which has brought us to such a crisis. There is no time to be lost; the Protestants are rapidly withdrawing from the scene, despairing of either encouragement or protection. Faithful to their engagements, they will not indeed promise as high rents for tenements as the *Rockite* Roman Catholics unhesitatingly offer, but without the slightest intention of performing their contract. Protestants have not a *Captain Rock* to protect their cattle or produce from seizure, or their farms from process of ejection: they, besides, are often exposed to the effects of a combination against them, which often compels them to dispose of their stock at a lower price than Roman Catholics obtain—the butchers and victuallers in Ireland being chiefly Papists, and giving a decided preference to those farmers who are of their own persuasion. This, we have the best authority for stating, is a positive fact.

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#### THE SPIRITS OF THE WINDS.

##### A VISION.

HARK! to the Thunder-Peal! The air  
Is flaming with the Lightning's Glare!  
Down bursts the gale—the surges sweep,  
Like gathering hosts, against the steep,  
Sheeting with clouds of snowy spray,  
Its granite forehead, old and grey.  
With sudden shriek and cowering wing,  
To the wild cliff the sea-birds spring;  
Careering o'er the darkened heaven,  
The clouds in warring heaps are driven;  
And crested high with tawny foam,  
Rushes the mighty billow home.

These are for earthly gaze; but who  
Might pierce yon Lightning-blaze of blue;  
Might mount yon cloudy throne of fear,  
To see the tempest-rulers there?

The Thunder rolls! Through deepening gloom  
Are seen a crown, a fiery plume!  
What visions on the whirlwind ride!  
Sons of the Morn! four shapes of pride!  
Four shapes of beauty!—yet the gale  
Has blanched their glorious beauty pale;  
Like cloud-wreaths tost along the air,  
Floats wild their hyacinthine hair;  
And faintly, through the vapours dim,  
Shine starry brow and splendid limb;

Each bears from his celestial bower  
A trumpet-talisman of power.  
Wake but its tone—the lightest breeze  
That ever curled the summer's seas—  
The wildest gale that sends its roar  
Through the far Indian's forest hoar—  
From mountain-top, from violet-dell,  
All hear the summons of the spell.

They pause.—Along the wave are borne  
Four echos of the golden horn ;  
From the four corners of the heaven,  
At once four thunder-bursts are given ;  
From the four corners of the deep,  
Towers the white surge with wilder sweep ;  
For firm and strong the mandate binds,  
Sent by the " Rulers of the Winds."

Again the four broad trumps are raised ;  
With keener flash the lightnings blazed,  
Then died ; and yet the glance might mark  
Ev'n in that flash a gallant bark ;  
A nobler never stemmed the brine  
With chivalry from Palestine.  
Again a flash ! her gilded side  
Darts like a falcon through the tide.  
Sweep on ! for many a heart is there  
That never shook at mortal fear.  
Sweep on ! for there, on many a cheek,  
The tears, like dew on roses, break ;  
And many a loved and lovely eye  
Is fixed upon that deepening sky.  
Sweep on, fair bark !—Oh, Heaven ! that peal  
Had shook her strength, though ribbed with steel.  
What was it on the sight that came ?  
A flash—a smoke—a burst of flame !  
She burns ! up sail and shroud the blaze  
In folds, like fiery serpents, plays.  
What sound is heard ?—one dying scream,  
Borne, like the murmurs of a dream.  
Alike the lovely and the brave  
See round them but a mighty grave ;  
The minstrel and the harp are there,  
The spear, and wielder of the spear ;  
The royal fair, the noble knight,  
To whom her eye was life and light.  
Wealth, glory, grandeur, love, and fame—  
What are ye, in that bed of flame ?  
The cloud is reddened with the stain—  
Reddens, like blood, the surging main ;  
Till, mastering all, in flake and spire  
Rolls o'er the wreck the sheet of fire.

She's gone ! No atom floating by  
Tells of the scene of agony.  
She's gone ! and with her gone the blast—  
The cloud, the thunder-peal, are past ;  
The forest's hoary crown is still—  
The cloud is on the distant hill ;  
Bound by the rainbow's purple zone,  
The sinking daystar's jewelled throne.

But hark ! what more than mortal sound  
Breathes that still heaving main around ?



Swift, simple, sweet!—a fairy tone,  
 Just caught, and wondered at, and flown ;  
 Then on the soul returning high,  
 In the full pomp of harmony !  
 They come!—I see the Spirits sweep,  
 Like evening glories, o'er the deep—  
 But lovelier now—upon the gale  
 The nectared lip no longer pale ;  
 No more the glance of beauty dim—  
 All changed ! their eyes in splendour swim ;  
 Buds on their cheek the angel-rose ;  
 The star upon their foreheads glows ;  
 With arms, like floating snow-wreathes twined,  
 The dance of extacy they wind.  
 And now they touch the Heaven's blue verge,  
 Now in the wave their pinions merge ;  
 With melting voice, with lifted arm,  
 Is wrought upon the wave the charm.  
 'Tis done !—on earth and air are borne  
 Four echos of the golden horn ;  
 At once expanded all their wings,  
 Each on the cloud its beauty flings,  
 Then upward sweep, till mortal gaze  
 Turns feeble from the circling blaze.

'Tis Eve !—in streaks of azure dyed  
 Sinks on its bed the mighty tide.  
 Above, on grove and mountain-wall,  
 In softened pomp the lustres fall ;  
 And the soft valley shadows weave  
 The whole wild witchery of eve.  
 But with its sounds, come mingling sounds,  
 Not of that mountain's leafy bounds ;  
 The joyous shout, the dashing oar,  
 Swift wheeling by that marble shore,  
 A gallant bark, from prow to poop  
 Full freighted with a noble troop,  
 Is rushing in the sunset's glance ;  
 Flash, as it bounds, the helm and lance ;  
 The banners' thick-embroidered fold  
 Sweeps o'er the surge a sheet of gold ;  
 The silken robe, the pearly braid,  
 The feeble step by lovers staid ;  
 The silver voices on the air,  
 Tell Woman, lovely Woman, there.

The flame had done its deed—the wave  
 Had quenched the ruin in the grave ;  
 Ten thousand fathoms, wild and dark,  
 Had boomed above its burning spark ;  
 And ne'er to sun or gale again  
 From mast or prow should spread the vane.  
 But in the heart's despairing hour,  
 Echoed the talisman of power ;  
 And not of all that bright or brave,  
 Stemmed on its deck the ocean wave ;  
 No gallant wielder of the sword,  
 No being by his soul adored,  
 Shall leave the mortal eye to weep  
 The fury of the faithless deep.  
 So firm the gentle mandate binds,  
 Breathed by the Spirits of the Winds !

## THE EVE OF SAINT SIMON, IN COLOMBIA.

THE town of Achaquas, situate on the banks of the river Apure, derives some importance from the fact, that it has ever been the habitual and favourite residence of "El Gefe de los Llañeros." Here the ferocious Paez has erected a house, which, by the bare-legged natives, may be deemed a specimen of architectural magnificence, as compared with the mud-built hovels that compose the residue of the town; with the exception, however, of the church and "Caza del Cura," which entirely occupy one side of a large though irregular square. "La Grande Plaza," as it is called, was, during the revolutionary struggle, the theatre of many sanguinary scenes. Hither were the prisoners made by Paez and his followers led, and, under the scowling brow of the chief, inhumanly massacred; and though in just retaliation, perhaps, of Spanish cruelty, yet the refined barbarity with which these reprisals were conducted baffles description, and would indeed be deemed apocryphal by all save those who had the misfortune to witness them. Here, too, would Paez occasionally indulge his faithful adherents with the gratifying spectacle of a bull-fight, and the exhibition of his own wonderful prowess. On these occasions the chieftain would appear dressed in his native garb. The large white "calçonzillos," or drawers, loose at the knee, and not extending below it—a check shirt, open at the neck, and confined at the waist with a red or blue scarf, worn like our military sashes, and which supported the "cuchillo," or large knife, the never-failing appendage of a "Llañero"—the "sombbrero de pallo," or immense-rimmed straw hat, with a white feather, the party emblem—and the massive silver spurs, attached to the naked heel by thongs cut from a bullock's hide—complete this singular but picturesque costume.\* Thus accoutred, and mounted on one of his best-trained horses, would Paez seek an encounter with the fiercest bull that could be procured, his surprising agility and consummate skill in horsemanship enabling him to avoid the incessant attacks of the furious animal, whom he goads into unbounded rage, by turns pursuing and pursued, till at length, tired of the sport, he seizes the beast by the tail, and, with Herculean strength, throws it upon its back; then leaping from his saddle (amid the cheering acclamations of the spectators), with his "cuchillo" puts a speedy termination to its sufferings and life together. This and cock-fighting, a sport of which Paez is an enthusiastic admirer (having an immense number of these birds in constant training), are the principal amusements, and tend to feed the blood-thirsty propensities of this lawless militia during the temporary suspension of their predatory warfare. I here apply the term "militia," such being, correctly speaking, the collective appellation, and attributes, of those more immediately under Paez's command. A body of three hundred men, half of whom have the rank of officers, and form a separate corps, bearing the denomination of "Los bravos de la guardia de honore,"† are in constant attendance on the person of the chief; and the

\* On duty, or on the march, a blanket of different colours (red or blue being, however, the most prevalent), with a hole cut in the centre to admit the head, is usually worn, and forms a striking and not ungraceful upper garment.

† "El Gefe de los Llañeros," Chief of the inhabitants of the Plains.—"Caza del cura,"—Curate's house. "La Grande Plaza,"—Great square. "Calçonzillos,"—Short, loose drawers. "Cuchillo,"—Large knife. "Llañero,"—Man of the plains. "Sombbrero de pallo,"—Straw hat. "Los bravos de la guardia de honore,"—The "bravos" of the guard of honour.



gallant achievements which he has performed at their head, as also the individual feats of intrepidity displayed by this small band (however well they may be attested), would, to the generality of readers, appear incredible. In the event of any sudden emergency, an intended attack upon the enemy, or the necessity of acting upon the defensive (by the by, a rare occurrence with Paez), he could, at a very short notice, assemble three thousand men, who (from the facility which the plains afford him of procuring horses) form one of the most formidable and efficient cavalry forces ever embodied. Each man, whilst engaged even in the culture of his small plantation of Indian corn and sugar-cane, keeps his docile charger ready for instant action; and those who might neglect this precautionary measure—so astonishing is the power which the Llañero has obtained by practice in the manege—would, in the short space of an hour or two, be enabled to tame the unruly spirit of the wildest stallion, and render him fully adequate to all the purposes of guerilla service. Paez himself has a reserve of five hundred horses, which follow in the rear of all his expeditions, as a remount for himself and staff; and so jealous is he of his right of exclusive possession, that he has been known to refuse Bolivar (the then supreme chief of Venezuela) a single horse for his personal accommodation!

In addition to the amusements already described as forming the principal recreation of the motley inhabitants of the town and vicinity of Achaquas, each leisure moment was devoted to gambling; and so addicted were all classes to this vicious enjoyment, that tables were to be seen by day and night at the corners of the different streets, round which stood mixed groups of officers and privates, and even women, all engaged in sacrificing to the blind goddess amid the blasphemous curses of those whom Fortune betrayed. Paez himself, perambulating the town, would frequently mingle with one or other of these parties, and, by his presence, sanction a vice, the demoralizing effects of which eventually produced the most pernicious consequences, and which proved, indeed, the primary cause of the melancholy catastrophe which it will shortly be my painful task to record.

Ere I pursue the thread of my narration, however, it may prove agreeable to my reader to learn something of the personal appearance, character, and acquirements, of a chief whose present station, as head of the Venezuelan confederacy, and opposition to the misnamed “Washington of Colombia,” renders an object of public interest.

José Antonio Paez is of robust though diminutive stature: his shoulders, of extraordinary breadth, support a short neck of unusual thickness (not unlike that of the enraged bull he delights in combating), and which probably occasions those fits which any strong excitement is sure to produce: this neck, in its turn, sustains a head of disproportionate dimensions, in which small dark eyes of uncommon brilliance light up a countenance where cunning seems the predominant expression: but cruelty lies concealed in his heart. Like the tiger crouching to spring on its prey, Paez is to be most dreaded when he evinces least anger. His features afford no intimation to the victim whose doom he meditates; and many a Spanish prisoner, lulled into fancied security by his smile, has found it but the harbinger to death. Brave even to temerity (if the savage ferocity of a wild beast may be termed courage), he dreads no foe, and will rush, unattended, into the midst of thousands, regardless of danger. At the battle of Ortez he was known, with his own hand, to

have slain thirty of the enemy; and his lance, the weapon with which he performed this feat, still wet with the vital fluid, was by himself, after the action, presented to the late General English. He is, without exception, the best guerilla chieftain that exists. With but little theoretical knowledge of the art of war, he has, from experience, become an adept in its practical duties. Correct in his judgment, decisive in his conduct, and rapid in his movements, success generally follows the execution of his plans. Were his education commensurate with his natural abilities, he might vie in talent with a Napoleon, and the southern hemisphere (according to the bias his ambition might then take) yet have to lament a scourge, or glory in a benefactor.

Having now endeavoured to give my reader some faint idea of the merits and demerits of the redoubtable Paez, I will request him to accompany me, in his "mind's eye," to the little town of Achaquas, where we shall arrive at the period of the truce agreed to by Bolivar and the Spanish general Morillo. A six months' suspension of hostilities had been just declared, and the patriot troops throughout Venezuela had taken possession of their different cantonments, where they hoped to enjoy a short respite from the toils and privations they had so long and so patiently endured. This pleasing anticipation was more particularly indulged in by the garrison of Achaquas. Here the remnant of the "British legion" that had arrived with General English two years previous was stationed, under the command of Colonel Blosset, upon whom that charge had devolved at the demise of the former. The brigade now only consisted of eight incomplete companies of infantry, and one squadron of dismounted cavalry—a melancholy and convincing proof of the insalubrity of the climate. These brave fellows had gallantly sustained the honour of the national character before Cumana and Barcelona, and, after numerous fatiguing marches and countermarches, had arrived at Achaquas some time prior to the truce, and were then regarded as the most effective and best-disciplined body at Paez's head-quarters. Strongly recommended by Bolivar to the special protection of that general (and to whose kindness their services alone should have proved a sufficient claim), they relied on the promises made them, and hoped to become sharers, at least, in the prosperity which now began to dawn upon the republic as an earnest of brighter prospect. How fallacious, alas, were these expectations!

They soon discovered that an undue preference was accorded by those in authority to the Creole troops: they beheld themselves the objects of a narrow-minded prejudice, considered as intruders in the country in whose defence they had bled, hourly insulted by the inhabitants and rival soldiery, and designated by the epithet of slaves purchased by the barter of hides and tallow! These bitter gibes and keen sarcasms were borne by the men for a long time with stoical fortitude, or, rather, with an apathy uncommon to Englishmen. Their energies had been numbed, as it were, by intense suffering; and it seemed as though the chords of their hearts had ceased to vibrate to the touch of indignity!

The bow-string, after rain, if too forcibly distended, will snap; so did our countrymen, by degrees, begin to feel the strain upon their sensibilities, though they writhed not till that strain became tightened to agony.

Bolivar had directed that half-pay should be issued monthly to the "British legion." This advantage was, however, only nominal: a base metal coin, slightly washed with silver (termed by the inhabitants "chipe a chipe") was in consequence put in circulation. The tradesmen



refused to receive it in exchange for the requisite articles of consumption until Paez threatened to shoot the recusant ; and even then the enhanced price of provisions bore no comparison with the fictitious value of this spurious coin, and the English were therefore still unable to obtain the common necessities of existence.

Meanwhile, the good money furnished from the exchequer for the express purpose of carrying Bolivar's order into effect was by Paez (with an occasional sop in the pan thrown to one or two of the superior British officers to keep them quiet) distributed amongst his tawny-coloured satellites ; nor was it an unusual sight to behold the gambling-tables before alluded to covered with *doubloons* and "*pesos duros*," and of which our famished soldiers well knew they should have been the legal possessors. A pound of bad beef had, for a considerable period, been the only diurnal ration received by our brave comrades, and many of the officers were reduced to the necessity of parting with their wearing-apparel ; the "*sambo*," or mulatto purchaser, parading his uncomely figure, arrayed in all the glitter of gold and silver embroidery, and triumphing in the spoil, in the presence even of its former owner. Splendid uniforms changed wearers with surprising rapidity ; and many a youthful "*petit-maître*" was happy to shelter himself from the scorching rays of a tropical sun, or the furious pelting of the merciless shower, beneath the once-despised but now coveted blanket. A considerable quantity of clothing, boots, shoes, &c. had arrived from England and the United States for the use of the troops. These were surreptitiously disposed of by the "*administrador*"\* to the merchant-pedlars who followed the army and preyed upon its vitals, and the produce of the sale speedily found its way to the *hazard table* ; whilst the British soldier was not only suffered to wander about destitute and bare-footed, but otherwise literally in a state of nudity ! Such, however, was the excellent discipline of the corps, that notwithstanding these just motives of disaffection to a cause which they had been induced to espouse from the most flattering anticipations, the men still continued to perform their various military avocations, if not with cheerful alacrity, at least with mechanical steadiness, until a circumstance (which I am about to relate) occurred, and roused their dormant feelings to an acute sense of the degradation they had so long laboured under.

General Paez requiring some alteration to be made in part of his dress, sent an orderly to command the immediate attendance of one of the British regimental tailors. The poor devil was in the act of masticating his hard beef when the general's mandate reached him ; and not over anxious, possibly, to work without any chance of remuneration, neglected to obey quite so promptly as Paez expected. The general, irritated by what he qualified an act of insolent insubordination, despatched an aide-de-camp to Colonel Blosset, directing him forthwith to compliment the refractory tailor with a hundred lashes ! That officer, feeling the injustice of the order, lost no time in waiting upon Paez, and respectfully stated, that by the English articles of war (under which code the "*British legion*" had been embodied, and to which, by Bolivar's sanction, they could be alone amenable) he was prohibited from inflicting corporal punishment except by the sentence of a court-martial ; but if his excellency thought proper he would immediately summon one, and

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\* "*Administrador*," commissary.

doubted not, according to the evidence adduced, the court would satisfy him by their verdict.

During this remonstrance, not a muscle in Paez's face betrayed his inward agitation, not a gesture interrupted the colonel's exordium. An indifferent spectator would have inferred from his manner that he had either lost all recollection of the occurrence, or deemed it too trivial to attract his further notice; a more accurate observer, however, would have detected the smile of ineffable contempt struggling for passage through his firmly closed lips. For some moments after Blosset had ceased to speak, there was a death-like pause—none dared to break the silence; those who best knew him almost dreaded to respire. All this time Paez kept his eyes intently fixed on Blosset, who (like the bird charmed by the fascinating influence of the rattle-snake) involuntarily trembled: at length he raised them, as if wholly unconscious of the sensation he had caused, and turning to an aide-de-camp who stood near, desired him to order the bugle to sound "Turn out the whole;" then approaching Blosset, with calm, unruffled voice addressed him thus:—"If, Sir, the uncompromising strictness of *your* military code prevents you from chastising insolence in a soldier, by the application of a few lashes, unless sanctioned by a court-martial, *mine* imposes no such delicate restraints upon my will, and I can *shoot* the insubordinate object of my displeasure without the aid or authority of your tribunal. Now mark me, Colonel. The troops are assembling. Return to your brigade, see my former orders carried into prompt execution, or in *ten minutes* the man will have ceased to exist!" Blosset bowed and retired. It is almost needless to say, that of *two* evils the *least* was chosen—the unlucky tailor received his hundred lashes. Paez on horseback remained on the confines of the "Grande Plaza" till he saw his victim tied up and receive the first stripe: he then rode off, accompanied by a numerous staff, to enjoy a gallop and acquire an appetite on the neighbouring plains!

The effect which this stretch of arbitrary power had upon the minds of the men may be readily surmised: non-commissioned officers and privates felt equal indignation; murmurs of disapprobation rose into expressions of loud complaint; all were alike clamorous for passports to quit the service; and there is little doubt, had an opportunity presented itself, the "British legion" to a man would have joined the standard of the enemy.

For three days following, the symptoms of discontent became so generally apparent, that Paez himself began to calculate the result. Not that he dreaded the irruption of the volcano, or could be deterred by the burning lava it might vomit forth from pursuing his course; but it did not suit his present policy to drive things to extremity; he therefore adopted conciliatory measures, and by an augmentation of rations (not forgetting an allowance of spirituous liquor), with a few necessary articles of clothing, he contrived to appease the mutinous spirit his harsh treatment had invoked. But the flame of discord was only partially smothered, and needed but a fresh grievance to rake it into a fiercer blaze. The men performed their wonted duties in sullen silence, and were still evidently brooding over the injuries they had sustained.

In this mood we will for the present leave them, as I am anxious to introduce to my reader's notice a few of the officers of the "British legion," with whom it is necessary he should have some acquaintance, in order to enable him to better understand the sequel of my narrative.



Colonel Blosset was a man of gentlemanlike manners and appearance. He had formerly held the rank of captain and brevet-major in the 28th foot, and served with that regiment in Egypt. He was considered as a brave and clever officer, but he was ill calculated for the post he attained in the republican service. Owing, probably, to the influence of climate, his mind became enervated, and he evinced a most unpardonable apathy towards the interest and comforts of those under his command. He was peculiarly accessible to flattery, and the most fulsome adulation could neither offend or disgust him. This weakness was taken advantage of by a scoundrel, who, by the meanest arts, so wormed himself into the colonel's confidence, and took such firm hold of his affections, that he became his sole adviser, and directed his every action!

The officers of the legion beheld with astonishment the sudden elevation of a man who but a short time previous was a sergeant in the corps in which he now bore the rank of captain, together with the staff-appointment of brigade-major, which his patron had bestowed upon him with a view of attaching him more immediately to his person. Conjecture was busy in unravelling the mystery of this preferment, but no correct solution of it appears to have been obtained. What seemed most singular was, that Blosset should have selected for his intimate companion an illiterate man of low and vulgar habits, and whose only redeeming qualities were a bustling activity and tolerably soldierlike appearance. Had he conducted himself with prudence in his new station, he might have secured the good-will of his former superiors; but his overbearing arrogance and insolent assumption of consequence rendered him an object of contempt and detestation to every Englishman in the garrison.

Still, however, Brigade-major Trayner (so was the colonel's minion named) set public opinion at defiance, and, heedless of the odium he incurred, continued to assert the prerogative of his place, and exercise its functions with a severity that astonished, but could not restrain, the sarcastic comments of his quondam associates, some of whom had known him in the British army. The trite proverb of "*Set a beggar on horseback*" was fully verified in his conduct. Hints respecting his former character were at first cautiously indulged in, and soon acquired a more tangible shape; till at length he was boldly accused of having (whilst serving with his corps during the occupation of France by the Allied Forces) been reduced from the rank of corporal and punished for theft!

As he took no steps to invalidate a report so stigmatizing in its nature, the officers of the legion deemed it their duty to request the commanding officer would institute an inquiry into the truth of a charge which was calculated to reflect dishonour upon the whole. Strange to say, the colonel not only professed to discredit the accusation, but discountenanced all investigation! The officers, compelled to acquiesce in this decision, determined at least to avoid the contamination of his society: save, therefore, on points of duty, they held no communication with him, and he was placed in strict "coventry." This very just manifestation of indignant feeling stung Trayner to the soul. Every baneful passion rankled in his bosom. He swore to be revenged, and too fatally did he keep his oath!—but let us not anticipate our tale. Attached as lieutenant to the light company of the "legion" was a young man of most amiable manners, gentlemanlike, and unassuming in his deportment. He was respected and idolized by his comrades, who took pleasure in predicting his advancement, which they would have witnessed without one particle of

jealousy. The son of a rich and respectable manufacturer in Yorkshire, young Risdale, with all the ardent feelings of youthful ambition, and his heart glowing with enthusiasm to become a participator in the glorious struggle of South American independence, left his father's house; exchanging the advantages of affluence for a precarious existence, the delights of a peaceful home (endeared to him by a thousand infantile recollections) for a country convulsed by civil war, the salubrity of his native air for the pestiferous vapours of a foreign clime; sacrificing, in short, every earthly blessing to a vain phantom which has lured millions to destruction!

Unfortunate and misguided youth, may the tears of the brave that have been shed o'er thy untimely fate propitiate thine honoured shade!—may the remembrance of thy virtues sooth the regrets of the friends that survive thee! The turf that covers thy humble sepulchre will lie light upon thy bosom, for it is not burthened with the curses of the widow or the orphan; whilst the marble that entombs the oppressor cannot shelter him from the execration he merits!

The reader will, I am sure, pardon my digression. I was unable to check this small tribute of respect to the manes of one endowed with every noble quality. Should a parent's eye peruse this tale, in deploring the melancholy event that bereaved him of his son, he will, I trust, derive some consolation from even my feeble efforts to do justice to the memory of my friend, and shield his character from aspersion.

How many young men, like poor Risdale, impelled by the fervour of an ardent imagination, and the spirit of chivalrous enterprise, embraced a cause which presented to their view the flattering perspective of immortal renown!—how soon, alas! were the evergreen laurels they sought changed into mournful cypress! Denied even by the soil they aided in delivering from the yoke of the despot a little earth to cover their inanimate remains, their mouldering bones, the refuse of vultures, are still left to bleach upon the arid plains of Candalaria, a sad memento of *republican* gratitude!—But to resume my narration. The company to which Risdale belonged was commanded by the son of an old British officer. Their relative situation as comrades linked them together, whilst a similarity of disposition and sentiments cemented an attachment, the natural result of this reciprocity of feeling. Captain Hodgkinson was an excellent officer, and, by his persevering exertions, the light company of the “British legion” would have done credit to the best-disciplined battalion in Europe. Respected and esteemed by his superiors, he was likewise beloved by his equals. No man knew better than himself how to draw the line of distinction betwixt hauteur and prudent reserve. He was condescending to all, familiar with none; but he regarded Risdale in the double light of friend and pupil, and took both pride and pleasure in imparting to him the fruits of his experience. Under these friendly auspices the young aspirant soon became a proficient in all military exercises, and bid fair to rival his instructor, which Hodgkinson rather gloried in than envied. Proud of his own creation, he neglected no opportunity of extolling the merits of his youthful competitor; and the affection which they mutually cherished towards each other made them inseparable companions, and caused them to be considered as the Damon and Pythias of modern friendship.

The very soul of honour himself, it is not surprising that Captain Hodgkinson should have shrunk from the polluting touch of infamy. Too



sincere to disguise his feelings at any time, he attempted not to restrain them when the routine of his professional duties brought him into contact with the degraded Trayner. His heart would have sympathized with misfortune, might have wept over the delusions of error, but never could hold communion with guilt. Trayner's barefaced impudence disgusted him, and he evinced his abhorrence on every occasion by the most sovereign contempt. Risdale of course partook of his friend's antipathy; and both rendered themselves, in consequence, more especially the objects of a villain's hatred! Too cowardly openly to evince his enmity, Trayner meditated a plan of vengeance so diabolical in its nature, and so sudden in its result, that it fell with the velocity of the thunderbolt upon its unsuspecting victims, without affording the slightest warning of its fatal approach.

Making his patron's ill-placed confidence subservient to his purposes, he secretly employed emissaries to foment the general discontent that still prevailed amongst the men of the "British legion;" and by enforcing the performance of vexatious duties, curtailing the rations, and giving harsh replies to the repeated remonstrances for a redress of grievances become almost too heavy to be borne—all which he pretended to do in the name of the colonel, although Blosset was really unconscious of this abuse of his authority—he so irritated the minds of the soldiers against their commander, that they only waited a favourable opportunity of breaking out into open revolt. Like a skilful angler, he let them nibble at the bait, in the conscious security of being able to hook his prey at any moment it might suit his convenience; and the hour drew near that was to present the garrison of Achaquas with a tragedy conceived and executed by a fiend in human shape, and teach the inhabitants of the New World this great moral lesson,—that an all-wise Providence may at times permit the triumph of powerful guilt over feeble innocence!

Most of my readers are of course well aware that in catholic countries it is the common usage to celebrate the anniversary of the canonization of each and every saint in the calendar. On these occasions the individual whose name may correspond with that belonging to any of these sanctified worthies regards it as his own particular festival, and keeps it as we protestants do our birthdays. Now it so happened, that the good lady to whom the present "*Liberator*" of Colombia owes his existence was prevailed upon by the orthodox gossips to select the venerable *Saint Simon* as her son's patron: the motive that led to this choice, or the arguments for and against its adoption, or whether it was decreed "*nemine contradicente*," the annals of the Bolivarian family sayeth not! It suffices that I acquaint my reader, who may not possess the advantages of this saintly patronage, that such was the fact, and the day rapidly advancing that was to afford to all classes of the republic an opportunity of blending with their devotion to the saint a demonstration of respectful homage to the virtues of their ruler!

Bright and glorious rose the sun upon the morn that preceded the Eve of Saint Simon, as if unconscious that his setting rays were doomed to linger on a scene of carnage!

All in the little town of Achaquas were actively engaged in making preparation for the coming festival.—Besides illuminations, it was intended to amuse the populace with the favourite spectacle of a bull-fight, and messengers were despatched to bring from the plains some of the

fiercest of these animals: it was likewise in contemplation to represent a drama, in which several of the officers were to enact parts; and the light company of the "legion" (being the first for fatigue-duty) were sent to the woods to collect materials for the erection of a temporary theatre in the "Grande Plaza:" parades were to be dispensed with throughout the garrison during the day, and all wore the face of seeming hilarity. It might have been remarked, however, that the soldiers of the "legion" more particularly confined themselves to the precincts of their barracks, which occupied an angle of the square, and from whence they appeared to be unconcerned spectators of all that passed without. Things remained in this tranquil state till the return of the light company. These poor fellows had been exposed for several hours to the heat of the sun: ardent spirits had been twice or thrice administered to them, and under the influence of the excitement it produced they became noisy and riotous. Upon this result Trayner had calculated. He had himself fired the train, and with all the feelings of gratified malice he anxiously expected the issue of the general explosion. He was to be seen in different parts of the town driving the inebriated and unarmed men before him with his naked sabre: he at last encountered Risdale, and reproached him in most unqualified terms with the state of the company, who with truth replied, that he did not hold himself responsible for their conduct, since they had not been under his orders during the period of their fatigue-services, and advised soothing measures to be employed to recall the men to their senses. This counsel Trayner imperiously rejected, adding, "You, sir, are as drunk as those whose cause you espouse!" Indignant at a charge so void of foundation, and under the impulse of the moment, Risdale gave his accuser the lie. Major Carter of the legion coming up at that instant, the expression was by Trayner represented as an act of insubordination, and Risdale ordered under an arrest, a mandate he immediately obeyed by retiring to his quarters.

Meantime the barracks presented a scene of confusion. The whole of the men were assembled, and appeared to be discussing the best mode of action. Some proposed to address a respectful remonstrance to Paez, stating their request, that Blosset might be removed from the command, and offering to serve under a Creole colonel of their own selection (and here the name of Gomez was loudly vociferated); others expressed their doubts of the efficacy of an appeal, and their determination to seek justice at the point of the bayonet: all were unanimous in declaring they would no longer submit to the neglect and tyranny of a superior who seemed to forget that he was himself an Englishman. They had scarcely arrived at this unity of decision, when one or two men who had witnessed the altercation between Trayner and Risdale burst in upon the meeting, and related the occurrence. The men's minds, already in a state of ferment, wanted but this additional stimulus to render them desperate. One of the regimental bugles sounded the shrill call to "arms;" and the next instant the whole, with fixed bayonets, rushed into the "Grande Plaza," and formed in line of battle!

The noise now became astounding; and, at intervals, cries of "Down with Blosset!" "Death to Trayner!" "A Creole commander!" "Gomez for ever!" could be distinguished amid the almost deafening din that prevailed. The greater part of the officers, roused from the "siesta" they had been indulging in, were seen hurrying half-equipped



along the different streets leading to the Great Square. Among the first to reach the scene of riot was Lieutenant-Colonel Davy, whose gallant attempt to quell the disturbance was quickly rewarded with the infliction of two or three wounds, and who only preserved his life by the prompt rescue afforded him by some of his friends who had fortunately followed his steps. The infuriate soldiers resisted all endeavours to pacify them : luckily they had no ammunition, or the result might have proved fatal to many. Trayner, with true characteristic baseness, avoided the fury of the storm he had conjured ; and Blosset, who now made his appearance with wildness depicted on his countenance, would have fallen a sacrifice to his unpopularity, had not the sudden cry of " Paez ! Paez !" acted like an electric shock upon the nerves of the men, and paralyzed their faculty of action. With the velocity of an eagle pouncing upon its prey, Paez distanced all his staff (who vainly endeavoured to keep pace with him), and stood calm and collected in front of the mutineers : his eye flashing indignation was the only visible indication of his ruthless ire. He beckoned to some of his native followers, and gave them private orders, which they immediately proceeded to execute. A few minutes elapsed, during which period a profound silence reigned where so lately uproar had presided. Paez soon discovered, by a glance, that part of his commands had been obeyed. The regiment of Apure drew up in position to *enfilade* the rioters, and loaded with ball-cartridge on the spot. He then called Captain Wiltheu (his English aide-de-camp), and directed him to proclaim aloud, that if any officer, non-commissioned officer, or private, had any complaint to make, he should advance to the front. Two or three minutes' pause succeeded the promulgation of this notice : at its expiration six sergeants deputed by the men to plead their cause with the general quitted the ranks, and took their station in advance, when they were instantaneously disarmed by the native officers, who began to muster in considerable numbers round their tyrannical leader.\*

The wily Trayner now deemed it time to show himself, and approaching Paez, informed him that he had been engaged in augmenting the Creole guard upon the magazines, and other precautionary measures for the safety of the town, and requested his further orders. Paez soon furnished him with suitable employment, by directing him to superintend the immediate execution of the six men, whom he designated as self-convicted ringleaders of the revolt. Trayner said something in an under tone to the general, who ejaculated, " Right—certainly !—Let the light company of the ' British legion ' furnish the firing-party, and its captain will command it ! " What language can portray Hodgkinson's feelings when the cruel mandate met his ear ? He saw at once the source from whence this malignant blow sprung, and resolved, at the risk of his life, to defeat its purpose. Stepping hastily forward, and casting his sword at the feet of Paez, he thus addressed him : " General, when I first drew that weapon, it was in the sacred cause of honour :—it shall never be sullied in the hands of its owner :—I therefore relinquish it. I came hither the soldier of liberty, and sworn enemy to oppression, and will not degrade myself by becoming the deliberate assassin of my deluded countrymen. My *fate* depends upon *your* will ; my disgrace

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\* I suppose Paez acted upon the principle that the end justifies the means. The proclamation was a mere subterfuge, since he had not the most distant idea of listening to complaints, much less of redressing them !

or honour upon my *own*!" - During this intrepid speech, Paez evinced no emotion, whilst all around betrayed more or less agitation. Pity and admiration were the predominant sensations; for few, if any, doubted but his doom was fixed! Blosset had been intimate with Hodgkinson's father, and now resolved to make an effort in favour of the son, and forestall a sentence which, once pronounced by Paez, would, like the laws of the "Medes and Persians," have been irrevocable. He hastily approached the general, and entered into conversation with him. Their language was inaudible, but from the colonel's gestures it might be surmised that he pleaded the cause of mercy. Paez's looks were still cold and relentless. The agony which every sensitive bosom felt during the few minutes that this conference lasted is not to be described: the life of a fellow-creature depended on a breath; and that breath, like the deadly siroc of the desert, could wither all who came within its fatal influence! Paez speedily put a period to the horror of suspense by directing Trayner to deprive Captain Hodgkinson of the insignia of his rank, an order which was executed by the former with all the alacrity of gratified malice, and the noble victim of unmerited indignity sent under a Creole escort to the guard-room, thus escaping a scene his less fortunate comrades were doomed to witness, and which was calculated (by the terrific impression it made upon their minds) to defy even the obliterating power of time to efface from their memory.

Twelve men of the light company were now selected as the executioners of the six unhappy beings who stood in mute despair awaiting the awful signal of their death. Hodgkinson and Risdale's absence had, however, left them without an officer. This circumstance was reported to the general, who caused proclamation to be made through an aide-de-camp, that any subaltern of the "British legion" volunteering the duty should be promoted to the rank of captain. I think I hear my reader exclaim, "Great God! is it possible that a British officer could be induced by the promise of any reward to accept such an office?" Softly, kind reader; you form too favourable an estimate of human nature: sad experience may yet convince you, as it has myself, that self-interest is too often the main spring of our actions; yet I hope and believe there are many exceptions to be met with in all classes of society, in none more so than our gallant officers of both services, *The Navy and Army of Great Britain*; in which numbers might be found to possess the magnanimity of an Hodgkinson—few, if any, that could be seduced by *bribery*, or influenced by *fear*, to follow an example which *truth* now compels me to record.

Belonging to the grenadiers of the "legion," there was a man of the name of Gill, who, from the rank of sergeant, which he held on leaving England, had for his good conduct, cleanliness of appearance, and other soldierlike qualities, been promoted to a second lieutenancy. He had formerly been a private in one of our regiments of life-guards, where I have always understood he obtained the reputation of a steady, sober, and well-conducted man. However high his character might stand on these points, yet it could not be expected, from the nature and quality of his former habits and associates, that he should possess that delicacy of feeling, that nice sense of honour, that tact of discriminating accurately between obedience and servility, which distinguishes the gentleman from the plebeian, and stamps him with that superiority over his species (by the world) denominated *polish*, and which is alone to be acquired by



education, and a constant intercourse with good society. It is not surprising, therefore, that Gill, wholly destitute of these refinements, should have acted according to his own limited comprehension of right and wrong, and eagerly embraced the opportunity of preferment which now unexpectedly presented itself. Scarcely had the sound of Paez's alluring offer died upon the air, when he advanced, and received from the hands of the general those *epaulettes* which had lately appertained to Hodgkinson ; and as soon as the officious Trayner had aided in adjusting them to his shoulders, he proceeded, with the most perfect "sang froid," to place himself at the head of the firing-party !!!

And here I must request my reader's permission to pause for an instant to nerve myself for the horrid task I have undertaken. How shall I find words to narrate an event that beggars description? The vivid colouring of creative fancy would fail in its attempt to paint the sad reality ! Some years have elapsed, and still the dreadful scene is as fresh in my recollection as at the hour I witnessed it. Too faithful memory retraces every incident. I yet behold (in imagination) the "Grande Plaza," the assembled troops, the stern and ruthless Paez with his drawn sword (like his prototype, the fiendish Richard), in an assumed reverie, tracing lines upon the sandy soil at his feet. I see the pallid and imploring looks of the unhappy sufferers wandering from one object to another, till they rest in all the fixidity of despair upon the platoon, which with evident reluctance is slowly preparing the murderous tube. At a little distance I perceive the infamous Trayner (like the demon o'er the fall of man) exulting in the desolation he has caused. I see dejection portrayed on the countenance of the men of the "legion," whilst the drooping heads and downcast eyes of the officers betray their inward emotion. A cry of agony wounds my ear. I turn, and behold a group of Creole banditti forcing the six struggling victims towards the low wall that connects the church with the "Caza del Cura." I see them arrive there, and constrained to kneel. The fatal platoon advances, halts. I hear the word "Make ready." I close my eyes in fearful anticipation of the next order : a shout causes me to reopen them. The six unhappy men, as if actuated by one simultaneous impulse, have leaped the enclosure, and are making their way through the cemetery to the woods in the rear. Vain, alas ! are their hopes of safety. Mounted and dismounted Creoles are pursuing them with the speed and fury of blood-hounds. They are turned, and again driven back to the square. The foremost, panting for breath, directs his flight towards Paez (with a view, perhaps, of exciting his compassion) : he has nearly reached the goal he strives to attain. Merciful Heaven ! Trayner, the diabolical Trayner, intercepts his progress, and betrays his last hope ! The villain's sword has passed through his palpitating bosom. I hear his shriek of anguish, I see him fall—I can behold no more—my sight grows dim—every faculty is enchained by horror—an indistinct sensation of confused sounds is the only evidence I retain of existence. How long this stupor lasts I know not : when I recover, I find myself alone in the "Grande Plaza ;" the troops are dismissed ; the last gleam of twilight has just sank into the obscurity of night ; six bloody corpses, extended where they fell, are damning proofs of the recent massacre. Replete with melancholy forebodings, I take the road to my quarters. As I pass the general's house, the sound of music assails my ear. I approach an open window. The barbarian is enjoying the pleasures of the sprightly dance, whilst the mangled remains of six fellow-creatures lie

weltering in their gore only fifty yards distant from the scene of his festivity!! I hear a toast proposed: it is the health of Bolivar. The deafening "*Vivas*" that accompany the libation recall to my mind that it is the *Eve of Saint Simon!!!*

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The last scene of this eventful drama had still to be represented, and the patron saint of the republican leader yet to be propitiated, by a further offering of human sacrifice!

The morn dawned again upon the town of Achaquas, but the sun denied to its inhabitants the cheering influence of his rays. The mutilated bodies of the six unfortunate wretches had (by the friendly aid of some of their comrades) being consigned to the peaceful grave. The heavy rain which fell during the night had washed away the purple evidence that so lately marked the scene of slaughter. The gloom of the atmosphere imparted its sombre tint to the features of the British as they mustered for the parade, to which the shrill note of the bugle had just summoned them. It was known that two privates of the legion, who had been recognized as having wounded Lieut.-Colonel Davy, were to make expiation for their crime; but the fate of these men created little or no sympathy: the justice of their doom was universally acknowledged. The hollow square was quickly formed; its fourth face supplied by the wall before described: in it stood Paez: the same look of remorseless severity sate upon his brow, but he appeared (unusual with him) to be absorbed in thought; he noticed not the objects that surrounded him; nor did he condescend to return (or perhaps heeded not) the salutation which the superior officers paid him on his arrival.

On Blosset's face (who stood at a little distance from the general) might be discerned an *undefinable* something that told the beholder all was not right within, an outward restlessness that bespoke the heart ill at ease with itself: this sensation was contagious; and as the officers of the "legion" watched the vacillating motion of his body, and the unsettled glance of his eye, they felt a "*presentiment*" of evil irresistibly steal upon their minds. In this mood, the deep and almost appalling silence that had hitherto reigned was broken by a lengthened roll of muffled drums, and immediately succeeded by a full-toned peal of martial music. It was the dead march in Saul! Every heart vibrated to the sound, every eye was strained to catch a glimpse of the procession, which was now seen slowly advancing by the principal street leading to the "Grande Plaza." Twelve men (with their arms reversed) headed the line of march; next came six drummers with muffled drums; these were followed by the band of the "legion;" then came the unfortunate criminals, by whose side marched Trayner; twelve more men brought up the rear. This military pomp (an unusual display at the execution of private soldiers) appeared singular. At length the horrid truth flashed upon the mind! An officer was to die! and that *officer* could be only *Hodgkinson\** or *Risdale*, perhaps both! As the procession drew nigh, the doubt was solved. The two mutineers were tied together by the arms. Immediately after them came *Risdale*, closely escorted by Trayner. They entered the

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\* Hodgkinson certainly owed the preservation of his life to Blosset's intercession. He was by Paez sent down to Angostura, a town on the banks of the Orinoco, and at that time the seat of Government. Reinstated in his rank by the authorities there, at the conclusion of the truce he joined the army at Barinas, Bolivar's head-quarters, just prior to the opening of the campaign that terminated so gloriously on the field of Caraboba.



square. Up to that instant, the young man had received no intimation of his doom! When those of his brother-officers who resided in the same quarters had quitted, a short time previous, to attend parade, they left him congratulating himself that his *arrest* would spare him the painful task of witnessing the death of the very men whose fate he was now unconsciously to share! Blosset now advanced and dropped the point of his sword to Paez, who, without changing his position, replied to this silent but unequivocal demand, "*Let the execution proceed!*"\* The two men were now placed on their knees, with their faces towards the wall; the platoon, in double file, took their station at about ten paces' distance from the objects of their aim; then, and not till then, Trayner approached Risdale, and made a motion to dispossess him of his uniform jacket. Risdale started back as though he had trodden on a viper, and the ejaculation of, "Am I really one of the unfortunate beings to die?" burst from his lips. The agony of that moment, to be felt, must have been witnessed: it cannot be described! He gazed vacantly round him: who can paint the unutterable anguish which that look portrayed? A convulsive motion agitated his frame, an involuntary tribute paid to feeble nature; and when Blosset bade him bear his fate like a *man*, he answered firmly, (in the words of "Macduff,") "I shall, but must likewise *feel* it as a man!" Another moment restored him to self-possession. He divested himself of his uniform, and cast it with indignation at his feet: he then glanced tremulously round, till his eye rested on Captain Scott, who commanded the company on the extreme right of the square: he articulated his name. Scott, yielding to the sudden impulse, sprung towards him, but was arrested by Blosset, and compelled to resume his post. The colonel asked Risdale what he desired? and on his replying, that he merely wished his family to be informed of his doom, promised that his wish should be complied with. From this instant, never was greater courage displayed by mortal, than was evinced by Risdale. With unflinching steps he approached the fatal spot, and knelt in front of the party that was to terminate his existence! His eyes were unbanded, and, by a refinement of barbarity (which could only have emanated from the villainous Trayner, upon whom the arrangements had devolved), the muskets were unloaded, and each succeeding word of command of the "platoon exercise," as it was audibly pronounced, sounded like a reiterated knell of death on the ears of the unfortunate victims, and protracted the agony of their sufferings. At the word "Make ready," Risdale raised his hands, and crossed them upon his bosom in token of resignation; the next moment his body lay extended a bloody and a breathless corse, and left his pure spirit to wing its flight to brighter realms with the damning record of man's injustice!

I have little more to add: it may, however, gratify my reader to learn, that the "Eye of Providence" winked not at oppression. Six weeks had scarcely elapsed since the dreadful scene I have related took place, when Blosset was wounded in a duel by Major Power, who had served in the same regiment with him in Egypt; and after linger-

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\* Blosset weakly yielding to Trayner's suggestions, had the previous night, in a conference with Paez, stated his opinion, that an example was necessary to restrain the mutinous spirit of the soldiers of the legion, and pointed out Risdale as a proper object to exercise severity upon. Had Blosset, even at the place of execution, spoken a word in the young man's behalf, I have no doubt Paez would willingly have reversed a sentence which did not originate with himself, and which he had no interest in enforcing.

ing three days, a prey to all the horrors of remorse, he died unlamented, and was interred in the aisle of the small church of Achaguas with all the pomp of *military* and *masonic* honours!

The vile and detested Trayner, scouted by his countrymen (with the rank of *lieutenant-colonel* conferred upon him by Paez in reward of his *meritorious services*), joined a native corps and accompanied it to a distant province. In an action which took place some time after, he was wounded, and with the Creole colonel ("Penango"), deserted by his men, left upon the field of battle, writhing with pain, and parched with thirst, he was found by the Spaniards, and by the order of their general, (the savage Morales), unresistingly butchered, thus affording a terrible example of Divine retribution!

Several of the personages mentioned in my tale still, I believe, exist. Years may revolve, and various be the vicissitudes of their fortune, yet memory will never cease to associate in its reminiscence, with the town of Achaguas, or the name of the Colombian "Liberator," a recollection of the horrors that resulted from the sanguinary festival of *the Eve of Saint Simon*!

G. B. H.

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#### SINGULAR SMITH

Is an individual of the genus Smith, a cognomen of so multitudinous an import, so wide-embracing an universality, as would render it no easy task to point out *the* Smith intended, were it not for the distinguishing epithet, Singular. Hah! I perceive, gentle reader, by the puzzled expression on your brows, and the effort you are making, as you run through the catalogue of five hundred and fifty persons of that name whom you know intimately well, to fix upon "one bright particular" Smith, that you do not know *my* John Smith. Give him up at once, for he is a riddle you cannot solve, a conundrum you cannot guess. If you knew him, you would be in no dolderum as to which is he; you would have picked him out at once, as a shepherd selects a particular sheep from a flock of five hundred. The Smith I shall here illustrate stands out, from the vast majority of Smiths, a truly remarkable Smith; and you know him not, but shall, or there is no painting by the pen.

John Smith was born in the humble walks of life, in Leather-lane, from whence the greatest geniuses have generally sprung. His father maintained a very large family of little Smiths, by bringing together unconnected pieces of thick and thin cordovan, in which the lieges of Leather-lane and its liberties contrived to amble. His mother was the "sole daughter of the house and heart" of Mrs. Selina Shred, the respectable widow of Mr. Samuel Shred, piece-broker of Hatton Wall. Mr. Samuel Shred, born, like his grandson, under the influence of Saturn, had a natural predilection for the elegiac muse, and was, if rumour is to be believed, the immortal author now no more of those true and touching lines, which have since taken root and flourish in every churchyard throughout England,—

"Afflictions sore  
Long time I bore,  
Physicians were in vain," &c.

It is, therefore, very reasonably to be inferred that our hero derived his tendencies and talents, as well as his birth and being, by the mother's



side; his ancestors by the father's having been remarkable for nothing remarkable. The existence of the subject of this memoir was consequently essential to the glory of the Smiths; and this desirable consummation of all their wishes was brought about in September, 1790, at three in the morning and 33, Leather-lane. The wet-and-dry and pap-and-panada period of his puppyage passed with great credit to himself and satisfaction to Smiths in general. He was pronounced, *una voce*, to be a sweet child, and a darling of the most dulcet dispositions.

His childhood exhibited no extraordinary phenomena: the germ of his genius was yet in the ground; but it shot out at last. The first manifestation of his versatile powers displayed itself in his thirteenth year, in an epitaph on a hopeful schoolfellow, untimely choked in bolting the largest half of a hot roll, which he had pirated from a smaller boy. It is touching, and worth recording:

“Here I lie dumb,  
Choked by a crum,  
Which wouldn't go down, and wouldn't up come.”

The “needless Alexandrine” and the daring inversion “up come” did not escape the malicious eyes of the critics; but after they had deducted as much as they could from the fame which this first attempt necessarily brought him, he had still enough to live upon handsomely; and Holborn, wide as it is, became hardly wide enough for his spreading reputation. His next production was a rebus on a kit-cat portrait of the late Mr. Pitkin of immortal memory, and ran as follows:

“My first is a kitten, my second a cat,  
My third is a portrait, my whole is all that.”

The “all that” was not quite understood; but so young a genius could not be expected to find rhyme, reason, and a rebus too in a couplet.

About this time his wit manifested itself somewhat precociously. His venerable father was engaged at the table on a haunch of mutton. The carving-knife and fork were impending over the juicy indulgence, when an odour, not born in the sweet south, nor breathing of a bank of violets, “gave him pause.” Mr. Smith, senior, laid down his trenchant blade, and pushing up his spectacles to his forehead, bent his head to the dish to confirm his suspicions; they were too true. “My dear,” said Mr. S. “this mutton is not good—in short, it is bad.” “And smells so, pa!” corroborated Master John Smith. The fond father, feeling all the force and aptness of the quotation from his favourite *Hamlet*, forgot his contempt for the mutton in wondering admiration at the brilliant sally of his son and heir, and embracing the young master, cut him a double share of pudding where the plums were least “like angels’ visits, few and far between.” The *bon mot* circulated far and wide, and Master Smith became at once

“The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.”

From this time the field of his genius was suffered to lie fallow, and for many years no more was heard of him as a candidate for the reward of “gods and men”—fame. Here I am forcibly reminded of a beautiful passage in a poet of some reputation,

“Full many a flower is born,” &c.

which I should willingly quote at length for the benefit of readers who

have not read it; but editors are so impatient of their time and space, that space and time would both be annihilated if they had their will.

“The child is father of the man,”

sings a very praiseworthy poet; and our hero corroborated this fact to the letter: for as John Smith, junior, could never settle down to any profitable pursuit, so neither could John Smith, senior. Filled with the divine afflatus, his soul soared above this terrene earth, and business became a bore. As some one has said, his delights were dolphin-like, and played above the element he lived in. Blest with early competency, corpulency, and content, what were the toils of the working-day world to him? It was business enough for him to have nothing to do, and his own time to do it in. He passed twenty years of his term-time in this pleasant vacation, and was fully occupied; many who pass the same period more busily have less to show for it. Undoubtedly, the grand intention of Mr. Smith's existence, I may say “his being's end and aim,” is to do something which he has not yet done—not even begun; but all in good time! The world works very well in the interim, and can wait his leisure.

In his thirty-second year, the divine madness of the Muse came upon him once more; and two sonnets, one to the Moon, the other to the Nightingale (original subjects, which exhibited the wealth of his invention in an exalted light), appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Much idle conjecture as to their authorship followed, which he enjoyed with a dignified reserve; but the important secret was well known, and as well kept, by his trust-worthy friends. Again he “tuned his shepherd's reed,” and the purlieus of Holborn rang with the pastoral pipings of the Leather-lane *Lycidas*: meanwhile

“Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen  
Peeping from forth their alleys—clean;  
Brown the exciseman smiled to hear,  
And Sims scored up and drank a pot of beer.”

Several years he passed in what he termed fattening his mind; during which process I am afraid it arrived at the acme of most other prize-fed perfections—too much fat, and too little lean.

Mr. John Smith is now a bachelor, on the young side of forty. He is in the prime of *that* happy period, ere the freedom of single blessedness has deteriorated into formality, that “last infirmity of noble” bachelors. Caps have been, and are now, set at him; but he is too shy a bird to be caught in nets of muslin, or imprisoned by the fragile meshes of Mechlin lace. Widows wonder that he does not marry; wives think he should; and several disinterested maiden ladies advise him to think seriously of something of that sort; and he, always open to conviction, promises that he will do something of that kind. In fact, he has gone so far as to confess that it *is* melancholy, when he sneezes in the night, to have no one, night-capped and nigh, to say “God bless you!” If the roguish leer of his eye, in these moments of compunction, means anything, I am rather more than half inclined to doubt his sincerity. One argument which he urges against committing matrimony is certainly undeniable—that there are Smiths enough in the world, without his aiding and abetting their increase and multiplication: he says he shall wait till the words of Samuel, “Now there was no smith found throughout all Israel,” are almost applicable throughout all England: and then he may,



perhaps, marry. "Smiths," as he says, "are as plentiful as blackberries. Throw a cat out of every other window, from one end to the other of this metropolis, and it would fall on the head of *one* Smith. Rush suddenly round a corner, and knock down the first man you meet, he is a Smith; he prostrates a second, the second a third, the third a fourth . . . . . the ninth a tenth—they are all and severally Smiths."

I am indeed afraid that he is irrecoverably a bachelor, for several reasons which I shall mention. He is, at this time, "a little, round, oily man," five feet and a half in his shoes; much given to poetry, pedestrianism, whim, whistling, cigars, and sonnets; "amorous," as the poets say, of umbrageousness in the country, and umbrellas in the town; rather bald, and addicted to Burton ale: and a lover of silence and afternoon *siestas*—indeed, he is much given to sleep, which, as he says, is but a return in kind; for sleep was given to man to refresh his body and keep his spirits in peace; indulgences these which have any thing but a marrying look: so that no unwilling Daphne has lost a willing Damon in my duodecimo friend. It is too manifest that he prefers liberty, and lodgings for a single gentleman, to the "Hail, wedded love!" of the poet of Paradise—a sort of clergyman "triumphale" to which his ear is most unorthodoxically deaf when time is called. He has even gone so far as to compare good and bad marriages with two very remarkable results in chemical experiment, by which, in one instance, charcoal is converted into diamond, and in the other, diamond is deflagrated into charcoal. The fortunate Benedict marries charcoal, which, after a patient process, proves a diamond: the unfortunate husband weds a diamond, which, tried in the fire of adversity, turns out charcoal. Yet he is not unalive to those soft impressions which betoken a sensitive nature. He has been twice in love; thrice to the dome of St. Paul's with the three sisters Simpson, and once to Richmond by water with a Miss Robinson, in May, that auspicious month, dedicated to love and lettuces. These are perhaps the only incidents in his unchequered life which approach the romantic and the sentimental; yet he has passed through the ordeal unsinged at heart, and is still a bachelor. He was, at one time, passionately partial to music and mutton-chops, muffins and melancholy, predilections much cultivated by an inherent good taste, and an ardent love of the agreeable; yet he has taken to himself no one to do his mutton and music, no one to soften his melancholy and spread his muffins. It is unaccountable; the ladies say so, and I agree with them.

I have mentioned "the things he is inclined to;" I must now specify "those he has no mind to." His antipathies are tight boots and bad ale—two of the evils of life (which is at best but of a mingled yarn) for which he has an aversion almost amounting to the impatient. His dislike to a scold is likewise most remarkable, perhaps peculiar to himself; for I do not remember to have noticed the antipathy in any one beside. A relation is, to be sure, linked to a worthy descendant of Xantippe; and this perhaps is the key to his objections to the padlock of matrimony.

It is the bounden duty of a biographer (and I consider this paper to be biographical) to give, in as few words as possible, the likeness of his hero. Two or three traits are as good as two or three thousand, where volume-making is not the prime consideration. He is eccentric, but without a shadow of turning. He is sensitive to excess; for, though no one ever has horsewhipped him, I have no doubt if either A. or B.

should, he would wince amazingly under the infliction, and be very much hurt in his feelings. Indeed, he does not merit any such notice from any one; for he has none of that provoking irascibility generally attendant on genius (for he is a genius, as I have shown, and shall presently show). He was never known to have been engaged in more than one literary altercation; then he endeavoured, but in vain, to convince his grocer, who had beaten his boy to the blueness of stone-blue for spelling sugar without an *h*, that he was assuredly not borne out in his orthography by Johnson and Walker.

To sum up the more prominent points of his character in few words. As he is a great respecter of himself, so he is a great respecter of all persons in authority: his bow to a beadle on Sundays is indeed a lesson in humility. Being a sincere lover of his country, he is also a sincere lover of himself: he prefers roast beef and plum-pudding to any of your foreign kickshaws; and drinks the Colonnade champagne when he can, to encourage the growth of English gooseberries; smokes largely, to contribute his modicum to the home-consumption; pays all government demands with a cheerfulness unusual and altogether perplexing to tax-gatherers; and subscribes to a lying-in hospital (two guineas annually—nothing more). In short, if he has not every virtue under heaven, it is no fault of Mr. Smith. The virtues, he has been heard to say, are such high-priced luxuries, that a man of moderate income cannot afford to indulge much in them.

These are Mr. John Smith's good qualities: if he has failings, they "lean to virtue's side," but do not much affect his equilibrium: he is a perpendicular man in general, and not tall enough in his own conceit to stoop when he passes under Temple Bar. If he *is* singular, he lays it to the accident of his birth: he was the seventh Smith of a seventh Smith. This fortuitous catenation in the links of the long chain of circumstance, which has before now bestowed on a fool the reputation of "a wise man," only rendered him, as he is free to confess, an *odd* man. His pursuits have indeed of late been numerous beyond mention, and being taken up in whimsies, ended in oddities. As I have said, he wrote verses, and they were thought by some people to be very odd and unaccountable. He lost a Miss —, who was dear to him, in trinket expenses more especially, through a point of poetical etiquette certainly very unpardonable. In some lines addressed to that amiable spinster and deep-dyed *bas bleu*, he had occasion to use the words *one* and *two*, and either from the ardour of haste, or the inconsiderateness of love, which makes the wisest of us commit ourselves, or perhaps from the narrowness of his note-paper, he penned the passage thus:—

"Nature has made us 2, but Love shall make us 1;  
1 mind, 1 soul, 1 heart," &c.

This reminded the learned lady too irresistibly of a catalogue of sale—1 warming-pan, 2 stoves, 1 stewpan, 1 smokejack, &c., and she dismissed him in high dudgeon.

It was now that, to divert his attention from the too "charming agonies of love, whose miseries delight" every one but the invalid himself, he took to landscape painting. The connoisseurs, who know something, asserted that he had the oddest notions of the picturesque that ever disguised canvas. His cattle did indeed much more resemble the basket-bulls of a pantomime, than the kine of nature. His sheep had an un-



muttonly look : the lambs were like hosiers' signs ; as for the Corydons who tended them, they only wanted the usual badge with ' No. 29 ' on the arm to give one the beau ideal of Smithfield Arcadians. He next essayed the historical : his Marc Antony had no " mark or likelihood : " his Cæsar looked like the Czar of Muscovy ; his Brutus a thorough brute ; his Dollabella like Dollalolla ; and his Pompey the Great like Pompey the Little. Fuseli was no longer thought extravagant ; and Blake's monstrous illustrations of Blair provoked wonder no more. Tired of the pallet, he then tried experimental chemistry ; but having over-charged a retort, it retorted upon him, and discharged into thin air a tragic poet and a light comedian occupying the attics, with " all their imperfections " and half a ton of tiles " on their heads. " Mr. Smith is now engaged in a strict search after the philosophers' stone ; and as he has already discovered Whittington's, it is not impossible that he may be equally successful in his present scientific researches.

This inconstancy of pursuit is, however, an error of the head, which has been observable in men equally eminent with Mr. Smith. An ingenious man may, in this liberal age, be allowed to drive his hobby, or hobbies, single, or six abreast like Mr. Ducrow, if he keeps on his own side of the road, and refrains from riding over the hobbies of others. In more stable qualities Mr. Smith is of a more stable nature : here, indeed, his true singularity lies. But I pass this part of his character, and come, lastly, to his waggyery, which is perhaps the best portion of it. His genius is nothing to his jokes. His friend Simpson, in allusion, no doubt, to the jelly-like tremulousness of his outward man when in motion, says " he is all wag. " I know not whether he who contributes to the good humour of his fellow-men, without sacrificing his own, is not as great a philanthropist in his way as Howard himself. This little world is but a large theatre, producing more successful tragedies than comedies : what there is of humour you can hardly laugh at, and what is serious in its scenes somehow contracts the heart and darkens the countenance. He, then, who can dilate the one with laughter, and brighten the other with smiles, is a friend before all friends, and a philosopher before all philosophers.

Mr. Smith is very deservedly the delight of a pretty wide circle of admirers, and keeps all in good humour about him. Where he enters, let the company be never so grave, a preparatory smile spreads round the room ; every ear, to use a Lord Castlereagh figure of speech, stands on the tiptoe of expectation ; and his first remark, though it be but " How do you do, Jones ? " or, " Hah ! Simpson, glad to see you ! " is received with roars of laughter. When he hangs his hat up, something more than putting his beaver by is perceived in the action : his umbrella is equally unctuous and irresistible ; and his introductory " hem ! " to clear his throat for conversation, is listened to with most deferential silence. All eyes follow his hand when it moves toward the candle with a cigar ; and even the first fumes of the fragrant weed are watched like the smoke of the old sacrificial altars, as if something divine and oracular breathed with every whiff. Silence sits pleased ; mouths, city mouths ! gape wide with a sort of greedy avidity to swallow, at a gulp, any mental morsel he may, in his condescension, throw down for the entertainment of his friends. If strangers are present, elbows on either side nudge the unconscious Perkinses into a proper attitude of attention : if they have never before heard of Mr. Smith, much wonder

seems to sit on the uplifted eyebrows of those who know him well ; and a due degree of information as to his attributes is instilled in a whisper. You need not use a battering-ram to beat into the head of A. that B. is a man of extraordinary genius : tell him that he is so, and he believes you, because you save him the trouble of thinking for himself, an act of ratiocination which most men prefer to have performed for them by deputy : one half the world, indeed, takes its opinion of the other half on trust, and a very wise reliance it is.

Mr. Smith deserves all the consideration he meets with. I myself have listened to him with much pleasure, particularly on one occasion, when he most ingeniously proved that rats were a dainty fit for a duchess :—"Ratisbon : *bon*, in French, is *good*, in English ; rat is bon ; rat is good ; the diet of Ratisbon ; the diet of rat is good : ergo, the rat is proper for the sustenance of man." Mr. S. was so "cheered" as to convince me that it is not impossible for a man to be acknowledged a prophet in his own country. The gist of Mr. Smith's jests is more perhaps in the manner than the matter—like the House of Commons' facetia, which are reported to create roars of laughter, but at which I could never laugh, and I have tried very hard. The other day, his "*fidus Achates*," Simpson, fell overboard from a Margate hoy : when he was recovered by a thrown-out line, and hauled on board, Smith, placing his hands on his knees, and stooping down so as almost to meet the face of his half-drowned friend, asked him, with a look full of humourous inquisitiveness, "Wet or dry, Simpson?" This question, put in his own whimsical way, convulsed his auditors, poor saturated Simpson included, who laughed, however, somewhat after the manner of a squib let off in a damp state on a rainy fifth of November.

This brief memoir of Mr. John Smith, and mention of his pursuits, will serve to illustrate the versatility of his genius and the vastness of his acquirements. And now I leave the reader to ask "*Who is this Smith ?*"

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#### CONSTANT'S MEMOIRS OF BUONAPARTE.\*

IF the statesman, the warrior, and the historian feel a higher interest in the perusal of pages devoted to the record of revolutionary commotions, sanguinary and ambitious warfare, and acts which posterity will by turns admire and execrate, a class of readers, far more numerous at the present day, will dwell with preference on the lighter episodes which unfold the domestic privacy of the mighty ones of the earth, and reduce the demigods of a stupified people to the proportions of mere mortality. The biographers whom an accidental and favourable position has enabled more closely to behold the idols of popular worship, may be compared to the high priests of the pagan divinities, who, admitted to the inmost sanctuary, enjoyed the exclusive privilege of recognizing the artifices by which the credulity of the mob was abused. There, however, the similitude ends ; the latter, from motives of vile calculation, perpetuating the holy fraud, while the revelations of the former contribute to overthrow both the altar and the god. The introductory pages of Constant promise a rich treat to such as delight to

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\* *Mémoires de Constant, Premier Valet de Chambre de Napoléon, sur sa Vie Privée, sa Famille, et sa Cour.* Vols. 1r. 2me. 3me. et 4me. 8vo. Paris, 1830.



contemplate a self-raised sovereign in the retirement of private life;—to view the points of resemblance which a hero bears to his fellow-men; whether the performance has realized the promise, remains to be seen. The author must undoubtedly be ranked amongst those who, by a rare and fortuitous concurrence of circumstances, enjoyed the advantage of observing the man amidst the gaudy splendours which surrounded the monarch: consequently, his pages, if purified from the taint of fulsome panegyric, and the enthusiasm of blind admiration, might aid in dispelling the illusions of the present, and in rectifying the judgments of the future. In the cabinet, we behold the statesman decked in his robe of office,—in the field of battle, the warrior in plume and casque; but in the privacy of the bed-chamber, the man, how exalted soever by place or chivalrous deeds of glory, appears to his valet in complete déshabille. The Memoirs of Constant are professedly a sketch of Napoleon's domestic habits; of Napoleon laying aside the warrior's sword, the consular purple, the diadem of empire; of Napoleon unambitious of power, and forgetful of a world whose fate seemed to hang upon his dreams of conquest. That Constant was favoured with peculiar facilities for the execution of his self-imposed task, we do not deny: we will even give him credit, to a certain extent, for honesty of purpose, and for a strict determination to overstep not the historian's fidelity; and when we consider the mode in which books are now-a-days manufactured, the admission on our part is ample. Notwithstanding this concession, a feeling of gratitude, commendable in itself, but fatal to the confidence which he seeks to inspire, renders the author, in our judgment, incapable of writing an accurate and impartial memoir of Napoleon, to whose bounty he was indebted for the comforts of his existence, and for whose memory he professes a respect little short of adoration. In proof of our assertion, we need only remark, that we cannot recollect a single passage in censure of Napoleon, though many of his actions are cited, which, if attributed to a mere ordinary potentate, would no doubt have excited the honest valet-de-chambre's unsparing indignation. All is panegyric. Constant admits that Napoleon shared the physical wants and infirmities of his species, but he seems to deny him the slightest participation in their moral defects; or, at the worst,

“E'en his failings leaned to virtue's side.”

The author should recollect that, in modelling a hero, the skilful statuary rejects the unwieldy dimensions of a colossus, as well as the diminutive proportions of a dwarf, and fashions his work after the just and harmonious symmetry of natural life.

The publisher of Constant's Memoirs insists strongly upon their authenticity. On this point we ourselves entertain not the slightest doubt: the work is evidently written by a valet-de-chambre; its slip-slop style, and, in many instances, its triviality of detail, are precisely such as might be expected from an aspiring knight of the shoulder-knot, ambitious of literary fame. In addition to the style, which, as Buffon says, is the man, these memoirs are marked by other distinguishing characteristics, that sufficiently prove their origin. M. Constant professes unbounded veneration for the infallibility of the great: he views their actions through a most convenient prism, transforming their vices into virtues, and magnifying their virtues into the perfection of super-human excellence. Albeit that his modesty would fain eclipse the

lustre of his qualities, he seems to have been a most useful appendage to his imperial master. Napoleon was not remarkable for his attention to the softer sex,—a sufficient proof, were any wanting, that he was not a legitimate sovereign; but, to save appearances, we presume, he occasionally indulged in flirtation, and now and then, an *amourette*. At such moments, our biographer acquitted himself, with infinite grace, of certain services to which we shall not at present more particularly allude. The respectful gravity, however, with which the valet-de-chambre ventures on the subject of the Lavallières and Montespons of the imperial régime, reminds us of the French fable, in which the fox courteously observes to the lion,—

“ Vous leur fîtes, seigneur,  
En les croquant, beaucoup d'honneur.”

Notwithstanding these and many other traces of the valet-de-chambre, the Memoirs of Constant contain some information. The reader who can reconcile himself to the author's fawning subserviency for the great, and wade through some scores of pages filled with details on the important subject of the valet-de-chambre's family affairs, may occasionally discover an interesting fragment, thrust, as it were, into most uncouth fellowship, and apparently amazed at the singularity of the association.

We select a few passages. Our first extract relates to the early career of the Viceroy of Italy:—

“ On the 16th of October 1799, Eugene de Beauharnais returned to Paris from the expedition of Egypt. At that epoch he was scarcely twenty-one years of age, and I was then made acquainted with certain particulars of his life, not generally known, and which had occurred prior to his mother's marriage with Buonaparte. The circumstances attending his father's death are but too notorious. The Marquis de Beauharnais having perished on the revolutionary scaffold, his widow, whose property had been confiscated, found herself on the verge of total destitution, and fearing that her son, though scarcely emerged from childhood, might be persecuted on account of his noble origin, she apprenticed him to a carpenter in the Rue de l'Echelle. A lady of my acquaintance, who lived in that street, has frequently seen him passing and repassing, with a plank on his shoulders. An individual in Eugene's then humble condition, was apparently at an immense distance from the command of a regiment of the Consular guard, and still further removed from the viceroyalty of Italy. I heard from his own lips an account of the singular circumstance which led to the first interview between his mother and father-in-law. Eugene, who was then but fourteen or fifteen years old, having been informed that the sword of the late ill-fated Marquis de Beauharnais had fallen into Buonaparte's possession, boldly hazarded a step which was crowned with complete success. He introduced himself to the general, who received him politely, and coming at once to the point, young Beauharnais requested that his father's sword might be restored to him. His countenance, the frankness of his bearing, and his whole appearance, made an irresistible impression upon Buonaparte, who immediately complied with his demand. No sooner had Eugene been put in possession of the long lost sword, than he shed a torrent of tears, and covered it with kisses. Buonaparte could not avoid being singularly struck with his unaffected emotion. Madame de Beauharnais, on being acquainted with the reception her son had met with from the General, considered it her duty to return the favour by a complimentary visit of thanks. At the very first interview, Buonaparte was captivated with Josephine, and lost no time in returning her visit. The parties were mutually pleased with each other's society, and the march of events which subsequently placed Josephine on the throne of France, is



sufficiently known to the reader. As to Eugene, I have had convincing proofs that Buonaparte never ceased to regard him with the tenderness of a father."

Napoleon, who had been elevated to the throne principally by the devotion of his army, felt the necessity of encouraging amongst their ranks a spirit of enthusiastic attachment to his person. It was his policy to conciliate the affections, not only of his officers, but even of the humblest of his soldiers, by well-timed acts of indulgence, and by expressions of approbation often amounting to a degree of familiarity which will doubtless astonish the Lord Johns and Thomases composing the *élite* of our British disciplinarians. We quote an instance :—

"This mention of the kind feeling entertained by the first consul towards the humblest soldiers in the ranks, reminds me of the following occurrence which took place at Malmaison. Early one morning Buonaparte strolled from the chateau in the direction of Marly. He was dressed, as usual, in a grey riding-coat, and accompanied by General Duroc. As they walked and chatted together, they observed a labouring man guiding his plough as he approached them. 'Hark you, good man,' said the first consul, suddenly stopping, 'your plough is not straight; you seem to be ignorant of your trade.'—'It would puzzle you to teach it me,' said the countryman, eying the well-dressed strangers from head to foot. 'Not in the least.'—'Aye, aye, well, try,' replied Hodge, giving his place to the first consul, who, seizing the handle of the plough, and driving on the horses, commenced his lesson. So awkward, however, was the experimental agriculturist, that the furrow soon swerved most unconscionably from a right line. 'Come, come,' said the peasant, roughly seizing the first consul by the arm, and resuming his place, 'your work is not worth a button: every man his trade; stick to yours.' Buonaparte continued his walk, having first remunerated the peasant for his moral lesson by putting two or three louis into his hand, as a compensation for the loss of his time. The labourer, astonished at the amount of the donation, hastily quitted his plough, and related his adventure to a farmer's wife whom he met on his road. The latter having obtained a description of the stranger's costume, guessed that the generous donor was the first consul, and communicated her discovery to her simple companion. The honest rustic was at first stupified with amazement; but the next morning, arming himself with resolution, and attired in his best, he made his appearance at Malmaison, and demanded to speak with Napoleon, to thank him, as he said, for his handsome present.

"On my acquainting the first consul with the arrival of his visitor, he ordered him to be immediately introduced to his presence. While I went forward to announce him, the peasant, to use his own expression, *had taken his courage in both hands*, to prepare himself for the important interview. On my return, I found him standing in the middle of the anti-chamber, (he had not dared to sit upon the benches, which, though of the most ordinary description, were in his eyes magnificent,) and cogitating in what form of words he might best express his gratitude to the first consul. As I led the way, he followed me on tiptoe with the utmost precaution, and with a look of anxiety directed every now and then towards the carpet: and when I at length opened the door of the cabinet, he requested me, with a profusion of bows and scrapes, to go in first. When Buonaparte had no particular reason for secrecy, he seldom closed the door of his private cabinet. On this occasion, he made me a sign to leave it open, so that I could distinctly see and hear every thing that took place.

"On his entrance, the peasant began by making a profound obeisance to M. de Bourrienne, who, seated at a writing-table placed in the recess of one of the windows, had his back turned towards the door. The courtesy, therefore, was unfortunately thrown away. The first consul, leaning backwards

in his easy chair, and *operating*, according to his old custom, on one of the arms with his penknife, for some minutes observed his awkward guest in silence. At length, however, he opened the following dialogue.

“ ‘ Well, my fine fellow,’ (the peasant, recognizing the sound of his voice, turned round, and made another scrape:) ‘ well,’ pursued the first consul, ‘ has the harvest been good this year?’— ‘ Why, saving your presence, Citizen General, not bad.’

“ ‘ The earth to be productive, must be well ploughed, eh?’ demanded the first consul: ‘ Your fine gentlemen are not fit for that work?’— ‘ Why, without offence, General, it requires a good iron fist to hold a plough.’

“ ‘ True,’ replied Buonaparte with a smile; ‘ but a hale hearty fellow, like you, must in his day have handled something better than a plough. Methinks you could do justice to a firelock or a broadsword.’

“ The peasant, upon this, stood square to his front, and held up his head with a martial air. ‘ General,’ said he, ‘ I have done like the rest. I had been married five or six years, when the beggarly Prussians, saving your presence, General, cut us out work. Then came the conscription. A musquet was placed in my hand, and a knapsack on my back: march, was the word. Ah! we were not equipped like those strapping lads I saw in the court-yard.’

“ ‘ Why did you quit the service?’ asked the first consul, who seemed to take considerable interest in the conversation.— ‘ General, every one his turn: it rained sabre-cuts, and I had my share;’ (here the peasant stooped, and separating his hair, displayed a large scar on his head;) ‘ after a few weeks at the hospital, I was discharged, and returned to my wife and my plough.’

“ ‘ Have you any children?’— ‘ Three, General; two boys, and a girl.’

“ ‘ You must make a soldier of your eldest boy; if he behaves well, I’ll take care of him. Adieu, my brave fellow; when you want me, come and see me again.’ The first consul then demanded some louis from M. de Bourrienne, and gave them to the peasant, of whom I was desired to take charge. We had scarcely reached the anti-chamber, when the visitor was called back.

“ ‘ Were you at Fleurus?’ said Napoleon.— ‘ Yes, General.’

“ ‘ Can you tell me the name of your general-in-chief?’— ‘ To be sure I can; General Jourdan.’

“ ‘ Right—good by;’ and I was forthwith followed by the veteran soldier of the republic, overjoyed at his reception.”

In the following, we have an instance of a gratifying compliment paid by Napoleon, at the expense of his brother Jerome, to an officer distinguished solely by his gallantry and services:—

“ I may here be permitted to mention a circumstance in proof of the estimation in which the first consul held the officers and soldiers of his army, and which he manifested towards them on all occasions. I was one morning in Napoleon’s bed-chamber, at the hour usually devoted to his toilette. Besides those in attendance, there was no one in the apartment except the brave and modest Colonel Gérard Lacuée, one of the first consul’s aides-de-camp. M. Jerome Buonaparte, who had then scarcely attained his seventeenth year, and whose irregularities had already afforded frequent subjects of complaint to his family, was shortly afterwards introduced. His brother Napoleon, who was in the habit of reprimanding and lecturing him, as a father might his son, was the only person of whom Jerome seemed to stand in awe. The first consul was anxious that his brother should enter the navy, not so much from a wish that he should adopt that profession, as that he might be withdrawn from the temptations to which the rising fortunes of his family continually exposed so young a man, and which Jerome was far from even desiring to withstand. The latter’s chagrin was excessive: he accordingly seized every opportunity of declaring his unfitness for the naval service: it is even said that at an examination by the inspectors, he allowed himself to be refused as not qualified, though with the slightest application on his part he might have easily passed.



Notwithstanding all these manœuvres, Jerome found it impossible to evade the will and pleasure of the first consul, and was reluctantly compelled to embark. On the morning to which I have already alluded, after some conversation and remonstrance, as usual on the subject of the navy, Jerome at length observed to his brother:—"Instead of sending me to sea, where I shall infallibly die of the horrors, you ought to make me one of your aides-de-camp?"—"You! *Blanc-bec*!" replied the first consul, sharply; "wait till a few bullets have furrowed your beardless face, and then we shall see;" at the same time pointing to Colonel Lacuée, who blushed crimson deep, and hung down his head. That the reader may duly appreciate the force of the compliment conveyed to the gallant aide-de-camp in the first consul's answer, it is necessary to observe that the colonel's face was marked with a deep scar. The loss of this brave officer, who was killed in 1805, was long and severely felt by Napoleon."

We have an account of a tolerably ludicrous interview between the conqueror of Italy and his quondam writing-master, shortly after the former's return from Lyons, whither he had proceeded to meet the deputies of the Cisalpine Republic, assembled for the election of a president:—

"Soon after the first consul's return to Malmaison, an individual in most unpretending attire solicited a private audience. He was instantly ushered into the cabinet of Napoleon, who demanded his name. 'General,' replied the solicitor, somewhat intimidated by his presence, 'I had formerly the honor of giving you lessons in writing at the college of Brienne.'—"And a respectable penman you have made of me," exclaimed the first consul, interrupting him sharply;—"your pupil's progress does you infinite credit!" Then laughing at his own hastiness, he addressed the good man in a kinder tone, to make amends for his first sally, the abruptness of which had considerably augmented the timidity of the calligraphic professor. In a few days the writing-master received from unquestionably the worst of all his former pupils at Brienne, (Napoleon's scarcely legible hand writing was proverbial,) a pension sufficient for his humble wants."

Buonaparte's notions on the subject of religion are generally known; he considered it merely as an engine of government, and, if Constant's as well as Bourrienne's statements be correct, made little scruple of proclaiming his opinion. For true religion and unaffected piety, we profess the most unfeigned respect; but we confess we infinitely prefer the ex-emperor's candid exposition of his religious, or, if it so please the reader, irreligious creed, to the odious hypocritical cant with which the saints—we mean the saints terrestrial—so ingeniously and so conveniently conciliate the service of "God and Mammon." Every friend to order must admit that Buonaparte essentially promoted the interests of true religion by opposing his inflexible authority to the desolating atheistical principles of the Revolution, and by re-establishing the ancient calendar, and the ancient form of divine worship. Constant's statement on this point differs not a jot in substance from that of M. Bourrienne, whom, by the way, the valet-de-chambre takes every opportunity of palavering in most antichamber-like phrase:—

"On the day of the proclamation issued by the first consul with regard to the law on divine worship, he rose early, and during the operation of his toilette, Joseph Buonaparte, and the second consul, Cambacérès, entered his chamber. 'Well,' observed the first consul to his colleague, 'we are going to witness the celebration of mass; what do the good Parisians think on that subject?'

“ ‘Many of them,’ replied Cambacérès, ‘intend to be present at the first representation of the new piece, and to hiss it most unmercifully should it fail to amuse them.’ ”

“ ‘Should any citizen act so indecorously, he shall on the instant be shewn to the other side of the door by the grenadiers of my consular guard.’ ”

“ ‘But suppose the grenadiers hiss too?’ ”

“ ‘I am not afraid of that: my brave lads will march to Notre Dame in the same spirit as at Cairo they went to the mosque. They will watch my countenance, and observing the decent gravity of their general, they will take their cue from me with ‘Comrades, eyes right!’ ”

“ ‘I fear,’ observed Joseph, ‘that the general officers will be less accommodating. I have just quitted Augereau, who is furious against what he calls your capucin gambadoes. It will be no easy task to entice him, and some others that I could name, to the bosom of holy mother church.’ ”

“ ‘Pshaw! that’s Augereau’s way. He is a loud-tongued, empty babbler, who, if he had some twentieth country cousin to provide for, would send him to-morrow to a monastery, that I might afterwards appoint him my chaplain. By the way,’ said the first consul, turning to his colleague, ‘when does your brother take possession of his see of Rouen? Do you know that he has the finest archbishopric in all France? He will be cardinal before the expiration of a twelvemonth. The matter is already arranged.’ Cambacérès answered with a respectful inclination of the head, and from that moment, his demeanour in regard to the first consul resembled the fawning assiduity of a courtier, rather than the frank independence of a coadjutor in office.

“ The first renewed celebration of divine worship at Notre Dame afforded a singular exhibition. The church was crowded with spectators, frivolously assembled, as for a theatrical representation: the military in particular seemed to consider the service in the light of a burlesque mummery, not of a religious solemnity. They who during the revolution had contributed to the overthrow of the rites now re-established by the first consul, could with difficulty conceal their indignation and chagrin. In the solemn chaunt of the *Te Deum*, the lower orders of the people could discern merely an additional aliment offered for the gratification of their idle curiosity. The middle classes, however, contained a number of pious individuals, who, having deeply regretted the suppression of the devotional practices in the observance of which they had been educated, were overjoyed at the unexpected restoration of ancient customs. Besides, the return to a better order of things had been effected without the slightest manifestation of superstition or of rigour, calculated to alarm even the most uncompromising advocates of toleration. The clergy were moderate in their demands, anathematized none, and the representative of the holy father, the cardinal legate, was universally beloved, except by a few bigoted old priests, for the liberality of his opinions, the suavity of his manners, and his sterling good sense. The first consul was ever on excellent terms with this prelate, who had completely captivated him by the charms of his conversation.

“ Independently of religious considerations, it cannot be denied that the populace welcomed with joy the repose and the solemnity of the long-forgotten sabbath day. The divisions of the republican calendar had been arranged with more theoretical skill, than attention to the comforts of the people, and at the epoch of its first introduction, I well recollect the expression of a celebrated wit; ‘these innovators,’ said he, ‘have to deal with a couple of enemies that will never yield an inch of ground,—beard, and clean shirt;’—in allusion to the discontent of the lower orders, who, as the interval from one *décadi* to another was rather long, were thus curtailed of the customary exhibition of their Sunday finery, and holiday persons, ‘neat, trimly dress’d.’ ”

We select some passages from the lengthy details on the subject of Napoleon’s personal appearance and private habits. Our readers will readily excuse the omission of certain particulars which to the valet-de-



chambre, however, appear of the highest importance, if we may judge by the minuteness with which they have been enumerated. We must pass over in absolute silence a list of the consular and imperial tooth-brushes, sponges, &c., merely remarking, *en passant*, that the ex-emperor made a liberal use of *Eau de Cologne*. The latter observation we are induced to offer for the benefit of the *crack* commanders, to whom we have already, in the course of this article, taken the liberty to allude, and who will doubtless feel no less gratified than amazed at the point of resemblance which we are the first to discover and publish in their favour :—

“ On his return from Egypt, Napoleon was thin ; his complexion of a yellow copperish tinge, and his eyes sunken ; his person was well formed. A portrait of the first consul, by Horace Vernet, in his celebrated picture of *a review on the place du Carrousel*, bears a striking resemblance to Napoleon, as he then was. His forehead was high and open, his hair of a chesnut colour, and very thin, especially on the temples, but soft and silky. His eyes were blue, and at times depicted with unerring fidelity, the emotions of his soul. His mouth was handsome, but when under the influence of ill humour, he had a habit of contracting his lips together. His teeth, though not even, were extremely white. His nose was of a perfect Grecian form, and his sense of smelling excessively quick. Notwithstanding that the *tout ensemble* of his countenance was handsome, the lankness of his features destroyed the effect that might otherwise have been produced by their regularity. His head was large, being twenty-two inches in circumference, and being rather lengthy, was consequently flat near the temples. His height was five feet, two inches, and three lines.

“ During his moments, or rather his hours of business and study, the emperor was subject to a *tic*, which resembled a nervous affection, and from which he was never wholly free. This singular infirmity frequently occasioned him to raise his right shoulder involuntarily and with rapidity,—a gesture which those unacquainted with his habits construed into an expression of dissatisfaction. It may be mentioned as another peculiarity, that the emperor never felt the pulsation of his heart. He himself often made the remark to M. Corvisart, as well as to me, and more than once desired us to place our hands on his bosom, in order to convince ourselves of the fact. We did so, and I am thus enabled, from personal knowledge of the circumstance, to make mention of this singular exception to the laws of nature.

“ The emperor eat with extreme rapidity, remaining scarcely twelve minutes at table. When he had himself dined, it was his custom to pass into another apartment. Josephine, however, usually remained, and desired her guests to do the same. One day, as Prince Eugene quitted the dining-room, immediately after the emperor, the latter, turning round, accosted him with—‘ Eugene, you have eat nothing.’—‘ Excuse me, Sire,’ answered the Prince, ‘ I had dined before I sat down to table.’ It is not improbable that some of the guests, finding the precaution not altogether useless, profited by the hint on subsequent occasions.

“ Napoleon drank no other wine than Chambertin, and generally mixed with water. He was not fond of wine, of which he was but an indifferent judge. I recollect that when the troops were encamped at Boulogne, he one day invited a number of general officers to dinner. The emperor, with a self-satisfied air, turning to Marshal Augereau, demanded his opinion of the wine. The marshal tasted it, and smacking his tongue against his palate,—‘ I have drunk better,’ said the blunt veteran, in a tone more adapted for camps than courts. The emperor, though prepared for a different answer, could not avoid a hearty laugh, in which he was joined by his guests.

“ The emperor was not a graceful rider : his seat on horseback was by no means firm, but the care with which his horses were broke rendered his deficiency in this respect of less consequence. The horses destined for Napo-

leon's personal use were forced to undergo a rough noviciate before they were suffered to enjoy the distinction of carrying their imperial master. They were trained to remain perfectly steady under tortures of every description; to receive blows about the head; drums were beat, pistols and crackers fired in their ears;—flags were waved before their eyes;—clumsy packages, and sometimes even sheep and pigs, were thrown between their legs. None of the animals were deemed sufficiently trained, till the emperor could, without the least difficulty, pull them up short at full gallop, which was his favorite pace.

“So constant was Napoleon to his old habits, that the shoemaker who furnished him when emperor was the same that had been employed by him when a student at the military college of Brienne. For a considerable time his boots and shoes were made according to the measure originally taken: this being at last found too small, I was one day ordered to summon the worthy tradesman to take fresh measure of his imperial customer. On arriving at his shop, I found that Napoleon's protégé had been dead some time, and that a booby of a son had succeeded him in his business. The son, though he had worked for the emperor, had never seen him, and was thunderstruck at the summons to appear before his majesty. To encourage him, I gave him my advice as to the mode in which he was to present himself; the costume which he was to adopt, and other equally important particulars. At length, bedizened in a full suit of black, sword, hat, &c., he made his appearance at the Tuileries. On entering the emperor's apartment, he made a low bow, and stopped short in a state of ludicrous embarrassment. ‘What's this?’ said the emperor,—‘you were not my shoemaker at the Military College?’—‘No, please your Majesty, Emperor, and King; my father had that honor.’—‘And why is he not here now?’—‘Sire, Emperor, and King, because he is dead.’—‘How much do *you* charge for your shoes?’—‘Please your Majesty, Emperor, and King, your Majesty pays eighteen francs a pair.’—‘Tis rather dear.’—‘Sire, Emperor, and King, your Majesty, if you please, may pay them even dearer.’—Napoleon laughed heartily at his confusion, and ordered the worthy professor of the last to take his measure, which he accordingly did, but not till an unlucky salaam had somewhat deranged the adjustment of his sword, which became entangled between his legs, and threw him on his knees and hands.

“Napoleon was fond of quick replies: he could bear contradiction, but invariably turned away from those who addressed him with hesitation or embarrassment. The following anecdote will sufficiently prove that a ready and well-timed answer was an infallible passport to his favour.

“At a grand review, which, on a particular occasion took place on the square of the Carrousel, the emperor's horse suddenly reared, and during his exertions to keep the animal steady, the rider parted company with his hat. A lieutenant, having picked it up, advanced in front of the line, and presented it to Napoleon.—‘Thank you, *captain*,’ said the emperor, still occupied in patting the neck of his steed.—‘In what regiment, Sire?’ immediately demanded the officer. The emperor, considering his features attentively, and perceiving his own mistake, replied with a smile, ‘The question is a propos;—in the guards.’ In a few days the newly-appointed captain received an official notification of the promotion for which he was indebted solely to his presence of mind, but which his bravery and long services had merited.

“When Napoleon was with the army, I always slept in his tent, on a small carpet, or on a bearskin, in which he was accustomed to wrap himself up in his carriage. When these objects were not to be had, I endeavoured to procure a little straw. I recollect having once rendered an important service to the King of Naples, by dividing with him a bundle of straw destined for my bed. In the morning, breakfast was usually prepared in the emperor's tent, served in the space of five minutes, and removed at the expiration of a quarter of an hour. Berthier breakfasted and dined every day with Napoleon: the dinner never lasted longer than eight, or ten minutes. ‘To horse,’ the em-



peror would then cry, and quit the tent, accompanied by the Prince de Neufchatel, one or two aides-de-camp, and Roustan, who was always provided with a silver flask filled with brandy, but which the emperor seldom tasted. He then inspected the different regiments, addressed the officers, the soldiers, questioned them, and saw every thing with his own eyes. In the event of an engagement, the dinner was forgotten, and the emperor eat nothing till his return. If the action was prolonged, some one in attendance, without receiving any orders, brought him a crust of bread, and a little wine. At the termination of the bloody scene, Napoleon never failed to visit the field of battle, and to distribute assistance to the wounded.

"It is worthy of remark, then whenever an unexpected incident compelled an aide-de-camp to rouse the emperor from sleep, he was as clear, and as apt for business, as he could have been in the morning, or during the middle of the day: nor was the slightest movement of ill humour perceptible, how unseasonable soever the hour at which he was awakened. The aide-de-camp's report terminated, Napoleon immediately lay down again, and in a moment slept as soundly as if his repose had not been interrupted.

"During the three or four days that preceded an engagement, Napoleon passed the greatest part of his time in pricking large cards with pins headed with sealing-wax of different colours."

Having quoted these details on the subject of Napoleon, we beg leave, by way of *pendant*, to lay before our readers the following brief sketch of Josephine and her habits, during the fleeting epoch of her imperial fortunes:—

"The Empress Josephine was of the middle stature, but gracefully formed. The lightness and elasticity of her movements, without excluding the idea of majesty, might have reminded the poet of the sylph-like creations of his fancy. Her countenance, though ever marked by its natural expression of softness, yet varied with her feelings. In pleasure, as in grief, she was beautiful to look at; the beholder smiled, when she smiled, wept, when she wept. Never did woman, in her own person, more fully justify the proverbial expression—'the eyes are the mirror of the soul.' Her's were of deep blue, and were generally half-closed by her long eyelids slightly arched, and terminating in eye-lashes of no ordinary beauty: with their expression, though not wanting in dignity, severity was almost incompatible. Her long auburn tresses, were admirably in unison with the freshness and delicacy of her complexion.

"The ravishing tone of her voice contributed not a little to enhance the power of Josephine's charms. How frequently have I, as well as others, suddenly stopped, solely for the pleasure of hearing her delightful accents! It would be absurd to say with her flatterers, that the empress was the finest woman in France, but her features, characterized by the expression of genuine feeling, and the angelic grace diffused over her whole person, rendered her, perhaps, the most attractive.

"When the empress was at Saint Cloud, she generally rose at nine o'clock, and arranged her morning toilette, which lasted till ten: she then passed into an apartment where were assembled such as had solicited and obtained the favour of a private audience. At eleven o'clock, when the emperor was absent, Josephine breakfasted with her first lady of honour and other ladies. Madame de la Rochefoucault, first lady of honour to the empress, was hunch-backed, and of such diminutive size, that, before she sat down to table, it was necessary to elevate her chair by the addition of a second thick cushion. These physical deformities were redeemed by the lady's brilliant, though rather caustic wit, and by her exquisite *ton*, and courtly manners.

"After breakfast, the empress sometimes played at billiards, or, when the weather was fine, took a walk in the gardens, or in the park, which on those occasions was closed to the public. Her walks were never long, and when

she returned to her apartments, she sat down to her embroidering-frame, or chatted with the ladies of her society, who occupied themselves with needle-work. When not disturbed by formal visitors, Josephine, between two and three o'clock, took an airing in an open Calèche. On her return, commenced the business of the grand toilette.

"At six o'clock dinner was announced, but more frequently the emperor's preoccupation, caused that meal to be indefinitely adjourned. I have known more than one instance of a dinner retarded in this manner till nine or ten o'clock at night. The imperial couple dined together, sometimes in the company of the princes of their family, sometimes of their ministers. The hour of midnight was invariably the signal for the guests to retire.

"Josephine was gifted with a prodigious memory, a natural advantage of which the emperor took care to reap the full benefit. She was an excellent musician, played the harp in perfection, and sang with taste. Her temper was mild, equable, obliging to her friends, and even to her enemies, and never failed to restore harmony to the scene which discord had envenomed. When the emperor was irritated with his brothers, or other individuals—a circumstance which frequently happened—Josephine spoke a few words, and all was tranquillity. Napoleon seldom turned a deaf ear to her supplications in behalf of an offender, how grave soever the offence; I might cite a thousand instances of pardons thus solicited and granted.

"The empress always treated the persons composing her household with marked politeness: a reproach or angry word seldom escaped her lips. Whenever one of the ladies of her suite gave her cause of discontent, the only punishment inflicted was an obstinate silence on Josephine's part, which lasted one, two, three, sometimes eight days, more or less, in proportion to the gravity of the offence."

On the occasion of Napoleon's visit to the Chateau de Brienne, "the schoolboy spot" where he had passed his early days, he meets with the following adventure:—

"The emperor had, the evening before, made several inquiries after old Mother Margaret: such was the appellation given to a good-wife who occupied a cottage in the midst of the forest, to which the pupils of the military school had, in days of yore, made frequent excursions. Napoleon had not forgotten the name, and he learned with no less pleasure than surprise, that the good old dame was still in existence. Continuing his morning ride, he struck into the forest, galloped to the well-known spot, and having dismounted, unceremoniously entered the cottage. Age had somewhat impaired the old woman's sight, and the emperor's person was much changed:—'Good morning, Mother Margaret,' said Napoleon, saluting his hostess: 'it seems you have no curiosity to see the emperor?'—'Yes, but I have; I should like of all things to see him, and I intend to take that basket of fresh eggs to Madame de Brienne, that I may be invited to remain at the chateau, and so catch a glimpse of the emperor. Ah! I shall not see him so well to-day as formerly, when he used to accompany his comrades to old Mother Margaret's and call for a bowl of new milk. To be sure, he was not emperor then, but no matter; the rest marched before him. He always made them pay me for my milk, eggs, brown bread, and broken crockery—and commenced by paying his own share of the reckoning.'—'Then,' replied Napoleon, with a smile, 'you have not forgotten Buonaparte?'—'Forgotten him! Do you think one could forget such a steady, serious, melancholy-like, young gentleman, so considerate too for the poor? I am a weak old woman, but I always foretold that the lad would turn out well.'—'Why, yes; he has made his way.'

"At the commencement of this short dialogue, the emperor had turned his back to the door, and consequently to the light; the narrow entrance thus blocked up, the interior of the cottage was left in darkness. By degrees, however, he approached the old woman, and the light again penetrated from without. The emperor, upon this, rubbing his hands together, and assuming



the tone and manners of his early youth—"Come, Mother Margaret," said he, "bestir yourself—some milk and fresh eggs; I am half dead with hunger." Margaret stared at her visitor, and seemed as though endeavouring to recal her buried recollections. "Ha! ha!" said the emperor, laughing; "how positive you were just now that you had not forgotten Buonaparte! we are old acquaintances, dame;" meanwhile old Margaret had fallen at the emperor's feet. Raising her with unaffected kindness—"Have you nothing to give me, Mother Margaret," said he, "I am hungry—as hungry as a student." The poor woman, beside herself with joy, hastily laid before her guest some fresh eggs and new milk. His repast finished, Napoleon forced his purse into the hands of his hostess, at the same time observing, "You recollect, Margaret, I used to make every one pay his reckoning. Adieu; I shall not forget you;" and as he again mounted his horse and rode away, the old dame, weeping with excess of delight, and straining her eyes to catch a last look, could only recompense him with her prayers."

On the subject of recognitions, there is also an anecdote of Junot, who, as Constant informs us, was rather partial to a *lark*, or, as we have it in French, a *tour d'écolier* :—

"Junot, on his return from Egypt, happening to pass through Montbard, where he had spent his years of boyhood, took especial pains to discover his old schoolfellows and playmates, with whom he chatted gaily on the theme of his youthful pranks. His next step was to visit the respective localities in company with his quondam associates in mischief. In the public square, Junot perceived a grave-looking old gentleman, walking magisterially along, an ivory-headed cane supporting his steps. Without further ceremony, the General ran up to him, threw himself upon his neck, and embraced him with a vehemence of cordiality nearly sufficient to stifle him. The Professor, disengaging himself with difficulty from the close hug, and ignorant of the motive of such warmth, contemplated the General with every symptom of stupefaction. "What!" cried the latter, "do you not know me?"—"Citizen General, pray excuse me, but I have no recollection——"—"Zounds! Doctor, have you forgotten the most idle, good-for-nothing, untractable dog that ever tried the patience of pedagogue?"—"I beg a thousand pardons, but have I the honour of addressing M. Junot?"—"You have," said the General, renewing his overwhelming endearments, and bursting into a loud laugh (in which his friends joined), at the singular signs and tokens by which the man of learning had so easily recognized his graceless pupil."

Constant relates many pathetic stories of Buonaparte's generosity, though coupled with extreme parsimony in the concerns of his *ménage*, or, if we may apply Othello's phrase, "the house affairs." Anecdotes of liberality, when recorded of those born to higher station, or who have "achieved greatness," never fail to call forth the eloquence of biographers, whose poetic amplifications impart an air of splendid fiction to the whole. In such cases, the narrator tells his tale as if he were utterly amazed that a great man should occasionally indulge in "the luxury of doing good." This excessive admiration of the benevolence of those who are kind with little cost to themselves, is in reality a keen satire; they who are inclined to cavil might infer from it that elevation of sentiment rarely accompanies exalted rank. To check such immoral notions, we now select one of the literary valet-de-chambre's shortest narratives, as evidence of the fact that a great man is at times visited with the weakness of humanity :—

"The emperor, walking one morning in the environs of Milan, met with a poor woman whose cottage was hard by, and to whom he addressed a number of questions. "Sir," replied she, not being acquainted with the emperor's

person, 'I am extremely poor. I have three children that I can with difficulty bring up, as my husband is not always fortunate enough to find work.'—'What sum of money,' said Napoleon, 'would make you perfectly happy?'—'Ah! Sir, the sum would be immense.'—'Well, but how much?'—'Ah! Sir, if we could put together twenty louis, we might hold up our heads; but how improbable that we shall ever possess such a sum!' The emperor immediately sent for three thousand francs in gold, and ordered me to undo the *rouleaux*, and throw the whole into the good woman's apron. At sight of the money, the poor creature turned pale, tottered, and had nearly fainted away. 'Ah! Sir, 'tis too much; 'tis too much!' exclaimed she, 'and yet, you cannot mean to sport with a poor woman like me.' To encourage her, the emperor repeated his assurance that the money was really for her, and would serve to purchase a little farm, with the produce of which she might bring up her children. He then retired, without making himself known; for Napoleon loved to do good in secret. I could mention many similar traits, equally characteristic of the emperor's generosity, but which historians have passed over in total silence."

Shortly before the battle of Jena, Napoleon had well nigh fallen a victim to one of those accidents which may be considered as reinforcements to the legitimate hazards encountered in the glorious "trade of war."

"At Weimar, the emperor disposed his forces in order of battle, and bivouacked in the centre of his guard. He had ordered a passage for his artillery to be hollowed in the rock, and towards two o'clock in the morning set out on foot to ascertain how the work was proceeding. Having remained an hour on the spot, he resolved to make a rapid inspection of the nearest outposts, before returning to his bivouack. This solitary excursion nearly cost the emperor his life. The night was so dark that the sentries were unable to see the slightest object at the distance of ten paces. One of them, hearing footsteps, challenged, and immediately presented his piece. The emperor, who was prevented from hearing the *qui vive*, by one of his fits of absence, made no answer, and was speedily aroused from his reverie by a ball whizzing past his ear. Instantly aware of his danger, he threw himself flat on the ground. No sooner had he adopted this precaution, than a shower of bullets passed over his head; the first sentry's fire having been repeated through the whole line. The momentary danger past, the emperor rose and walked straight to the nearest outpost, where he was immediately recognized. In a few minutes, the sentry who had first challenged and fired was relieved from his post, and brought before Napoleon; the soldier was a young grenadier in one of the regiments of the line. 'You young rascal!' said the emperor, familiarly pinching his cheek, 'it seems you took me for a Prussian: the dog does not waste his powder; nothing less than an emperor serves him for a mark.' The poor soldier, in the utmost consternation at the idea that he might have killed 'the little corporal,' whom he idolized not less than the rest of the army, could only stammer out a few broken sentences:—'Pardon, Sire, but I had orders to fire;—if you will not answer, I am not to blame:—another time, you must put in the orders, that you don't choose to answer.' The emperor laughed, and, to reconcile the poor fellow with himself, said as he withdrew,—'My brave lad, it was not your fault: for a random-shot in the dark, your's was not amiss: it will soon be daylight; take better aim, and I'll provide for you.'"

In the third volume, Constant acquaints us with the emperor's mode of recompensing the gallantry of one of his field marshals. The anecdote tells favorably for Napoleon's generosity, and also for his *gaieté de cœur*. Having summoned to his presence the gallant officer in question,



(Marshal Lefebvre,) and being informed that he waited to know his pleasure:—

“Tell the *Duke de Dantzig*,” said the emperor to the officer on duty, ‘that I have sent for him thus early, in order to invite him to breakfast.’ The officer, imagining that the emperor in a moment of absence had substituted another name, took upon him to remark the circumstance. Napoleon, with a smile, observed—‘*Il parait, Monsieur, que vous me croyez plus capable de faire un conte qu’un duc.*’ [The reader will readily accept this reply in the original, as a translation would destroy the force of the *équivoque*.] ‘Inform the duke,’ continued the emperor, ‘that I expect him in a quarter of an hour.’ The officer delivered the message to the marshal, who, as it so happened, at that moment paid no attention to the new title by which he had been addressed. At the expiration of a quarter of an hour, he was apprized that Napoleon was at table: he accordingly hastened to offer his respects to his imperial master, who greeted him most kindly, laying particular emphasis on the title of duke, with which, in the course of conversation, he repeatedly accosted his guest. To add to the marshal’s astonishment, ‘Duke,’ said Napoleon, ‘are you fond of chocolate?’—‘Why—yes, Sire.’—‘Well, we have none for breakfast this morning, but I intend to make you a present of some, genuine, from Dantzig: it is but just that you should reap the fruits of your conquest.’ The emperor, upon this, rose from table, and opening a little chest, took from it a packet, which he presented to the marshal with these words—‘Duke de Dantzig, I beg your acceptance of this chocolate; such little presents serve to keep friendship alive.’ The marshal, with many acknowledgments, put the chocolate in his pocket, and resumed his seat with the emperor and Berthier. In the centre of the table was a pie, representing the city of Dantzig. ‘Duke,’ said Napoleon, ‘that conquest belongs of right to you—commence the attack.’ The marshal obeyed, and the pie was pronounced excellent. On quitting the emperor’s presence, the newly created duke, rightly guessing that his packet of chocolate contained some hidden virtues, opened it without further delay, and discovered in the inside the sum of 300,000 francs in bank notes. Ever after this circumstance, Dantzig chocolate was the military slang term for money. When a soldier intended to give a *benefit* to a comrade whose purse was better lined than his own, ‘Come,’ he would say familiarly, ‘try if you can’t find some Dantzig chocolate at the bottom of your wallet.’”

Constant has already informed us that Napoleon was an ungraceful rider:—it appears that he was a worse dancer. To the valet de chambre, a Frenchman, too,—the emperor’s deficiency on this point must have appeared of no small moment. We are consequently not surprised that the mention of the circumstance finds a place in the second series of the memoirs. We are told that the Princess of Baden, having questioned him as to his proficiency in the waltz, Napoleon frankly admitted that his talent lay not in “the light fantastic toe.” The princess undertook to give him a lesson,—an infliction to which the emperor submitted with tolerable grace. The patience of the instructress, however, was more easily exhausted. After a few rounds of the mazy dance,—“Enough, Sire,” suddenly exclaimed the princess,—“I fear me you will make but an indifferent pupil. Your majesty is born to give lessons, not to receive them.”

The greater portion of the third volume is avowedly due to the pen of a lady formerly belonging to Josephine’s household—a certain baroness de V——, whose kind condescension enables us frequently to pass to the imperial saloon from the antichamber, where the valet de chambre, in pursuance of old habits, would fain leave us too long to dance

attendance. The lady's narrative, which may be considered as forming in itself a separate memoir, contains many passages relative to distinguished emigrants, the principal personages of the republic, the directory, and the restoration. The fragment which follows bears reference to matter of less serious import. On the occasion of a fête given by Madame Récamier—

“ ‘ A remarkable guest,’ says Madame de V——, ‘ was expected—no less than the famous savage from Aveyron. On his arrival, he was accompanied by his preceptor, physician, and friend, M. Yzard. The lovely hostess seated him by her side, presuming, no doubt, that the charms which captivated civilized beings would operate with equal potency on the child of nature, who appeared about fifteen years of age. Wholly occupied, however, in satisfying his voracious appetite, the young savage took no notice of the bright eyes which were attentively fixed on his unpolished person. When the desert was served, he adroitly pocketed all the dainties that came within his reach, and made his escape from table in the midst of a discussion between La Harpe and the celebrated astronomer Lalande, on the subject of the latter's atheistical opinions, and singular predilection for spiders. A search, in which all of us joined, was immediately made after the fugitive, whom we at length perceived running upon the green-sward with incredible swiftness. He had stripped himself to his shirt, which, on reaching the principal avenue of the park, he tore in two: and climbing the nearest tree, with the agility of a squirrel, he seated himself among the branches. At this breach of decorum, the ladies retreated in dismay. In vain M. Yzard exerted his powers of persuasion to recover possession of his uncouth pupil's person. Inexorable to intreaty, or dreading chastisement, the young savage skipped from branch to branch, and from tree to tree. The gardener at length having tempted his appetite by the exhibition of a basket of peaches, the truant came down from the tree where he had taken refuge, and was instantly captured. He was then huddled into a petticoat belonging to the gardener's niece, packed into a carriage, and conducted home.’ ”

This work is to be prolonged to the extent of six volumes. We shall therefore bear in mind its promised termination, which, should it contain matter of sufficient importance, may form the subject of a future article.

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ROYAL INTRIGUE; OR, SECRETS OF THE COURT OF CHARLES  
THE FOURTH OF SPAIN.

It was at the close of a fine autumnal evening in the year 179—, that the signal of a “ *Man-of-War in the Offing!* ” was made from the lofty look-out tower of Cadiz; and in another hour, his Catholic Majesty's ship Antorcha dropped her anchor in the Bay, after an absence of upwards of three years, during which period that vessel had been employed on the South American station.

The families residing in that great commercial city, as well as in the towns contiguous to its bay, (in which that grand naval dépôt, Las Carraccas, had been for ages established), had annually contributed a portion of their junior members, both as officers and seamen, for the service of the Royal Fleet. An arrival, therefore, of a king's ship from a foreign station, was an event which could not fail to attract crowds of anxious inquirers of all ranks to the port, eager to embrace some beloved friend or relative.

Early on the following morning the deck of the Antorcha was beset



with visitors. Here, while one of the gentle sex fondly rushed into the arms of the long-absent husband, another tendered the soft and yielding hand to the betrothed of her heart, who now returned to claim the valued prize. Brothers pressed to their bosom the affectionate sister, whose well-remembered budding beauties had now ripened into the full luxuriance of female loveliness; and brilliant eyes and lovely lips welcomed the wandering sailor to his native shore, banishing the remembrance of past care and peril.

While the crowded deck presented a scene of unbounded joy and festivity, a solitary individual paced in melancholy mood up and down the vessel's poop, listless of all that passed beneath him. The being thus estranged and separated from the joyous group, was a youth apparently about nineteen years of age—a child of other climes—whose dark expressive countenance, shaded by clustering locks of the raven's hue, bore the stamp of his transatlantic nativity. Haughty in his deportment, he took his lonely round in silent meditation; often throwing towards the blue arch of Heaven his flashing brilliant eye, half in supplication—half in reproach—at his cruel destiny. The centinel by whom he was guarded preserved a respectful distance, bestowing on his charge a look of pity, while he seemed to detest his own ungracious office! Once or twice the bursts of mirthful joy which broke from the happy beings beneath, seemed to recal him from his abstraction; and as he turned his eyes downwards, the lovely faces which met his gaze, the soft Andalusian lisp which “like sweet music,” stole on his ravished ear, caused a momentary smile to play over his melancholy face, which found its way to every heart—the Elders cried “poor child!” whilst the younger invoked Heaven's pity for the handsome American!

“Who is he? What is his crime?” were now the universal questions; the sole answer to which was “*The Prisoner!*—inquire no more!” The profound secrecy with which the unfortunate youth had been placed on board the *Antorcha* by the Grand Inquisitor at Callao; the severe injunctions delivered for his safe keeping, accompanied by the most minute directions to treat him with every degree of tenderness and attention consistent with his personal security; and, above all, the interdiction against his holding communication with any person on board, either by speech, or letter, involved his case in the deepest mystery; while his sweet and engaging manners, when accepting the mute courtesies which all on board were anxious to bestow, during the tedious voyage, won for him the pity and respect of the whole crew.

The Captain alone seemed to be in possession of the secret of his crime; but that it could not be one of an atrocious nature, might be inferred from the perceptible pleasure he appeared to take in every act of kindness, whether from himself or his subordinates, which could possibly render the prisoner's situation less irksome. What, then, was his crime? Time must disclose it!

A strange and general feeling of curiosity was excited by the exaggerated reports brought on shore; and nought was talked of for the ensuing two days but the “*mysterious prisoner!*” the “*handsome American!*” The ship was visited by those who had, and those who had not relatives on board; but disappointment followed this universal excitement: the interesting captive had suddenly disappeared; he was removed in the dead hour of night, and (strictly guarded) pursued an unknown route with the same mystery and silence that attended his

embarkation. Days, and months, and years elapsed, before his name, his crime, his country, the cause of his disappearance, and his eventual elevation to royal favour, became known to the people of Cadiz.

In the year 180— the whole of the province of Andalusia was thrown into a pleasing ferment by the joyful intelligence of the intended visit of their monarch, Charles the IVth, his meretricious consort, and her paramour Godoy, the Prince of Peace (then High-Admiral of Spain), attended by the whole of their gay and guilty court, to the port of Cadiz, to take a first, and, as it proved, a last look, at the united fleet of France and Spain, then collected in splendid array in the bay; that fleet which a few short months saw annihilated by the British thunder, wielded by our own immortal Nelson!

The citizens of Cadiz, wantoning in the wealth acquired by their monopoly of the commerce of the New World, and prodigal in their display of it, vied with each other in the liberality of their contributions for giving *éclat* to the royal visit by the most splendid reception. Magnificent triumphal arches were erected, through which the royal *cortége* was to pass, and every house was decorated. Amongst the other amusements with which it was intended to treat the royal guests, a grand *Fiesta de Toros* was projected. Hundreds of artificers were employed by day and night fitting up the Plaza for a grand display of that great national festival.

The Andalusians had always laid claim to the superiority of their province in the exhibition of this barbarous relic of ancient chivalry; and no expense was spared on this occasion to present it with imposing pomp and splendour; the animals selected for torture were drawn from the wildest recesses of the Utrerean mountains. All the most celebrated heroes of the *corrida*, or bull-ring, were engaged; and not less than one hundred thousand dollars were, in the course of a few days, expended in rendering this grand amphitheatre capable of accommodating, with ease and safety, upwards of twenty thousand spectators.

To form a just idea of the Plaza de Toros, the reader must take into his mind's eye a circus of sixty yards diameter, enclosed on all sides by a wooden partition of ponderous strength, of about seven feet in height; at regular distances of from fifty to sixty feet, there are secondary partitions, equally strong, but which do not extend to a greater length than from four to five yards, forming slips; the entrances to which at either end, and the two apertures in front, are just of sufficient breadth to admit into this sanctuary the body of a man. To these bays (as they are termed) the persons whose duty it is to combat the bull on foot, or assist the mounted picador (when too closely pressed by his powerful antagonist, fly for security; or in which the unhorsed, or disabled picador, seeks a temporary refuge), being painted and decorated, *en suite*, with the grand circular partition, these safeguards, at first sight, scarcely appear as projections; and as they seldom exceed one foot in depth, they do not destroy that beautiful uniformity which such an extensive area presents.

The grand partition (as has been stated) is generally about seven feet in height; but besides this security against the intrusion of the enraged animal by a sudden spring, a double tier of strong ropes passed through iron stanchions to the height of three feet more, surmount the whole of the partition; thus combining the most perfect safety with an uninterrupted view to the occupants of the lower rows of the amphitheatre, of the interesting combats in the arena. The places just mentioned are



invariably occupied by men only, amateurs of the sport, who risk large sums on the result of the combat ; their bets generally running upon the length of time the bull continues to face and attack his tormentors, on horse and foot ; on the number of horses slain by the animal before it sinks under the various modes of attack, by which it is worried, worn out in strength and spirit, and ultimately slain ! and also on the *game* which the devoted brute evinces to the last ! these amateurs are of that class of persons which in this country would be termed *friends of the fancy* ; and, on the occasion of these festivals, appear in the *majo* dress, *Montero* cap, and colored silk mantle, more or less rich and expensive, according to the taste and circumstances of the wearer.

The next three or four rows of the circle are indiscriminately occupied by men and women of the middling orders ; but from the eighth to the twelfth rows, where the seats are partitioned off into boxes, elegantly, and in some cases most expensively adorned, is the region of rank and fashion, and bear a price equal on such an occasion as the royal visit, from twelve to twenty dollars per seat, per day : beyond and above this galaxy of splendour, rising to the majestic height of eighty feet above the level of the arena, are about ten more rows of seats, the value of which decrease according to the ascent ; those on the upper tier being accessible by tickets, varying in price from one to half a dollar each ; they are generally occupied by a certain order of courtezans, and the female friends of the inferior combatants of the ring—they nevertheless exhibit a dazzling display of white mantillas and spangled dresses, which on nearer view would appear all tinsel tawdry, but at such a height and distance (glittering in the sunbeam) they strike on the eye with splendid effect.

The royal box is placed in front of the grand entrance, and immediately over the portcullis through which the bulls are enlarged to meet their enemy. Previously to the commencement of the sports the circus is thronged with pedestrians of superior condition in life, who during their promenade exhibit themselves to their female friends and parties in the splendid circle ; the time for the termination of this indulgence having arrived, a roll of the drum is heard, and a body of troops (dressed as on gala days) are marched into the circus by platoons, and immediately commence a series of ingenious movements, contriving at each evolution to circumscribe the circle, and hem in the loungers, leaving only an occasional opening for escape ; thus without force, or even the indelicacy of an order for retreat, the crowd is gradually reduced to an adventurous few, who endeavour to sustain a footing in the circus, until the final tap of the drum brings the whole body of the military into a close and triple line, extending the entire diameter of the arena ; the whole then wheels on their centre, when the civilians escape through the portcullis, amidst the smiles of the soldiers, and the joyous shouts and cheers of the thousands, who enjoyed their various artifices to maintain their ground ; this is not an unpleasing prelude to the entertainments of the day, nor altogether uninteresting, as it frequently happens that many of the pedestrians thus tempted to shew their ingenuity, are military men of no mean rank and experience, dressed as civilians ; and as no rudeness on the part of the soldier is ever attempted, it is a game of *ruse contre ruse*, kept up for a quarter of an hour with spirit, but with the most perfect good humour on both sides.

The course being cleared, by the retirement of the troops, who are

distributed in various parts of the vast amphitheatre, and at its hundred entrances, for the preservation of good order, the first trumpet sounds! the grand entrance gate is thrown open, when the director or manager of the sports enters on horseback gorgeously attired, followed by three mounted picadors in "*rank entire*," with their lances in *rest*! These persons wear a low-crowned white hat, of great breadth of brim, loosely fitting the head, but secured from falling off, by a broad band passing under the chin; the shade of the brim protects the eyes of the combatant from the dazzling effect of the sun's rays, while the slightest motion flings it back on the head at the option of its wearer, whose black and bushy hair is confined in a silk bandeau. Their jacket is generally of tissue, or satin, almost covered with gold or silver tassels; while the sleeves boast of several hundred small tinsel buttons placed in rows; the vest, equally rich and gaudy, is usually of a colour presenting a pleasing contrast to that of the jacket—the picador also wears a sash of coloured silk richly fringed; but here ends the finery; the lower parts of the body are enveloped in strong leathers profusely stuffed, and wadded; and his legs are lodged in jack-boots of the same description, (but infinitely less preposterous in point of size) as those worn by the French postilion, thus affording his limbs protection against the horns of the enraged bull.

The party advance towards the royal box; the manager passes to the Governor, by his adjutants, who are placed in order to receive the programme of the entertainment. The box of the governor is situated directly under that of their majesties; and a communication beneath enables him to enter the royal presence from time to time to receive the king's commands.

His majesty's permission being granted for the sports to commence, the director makes his obeisance; the picadors throwing back their hats off their heads, advance, with the lances pointed to the ground—this homage they perform three times, each time approaching closer to the royal view, when they file off, and give way to the banderalleros, who advance towards the royal box to the amount of twelve (sometimes more), with their darts in hand, and their silk mantle hung on the left shoulder. The dresses of these persons (who are generally young butchers, aspiring to the honours of the bull-ring), are always beautiful, often superb; (many are known to be dressed at the expense of women of rank!) and frequently their wages for the year is expended on their equipment for the festival; they bow, and retire to the bays, so as to be ready to spring from their cover in aid of the picador, when too hardly pressed by the bull; and whose rescue they effect, by distracting the attention of the enraged animal from the immediate object of his wrath, to his new assailants, who, waving their silken scarfs before his eyes, flit about like gilded butterflies. Next, and lastly, of the train of combatants, comes the solemn matador, or slayer, whose duty is considered the most dangerous. He moves towards the royal box alone, holding in his right hand a short double edged sword, and in his left his Montero cap and bandera, or small square flag, the handle of which does not exceed one yard in length; he kneels before the box, lays his sword on the ground, and making the sign of the cross on his forehead, on the signal of the governor resumes his sword and rises, then retires to the place allotted for him.



The tame ox is next introduced, to the docility of which the drivers are indebted for bringing on the wild bulls—this animal is the decoy, and so long as it leads, the untamed herd follow his steps in perfect quiet. The horns of the beast are decorated with garlands; and bunches of various coloured ribbons are interwoven in the tufts of his neck, shoulder, and croup; it makes its obeisance by repeated genuflections to the gratified spectators, and being stationed in the centre of the circus, on a signal given, the entrance gates are again thrown back on their massive hinges, and the herd of wild bulls selected for the day's sport, rush forward in wild disorder, followed by the paysanos who were their herdsmen on their native hills, and to whose voice and whip they seem to pay a sulky obedience. On espying the leading ox, they quickly cluster around, and tamely follow his steps through the portcullis, which leads to a row of separate cells, into which the animals are one by one caged and confined, until required in the circus. All these arrangements are perfect; and so accurately performed that accidents are of rare occurrence; indeed the most important business of the state could not be conducted with more pomp and ceremony, or a more rigid attention to the minutiae of forms.

The Governor standing, receives the royal nod to commence; the trumpet (which is stationed in his box) sounds a charge, and one or more of the picadors take their dangerous post—they draw up as close as possible to the partition, (their horses' eyes bandaged), where with couched lance they await the bull's attack. The portcullis rises, the bull rushes into the arena with furious roar, and flies at the first object which catches his fiery eye. The utmost coolness and courage is requisite on the part of the picador. As the bull plunges towards his horse with head bent almost to earth, the wary horseman meets the attack by burying the sharp pointed lance to its utmost depth (only three quarters of an inch) into the shoulder of the animal, which generally causes it to retreat; if fierce and daring, the bull will return again and again to the charge, and even change his point of attack—then all the skill of the picador is called into action, while the address and activity of the footmen are of the first importance to his safety. A picador seldom has less than three horses killed under him in the course of his tour of combat. As often as he is placed '*hors de combat*,' another comes to his relief, while he accomplishes his remount. When the bull seems to have lost half his native strength under the arm of the picador, the trumpet sounds for the retreat of the horsemen; and the unfortunate animal is left to the banderalleros, who with great skill and bravery execute the hazardous feat of placing their darts in his flesh, on the neck and shoulders; this requires the greatest activity of foot, quickness of eye, and firmness of nerve. When a bull is torpid the horrible trial of fire is resorted to. Hollow darts, in the tube of which portfire is lodged, ignite on pressure, and communicate with a train of fire-works attached: these being stuck into various parts of the animal's body, the noise of their explosion, added to the smart of his many bleeding wounds, and that of the falling fire-sparks, drive the distracted beast for a time to a state of ungovernable madness, which exhausted nature cannot long sustain, and it is succeeded by stupor.

At this juncture the trumpet once more sounds—the matador enters—he places his cap, with a most profound bow, on the floor of the arena, kisses the handle of the sword (which is formed like a cross), and

proceeds to his awful task. This is the most serious part of the fête; yet from being so, loses much of the interest which the former bustling, battling scenes excited.

The matador cautiously approaches the bull, waving his little red flag across his eyes; feeble, and exhausted as the animal has become from its former exertions, its native courage appears to revive, and it makes a desperate struggle to meet this last enemy—with closed eyes and lowered snout, it rushes on the swordsman, who, dexterously avoids the shock by substituting the flag for his person, baffling the bull's rage by the trick; again and again this manœuvre is practised, the matador so contriving his movements as to keep the bull to a constantly rotatory motion for a few minutes, then watching the precise moment of his delirium, he presents the fatal point directly to the vital part, and once more exciting the bull's attention by the rustling flag before his dim and fading vision, the animal makes his final plunge, the keen blade is sheathed in his spine, and down he sinks in death.

Having thus rather tediously detailed the whole ceremony of the *Fiesta de Toros*, from the first assembling of the company to the catastrophe of the scene, the reader will the better understand the perilous part borne in one of those barbarous encounters, by a Personage for whose history curiosity had been some years before so strongly excited.

Amongst the crowd of rank and title attendant on the royal pair at this grand festival, one individual who, unnobled and untitled, bore no other name than *Don Manoel* (or, as he was familiarly termed by his royal mistress and her obsequious satellites *Manoelito\**), evidently basked in the sunshine of royal favour; he stood rather at the left side, than behind the chair of her majesty Maria Louisa, with the white wand of office, and richly embroidered dress of one of the chamberlains of the palace; on his coat-sleeves he bore the two distinguished bars of a lieutenant-colonel, which military rank he was evidently proud to display, the profession of arms being considered in itself noble, and entitling its members to aspire to the hand of the child of the first grandee in the land; an honour to which the opulent merchant, or rich but entitled landowner, would in vain seek by the influence of wealth and independence.

This Cavalier was above the middle height, graceful and dignified in person, a countenance in which were combined all the manlier beauties, with the most seducing sweetness of expression, his luxuriant hair floated in short natural ringlets, bright as polished jet, over his fine expressive brow, as he bent the head in fond, but respectful attention to the remarks which his royal mistress from time to time deigned to direct to his peculiar ear.

Between the chairs of the royal pair, and about a pace out of the line, stood the proud Godoy; his even then fine face, and majestic figure, set off by the most splendid attire, called forth marks of reluctant praise; various were the surmises of the provincials as to the name and quality of the new favourite; and while every glass was directed to the royal box, admiration of the stranger fell from every tongue. At length the audible whisper—" *El Prisonero!*"—" *El Hermoso Americano de la*

\* The endearing diminutive of Manoel.



*Antorcha!*\*—was buzzed from box to box. The cavalier blushed as he saw himself the object of such general attention, yet secretly exulted in the triumph; while his still more gratified mistress bestowed new marks of freedom on her minion.

That tender intimacy which had for years subsisted between Godoy and the Queen, had long since yielded to other feelings: jealous control on his side over her conduct, and an impatient dependence on his power (the parent of hatred) on that of her majesty. It has often been insinuated, but, perhaps, on no just foundation, that he held her majesty's life in his hands, by the possession of some documents which she would have given worlds to recal; be that as it may, he knew her majesty's temperament too well to look with too scrupulous an eye on the minions of her depravity; so long as they were his obsequious slaves, every new favourite added an additional link to the chain in which he held his royal victim. Charles IV., himself a man of coarse and violent animal passions, was little observant of those domestic decorums, which alone could entitle him to the right of complaint, or the sympathy of his subjects; never were the king and queen of any country more universally unpopular out of that vicious circle by which they surrounded themselves.

Don Manoel had now been seven years in Spain, and nearly five at the court of Madrid; he arrived with the sentence of the Inquisition hanging over his head, which doomed him to a cruel and ignominious death; yet was his very crime the means of his salvation! and instead of being burned at the stake, (the death so mercifully assigned to him by the holy office,) the first week after his arrival he found himself not only pardoned, but under the fond, especial favour of the Queen of the Two Worlds! It is time, however, to indulge the reader's curiosity.

Don Manoel Maldonado, the only son of the chief secretary to the viceroy of Peru, was born at Lima in the year 1778; his mother was a European. The youth was intended for the service of the church, but from his earliest years betrayed such a spirit of gallantry, and attachment to the gaieties of life, as destroyed the hopes of his bigotted parents of ever binding him down to the rigours of monastic discipline. At the age of fourteen he was placed under the charge of his uncle the Patriarch of Peru, and grand prior of the convent of the Iglesia Alto,† also at Lima; for nearly two years the wild impatient boy was doomed to rigid seclusion from all the pleasures of youth; on the Easter and Christmas visitations of his ecclesiastical superior and relative to the various convents of nuns, the young Manoel was one of his attendants, and marched in procession, swinging the incense vase, and chaunting with the choir; on one of these occasions, a dart from Cupid's bow (shot from the dark eye of a lovely Limaña, as it peeped through the close grating which adjoins the elevated altar) banished for ever from his amorous heart the thoughts of monkish life. Having found means to communicate, first by signs and then by billet, with the object of his half-defined attachment, he formed the desperate scheme of eloping from his sacred prison, and effecting an entrance into that which held the nun in equally-detested bondage. He was then scarcely sixteen,

\* "The Prisoner!"—"The handsome American of the *Antorcha!*"

† High-Church.

slight in make, delicate and feminine in face and appearance, flexible and active as the insidious snake. All depended on the management of his first attempt, but he boldly embarked on his dangerous adventure, determined on success or death! During the distribution of the daily dole to the poor at the outer gate, at day-break, he fled from his convent unobserved, and instantly repaired to that of his (almost unknown) beloved one, into which he found means to insinuate himself, by a feat which not one in a million could attempt with any hope of success.

His enamorata, as he was apprized, was one of the two nuns on duty that morning, in the pious work of alms-giving. These (consisting of provisions, clothes, &c.) are placed on a kind of boxed turnstile which, revolving on its pivot, is turned outwards liberally stored, and returned back with the emptied vessels. Into this machine young Manoel contrived to screw\* himself, and on his arrival inside, was released with silent demonstrations of joy by his beloved, assisted by a saintly sister. Having provided a suit of their own costume, they equipped the panting boy, and instantly hurried him off to their cell. Such a prize to the community, could not long be kept a secret, and the ingenuity of the whole sisterhood was, for upwards of two months, successfully exerted to conceal their general treasure: but, alas! a dreadful discovery dispelled this dream of transient felicity; natural proofs of the intrusion of an unhallowed visitor, struck the eye, while it wrung the heart, of the holy mother abbess! The Patriarch was apprized of the horrid scandal; the nuns were locked up in separate cells; the familiars of the holy office entered on their task, with blood-thirsty zeal; and the luckless Manoel, dragged forth from his hiding place, soon found a living tomb in the deepest dungeon of the Inquisition!

Had he only murdered his parents, fired the city, or blown up the arsenal, some claim to mercy might have been advanced on the score of youthful levity; but to violate the sanctity of a nunnery! was an offence, for the punishment of which even the most cruel, lingering, and horrid death was deemed inadequate!

Arraigned before the dread and secret tribunal, the unfortunate Manoel found his ghostly uncle the most inflexible of his persecutors; an appeal to the mercy of his judges he saw was useless; so the youth resigned himself to a fate which appeared inevitable, nor deigned to beg a life which he no longer thought worth the possession. His parents, however, whose influence in the state was powerful, obtained a suspension of the execution of his sentence, until it had been confirmed by the grand inquisition in the mother country, pending which, a strong appeal was made by his distracted mother to the mercy of the queen. Two years passed before the horrid monotony of his unvaried life of woe was broken. Days and nights rolled on, to him equally undistinguished; the cheerful light of heaven never having penetrated the gloom of his deep and dreary cell since the first hour of his entombment! when, at length, (after a period, according to his reckoning of countless years, but, in reality only two) his dungeon door was opened,

\* The same feat was said to be performed by a British officer in Portugal; but as the French officers had previously dissolved the charm which bound in chains the portress of the gates, the gay and gallant guardsman (Dan M'K——) might have walked quietly in at the great door: he was an *artiste* in gymnastics, however, and the feat gave him something to boast of.



and he was led forth, but whether to life or death, he knew not. The balmy breeze from his native mountains once more breathed on his faded cheeks ; his feet once more pressed the light and springing soil ; the love of life revived within his sunken heart ! He was hurried on board ship, and heard the orders given to sail that very hour.

Once out of sight of the land of his birth, “ a change came o’er the spirit ” of his captivity ; his fetters were removed ; clothes, linen, books, and his guitar, were furnished to him ; a ready obedience was shewn to attend to all his wishes ; but the commander impressed on him the necessity of *silence* (beyond the mere expression of his wants) ;—chains and close confinement were threatened as the inevitable penalty of disobedience to that order ! It was in this state of miserable exclusion from all social converse, as a criminal, under sentence of death, the reader first beheld the interesting Manoel on board the Antorcha in the Bay of Cadiz !

On the third night after his arrival in the old world, he was removed on shore (with the same mystery which attended his entrance on board the vessel), accompanied by the commander, who, having placed him in a close carriage with two persons (armed), he bade him a kind adieu !

The journey lasted eight days, during which he was never left a moment to himself ; his companions were equally silent and uncommunicative as those he had so lately left ; and it was not until a week after his arrival at the capital, that the first bright glimpse of the joys of life, of hope, and love, cheered his almost broken spirit ! He had been elegantly lodged ; indulged with every luxury his taste suggested : one irksome restraint alone existed ;—he was still a prisoner ! On the seventh evening, the deep silence of his apartment was broken by the sudden, yet cautious entrance into it by a secret door of a lady whose dress and deportment marked her as being a person of superior distinction. Having for some moments surveyed the captive with looks of pity (mingled with such strong emotions of a warmer passion, as caused a crimson tide to dye the clear olive cheek of the unsophisticated youth), she occupied the chair which he, with peculiar grace had placed for her on her entrance, standing, himself, in distant and respectful admiration. The lady asked with an evident degree of inquietude—“ Dost thou know me, youth ? ”—“ No, Madam ! ” answered the blushing Manoel : “ but it would not become the humble slave of an unhappy destiny, the poor criminal Manoel, to sit in such a presence !—had my fortune been cast in a happier lot, here could I pay the homage of my duty, and, as your faithful servant, devote my poor life to your commands ! ” The lady, astonished at the fervency of his language, asked herself the question—Can I have been betrayed ?—reason answered No !—for up to the very moment of executing her purpose, the intended visit was known but to herself alone : “ Take courage, my son,” (said the lady) “ you are no longer a criminal !—No longer a prisoner ! To-morrow’s light shall see your pardon sealed ! The Queen, my gracious mistress !—has heard your story : she pities !—she forgives you : as a mother, she has granted a fond mother’s petition ! Nay, your future fame, your fortune, your life, depend on your discretion ; let not one word of this visit ever escape your lips—farewell ! ” She held out her hand, which the youth on bended knee seized, and, while bathing it with tears of joy and gratitude, almost devoured it with kisses ! The lady lingered ; she raised him from his humble posture—and in another

moment he felt himself locked in the embrace of his unknown benefactress !

\* \* \* \* \*

The lady, whose kindness renewed life's charter to the grateful Manoel, although considerably above forty, bore a prepossessing appearance, but in his eyes she appeared an angel ; it should, however, be recollected, that she was the first of her sex with whom the warm, impassioned boy had conversed, since his expulsion from the paradise of the convent, his raptures therefore were natural enough at his period of life.

The following morning's first light saw Don Manoel on his road to the Escorial, attended by two servants, who appeared ready to anticipate his wants and wishes. Arrived within the gloomy gates of that little world of masonry and window, the thoughts of the church, the shaven crown, and sable robe, once more cast a gloom over his handsome countenance ; but it was as the fleeting cloud passing over the brilliant sun ; for the lively remarks of his attendants soon convinced him that his mode of life was to be any thing but one of monastic seclusion. He was conducted into a suite of comfortable apartments, amongst the several thousands which this vast pile contains ; and informed that horses for exercise were at all times at his command—that he had but to name his wishes for ought he might require, whether for improvement or for pleasure, and they should be complied with. Such a change in his fate would have turned the brain of the delighted youth, did not the horrors of his two years' solitary confinement perpetually flit before his memory with dreadful recollections, and act as a rebuking monitor to his vanity and his passions. Two years passed away in this state of uninterrupted pleasure ; his tutelar divinity visited him at intervals ; but he could not fail to observe that immediately before her arrivals and departure, means were taken by his attendants to confine him to the remote corner of the quadrangle in which apartments had been assigned to him. He became perfect in the accomplishments of riding, fencing, and dancing, nor was he inattentive to the pleasures to be derived from reading : he had long since shaken off the cumbrous rust of his early education, and indulged in the full range of history and modern literature. At length, at the end of these two years of probation, it was announced to him that he had been honoured with the appointment of one of the Chamberlains of the Palace through the intercession of his patroness, and his immediate appearance at the court of Madrid became necessary. He was accordingly conducted with secrecy to the capital, and re-lodged in his former apartments, which, to his amazement, he discovered were a portion of the Royal Palace ; he found his splendid uniform already prepared. On the appointed day, the handsome Manoel, with palpitating heart, attended on the nobleman who was to honour him with an introduction to the Prince of Peace—he trembled with an indefinable feeling of terror as that all-powerful minister scanned with piercing eye his whole person and appearance : his fears, however, vanished, as the prince, with that appearance of warm kindness, which he could so well assume, presented him with the massy golden key, and ivory wand, those badges of his courtly office, and directed him to follow in his train to the grand saloon, to kneel before his sovereign and the queen. While endeavouring to collect his agitated senses for the new and dazzling scene in which he had to perform a part, one of the



pages of the Duchess of A—a, the name assumed by his patroness, stole beside him, and pressed into his hand a scrap of paper, on which he read—

“ Prove yourself deserving a QUEEN’S affections,  
“ BE FIRM OR PERISH !”

concealing the paper in his bosom, he almost blindly followed in the Prince’s cortège, bewildered in conjectures ; and when at last led into the royal presence, his heart almost burst its mortal bounds when he beheld in the person of the queen, his loved, his honoured, his adored protector ! The words “ *Be firm, or perish !*” recalled that undaunted courage, of which no man possessed more ; and with respectful dignity, and self-possession, he knelt before his Majesty to kiss his extended hand. But when he turned towards the Queen, the exquisite grace and deep-blushing humility with which he pressed his lips upon her snowy fingers ;\* and the unequalled elegance with which he made his retiring obeisance, raised a murmur of approbation throughout the crowded and gorgeous apartment.

His future discretion was equal to his good fortune ; he never lost a particle of the royal favour by any act of levity ; while his policy (must it be added servility ?) towards the haughty Godoy, gained his powerful friendship, and he was considered as one of the most devoted creatures of his patronage. It was not until the occasion of the grand bull feast at Cadiz that the jealousy of the prince was roused ; not as regarded any remains of passion which the queen might be supposed still to entertain or to inspire, but from the growing favour of the king.

On the third and last day of the festival an event occurred which accelerated Don Manoel’s fall, although for the moment it placed him on a dazzling elevation.

Towards the close of the sports, a bull, whose fierceness and activity had spread terror in the arena, had for some time reigned undisputed monarch of the circus ! The daring Pepe de Xeres, commonly called “ *El Coyo*” (from his lameness), one of the most desperate of picadors, had been borne insensible from the ring, having been overthrown, and only saved by the skilful manœuvres of the footmen ; the next in succession for the attack, the veteran Pedro Ortiz, of equal boldness and celebrity, shared a similar fate ! But one picador remained to sustain the honour of the circus, the undaunted Jose Colchado, the boast of the mañolos of Madrid ; after performing prodigies of valour, an unlucky slip of his horse threw him on the body of the bull, but providentially so close to the partition as to enable the anxious spectators of his peril, on the front rows, to grasp him in their arms, but not without serious injury, having had several of his ribs broken, and his coarse but manly face disfigured by the loss of the whole of his front teeth.

The furious animal now trampled about the circus unopposed, bellying a horrid defiance : it was yet too vigorous to allow of the attack of the banderalleros. The manager was in despair—the spectators impatient—that peculiar clap of the hand, which is the signal of disapprobation, thundered round the vast circle ; at this instant the Cavalier who stood on the left of the queen was seen to stoop to his royal mistress’s ear, whose nod appeared to give assent to his request. He suddenly

\* The hand and arm of the Queen Maria Louisa were of such exquisite beauty and symmetry, that she constantly kept one or other arm uncovered to display it.

disappeared from the royal box, and in a few minutes, the gates of the circus flying open, revealed to the gaze of the astonished multitude the handsome chamberlain in his rich costume, mounted on one of the horses of the guards, his wand of office exchanged for the ponderous lance. He entered the arena with looks of confidence; his fine formed limbs had no protection whatever, he was thus placed at fearful odds with his dread antagonist; cries of "*Hay! qui lastima! una sacrificio!*"\* were heard from the females, while the cheering shouts of "*Valiente cavellero!*"† burst from the admiring host of male spectators. Don Manoel had just time to take up his position, when the raging animal rushed on him with all his collected fury. An almost universal shriek followed; but the undismayed cavalier met his fierce assailant with such dreadful precision on his lance's point, as to bury it in an already gaping wound, and send the monster reeling on his haunches, trembling with pain and rage! He however quickly returned to the attack; but his approach was now slow and cautious: at length he made his bound; and at that critical moment, the bandage slipping from the eyes of the cavalier's horse, the affrighted beast wheeling suddenly, fled from his grim assailant; he was already at the verge of the circus, with the horns of the bull in his vitals. Another moment would have been fatal to horse and rider, when the cavalier whirling his spear in the air, brought round its point, and resigning the reins for the instant, wheeling round in his saddle, aimed a deadly thrust at the bull. A lucky chance awaited this desperate effort, the lance's point fixed itself in the nape of the animal's neck, and inflicted a new and horrid wound, which once more forced it to retire. The acclamations were astounding, and shouts of "*Basta, basta! no mas, no mas!*"‡ resounded from all quarters; but the cavalier, who seemed to have set his life upon the cast, quickly adjusted the bandage over his almost expiring horse's eyes, and adopted the dangerous step of advancing towards the maddened animal, into the very center of the arena. His horse already tottered; his own silken-bound limbs were steeped in the poor animal's gore; but still untouched in person, firm and undaunted in purpose, he bore himself like a hero! The momentary prayers of thousands were put up for his safety! the panting bull, instead of facing his bold adversary, kept retiring with low and hollow bellowings, pawing the earth, as if collecting his remaining strength. Meanwhile the fixed and darkling eye of the cavalier was never for a moment removed from the lance's point. An awful pause of a few seconds gave a deeper interest to the scene, when on rushed the bull in furious desperation, burying his horns in the chest of the horse! he was, however, at the same moment himself fixed on the unerring lance of the bold cavalier! Neither yielded; the bull, exerting all its strength, absolutely raised the horse from the ground, when his rider throwing forward his entire weight, and giving the full force of his arm to his lance, hurled the bull to earth, bleeding and subdued! In this last and crowning effort his lance was shivered; and as he waved its fragments over his victorious head, the foundation of the vast building shook with the thunder of applause. He was led in triumph to the gates, where his horse, no longer able to sustain him, resigned his life in the circus. The conquered bull lay gasping on the

\* Ah! what a pity! a sacrifice!

† Brave cavalier!

‡ Enough, enough! no more, no more!



earth, never more to rise ; the matador, scorning to stain his sword with a fallen foe, waved it over his bleeding front, and retired, leaving the dying animal to end his sufferings under the stiletto of one of the attendants of the ring. Thus concluded the *Royal Fiesto de Toros of Cadiz* in 180—!

At the drawing-room held that night Don Manoel received from the hands of the King the small cross of Charles the Third, and the rank of colonel, as the reward of his bravery ! His royal mistress in secret presented him with some valuable tokens of her increased admiration ; even Godoy affected to rejoice in this sudden tide of prosperity, and his conduct every day led the generous, unsuspecting Don Manoel to reject the advice which those who really loved and respected him suggested.

One evening, in the month of November following the above events, while sitting in his apartment alone, “chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fortune,” occasionally striking the chords of his guitar, the door which led into his apartment (and which *one person* alone had ever entered) silently turned on its hinges ; but instead of *that* being, who to him at least was all gentleness and love, appeared four men, masked and cloaked, with stiletto in hand, who suddenly sprung upon him and thrust a handkerchief into his mouth, proceeded to bind his arms, then placing a bandage over his eyes, they hurried him away, whither he was quite unconscious.

Placed in a roomy carriage with his four conductors, two of whom he felt sat before, and one on each side of him, after half an hour’s travelling, the spokesman of the party gave orders for the removal of the bandages from his mouth and eyes, and also the binding of his arms to be relaxed, adding—“*Silence or Death !*” A little before dawn the coach arrived at its place of destination, which he found was an ancient building situated at the foot of the Guadarama mountains. Here he was ushered into an apartment with only one aperture for light or air, strongly secured by iron gratings : a bedstead, a table, and one chair, was all the furniture it boasted. Here he was for a time left to his reflections : that they were such as almost to overwhelm his reason may be inferred. What a melancholy reverse in his fortune ! In a few hours a strange person entered, in whom he saw his jailer ; and who placed before him a good breakfast of chocolate, and furnished his bedstead with mattress and clothes, then retired ; towards evening his jailer returned, and found his prisoner locked in sleep, so deep and so profound, that he did not disturb him, but removing his untasted breakfast, placed a bell with a lighted lamp upon the table, and quietly withdrew. Delicious dreams had cheated the imagination of the unfortunate captive : and the dread reality seemed itself a dream, when, as starting from his bed, he saw the light of his solitary lamp barely breaking the gloom of his wretched prison !—

“ Reflection came, with all her busy train,  
Swell’d at his heart, and turn’d the past to pain.”

Night afforded him no repose ; the strength of tired nature had been restored by his refreshing day-sleep ; and the long and silent hours were spent in unavailing lamentations ! Two days thus passed, without the infliction of personal injury or insult, but, on the contrary, the most respectful, though silent attention on the part of his jailer, Don Manoel ventured to cherish a hope of better fortune. On the third day

his guard entered and presented a letter, in a well-known hand, on reading which, he pressed it to his lips, and while the big round tear rolled down his manly cheek, he fell on his knees, exclaiming, "*Bless her! bless her!*" His jailer motioned him to follow—need it be told how quickly he obeyed the hint?—in a quarter of an hour he was on the road, and that night at eleven, he found himself re-established in his apartments! At midnight he received a visit from one too loving—too much beloved! who unfolded to his astonished ear a tale of treachery—Godoy, the false Godoy, had doomed him to ruin! Banishment from Spain, was the only condition on which his royal mistress could obtain a promise of his life; a few brief hours would sever them for ever! even the moments of this her parting visit were numbered! she hung round his neck her own picture, richly set with large brilliants, and bestowing one long, long and tender embrace, while her falling tears bedewed his face, she tore herself away from the only being she ever loved!\*

At an early hour in the morning, Don Manoel received an order to attend the levee of Godoy; on his entrance he was received by that prince of hypocrites with every demonstration of the warmest regard, and complimented by his Highness and by his circle of sycophants on his appointment to a command in one of the most remote colonies, with the rank of Brigadier-General. The officers of his staff were announced to be in waiting, and it was intimated that his departure for the port of Cadiz must be immediate! His majesty and the queen had left Madrid for Aranjuez, the ceremony of leave-taking was therefore dispensed with.

Don Manoel seeing it in vain to struggle against his adverse fortune, submitted with the best grace his agonized heart would admit, and with dissembled gratitude and respect bent before his stern oppressor, while his daring soul burned to avenge his wrongs! \* \* \* \*

St. G.

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MR. ROBERT MONTGOMERY, AND MR. EDWARD CLARKSON.

THE recent publication of a most extraordinary pamphlet, entitled "*Robert Montgomery and his Reviewers*," by an individual who rejoices in the name of Edward Clarkson, has revived a question which we thought the *Edinburgh Review* had effectually disposed of. This question is—Is Mr. Robert Montgomery the first poet of his age? The *Edinburgh Review* says, No. Mr. E. Clarkson says, Yes. The former authority assures us that the author of *Satan* is an immeasurably over-rated writer, the cherished offspring of bombast, self-conceit, and quackery: the latter, that he is "the new Star in the East to harbinger the hoped-for epoch of religious philosophy"—that his "didactic poetry forms a new era"—that he "breathes the ether of loftier sentiments than suit the marsh miasma of certain literary coteries"—that the "mountain air to which the broad sail-vans of his eagle wings ascend, is such an atmosphere as the measured and measuring materialism of Utilitarian literature cannot breathe in and live"—that he is the "first

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\* The old Duchess of O——, who had for years enjoyed the queen's confidence, declared to the writer (many years after these events) that if the heart of her majesty ever entertained the sentiment of *love*, unmixed with grosser passions, Don Manoel alone could claim the merit of exciting it.



heliacal emersion of a new poetical star from the lower belt of the vulgar horizon"!!!!—that he ranks in the same class with Campbell and Rogers, with this trifling difference in his favour, that he is sublime, while they are merely polished and beautiful!!!!—and, above all, that his *Satan* is a "deeply-reasoned abstraction, logically and metaphysically consistent;" while Milton's hero is "too elevated in his pride, and too godlike in his sublimity;" Marlowe's Mephistophiles, "coarse, vulgar, and harmless;" Goëthe's, "a devilish sceptic;" and Lord Byron's, "a spirit dephlogisticated of his vulgar elementary flames and innocent of bad intentions"!!!!!!

On reading all this trash, which is meant, we suppose, as a sample of fine writing, the first question that naturally suggests itself is—Who is Mr. Clarkson? We will "elucidate," as *Charles Surface* says. Mr. Clarkson (*vide* his title-page) is the author of Lectures on the Pyramids and Hieroglyphical Language, delivered in Scott's Hall, in 1811, and published in the *Classical Journal*; of an Essay on the Portland Vase, subject Pluto—[hence, we suppose, arises his predilection for Satan]—and of a novel entitled "*Herwald de Wake*," which we once remember to have seen priced on a book-stall at nine-pence—a sum not more than three-pence probably above its real value. Thus variously accomplished, but at the same time not content with the snug, quiet, domestic fame he must already have secured by his lucubrations, Mr. Clarkson has thought proper still further to increase that fame by coming forward in the present pamphlet, and running a tilt against all who may be hardy enough to question the poetic supremacy of the new "heliacal emersion." His courage is more to be commended than his modesty—with which latter qualification, indeed, if we may judge from the profuse quotations he makes from his own writings, he must have but a distant acquaintance—and will have this bad effect on Mr. R. Montgomery's reputation, that it will mix it up with strange associations of the burlesque, and induce his reviewers to distrust more than ever that genius which has so bewildered the reasoning faculties of the Lecturer on the Hieroglyphic Language.

There is nothing so embarrassing to an author, who would wish to rank as the Milton of his age, as a critic of Mr. Clarkson's way of thinking. The bombastic eulogiums of such a man are loads that "would sink a navy." Mr. R. Montgomery and Mr. E. Clarkson! Singular but unavoidable association of names! The one henceforth will as naturally suggest the other, as that high-flown gent. Bottom the weaver suggests the recollection of the ass's head! Had the Lecturer on the Pyramids never published his present pamphlet, we should never have published our present remarks. We should have left the subject of them to sink or swim, as the case might happen, in the full conviction that his genius would soon find its level. But the pamphlet before us has wholly altered our intentions. Disgusted with its nauseous tone of flattery—with its pedantry, its conceit, its ignorance, its more than Milesian effrontery—with its habit of every where mistaking rant, fustian, and extravagance for vigour of mind, and grandeur of expression, we are reluctantly forced into the arena of controversy. If, therefore, our remarks on his various productions give pain to Mr. Montgomery, we cannot help it: it is not our fault, it is his critic who is solely to blame—and this to a serious extent—in having thrust him before the public as the first poet of his age, and thereby compelled us

to break a silence which, God knows! we would most willingly have preserved.

The first poems which Mr. Montgomery published, and the memory of which his critic has most unwisely revived, were two satires, entitled *The Age Reviewed*, and *The Puffiad*. The former, Mr. Clarkson compares in "its fierce vituperation to Juvenal, and in its style to Young;" the latter he asserts may be likened to some of "the lighter censures of Horace in its playful range, and in its mock heroism to the *Dunciad*." He adds, that "it is pointed and epigrammatic; the wit is sharp, and the thought is weighty, but, like Young, it plays chiefly on the surface of action." The idea of weighty thought playing on the surface of action, reminds us of a leaden bullet playing on the surface of the water! "The verse," he goes on to say, "is terse, and the imagery and metaphors are appropriately adapted to the subject." Of the *Age Reviewed*, the same discriminating critic assures us, that in "the denouncing intensity and fiery energy of the sentiments which gild its somewhat dislocated fragments, and in the *eloquium canorum* of its full-toned and flowing versification, it bears away the palm from Lord Byron's English Bards." This is high praise; let us see how it is borne out. The following extracts, taken indiscriminately from the *Age Reviewed* and the *Puffiad*, will enable the reader to judge for himself. They are put forth by Mr. Clarkson himself, in justification of the above opinions. Alluding to foreigners, Mr. Montgomery says,—

" 'Woe,' cries Britannia, sovereign of the sea,  
 'How sinecures and Germans plunder me;  
 Wet-nurse for aliens and their toading trains,  
 I waste my mint and desolate my plains;  
 While beastly eunuchs, if they twirl and squall,  
 Pipe on the stage, or straddle at a ball.' "

Of politicians, he observes,—

"Yes, every blockhead born to clean the mews,  
 To patch our breeches, and to mend our shoes,  
 Cocks his pert eye, uplifts his pompous brow,  
 And dubs himself a politician now.  
 Go, dip your nasty quills in Grub Street mire,  
 Traduce for malice, and lampoon for hire,  
 Cling to the cursed columns that ye scrawl,  
 Like bloated beetles on a slime-licked wall."

The expressions "beastly eunuchs"—"cocks his eye"—"patch our breeches"—"straddle at a ball"—are certainly uncommonly like Young and Horace, the former especially!

Of a country gentleman in the House of Commons, Mr. Montgomery gives a singularly Byronian portrait, to say nothing of its elegance:

"Hark, how his leathern lungs, like bellows pant,  
 Heave the big speech, and puff it out in cant;  
 See how he licks his tooth and screws his eye,  
 And twists and twirls his thumb—he can't tell why.  
 Like Pythia perched upon a Delphic stool,  
 He writhes and wriggles—till his mouth is full,  
 And then unloads a heap of stubborn stuff,  
 Till coughs proclaim the House has had enough;  
 Then down he sits with aching sides and bones,  
 Just like a hog convulsed with grunts and groans."



Gentle reader, pray admire, we conjure you, the exquisitely classical and graceful manner in which our satirist has here compared a fat country *gentleman*, who licks his teeth and screws his eye, to the *female* priestess of Apollo, under the influence of poetic and oracular inspiration! Observe, also, the refined taste which likens the same gentleman at the same period of time to a hog! A hog and a priestess! Happy association of ideas! No wonder, Mr. Clarkson was smitten with their "denouncing intensity!"

Describing a dandy, Mr. Montgomery tells us,—

"A porkish whiteness pales his plastic skin,  
And muslin halters hold the pimpled chin;  
A goatish thing, he *lives* on ogling eyes,  
On scented handkerchiefs, and maiden sighs."

This, we suppose, is what Mr. Clarkson means by the "*eloquium canorum*, the full-toned flowing versification," which bears away the palm from Byron. Its ease—its melody—its eloquence are indeed superlative! The idea of a dandy living, by way of poetic food, on a pocket-handkerchief, is matchless! Then, too, the "porkish whiteness!" Mr. Clarkson, no doubt, thinks this quite Juvenalian. He is mistaken. It is the description—not of a satirist, but a butcher.

Of the Opera, we are informed that—

"Bedaubed with paint, here jewelled heads compose  
Their pustuled persons in the steamy rows;  
Pile luscious fancies on transparent limbs,  
Move with each form, and languish as it swims."

The above extracts, we must repeat, are not our own, but Mr. Clarkson's selections. They are quoted by that gentleman himself as samples of the "*eloquium canorum*" and "denouncing intensity" of Mr. Montgomery's satire. By this time, however, the reader is of a different opinion. Instead of vigour of thought and energy of expression, he has doubtless seen nothing but beastliness—absurdity—down-right blackguardism—vapid imitations of Churchill in his vulgarest and most drunken moments—the spirit of Zoilus poured forth in the dialect of Thersites. Compare such a scribbler with Horace, Juvenal, or Byron, indeed! The bare idea is revolting, and nothing but the inordinate length of Mr. Clarkson's ears can excuse it. Vigour of thought is far—very far removed from beastliness of expression. It is not an acquaintance with slang dictionaries alone that perfects the satirist. Strength of mind—loftiness of idea—pungency of wit—power of expression, that power which shews itself not in ranting and exaggerated language, but in a calm, easy, unforced, and natural style—these, combined with a just appreciation of what is due to man, his weakness and his worth—these, Mr. Clarkson, are what form the perfect satirist. These, Sir, are what we respect in Juvenal, and love in Horace. Compare the scribbler of the *Age Reviewed* and *Puffiad* with these great and matured intellects! Fie, fie, Mr. Clarkson, the very devil who carried you your proof sheets could have corrected you, had you taken advantage of his superior sagacity!

We proceed to the *Omnipresence of the Deity*. This poem, which was the first that rendered Mr. Montgomery notorious, was published a few months subsequently to his *Age Reviewed* and *Puffiad*. Having failed to eclipse Juvenal, he imagined probably that he might have better success

with Milton. Encouraged accordingly by the success of Pollock's *Course of Time* (which unostentatiously, and without puffing, has reached a ninth edition), he resolved to take the Deity under his protection, in the same way as, in order to strike a balance between the two powers, he has since taken the Devil. His previous poetical efforts, as the reader cannot fail to have observed, admirably qualified him for this new task. The difference between a coarse, vulgar satire upon opera-dancers, dandies, and so forth, and a poem on so overwhelming a subject as the "Omnipresence of the Deity," is so trifling; the intellect requisite to ensure success in both cases is so similar in its kind, that no wonder Mr. Montgomery, who had shone in the one, fancied himself equally well qualified to shine in the other! On the appearance of this new poem, every engine was put in motion that might possibly lift it above its level. One reviewer asserted that it entitled its author to a tomb in Westminster Abbey; another that it was replete with Miltonic sublimity; a third, that it was the finest production that had appeared in England since—the Lord knows when. In consequence of such sickening adulation, the poem rose rapidly into notice, or to adopt Mr. Clarkson's phraseology, soared like the "heliacal emersion of a new star from the lower belt of the vulgar horizon." Its author's age—a fact which was artfully trumpeted about—induced the public to overlook its defects, nay, even to discover hidden beauties beneath them. All that was unintelligible was pronounced sublime: all that was extravagant, picturesque. Insanity was styled imagination, and stark-staring nonsense a profound spirit of holiness. The saints, in particular, were in extasies. A new Shiloh, they exclaimed, had arisen among them; and more than one soft, fat, elderly spinster was heard to speak in raptures of "the miraculous Mr. Montgomery." Yet what, after all—viewed in an impartial spirit—are the real intrinsic merits of the "Omnipresence?" Our readers shall judge for themselves. The poem opens with the following lines:—

"Thou Uncreate, Unseen, and Undefined!  
Source of all life, and Fountain of the mind!  
Pervading Spirit! whom no eye can trace;  
Felt through all time, and working in all space;  
Imagination cannot paint that spot,  
Around—above—beneath—where thou art not."

The two last lines are clearly superfluous. If the Spirit of the Deity works in all space, what occasion is there to tell us, in the very next couplet, that imagination cannot paint the spot where it is not? The lines are mere sound: nothing more.

"But all was silent as a world of dead,  
Till the great deep her living swarms outspread;  
Forth from her teeming bosom sudden came  
*Immingled* monsters, mighty, without name;  
Then *plummy* tribes winged into being *there*——"

Where?—upon the great deep, we presume—

"And played their gleamy pinions on the air;  
Till thick as dews upon a twilight green,  
Earth's living creatures rose upon the *scene*."

The meaning of this passage—if it possess a meaning—is, that the world was silent till the great deep outspread her swarms; when, sud-



denly, *plummy* tribes (fish, of course) winged into being there (upon the deep), till earth's creatures—donkies, to wit—geese, foxes, bull-dogs, eagles, lions, &c. &c.—rose thick as dews upon a twilight green. Very like dews, indeed!—

“ And thus thou wert, and art, the fountain-soul,  
And countless worlds around thee live and roll;  
In sun and shade, in ocean and in air,  
*Diffused*, though never lessened, *every where*.”

All this has been told us twice already in the very first six lines.

“ Lord of all being! where can fancy fly,  
To what far realms unmeasured by thine eye,  
Where dwell'st thou not?—the boundless-viewless one.”

A fourth repetition, slightly varied, of the first six lines.

“ How did thy Presence *smite* all Israel's eye,  
Flashed backward by the gleams of Deity!”

To *smite* a nation's eye, is an expression that even the utmost licence of poetry can scarcely allow. It is very like giving Israel a black eye. No wonder that it instantly flashed backward.

“ For Thee, whose hidden but supreme control  
Moves through the world, a universal soul.”—

A fifth repetition of the first six lines!

“ The mercy-fountains of divinity  
Now stream through all with vigour, full and free,  
As if unloosened from their living source,  
To carry with them spring's creative force.”

Here is a sonorous farrago of words! The mercy-fountains of divinity stream through all (through all what?)—as if to carry with them spring's creative force. Where—to whom—or to what are they to carry this creative force? What is the new “*heliacal emersion*” talking about? Can any one of his admirers tell? Can he tell himself?

“ The boughs hang glittering in their locks of green,  
The meadow-minstrels carol to the scene.”

By “*meadow-minstrels*,” Mr. Montgomery of course means birds. Yet what have birds to do with meadows, any more than with mountains, glens, woods, moors, or vallies? The epithet, is lax, and incomplete.

“ Ye mountain-piles, *earth's monuments to heaven*!——”

Sheer nonsense! Earth did not rear these monuments to heaven; it was heaven, rather, that reared them—

“ Around whose tops the giddy storms are driven,  
When like an ermine-pall the black cloud broods  
In misty swell upon your solitudes;  
E'er since your giant brows have dared the sky,  
*Almighty Majesty has lingered by!*”

Really, this is wondrous information! Then for its elevation of thought, who would imagine that a passage with such a grandiloquent opening

as "Ye mountain-piles, earth's monuments to heaven," would end with so tame and trite a truism as is contained in the closing couplet?

"Where haughty eagles roll their eyes of fire,  
Ere the rent clouds behind their sweep retire."

The sweep of the eagle is, *ad libitum*, over indefinite space. How then are the clouds to retire behind it?

"Stupendous God, how shrinks our bounded sense,  
To track the sway of thine omnipotence!"

Mr. Montgomery has here shewn gross ignorance of the English language. The word "stupendous"—*vide* Johnson—implies something of whose size we have a distinct and definite notion. Thus we say of a mountain, it is stupendous; so also of a temple, a ship of war, a palace, a pillar, and so forth. How then can it be applied to the Deity?

"Blest with thy brightest smile, dare we confine  
An omnipresence so supreme as thine?  
True, on our queenly spot, the sea-throned land,  
Thou pour'st thy favours with diffusive hand;  
Here cool and calm luxuriant breezes blow,  
And stream-fed vallies with their fruitage glow;  
*Still other climes, though touched with sterner hue,*  
Are set before thine all-embracing view."

Assuredly, this is valuable intelligence, and the nineteenth century will doubtless appreciate it as it deserves.

"While skies in tempest agonies *outgroan*,  
And the mad elements seem left alone."

Pray when do the elements look as if they were left alone? What, moreover, is the meaning of skies outgroaning in tempest agonies? They must outgroan some thing or body. Who or what is it?

"The keel-ploughed waters rustle as they pass,  
Like *crumpled* blades of *matin-moistened* grass.  
But lo! the marsh'ling clouds again unite,  
Like thick battalions halted for the fight;  
The sun sinks back, and ramping winds fast sweep  
Their *bristled* pinions on the darkened deep,  
Till the rolled billows, *piling* in a train,  
Rear their white heads and volley on the main.  
Now from their caverns rush the maniac blasts,  
Tear the loose sails, and split the creaking masts,  
Like steeds to battle, on the waves advance,  
While on their glossy backs *the bubbles dance*;  
So fast her billows whiten in their ire,  
All Ocean seems to boil upon a bed of fire."

We request our reader's particular attention to the above notable passage. Darwin has nothing so turgid; Blackmore nothing so vague and so absurd. In the first place, Mr. Montgomery talks of "*matin-moistened* grass"—meaning thereby grass moistened with *matin*! Secondly, he tells us of winds sweeping over the deep with *bristled* pinions! (pray, did he ever see their bristles?). Thirdly, of the same winds rushing from their



caves, after they have already been fast sweeping over the sea; and, fourthly, of *bubbles* dancing on the glossy back of an ocean which seems to boil upon a bed of fire! And this is sublimity! This is the grandeur of thought and expression that is to entitle its author to a tomb in Westminster Abbey! Well might Byron exclaim, "The present is the age of cant."

"Borne like a sun-beam on the writhing waves,  
One mariner alone the tempest braves;  
Home, love, and life, and near imagined death,  
Nerve the stout limb, and lengthen out his breath."

From these four lines, we learn just two things. First, that a wrecked sailor looks like a sun-beam; secondly, that a man who thinks he is going to die, always lives the longer for thinking so.

"Aghast and quaking, see the murderer stand,  
Shrink from himself, and clench his crimson hand;  
Unearthly terror *gripes* his coward frame,  
While conscience writhes upon the rack of shame."

The word "*gripe*" is introduced with consummate classical dignity. Imagine terror griping a murderer! A dose of calomel could do no more!

"Not so comes darkness to the good man's breast,  
When night brings on the holy hour of rest;  
Tired of the day, *a pillow laps his head*,  
While heavenly vigils watch around the bed."

"A pillow laps his head!" This forcibly aids the description, and what is better still, helps out the rhyme. What a pity that, with his usual attention to particulars, Mr. Montgomery did not also describe the good man's bolster, counterpane, and bed-clothes. They would at least have been as dignified as the pillow.

"Now hapless—hopeless—from the city dome  
She hies remorseless to her village home,  
And wildly turns her deeply-pensive glance,  
As down the hawthorn lane her steps advance,  
Where from the distant hill *the taper spire*  
*Points to the past, and fans her brain on fire.*"

A spire that possesses the ability to fan a woman's brain, must be a spire of uncommon genius!—almost as much so as the poet himself and his long-eared critic.

"There on the turfy heap, with trembling knees,  
Her lips convulsed, *her ringlets in the breeze.*"

"Her ringlets in the breeze!" From the clumsy, loose way in which this is described, a fastidious critic would be apt to surmise that the lady wore a wig, and that the wind blew it off!

"Thou unimagined God! though every hour,  
And every day, speak thy tremendous power,  
*Upon the seventh creation's work was crowned*,  
When the full universe careered around."

Mr. Montgomery here informs us, with a gravity worthy of the occasion, that God rested on the seventh day ! Can we be otherwise than grateful for such *very* original intelligence ?

“ Then like the sun slow-wheeling to the wave.”

An evident but unacknowledged plagiarism from a similar line in the *Pleasures of Hope*—viz. “ To hail the sun slow-wheeling to the deep.”

“ And on with helm and plume the warriors come,  
And the glad hills repeat the stormy drum.”

Mr. Campbell, in the poem to which we have just alluded, speaks with no less truth than vigour of “ the stormy music of the drum.” Mr. R. Montgomery, like most imitators, has disfigured this image, in order to make it pass current for his own. Instead of the music, he makes the drum itself stormy—by way, we presume, of adding boldness to the metaphor.

“ Pulseless and pale, beneath the taper’s glow  
Lies her loved parent now—a *clayey show*.”

The attic elegance of the expression, “ *clayey show*,” is the chief recommendation of the above charming couplet.

“ To see the fiery eye-ball fiercely roll,  
As if it wrestled with the parting soul ;  
Or hear the last clod crumble on the bed,  
And sound the hollow mansion of the dead—  
This—this is woe ; but deeper far that gloom  
That haunts us when we pace the dreary room,  
And shadow forth an image of our love,  
Rapt to Elysian realms of light above.”

The sentiment of this passage, to say nothing of its poetry, is curious and deserves attention. It is a dreadful thing, it seems, to watch the last agonies of a dying man, but infinitely more dreadful to reflect that he has gone to heaven. Certainly, if heaven be such a place as Mr. Montgomery has described it in his “ *Vision*,”—that is to say, a sort of Vauxhall on a large scale,—we can imagine that a staid domestic gentleman would not be over-rejoiced to hear of his friend’s safe arrival there.

“ Who hung yon planet in its airy shrine ?  
And dashed the sun-beam from its burning mine ?  
Who bade the ocean-mountains swell and leap,  
And thunders rattle from the skiey deep ?  
One great Enchanter *helmed* th’ harmonious whole—  
Creator, God, the grand primæval Soul !”—

The tenth time, *at least*, that we have been assured of this important fact.

“ And dare men dream that dismal Chance has framed  
All that the ear perceives, or tongue has named—  
The spacious world, and all its wonders born,  
Designless—self-created—and forlorn,” &c.

This is an arrant plagiarism from a similar passage in the *Pleasures of Hope*, beginning with,—



" Oh, lives there, Heaven, beneath thy dread expanse,  
One hopeless, dark idolater of Chance?" &c.

If, barren in his own resources, Mr. Montgomery must needs steal from his betters, let him at least have the honesty to confess the theft.

" Ages has awful Time been travelling on,  
And all his children to one tomb have gone ;  
The varied wonders of the peopled earth  
In equal turn have gloried in their birth:  
We live and toil, we triumph and decay—  
Thus age on age rolls unperceived away :  
And thus 'twill be, till Heaven's last thunders roar,  
And Time and Nature shall exist no more."

Indeed ! This is really most surprising intelligence. See what it is to be a philosopher as well as a poet ! " Ages has awful Time been travelling on !" —What a discovery ! " And all his children to one tomb have gone !" —How astonishing ! " We live and toil, we triumph and decay !" —You don't say so ! " Age on age rolls unperceived away !" —Miraculous young man !

" And lo ! the sea—along her *ruined* shore  
The white waves gallop with delirious roar,  
Till Ocean, in her agonizing throe,  
Bounds, swells, and sinks, *like leaping hills of snow* ;  
While downward tumbling crags and torrents sweep,  
And wildly mingle with the blaze-lit deep.  
Imagination, furl thy wings of fire,  
And on eternity's dread brink expire ;  
The last, the fiery chaos hath begun ;  
*Quenched is the moon, and blackened is the sun.*  
The stars have bounded 'mid the airy roar,  
Crushed lie the rocks, and mountains are no more.  
And lo, the teeming harvest of the earth,  
Reaped from the grave to share a second birth ;  
*Millions of eyes, with one deep dreadful stare,*  
Gaze upward through the burning realms of air,  
While shapes, and shrouds, and ghastly features gleam,  
Like lurid snow-flakes in the *moonlight beam*."

The above description of the last day has been prodigiously admired. It has been pronounced sublime—original—Miltonic ! According to Mr. Clarkson, it is superior to any thing in the Pleasures of Hope or Memory, " in grand simplicity of design, and massy sublimity of effect." To the former especially, inasmuch as it is " less *evirated* by a fastidious timidity in overpolishing." To us it appears, not so much a description, as a catalogue. Item : so many stars bounding. Item : so many rocks tumbling down. Item : so many eyes staring up. Item : a quenched moon, a blackened sun, and—there's the Day of Judgment ! " There's Percy for you !" Now in what respect does all this differ from the last scene of a melodrama ? The wolf's glen in Der Freischütz is equally sublime. There, too, we have stars bounding, moons quenched, suns blackened, &c. Mr. Montgomery wanted only a fox-hunt in the air to have made the parallel complete. In how different a style does Mr. Pollock treat the same subject ! A few magic words—a few mysterious hints—complete a picture that no one who has read the

*Course of Time* ever forgets. Let the reader compare the two descriptions. Montgomery's we have already given. Here is Mr. Pollock's:—

"The cattle looked with meaning face on man—  
And there were sights that none had seen before,  
And hollow, strange, unprecedented sounds  
And earnest whisperings, ran along the hills  
At dead of night; and long, deep, endless sighs  
Came from the dreary vale, and from the waste  
Came horrid shrieks, and fierce unearthly groans  
And shapes—strange shapes in winding-sheets were seen  
Gliding through night, and singing funeral songs,  
And imitating sad sepulchral rites;  
And voices talked among the clouds, and still  
The words that men could catch were spoken of them.

\* \* \* \* \*

Night comes—last night; the long, dark dying night  
That has no morn beyond it, and no star.  
No eye of man hath seen a night like this;  
Heaven's trampled justice girds itself for fight;  
Earth, to thy knees, and cry for mercy—cry  
With earnest heart."

What an awful, shadowy spirit of sublimity breathes through this noble passage! But few images, yet each one a picture! Who can read, without a shudder, of the strange shapes "gliding through night, and singing funeral songs?" The image is replete with power, yet neither too particular nor too elaborate. Had Mr. Montgomery attempted to work out an idea of this sort, he would have forgotten the "funeral songs," in his haste to describe the length, breadth, dresses and decorations of the shapes—in the same way as, when manufacturing a death-bed scene, the thing that most struck his fancy was that poetic article of furniture, the pillow. We return to the *Course of Time*. "And earnest whisperings ran along the hills." The word "earnest" has amazing significance; yet is perfectly natural. It is Shaksperian, in the best sense of the term; in its expressiveness, not less than in its brevity. Mr. Montgomery would have diluted it into some such lines as these:—

Strange whisperings wooed the hills with strong caress,  
Full of a grand tremendous earnestness!

But we are forgetting poor Pollock. What can be fuller of that awful mystery which is the soul of effect, than the "voices heard talking among the clouds?" What more intense in its feeling of humanity, than the idea of man partially overhearing the announcement of his destiny? The personification of earth, in the simple but expressive phrase, "Earth, to thy knees," is another hint full of lofty meaning, embodying a comprehensive spirit of humanity, and differing from Milton insomuch only as it combines excessive feeling with equal boldness of conception. In addition to this graphic energy, the reader will not fail to admire, throughout Mr. Pollock's description, the ease, the force, the almost colloquial simplicity of the language. The words seem to drop into their proper places unconsciously and without effort. The thought is grand, the style natural and unaffected. With Mr. Montgomery's *catalogue* or *inventory*, the case is diametrically the reverse.



The thought there is vulgar—common-place—mechanical; the language frigid and grandiloquent. It is like a chimney-sweep tricked out in a court-dress.

It may be said, perhaps, that in the foregoing strictures, we have been too severe on Mr. Clarkson's new "heliacal emersion;" that we have not shewn sufficient consideration for his youth. We know not what particular claims he has on us on this score. He is considerably older than Shelley when he composed his imaginative *Queen Mab*; considerably older than Keates when he published his magnificent fragment *Endymion*; older than Chatterton when he immortalized the *Bristowe Tragedy*; older than Pope when he wrote *Windsor Forest*; as old as Akenside when he sang the *Pleasures of Imagination*; as old as Campbell when he lent brilliancy to those of *Hope*; as old as Byron when he replied to his Reviewers in the *English Bards*; and as old as Milton when he hymned the *Masque of Comus*. What right then has he, in particular, to claim exemption from criticism on the score of youth? The plea was disallowed in poor Keates's case; it was disallowed also in that of Shelley's. Why, then, should Mr. Montgomery—or his officious critics for him—challenge a different verdict? Is he not satisfied with the applause he has already secured? When was youthful poet more unwisely—more extravagantly puffed? Has he not been promised a tomb in Westminster Abbey—we think it but right that the gentleman who promised this tomb should pay the expences of its erection—and been styled alternately the Juvenal and Milton of his age? Above all, has not Mr. Clarkson written a pamphlet in his favour?

Dismissing then as untenable the plea of youth—for why should not the *Omnipresence* stand the test of criticism as well as the *Pleasures of Hope* or *Imagination*?—Mr. Montgomery may possibly object to the frivolousness—the verbal captiousness—the fastidious severity of our objections. He may say, we have unwarrantably depreciated him. We reply, we have merely pulled him off his stilts, and set him fairly on his feet. But granted even that we have harshly condemned him, others have as extravagantly over-rated him. Surely, then, the balance is equal! As regards the verbal captiousness of our criticism, our justification is, that in the publicly-proclaimed Milton of his age, we have a right to look, if not for fancy or feeling, at least for common-sense and grammar. With a far greater shew of justice, may Mr. Montgomery complain that our strictures on the *Omnipresence* are drawn from an early edition. We give him the full benefit of this complaint; but may add, by way of answer, that it was this very edition—thus faulty—thus inflated—thus crammed with absurdities in their rankest exuberance—which first procured him the appellation of the "modern Milton" from one of his reviewers; the promise of a tomb in Westminster Abbey from another; and the most fulsome adulation from the majority.

Of the *Universal Prayer*, &c.—Mr. Montgomery's next production—we shall make short work. It is a pompous thanksgiving—vague—indefinite in imagery—elaborate in language—superficial in thought; and made up for the most part of such sing-song common-places as, a storm, a shipwreck, a sun-set, a moon-rise, a day-break, a consumptive young woman, an innocent boy, and two raree-shows, one of heaven, the other of hell; the former of which, Mr. Clarkson assures

us, "resembles the gorgeous orientalisms and splendid horrors of *Vathek*;" while the latter "is coloured by a Swedenborgian hue of religious Platonism!" One specimen of the description of heaven will, we suspect, abundantly satisfy our readers. It is styled "an empyrean infinitely vast and iridescent." No wonder that the Lecturer on the Pyramids and Pluto is enamoured of this description! The word "iridescent" must be peculiarly acceptable to a critic who talks of "impotentializing a joke," "evirating a poem," and "dephlogisticating vulgar flames!"

"We come now to *Satan*." This is the poem which, not a few of his admirers say, entitles Mr. Montgomery to rank beside the author of *Paradise Lost*. We shall see. Milton's sacred epic is one of those rare productions of intellect which cannot even be contemplated without awe. In thought it is sublime beyond conception—indeed language seems actually to bend and break down under its overwhelming grandeur;—in imagery copious and stately, but natural and characteristic; in description lavish and picturesque; in sentiment high-toned and austere. Its very perusal is an act of devotion. The world, with its countless interests—its joys—its sorrows—its idle but seducing day-dreams, fades off our minds; we breathe a loftier atmosphere of thought; the spirit of the poet sustains us as we roam with him through other worlds; and puts a power into our vision to enable us to appreciate the transcendent loveliness of his Eden. His *Satan* is the personification of a lawless, ambitious intellect, conscious of its powers, but limited in their exercise, and hence perpetually maddened with the idea of its comparative insignificance. Envy, however, is the true touch-stone of *Satan's* character. He sees but through the medium of this blinding passion, which throws an added gloom over hell itself. Such is a slight sketch of *Satan* as drawn by Milton. What is he as defined by Mr. Montgomery? A prosing, shallow, methodist parson, who, perched upon a mountain, like a bilious cockney on Primrose-Hill, looks round him over the four quarters of the globe for the sole purpose of telling us that some parts have been famous in their day, but are now ruined and all but forgotten; that Jerusalem—Egypt—Persia—Rome—Venice—Greece—Spain, &c. are nothing to what they have been; that Buonaparte and Lord Byron, though very clever, were both very wicked men; that the powers of human nature are great and various, but too often perverted; that the public press\* is a vile, degraded instrument of oppression; that a theatre is the haunt of debauchery, "a fine prospect for demoniac view;" and a ball-room, pretty nearly, if not quite as bad; that in short, the whole world, and more especially England, is in a desperately bad state. And this, Mr. Montgomery calls giving a new version of the character of *Satan*! He makes him a field preacher, and cries out "Eureka!" He makes him a strange compound of Boatswain Smith and Parson Grahame—"sepulchral Grahame," as Byron aptly calls him—and triumphantly exclaims, "Thou art the man!" There is nothing on record in the annals of literature to equal this presumption. It stands alone in its superhuman audacity. Our only notions of *Satan* are drawn from Scripture or from Milton. They are the sole

\* In a note intended to qualify his general abuse of the public press, Mr. Montgomery says, "of course there are some honourable exceptions." By the "honourable exceptions" he means, we presume, those newspapers who have been good-natured enough to praise his various poems.



authorities we recognise on the subject. They have made the fiend in some degree an historical character; and for an author (and that author Mr. Robert Montgomery!) to think of coming forward at this time of day and changing the established impression of ages, is as arrant a piece of impertinence as if he were to attempt to fashion a new nature for Cæsar, Cromwell, or any other great man on whom the world has already passed its decision.

The true touch-stone of Milton's *Satan* is, as we observed before, envy. Hence arises his gloom—his despair—his hatred. He looks on Paradise; it's loveliness blasts him, and he turns away writhing as if stung by scorpions. He fixes his gaze on the manly form of Adam and the more delicate beauty of Eve; a curse escapes him at the sight; the passions of his soul blaze fiercely out in his face, and, despite the necessity of concealment, he betrays himself at once to Uriel. He looks up towards the shining heavens, and his jealous and envious hatred of the Omnipotent torture his soul to madness. In a far different spirit does Mr. Montgomery's Satan gaze round him on the wonders of creation. Of man and woman, he discourses like a would-be Socrates, in a strain of benevolence which (strange enough) he seems to think is contemptuous; and of external nature with an equal absence of bad feeling. With a sunset, in particular, he is delighted; with a moonlight enraptured; the sight of a rich sylvan landscape throws him into perfect ecstasies.

“ Heaven-favoured land! of grandeur and of gloom,  
Of mountain pomp, and majesty of hills,  
Though other climates boast, in thee supreme  
A beauty and a gentleness abound:  
Here all that can soft worship claim, or tone  
The sweet sobriety of tender thought,  
Is thine; the sky of blue intensity,  
Or charmed by sunshine into picture-clouds;  
The dingle grey, and wooded copse, with hut  
And hamlet nestling in the bosky vale,  
And spires brown peeping o'er the ancient elms,  
With all that bird and meadow, brook and gale,  
Impart—are mingled for admiring eyes,  
That love to banquet on thy blissful scene.”

This is a sweet, we will even say, a beautiful pastoral description; but who would suppose that it came from the mouth of Satan? Who would imagine that the Arch-fiend would condescend to imitate Thompson, Grahame, or Bloomfield?—Again:

“ But lo! the day declines, and to his throne  
The sun is wheeling. What a world of pomp  
The heavens put on in homage of his power!  
Romance hath never hung a richer sky—  
The air is fragrant with the soul of flowers,  
The breeze comes panting like a child at play,  
And calm as clouds the sunken billows sleep;  
The dimness of a dream o'er nature steals,  
Yet hallows it; a hushed enchantment reigns;  
The mountains to a mass of mellowing shade  
Are turned, and stand like temples of the night;  
While field and forest fading into gloom,  
Depart, and rivers whisper sounds of fear—

A dying pause, as if th' Almighty moved  
In shadow o'er his works, hath solemnized  
The world."

We have no fault to find with this passage but its utter want of propriety. It is the description not of a lofty mind diseased, an ambitious spirit fallen; but of a happy and religious pensive nature, with no cares to vex, no undying reflections to divert its attention from the beauties of creation. Lord Byron, adopting the received ideas of Satan, says of him, "where'er he gazed a gloom pervaded space." This is finely characteristic of a fallen spirit. Mr. Montgomery, however, seems to think otherwise, and determined to be original in his conceptions, makes his damon gaze round him not for the purpose of deepening nature's gloom, but of drawing forth her beauties and painting their *minutiae* in water-colours. And this he terms giving a new reading to *Satan*! As if the Prince of Hell's archangels; the dauntless Fiend who drew after him the third of heaven's seraphim; who stood boldly face to face with the Son of the Godhead, and defied the Omnipotent himself to arms—as if such a spirit, so sublime in daring, so matchless in iniquity; so absorbed in the recollection of his past glory, and the consciousness of his present degradation; so towering in his ambition, so inexhaustible in his conception; so scheming, subtle, malignant, and comprehensive,—as if such a magnificent spirit could find leisure or inclination to divert the channel of his mighty thoughts, in order to describe the details of a small sylvan landscape in the puny dialect of a pastoral poet!

But not in one portion only, in every particular of his character, no matter how slight or unimportant, Mr. Montgomery has mistaken *Satan*. He has made him speak of Napoleon and Lord Byron in the language of the conventicle; lament the sins of the press in the spirit of a Whig attorney-general, and anathematize the theatre and the ball-room with a fanatic heartiness that Mr. Irving himself must despair to equal. As a metaphysician, *Satan* is equally ridiculous. He talks of "learning" as as a "shallow excellence," as if he were altogether unacquainted with the difference between learning and pedantry. In the minor defects of language and description, the poem abounds to profusion. There is scarcely one page in a volume consisting of 386, that does not contain some absurd metaphor—some tawdry epithet, some new-coined phrase, or some palpable grammatical blunder. Poor Priscian is sadly treated throughout: not a bone in his skull is left unbroken. We have continually for instance such ungrammatical expressions as,

"Is the earth  
Appalled, or *agonizing* in the wrack  
Of elements?"—

"And oh! ye soft-lipped dealers in applause,  
*Resound* the dews of mercy as they fall,  
To crown him famous, Charity's own child;  
And why? *she* pays a penalty for sin,  
And bribes the conscience, while *it* gilds a name"—

"What fancy-shipwreck overwhelms the soul?  
What billows ever *rocking* in the brain?"—

"The one did *glance* the blue immensity  
Above with a majestic gaze"—



“ Crime

Hath paid atonement to the law of life,  
And *agonized* o’er that which is to come”—

“ For some can dare the prisoned mind unbar,  
And *glance* unearthliness behind the veil  
That mantles their mortality”—

“ He rebuked

The ocean *calming* at his fearful glance”—

“ Approving smiles from such as *thee*”—

“ The sun-faced morn comes gliding o’er the waves,  
That *billow dancingly* to wear her smile”—

“ This ebbing music all uncharmed some feel,  
While others, in its *wafting decadence*,  
Hear dream-like echoes.”

Throughout his works Mr. Montgomery seems not to have the slightest notion of the difference between the transitive and intransitive verb. He makes as many blunders in his English, as Mr. Clarkson has made in his Latin grammar. In fact, he has yet to study the first rules of Syntax, which we hope he will manage to get by heart before he next attempts to rival Milton. A little grammar is a great recommendation to a poet. In one of the above extracts, Mr. Montgomery talks of “the earth agonizing” (instead of being agonized); evidently unconscious that to agonize is an active, not a neuter verb. In the same sense, he uses the phrases, “the waves billow dancingly”—“the blood danced beauty,” &c. Still more deplorable is his ignorance when he speaks of “the wafting decadence” of music;—as if the decadence (that is, the falling tones of melody) had in itself any power of wafting. The word should be, “wafted.” Of tawdry epithets our poet is a most abundant coiner. He “misuses the king’s English most damnably.” Such terms as “insinuous”—“fictious”—“blasphemeful”—“regretful”—“unheedful”—“museful”—“dareful”—“voiceful”—“sceneful”—“pangless”—“fameless”—“playsome”—“gaysome”—“gamesome”—“darksome”—“delightsome”—“thundry”—“empeopled”—“regioned”—“dungeoned in prison”—“victimize,” and so forth, are but a few among hundreds of others with which Mr. Montgomery has thought fit to embellish Satan. Of bombast, he is a no less celebrated professor, more so, indeed, than the great Tom Thumb himself. We subjoin a specimen or two. Wishing simply to inform us that Egypt is sultry, he tells us it is a country

“ Where hot suffusion suffocates the winds.”

Bombastes Furioso, as the reader may perhaps recollect, desires a coach to be called in the same sonorous style:—

“ Go call a coach, and let a coach be called,  
And let the man that calls it be the waiter ;  
And in his calling let him nothing call  
But coach—coach—coach !—Oh, for a coach, ye gods !”

The firing of cannon is thus described:—

“ The cannon-thunder *chased* the *daunted* winds.”—

Imagine the *noise* of the firing *running* after the winds, and the latter

frightened out of their wits by the explosion ! Remorse is defined as an hour when

“ Condemnation stares the spirit back.”

Mr. Montgomery is very fond of staring, as we have already shewn in his “ millions of eyes” staring up at the conflagration of the world. The above passage will make his readers stare also.—A battle is thus portrayed :—

“ The clarions ring, the banners *chafe* the breeze ;  
Earth trembles to the haughty-footed steeds,  
And cannons thunder till—the clouds are thrilled ;  
Then comes your hero sprinkled with a shower  
Of blood !”—

Without questioning the chaste simplicity of this description, we will just beg leave to remind its author, that banners do not usually chafe the breeze ; it is the breeze that chafes the banners. In a similar strain of absurdity, we are assured that wisdom is “ *templed* in the *shrines* of old ;” i. e. the whole is enclosed in the part. Surely, it should be wisdom shrined in the temples !—Merchant-vessels Mr. Montgomery describes as,

“ Daunting the winds, and dancing o’er the waves.”

Of London, we are informed that it is a place

“ of wonderful array of domes,  
In dusky masses staring at the skies.”

A storm is portrayed as follows :—

“ A thousand *thunder-wombs* the sky oppress ;—  
The sea is *waved* with glory ! billows heave  
Their blackness in the wind, and bounding on  
In vaulting madness, beat the rocky shore,  
Incessant flaking it with plummy foam !”

Mercy on us, what an extraordinary storm !—Besides his grammatical blunders, his bombast, and his affectation in coining new phrases and idioms, Mr. Montgomery is very fond of repeating particular expressions. This we should not object to, were they not reiterated *usque ad nauseam*. The words “ vision”—“ tone”—and “ billow,” seem to be his chief favourites. We have them in every possible variety of inflexion, as verb, substantive, participle ; like Panurge’s mutton, which was made to answer the turn of beef, lamb, veal, and wild fowl.

The word “ sumptuous” is another of Mr. Montgomery’s pet-phrases. Thus we have “ sumptuous array”—“ sumptuous in decay”—“ sumptuous arts”—“ sumptuous corn-fields”—“ sumptuous robes”—together with many other “ sumptuous” specimens of nonsense which we have neither space nor inclination to enumerate. As a plagiarist, Mr. Montgomery is freer from blame in Satan than in his Omnipresence. Still even here he is not wholly faultless. The hint of his lines on a cathedral (p. 333) is taken from a similar passage in Congreve’s *Mourning Bride* ; while the tersely-expressed sentiment of Porteus in his *Seatonian prize poem on Death*—

“ One murder makes a villain,  
Millions a hero,”

is paraphrased in this vapid, declamatory style :—

“ Mean crimes are branded with avenging scorn,  
While great ones, that should water earth with tears,  
Oft dazzle condemnation into praise.”



Our readers may here exclaim, "if Mr. Montgomery's poems be so secondary in point of merit, as you have attempted to prove, how is it that they have gained such notoriety?" We answer, by the most flagrant system of puffing ever yet invented by the fertile genius of a bibliopole. No sooner had the first impression (about 250) of the "*Omnipresence*," sold off, than an *evangelical* Magazine taking its cue from a weekly newspaper, instantly put forth a portrait of the author, without his cravat, accompanied by a vague but outrageously flattering memoir. This was followed up by a statement ostentatiously trumpeted about in the daily prints, to the effect that Mr. Montgomery was only in his twenty-first year, and that consequently he was a prodigy. While the astonishment at this intelligence was yet rife in the public mind, a large quarto volume was announced under the title of "a Universal Prayer," &c. whose value was to be enhanced by a likeness of the writer, "engraved by Thompson, after a painting by Hobday." No sooner had this appeared, than the original was exhibited also at Somerset-House, wherein the "modern Milton" was portrayed in his favourite attitude of "staring" up at the skies from the top of a huge rock which looked uncommonly like the outside of an omnibus. Such seasonable quackery kept Mr. Montgomery before the public mind until his *Satan* was advertised, when we were informed day after day, by a series of adroit paragraphs thrust into the town and country papers, first, that Milton had received only fifteen pounds for his *Paradise Lost*, and Mr. Montgomery eight hundred for his *Satan*: secondly, that the aforesaid *Satan* had arrived in Glasgow by the mail coach; thirdly, that the *Omnipresence* had been set to the music of an Oratorio; (pray who was the composer?) fourthly, that in consequence of an unprecedented demand among schoolmasters, it was to be published separately as a text-book for the use of little boys; fifthly, that Mr. Montgomery was the true religious poet of England, and that all who found fault with his works were infidels; and, sixthly, that he had entered himself a member of Lincoln College, Oxford! Lastly, by way of wind-up, appeared the present pamphlet, in which he was at once unblushingly compared to Milton! He is a Milton: but it is a *Brummagem* one! Besides all this noisy trumpeting, in every shape, in every fashion, in every print, great or small, daily, weekly, or monthly, wherever a puff or a paragraph could be inserted for love or money, the works of Montgomery were thrust before the public. In fact, the only place where they have not yet made their appearance, is on the walls about the metropolis. We are not without hopes, however, of shortly seeing "Buy Montgomery's *Satan*" take the wall of "Warren's Blacking."

Do we accuse the "heliacal emersion" himself of conniving at this bare-faced, this unparalleled quackery? Far from it, we should hope that he has too much manly pride and dignity of character knowingly to permit it. But why does he allow it still to continue? Why does he allow himself to be made the ladder on which an enterprising bookseller mounts up to the Paradise of profit? Above all, why does he allow his flatterers to ascribe that success to his genius alone, which is the almost inevitable result of shrewd, seasonable, and persevering puffing? Why does he not step forth in print modestly and without bluster, like Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Shelley, Miss Bowles (that sweet and retiring poetess!), Mr. Reade, Mr. Banim, Mr. Crowe—and, like these superior writers, suffer his talent to speak trumpet-tongued for itself? We will tell him why he does not. Because his genius is not strong enough. It is a poor rickety bantling; it cannot run alone,

so needs the go-cart and penny-trumpet of puffing to help and cheer it along. Mr. Montgomery is not devoid of fancy; he has feeling sometimes, occasionally even richness of language; and assuredly, as we have shown, a talent for describing such scenes as may happen to make an impression on his mind. But he cannot grapple with such mighty subjects as the Deity or the Devil. They are far—far above his reach. It is not for the dwarf to presume to bend the bow of Ulysses.

We will close this long, and it has been to us painful, criticism with an anecdote which we hope the “modern Milton” will not think beneath his notice. It can do him no harm, and may possibly be productive of good. In the old days of Greece, there dwelt near Elis a vain but rather talented young mechanic named Salmoneus, who fancying that he had some taste for the sublime, took it into his head one day that by an art peculiar to himself, he could rival the thunders of the Olympian Jupiter. Accordingly, he built a brazen bridge, over which, at night-fall, he went clattering along in a brazen chariot, shouting and bawling at the very top of a voice which was by no means like a zephyr, either in tone or quality. For a while the trick passed unnoticed; it was even applauded by some dull blockheads, one of whom wrote a pamphlet to prove that Salmoneus was a genuine Jupiter; but coming at length to the ears of the local authorities, they instituted a strict inquiry, detected the absurd imposture, and the mock-thunderer, despite his brass, of which it has been shown that he had plenty, was at once brought down to his fitting level, and made, for at least two seasons, the public laughing-stock of the city!

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#### THE BOWER; A VAUXHALL VIEW.

WE do not mean by “The Bower,” that summer sanctuary, that sylvan asylum, that cool sequestered seat, where, shadowed from the heat of the sun, screened from observing eyes, and refreshed by the gentle odours emitted by every trailing leaf, the mind loveth at the golden periods of the year to luxuriate—forgetting the cares and tasks of the world in a quiet leisure and a happy oblivion. Pleasantly—might destiny so ordain it—could we dilate upon that hallowed retreat, the temple of love and youth, wherein vows are paid, and sighs (which are as syllables in love’s vocabulary) bespeak the sympathizing spirit, when thy dictionary, Dr. Johnson, would be utterly inadequate:—that secluded study, whereto the student, enamoured of the Muse, directs his lonely step at morn or eve—composing melodies that will be to him as a monument, communing with the silent spirit of some favourite book, or finding a library even in the leaves that fall or wave around him. But it is not for us to speak of these things; they are fruits whereof we are forbidden to pluck. The Bower that we allude to, is not that wherein hearts and promises are sometimes broken, which birds delight to haunt, and bards to describe. No, it is merely a human being, a living bower—an acquaintance most probably of the reader’s;—we mean, in short—the Master of the Ceremonies at Vauxhall Gardens!

Spirit of farce and fun, come not upon our pen! Keep thou at a serious distance—lest the dignity of our subject be lessened by thy levity. We would be accurate, not extravagant, in our portrait; for the original must be known to many. Few that have visited Vauxhall, lofty or vulgar, in the days of its splendour or its gloom, but have seen him arrayed in his glory. “Oh!” saith the anticipating reader, “I think I know whom you allude to. Does he not wear a sable suit, of Warren-



like-hue, though not of Stultz-like cut? Has he not a waistcoat white as once was Dignum's, with a perpetual black ribbon streaming down it, like a dark torrent down a mountain of snow? Do not the skirts of his coat divide, as they fall, into the form of an A? Are there not fifty cravats on his neck, and fifty winters on his head?"—Enough; we perceive that the reader hath observed him; he hath noted the silver hair and buckles, the invariable white gloves and politeness, the unblemished waistcoat and manners, of our amiable acquaintance. He hath descried the small smart cane, the spacious and seemly cravat, the precise, yet easy and graceful carriage, of our kind and accomplished friend. But perhaps he does not know the heart of the mystery that surrounds him—perhaps he does not suspect that there is any mystery at all. While taking his supper, he has seen a gentleman appear suddenly at the entrance of the box, with a profound and perfect bow—something that has escaped the wreck of the last century—a reminiscence of the year 1730. He has at first sight mistaken him for a sort of Sir Charles Grandison in little; he has heard him with a still small voice inquire if any addition could be made to the comforts of the party—if any thing was wished for—if the wines were satisfactory, or the punch pleasant; he has observed him decline the glass which had been poured out and handed to him, with a well-bred and courteous air; and then, with a bow and a smile, he has seen him depart. But this is all that he has seen—and yet this is nothing.

Where then is the mystery? It consists partly in the smile and the bow; not so much, indeed, in their quality as in their continuity. He never seems to leave off—they are always ready made—he keeps them perpetually by him fit for use. It is a smile without an end—a bow that has no *finis*. If you see him in an erect position—and he is sometimes particularly perpendicular—the very instant that he catches your eye he changes it to its more natural figure, a curve. One would almost say that, from the commencement to the end of the season, his body is not straight, his lips never in repose, for two minutes together. Whatever is said, whatever is done—he bows. He would bow to the beggar whom he relieved, and (fortune shield him from such a mishap!) to the sheriff's-officer that arrested him. Not knowing who he is, you complain, a little angrily, perhaps, of the tough or transitory nature of the fowls—of the visionary character of the ham, that does not even disguise or render doubtful the pattern of the plate; he bows obligingly, and beckons to a waiter. It being rather dark, you upset a bottle of port, some of which sprinkles his white gloves and waistcoat, and the rest goes into his polished pumps;—he smiles as if you had conferred a favour on him, and bows himself dry again. As he stands at the opening of the box, some boorish Bacchanalian brushing by, thrusts him against the edge of the table, or presses his hat over his eyes;—he turns round quietly, readjusts his injured hat, smiles with the graceful superiority of a gentleman, and (it seems scarcely credible) bows! That bow must have sometimes administered a severe though a silent reproof to the ill-mannered and the intemperate. Yorick would have made something of it had he met it in France—it is not understood here.

But the smile and the bow are not all. There is more mystery. We want to know—it may seem curious to some—but we want to know where he goes to when he leaves the box. We shall of course be answered, —to the next. But when he has visited them all, what becomes of him then? Since we projected the idea of perpetrating this imperfect apostrophe to his worth, we have inquired in all quarters; but have scarcely found a single person that ever met him in the walks. He is

there, sometimes, of course—yet is seldom seen but at supper-time, as if he were a sprite conjured up by indigestion and head-ache. You enter the box, and up jumps Jack. You sit down, and there he is ; you get up, and he is gone. He may spring from under the table, or drop from one of the lamps, for any thing you can tell. He may be brought in, like Asmodeus, in a bottle ; he may hide himself, like care, at the bottom of a bowl. You only know that there he stands, hoping you are comfortable, and bowing you into good-humour with an expensive supper. But catch him in the walks afterwards, if you can ; you go into them all, whether dark or dazzling, without finding him. At last, you determine to sup a second time, by way of experiment—just to solve the mystery and to see whether he will make his appearance. It is served up—and the very next minute he is asking you the age of your fowl, and trusting that it is tender.

But the most extraordinary fact remains to be told ; “ the greatest is behind.” During the season he is indefatigable in his attendance. He is never a minute too late, or a step out of the way. He seems to grow in the gardens like one of the trees. But the instant the season closes, he disappears ; and is never seen again till the hour of its recommencement the next year. No human being could ever guess where he goes to. The visitors retire, the lamps are extinguished, and he takes his leave. He and the lights go out together ; he melts, like Ossian’s heroes, into mist. He quits his suburban sitting-room, places a receipt for his rent in his pocket-book, makes a conclusive and valedictory bow to his landlady, and becomes a query, a conundrum—the most undiscoverable of riddles—the most marvellous of absentees. The proprietors have no knowledge of his whereabouts ; they are sure of seeing him in time for the re-opening, and give themselves no further trouble on the subject. If he should not appear the first night, when “ God save the King” commences, he is no longer a tenant of this world ; if living, there he will be found. Never was he known to fail. Faithful to the moment, in he walks, apparently in the same white waistcoat, as if it had been washed in Juno’s bath, and endowed with perpetual purity and youth. His cane looks as if it had been wrapt up in cotton since last season. He taps at the door, touches his hat, and offers the usual compliments to the “ honoured and worthy proprietors.” Like the bulletin of a battle, a brilliant illumination follows his appearance. He is the most punctual of periodicals—the Vauxhall Annual. People know the period of the year, by his coming ;—one swallow makes not a summer, but he does. The migrations of birds have given rise to many curious speculations, and have puzzled the zoologists of all ages—some conjecturing that they lie for months at the bottoms of pools and rivers, and other impossible places. We should like to know what natural philosophy has to say to the migration we have recorded, and whether there is any chance of discovering the winter quarters of our venerable friend—the crysalis of our summer visitor. Is he asleep for the rest of the year ? Does he hide himself in a nut-shell at-home, or travel to the Indies and back ? Does he take an excursion in a balloon for a few months, or creep for security into the corner of a poor-box ? But the subject baffles conjecture ; all speculation is idle. It is one of those secrets that most probably will never be divulged.

Wheresoever he goes, we trust that he may long experience, during the drearier seasons of the year, the courtesies and urbanity he extends to others in the merrier one ; and that, like the best blacking, he may retain his virtues in any climate.



## NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

That wretched creature Lethbridge has given up Somerset. There is justice for apostates even on this earth; and scorn and disappointment have been the first reward of those who swallowed their words, and voted for what Peel had at once the hardihood and the folly to term a "breach of the Constitution!" Lethbridge stands no more for the county which he represented when he was an advocate for the Protestant Constitution; always a clumsy, a vulgar, and a blundering advocate, we must allow; but still we passed over his foolery for the sake of what we supposed his sincerity. But the time of trial came, and showed what a miserable creature he was. However, now let him hide his head where he can: for he will not be suffered to hide it in Somersetshire. "*Sic pereant.*" So sink every man of that set, who, after years of vehement protestation, suddenly abandoned every pledge, and kissed the dust at the feet of the minister.

And one of the pleasantest parts of this retributive justice is, that those men have got not one iota of the good things of government;—not a peerage, nor a baronetcy, not a knighthood. Their virtue has been its own reward—and a more fitting reward it could not have. They have been turned out of their seats; and the best and the worst we wish them is the perpetual consciousness of their fall!

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After all the difficulties started against the new street from Waterloo Bridge to the North Road, there is now some chance of its completion. Sir J. Yorke has lately presided at a meeting of the Waterloo Bridge Directors, in which they came to the resolution of advancing £5,000. for the beginning of the work. The estimate is £43,000., of which Government have offered £25,000, and the Duke of Bedford gives £4,000. His letter to the Chairman expresses his gratification at the probable completion of the opening. The street is to lead up through the former site of the Lyceum to Charles-street, and thence by Gower-street to the New Road. But this must be a work of time. The immediate improvement will go no farther than Charles-street. The Duke of Bedford's politics are not calculated to do him honour with the country. But it is only justice to acknowledge that he is a friend to public improvements; and that he lays out his money readily where the fair opportunity of public good is shown. The new street will doubtless increase the value of his property in the neighbourhood; but it is not every great proprietor who has the sense to see even his own interest in such efforts. And the Duke deserves the credit of good sense, and even of generosity, on this occasion, as indeed he has done in many others of the same kind.

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We have at length got rid of the Parliament, for which we thank the stars! We have got rid of the Parliament, that compound of lofty promise and beggarly performance, of insolent dictatorship and paltry intrigue, of boasted defence of the Constitution, and abandonment of all the objects for which, as Englishmen, we can feel any value! What has the Parliament effected? Nothing. It had promised a revival of the Criminal Laws. What has it done there beyond compressing a multitude of foolish and useless old statutes into a mass of foolish and useless new ones?—It promised a reduction in the public burthens. But the subject is taxed not a shilling less than he was at its commencement; for the apparent abolition has always been followed by some compensating burthen.—It promised to extinguish the abuses of the Pension list—

the *Sinecure list*—the collection of the revenue—and the perpetual waste of public money in all departments of the state. And what has it done? It has reduced the pittance of the lower orders of clerks in the public offices; but it has spared all the great sinecurists and pensioners. Lord Melville still enjoys his Scotch £3,000. a year; Lord Rosslyn enjoys another £3,000. a year; the privy council still share among themselves their £161,000. a year; and the whole affair goes on undisturbed by the loss of a single shilling—the whole being sinecures! Two young gentlemen, Messrs. Dundas and Bathurst, sons of the man at the Admiralty, and the man at the privy council, were cruelly stript of their little sinecures to the amount of £800. a year each. But this was not done by ministers, who have naturally some bowels of compassion for their boys, but by the public, who have to pay those blooming sinecurists. They however will not be the worse for the loss, it will be made up to them in some quiet way, and they will be at once “suffering loyalists” and snug pensioners.

For all the valuable purposes of a Parliament, the last was perfectly useless. It encouraged no part of the national industry, no arts, no increase of public knowledge; it gave no additional purity to the manners of the people, no additional honour to religion; it administered nothing to loyalty, to literature, or virtue; it diminished none of the public difficulties, and none of the public debts; it added nothing to our celebrity abroad, or to our comforts at home; it suffered English influence on the Continent to decay, our friends to struggle for themselves, our Allies to be broken down, and our Enemies to be raised to the summit of power. At home it suffered the rise of a faction hostile to the constitution; it suffered the growth of a mysterious power unrecognized by the constitution; it substituted for Protestant ascendancy a military ascendancy; it obeyed a cabinet in which there was but one voice audible; a cabinet of clerks, with no choice but that of submission. A cabinet in which sat Peel, Goulburn, Herries, and Lyndhurst, all eminent only for swallowing their words, and all utterly dependent on the will of their master!

But, in recompense for all these shames, the Parliament gave us a police, a regular gendarmerie, communicating only with the Horse-Guards. It abolished the constitutional defence of the state, the yeomanry and militia, while it kept up an army of ninety thousand men, in the midst of a profound peace, after a fifteen years peace, and with the strongest assurances from the throne that the peace was in no danger of being disturbed.

Its grand effort was the Catholic question, by which, after the lapse of one hundred and thirty years of British prosperity and British freedom, expressly founded upon the exclusion of the papist from making laws for the coercion of the Protestant, the papist was brought into the legislature—a fierce faction which had perpetually threatened the church and throne of England with ruin, and which was, for centuries, openly leagued with its enemies, was thus empowered to perplex and overthrow the constitution in whatever public exigency it shall suit the purposes of a profligate party, prince, or minister, to purchase it, or of a foreign papist throne to introduce confusion by its hired agency into the legislature, or of its native fanaticism to rebel against the laws and principles of the legislature.

With those recollections of the services of the last Parliament, of its having lost England her rank among nations, of its having alienated the hearts of the people from all public men, and of its having at once disgusted the Irish Protestants, the only strength of England in Ireland,



and given a dangerous power to the Irish Roman Catholics, the only hazardous part of the Irish population, we say to the last Parliament, we remember you with bitterness and contempt, and may England never see such another !

The elections will shortly commence, and there will probably be considerable changes in the representation of the boroughs. The counties are too expensive for contests, and, therefore, the old members will in general remain, not from any love or liking for them, but from the natural fear of new candidates to plunge into their pockets for hundreds of thousands of pounds sterling. Lord Milton's Yorkshire contest cost each of the parties 120,000*l.*; the other counties have occasionally cost from 50,000 to 90,000*l.*: a tolerable sum for the privilege of eating a beef-steak at the St. Stephen's coffee-house, and sleeping on the back benches for seven years together !

Mr. Serjeant Wilde has again tried his crusade at Newark. The serjeant is a bold man, and certainly not easy to be put out of countenance. We hope none of the family of his client, Jenkins, are in the town, and that he has not accompanied his placard by a copy of the solicitor-general's speech, or the vice-chancellor's judgment on that trial. However, he will be beaten as ignominiously as ever, notwithstanding his new forensic glories. Mr. Sadler will be the member; and Newark will have the honour, for a high honour it is, of returning a man of great ability, and, what is better, and rarer even in this age of mediocrity, of pure principle ! No man in the House of Commons has risen to such sudden and deserved distinction as Mr. Sadler. His speech on the Catholic question was the most powerful and shame-striking appeal that was made in the whole course of the debate to a house of apostacy; and his public eloquence is more than a casual display. No man has studied the topics on which he speaks so profoundly as Mr. Sadler. He speaks not from fluency of tongue, but from fulness of knowledge, nor more from natural vigour of understanding, than genuine Christian ardour of heart in the good cause.

We look only with ridicule on the lacrymose procession of the ousted voters of Newark; and however sorry we may be at their loss of the good things which a contested election may be generally supposed to ripen, we are quite as well pleased to see that they have been turned out, and that the Duke of Newcastle knows the difference between an ungrateful tenant and a grateful one, and between the petty admirer of Mr. Serjeant Wilde for reasons best understood by the admirer, and the honest English yeoman who votes for a man of honesty and virtue for no other reason than that he respects honesty and virtue. We give the Duke of Newcastle credit for every point of his conduct; for his original determination to put down all borough trading, for his manliness in announcing that determination in utter scorn of the thousand scribblers who would, of course, be up in arms against such a determination, and for his firmness in persevering to the last. We give him additional credit for having, in an age of venality, scorned to take advantage of the time; for having looked upon his power only as a means of public good, and of bringing into parliament thoroughly honest and thoroughly able men; for bringing in such men as Sadler, Wetherall, and Attwood, and for the determination, astonishing as it may sound in the modern parliamentary ear, of giving up the great influence of his name, of his fortune, of his connexions, and of his public and exemplary honour, wholly and solely, to the preservation of what remains to us of the British constitution.

## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

*Southey's Life of John Bunyan, prefixed to a handsome Edition of Pilgrim's Progress.*—Mr. Southey gathers his materials chiefly from Bunyan's own narrative of his spiritual history, and has told the tale with his usual felicity, and tinged it, moreover, with his own inveterate feelings—never, indeed, refusing honour to talents and character, but incapable of withholding a sneer at all deviations from established tracks. Bunyan was born at Elston, within a mile of Bedford, and followed his father's trade of tinkering—not a travelling tinker—his itineracies were all preaching ones. In his youth he was a rude and roystering fellow—a blackguard, as Mr. S. expressively terms him—but had early visitations of conscience as to the sinfulness of his course of life. To listen to his own words, he was nothing but wickedness, though he expressly disclaims the sins which most easily beset his caste, drunkenness and libertinage. A sharp reproof from a poor woman, “no better herself than she should be,” put a sudden and permanent stop to the habit of common swearing, and he rapidly, as his sense of decorum extended, threw off his attendance on Sunday sports, bell-ringing, and dancing. By the time he had thus renounced his coarser pursuits, he began to think he was so perfect, nobody could please God like him; but this self-complacency was soon shaken by the discourses of some of Gifford's fanatic congregation at Bedford. They quickly threw him into alarm, and the steps from confidence to despair were few and fast, till the recurrence to his thoughts of certain texts of Scripture recalled him, by degrees, to a state, at the other end of the scale, of something like beatitude—of assurance of divine communications. When plunged down to the lowest depths, the strange fancy possessed him—to sell his Saviour—the devil suggested, “Sell him, sell him;” and he escaped raving madness only by exclaiming, “I will not, I will not.” His reading of the Scriptures was never relaxed, and filled as his mind was with unconnected passages, they associated occasionally with his feelings in singular unions, and wrought in him the firm conviction of suggestions now by the devil, and now by the Deity. Gifford, his master in theology, died in 1655, and soon after, Bunyan occasionally held forth in the Baptist chapel, and was furnished by the elders with a sort of roving commission into the neighbourhood, where he laboured long and zealously. In 1657 he was subjected to a prosecution; for the establishment, when Presbyterian, as little approved of itinerancy, as when Episcopalian after the Restoration. How he escaped, at this period does not appear; but he was one of the first victims of the bishops on their being replaced. He refused to give

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up his vagrant preachings, and was thrown into prison at Bedford, where he continued twelve years; but was suffered, through the kindness of the gaoler, and, of course, the connivance of the magistracy, to attend meetings; and a year or two before his final discharge, he was appointed minister, and suffered to act as minister at the Baptist chapel. He lived sixteen years after his release, though but little is known of his after-career, except that he continued connected with his chapel, and every year visited London, where he drew immense congregations. He died at sixty, in the year 1688. Besides the *Pilgrim's Progress*, he was the author of the *Holy War*, not, except in subject, at all inferior to *Pilgrim's Progress*, and sundry controversial and devotional pieces, filling a couple of folio volumes. “His connexion with the Baptists,” says Mr. Southey, “was eventually most beneficial to him; had it not been for the encouragement which he received from them he might have lived and died a tinker; for even when he cast off, like a slough, the coarse habits of his early life, his latent powers could never, without some such encouragement and impulse, have broken through the thick ignorance with which they were incrustated.” Coming once out of his pulpit, some of his friends went to shake hands, and tell him what a sweet sermon he had delivered—“Aye,” said he, “you need not remind me of that; the devil told me of it before I was out of the pulpit.”

The work is handsomely got up, and contains several extraordinary embellishments by Martin.

*Travels through the Crimea, Turkey, and Egypt, in 1825-28, 2 vols. 8vo., by the late James Webster, Esq., of the Inner Temple.*—These are the posthumous papers of a young but very intelligent traveller, relative, many of them, to countries visited of late years by hundreds, and described by scores; whilst others concern regions less frequented, and of course the account is more welcome—such as some parts of Polish Russia and the Crimea. Mr. Webster's fate is a melancholy one. A Scotchman by birth, and educated at St. Andrew's, he was very early distinguished for zealous devotion to his books, and for the extent of his acquirements. Destined for the law, he prosecuted his legal studies in London, and at two-and-twenty went to the Continent, meaning to pass a twelvemonth in visiting different parts of Europe, previously to commencing his career at the bar. As usual, where the means of indulgence are at hand, one tour prompted another, and Europe was soon too narrow a scene to bound his expanding views. He proceeded to Egypt, and after reaching the Cataracts, and con-



templating leisurely the wonders of old, right and left of the Nile, accompanied his fellow-traveller, Mr. Newnham, an artist, to Horeb and Sinai, where he fell ill, and died soon after he got back to Cairo, in 1828, then only twenty-six years of age.

A friend and fellow-student has arranged his papers, and prefixed a biographical sketch, in the course of which he whines woefully, through a number of pages, something about talents and genius, in our worthless state of society, standing no chance of competing with rank and riches—intending, apparently, this should apply to his deceased friend, or perhaps to himself; but nothing could well be less applicable—for in the profession of the law, actual dulness, however allied, rarely reaches, and never maintains, pre-eminence. If he had been talking of the church or the state, or the army or the navy, his remarks had been something to the purpose.

While Mr. Webster was at Vienna, the news arrived of the memorable treaty of the 6th of July; and anticipating no very welcome reception for Englishmen at Constantinople, he took a circuit by the way of Cracow to Odessa, where political circumstances continuing in the same untoward state, he made the tour of the Crimea; and, finally, after all his precaution, arrived at Constantinople, the very day in which news of the battle of Navarino reached the Porte. There was, however, in reality, no danger, though he quotes Mr. Stratford Canning as authority for the Sultan's actually meditating violence on the first intelligence. The Greek cause, of course, occupies much of his remarks, and no man can be more decided as to the worthlessness of the Greeks, and the folly, or rather the atrocity, of Mr. Canning's treaty. Mr. W. left England, like all young men, with extravagant prepossessions in favour of the oppressed descendants of Classic Greece; but a little actual intercourse and personal knowledge soon converted admiration into disgust.

Their character is as abandoned as their country is desolate. The vaunted valour of their forefathers has passed away, and, ere long, the very name of "Greek" will be a by-word for all that is base and worthless. Never have the English people been so egregiously gulled, both in public feeling and political conduct, as in the instance under consideration, when they destroyed the only barrier which could be opposed to Russia in the East, and weakened the confidence reposed in them by Persia, which must needs feel mistrust at so unaccountable a proceeding. Never again, be her measures what they may, will England possess that influence which she has heretofore exercised at the Ottoman court: years must elapse before the Turks can regard her in any other light than as a faithless ally, who has forfeited all claims to confidence—and for what, and for whom? For scoundrels, who, while she was shedding her blood at Navarino, were pillaging her merchants, and committing on the bodies of her captains and seamen acts of barbarity and outrage which an Englishman would shudder to hear named. Might all the vile qualities of de-

graded human nature be summed up in one word,—ingratitude, lying, beastliness, piracy, and murder—they could find no more comprehensive term than "a Greek." If any Englishman still retain the enthusiastic and ridiculous notions about the Greeks, which have led to such incalculable mischief, let him proceed to the Archipelago *without a convoy*. No more efficient corrective needs be prescribed for his opinions.

Remarking upon the popular delusions in this country, he thus adverts to Lord Byron's conduct and writings:—

Nor should the conduct and writings of Lord Byron be left out of view, in estimating the causes which led to the senseless excitement in favour of the worthless Greeks. His Lordship had travelled through the country, and had seen the Pass of Thermopylæ a haunt of banditti; he had

"Stood upon the rocky brow  
That looks o'er sea-born Salamis;"

and had seen the pirate vessels prowling for their unoffending prey. He had seen Pireus a port for pirates, and Egina a den of thieves. That he knew the Grecian character well, is evident; for he pourtrayed it faithfully, when telling the Greeks that they were

"Callous, save to crime;  
Stained with each evil that pollutes  
Mankind, where least above the brutes;  
Without even savage virtue blest,  
Without one free or valiant breast."

And yet, with this knowledge, he lent the sanction of his noble name, exalted talents, and personal endeavour, to propagate the farce of Grecian freedom!

The desolate state in which he found Cracow, and the contrast thus presented to his thoughts of the present state and prospects of the Poles and Greeks, drew forth the following animated expressions:—

Whilst the former are subject to a system of unrelenting espionage and constraint, and, in return for their chivalrous exertions in the cause of Christianity and European freedom, are abandoned to a merciless despotism; the latter, who, by their intrigues and pusillanimity, prepared the way for Turkish invasion,—who lowered the cross to the crescent,—and crouched in the very dust beneath Ottoman dominion,—who equal their conquerors in fanaticism, and exceed them in vice, without partaking of one spark of that honour and bravery which have ever distinguished the Turkish character,—are held forth as the inheritors of the high spirit and patriotism which gave undying glory to antient Greece. Thus, the needy adventurer and Philhellene, taking advantage of the false impressions imbibed through classic associations, mislead the untravelled enthusiast; and thus is the fate of nations decided by the dreaming influence of schoolboy recollections!

After these passages, we shall not be surprised at his characterising the Triple Alliance in terms which, though sounding harshly, few Englishman, unbiassed by party views, will, after all, think too severe.

The best praise of the Turks may be found in the following facts, namely, that since we had set foot on their territory, all the perils incidental to

European travelling had given way to the most unhopèd-for kindness and cordiality—unhopèd-for, because we arrived from a Christian country; and on the very day of our landing in the Turkish capital, there came a fatal echo from Navarino, spreading terror through all the west, and setting every one on calculations, as to the chances of escape which his friend might have, before the rage of an infuriated mob. All this while, we were living quietly at Constantinople, or, from a want of confidence in the Allies, were alarmed only lest they, by new injuries, might exasperate the people to madness. The spirit of the treaty of alliance is fanaticism—its provisions violate the law of nations—and, but for the dignified moderation of those against whom it is framed, it might have led to deplorable events. Of this measure, posterity can have but one opinion. The false lustre of the Greek name must die away in its own ashes—the film of religious blindness will, in the end, be removed—and the philosophical historian will only have before him the long-decided question of right, as pronounced against the interference with Naples, and the occupation of Spain.

Among the more remarkable scenes described are the caves or grottos of Adelberg, though the author's attention was not called to the non-descript animal which gave rise to Sir Humphry Davy's fantastical speculations—a session of the Hungarian diet at Presburg—the Caverns of Inkerman in the Crimea—the Russian military colonies, as they are called, in the same Crimea—and the cotton manufactory at Siout, in Egypt. A biography of the Pacha of Egypt is given at some length, on the mistaken supposition that the subject was new. While at Odessa, Mr. W. collected the reports in that neighbourhood relative to the death of Alexander, which is attributed to a sense of mortification on hearing of the extensive conspiracy at a moment when he thought himself idolized. The editor has printed the report of the commission appointed to inquire into the details of that conspiracy. It is a very interesting document; but how far it is to be trusted, is another matter.

*The Life of Alexander Alexander, written by himself, and edited by John Howell.* 2 vols. 12mo.—Mr. Howell is as distinguished for his activity as for his benevolence; he is the common patron and biographer, in Edinburgh, of shipwrecked sailors and broken-down soldiers. Within a very few years, it will be recollected, he has published the “Journal of a Soldier of the 71st Regiment,” and the “Life of John Nicol, a Sailor.” He has now a new protégé to introduce, and in the preface has thought it becoming to account for the singular fact of a humble individual, as he describes himself, venturing to appear as a biographer. Compassion, it appears, prompted his first effort. The soldier, whose journal he published, was one whom he had known as a playfellow when a boy, and whom he discovered in a state of utter destitution, half-starved, covered with rags,

and the “soles of his shoes fastened by a cord as they had been on his retreat from Corunna.” Unable himself to furnish any adequate assistance, he applied to an old lady, whose hand he had found, on many such occasions, ever ready and open; and, on telling his tale, she put her purse into his hand, with, “John, take what you think he requires.” This lady was the mother of Sir Walter Scott; and Mr. Howell records it as the proudest boast of his life, that he had her confidence, and the honour to be one of her almoners. To help the poor fellow still farther, he drew up the narrative from his mouth; but before it was published, the subject had left the country, and his kind-hearted benefactor has never heard of him since. The same generous sympathy guided his next attempt. John Nicol was found by him in the same desolate and miserable state; the good lady, who had so often listened to his representations, was then no more; but the success of his first literary effort naturally under similar circumstances suggested a second. “I did my best for him,” says Howell; and the effect of his exertions was the realization of a sum sufficient to render his few remaining years comfortable, and to leave a surplus of £30, which Mr. Blackwood paid over to his relations.

Alexander Alexander, the hero of the present publication, had, as a last resource, written his own narrative at a formidable length, and presented it to the publisher, Blackwood. Publication, in its unpruned state, Mr. B.'s professional tact told him at once was impracticable; but desirous of serving a fellow-countryman, and one who had met with nothing but disappointments through a long career, he bethought himself of Mr. Howell; but unluckily Mr. Howell had just then got Selkirk and his reputation upon his hands, and could only give a faint hope of some distant assistance. Mr. Blackwood, however, kept him to this, a sort of half promise, and the last eleven months—the mornings only, for the rest of the days were occupied with the avocations of business—have been engaged in reducing above four thousand folio pages to two moderate and portable volumes.

Alexander's tale is one of some interest, and calculated to read an useful lesson. He was the illegitimate son of a man of property—ashamed to acknowledge, and yet indisposed to abandon him. He placed the boy, on a competent allowance for board, with country people, whose prejudices against a ‘get’ of this kind were not to be overcome, and who treated him as something scarcely entitled to the common regards of humanity. At school—we doubt if this could have occurred in the south—it was the same, and he reached the age of seventeen with scarcely any thing but the common acquirements of reading and writing. The lad was sacrificed to the desire of concealment, and yet ineffectively, for every body, it seems, knew



who he was. Something like ambition had been generated, for the ill-judging father, who saw him once a year, always bade him behave well, and he would make a gentleman of him. The time came at last when something must be done towards a permanent settlement—his own wish was for a commission in the army, but he was finally despatched to the West Indies, to learn the art and mystery of planting. There, by some mismanagement, or rather the neglect of adequate arrangements, he found himself left to his own resources, and glad to accept of employment as overseer. Disgusted at this occupation, he returned to Scotland, where he was roughly received by his father, and quickly shipped off, in the steerage, for Canada, as a book-keeper. On board, however, the captain—of course he had received no competent payment for the passage—treated him very harshly, and he escaped from the ship when off the Irish coast, where he enlisted in the artillery service, and was forthwith sent to Ceylon. At Ceylon he was stationed some years—always the victim of jealousy—never getting on; regarded by the men as a ‘dictionary man,’ envied for his acquirements by the non-commissioned officers, much of whose work he performed, and misrepresented by them to their superiors. At the peace of 1814, he was discharged on a pension of nine-pence a day. Quite abandoned by his father, he now made his way again to the West-Indies, and after two or three attempts at employment, proceeded to Venezuela; and entering into the Colombian service, obtained a lieutenant’s commission, partly by falsely representing himself as an officer. This again, and in the common course of things, was a subject of annoyance; for he was always in fear of being discovered, and more than once was actually recognised. In this precious Colombian service, he could get no pay—nor always his rations, and was finally cheated out of some prize-money. Returning to Scotland once more, penniless—save some arrears of his pension—his father again refused to do any thing for him, and even, being exasperated by his son’s importunity, took out what in Scotland is called a law-burrows, and had him thrown into prison, till apparently, in a few months, for very shame, he was forced to release him. The wretched narrator concludes with a wish to leave the country in which he was born, and has suffered most, and to terminate a life in which he has suffered much, and enjoyed little, in a foreign land. The parent is apparently still living—if all is true, the exposure is fairly justifiable. The son violates no law of propriety towards a father who has himself observed none. But independently of the personal circumstances, the scenes described have many of them a great deal of novelty and interest—especially some of the West India sketches—those of Ceylon, and the campaigns of Colombia, and the details of the life of a soldier in the

ranks. “He is a man,” says Mr. Howell, “after my own heart; he will not sacrifice one iota of truth to give effect to an incident. The only difficulty I have had, was in softening down the circumstances of his family concerns. I refused to go on with his life if he persisted in publishing all he had written down. I would not have given what is published, had I not thought it necessary to illustrate the effects that early education produces upon the after man, and at the same time to account for his bad success in life.”

*The Armenians, by C. Macfarlane, Esq.* 3 vols, 12mo.—Next to Anastatius, we know no volumes better calculated to familiarize us with oriental manners, and especially those of Constantinople, and the beautiful shores of the Bosphorus. Among the rajah subjects of the Porte, Armenians are as distinct as Greeks and Jews. They are wholly a plodding race—men-camels, as their tyrants call them—their purpose in residing among the Turks is gain, and they exercise most of the mechanical professions in Constantinople: they are also the general bone-setters of the country; but commercial pursuits seem most congenial, and of late years they have superseded the Jews as bankers or seraffs, and made themselves useful in the financial transactions of the government. As to any thing like social intercourse, they are entirely detached from the Turks, while adopting many of their habits; and from the Greeks they are separated not only by national prejudices, but by difference of tenets in the profession of the same religion. From their first conversion to Christianity, they have been disciples of Eutyches, denying the *human* nature of Christ, and thus opposed to both the Greek church and the Roman; but among them, for a considerable time, the Catholic missions have made proselytes, and the greater part of the Armenians of Constantinople are distinguished from the rest of their countrymen as Catholics. To develop the manners of this singular people, and contrast their peculiarities from those of the Greeks, the author selects a Greek for the hero of his story, and an Armenian for his heroine—the general outline rests on facts. The hero is a Greek prince of the Fanara, and son of the Hospodar of Wallachia, recently appointed to that slippery dignity, and himself residing at Constantinople, as his father’s hostage to the Porte, under the official character of political agent. He is a fine handsome young fellow, with money at command, and a turn for intrigue. While paying a visit to his grandmamma, at a village on the Bosphorus, he meets with a young lady, with whose charms he is deeply struck at the first glance, and before he departs is desperately in love—the impression proves equally decisive on the part of the lady. Unluckily she is an Armenian, the daughter of a wealthy banker;

and even Greeks regard Armenians as a degraded caste. But passion masters prejudice, and he pursues the lady through all impediments, with a resolution that difficulties only inflame. She was beautiful as an houri, and of a complexion singularly thin and transparent—contrasted in this respect from her countrywomen, who, though often handsome, are remarkable for thick and coarse skins, clumsy ancles, and large ears. The ear, indeed, marks the Armenian as specifically as the eye does the Jew. By some happy chance she had, with the coarse physical qualities of her country, escaped also their still coarser feelings, and following nature, was comparatively, in sentiment, an European liberal, though blessed with few of the advantages of education. She had been indulged as an only daughter; but the Armenians universally shut up their women, and only introduce them as agreeable vehicles for handing pipes and coffee. Living in the immediate neighbourhood of the old princess, she had made her acquaintance, and had liberally assisted her in her hours of adversity—a mutual kindness followed, and frequent intercourse. With this fact Constantine quickly became acquainted, and he as quickly repeated his visits, in the hope of again encountering the beautiful stranger. His visits were, however, all in vain, and he dared not express the state of his feelings to his prejudiced though grateful relative. Luckily, a Catholic festival soon brought the Armenian family, with the women, out of their shell, and Constantine took care to be a spectator of the scene. The hilarity of the day was interrupted by the sudden presence of a Turk, who finding himself in a humour to kill a Greek, rushed into the crowd, and mistaking Veronica's father for one, was only prevented from accomplishing his purpose by the activity and address of young Constantine. Veronica expressed her gratitude fondly and devotedly on the spot; and the old man, while professing all he had was at his command, actually ventured to invite him to call and take a cup of coffee. The eager youth, of course, seizes the opportunity, and Veronica, in person, presents the pipe and coffee, and the young folks contrive to appoint a meeting for the next day. However furtively this was managed, it did not escape the eye of the Catholic priest, an Italian abbate, of whom, unluckily, Constantine, in the wantonness of wit, had that evening made an enemy. From the interference, and professional influence of this man, flow all the succeeding embarrassments and miseries. The series of incidents consists of plans and schemes for effecting interviews, and baffling the angry and bigotted parent and priest, in which great adroitness is shewn by both parties, till at last she is driven, in order to escape an odious marriage arranged by her family, to throw herself into the prince's arms, and a priest is with difficulty found

to make them man and wife. Short, however, was their felicity, for the very next morning comes the Bostandi Basha, and the lady, followed by her lover, is taken forthwith before the vizier, whose interest had been carefully secured by the court banker. They were torn asunder by brute force,—she was delivered up to her parent—and he, upon perseverance in complaining, was finally banished to Wallachia, where he soon after died of the plague, and the unhappy lady, shut up in a convent, apparently died too, of grief and harsh treatment.

*The History and Antiquities of the Tower of London, by John Bayley, Esq.*—Mr. Bayley's very complete history of the Tower is not at all known beyond the narrow circle of antiquaries, and collectors of ornamental publications. He has brought out a second edition, in a less expensive, but still ambitious shape, to bring it within the reach of a larger class of readers. The volume presents first a general history of the Tower; then follows a local description; and, finally, memoirs of its distinguished prisoners from the days of Henry I. The first prisoner recorded was Flambard, Bishop of Durham, the confidential minister of William Rufus, who was flung into its dungeons by Henry to gratify the prejudices and conciliate the good will of the people. The list closes very ignobly with the Cato-street conspirators of 1820, who, however, were quickly removed to Newgate. In the local description, the Record Tower introduces some account of the Rolls. The most ancient of these records are the *Cartæ Antiquæ*, a miscellaneous collection of charters and grants, chiefly to ecclesiastics, beginning with Edward the Confessor. The first attempt to arrange the masses of papers was made in the reign of Edward II., and a second similar effort in that of Elizabeth. In the reign of that queen a Mr. William Bowyer spent some years in reducing them to something like order. Selden was appointed by the parliament, and Prynne after the Restoration, to the office of keeper; but neither of them, though both antiquarians, seem to have done anything in the way of arrangement, and the papers fell again into the disorder they were found in by Bowyer. Lord Halifax, in the beginning of the last century, called the attention of parliament to the subject, and through his exertions something was accomplished; but not till the year 1800 were any effectual steps taken. Under the direction of a committee, the *Fœdera* are now gradually printing. Enough, however, has not yet been done for complete preservation; large masses of papers, especially the *Inquisitiones post mortem* are fast fading. In this state are many of the most important documents, some of which are already illegible, and others are fast approaching to the same hopeless condition. Mr. B. suggests an



immediate transcription as the only security. Of their importance Mr. B. thus speaks :—

As the knowledge and consequent esteem of our national records and muniments have increased through the measures adopted by the Record Commission, their use has every day become more general, and their authority more frequently consulted, both for literary and legal purposes. Indeed the most sanguine expectations that could have been entertained concerning the advantages of this great national work, have been amply realized. From the sources here laid open, the laws, the history, and the constitution of the kingdom are daily receiving elucidation, and to the antiquary, the topographer, the genealogist, and to the nation in general, an inexhaustible mine of information is discovered, which, before, had lain buried in obscurity.

*A Guide and Rocket Companion through Italy*, by William Cathcart Boyd, M. D. ; 1830.—Dr. Boyd was prompted to compile his valuable little volume from a conviction, produced by woeful experience, of the utter uselessness of the few works which he could meet with professing to give the information which every traveller naturally looks for. Page after page he found spent in descriptions of paintings, and statues, and churches, alike wearisome and inaccurate, while correct catalogues are always to be had for a trifle at every town—and all this to the neglect of much that is valuable and even indispensable for travellers to know. Disregarding, then, these matters, which may always be more faithfully learnt on the spot, Dr. Boyd confines himself to matters of practical utility—to matters of importance to be known beforehand—the posts and distances, rates of posting, monies, expences of living, directions to travellers, and hints, and a brief description of the most interesting objects of antiquity—intending his book, in short, as a useful little pocket companion, to be referred to with confidence at all times when difficulty presents itself; and, things continuing the same, we have no doubt the book will fulfil its purpose.

To add to the value of his manual, Dr. Boyd adds his experience as a physician, and gives professional advice to invalids, and all who wish to enjoy health, and preserve it, as to residence, diet, clothing, and regimen, with “prescriptions” in Latin and English, for different cases. If more be still desirable as to the actual circumstances of Italy, he recommends Lady Morgan’s work, and that, it seems, is to be met with in all the circulating libraries on the continent—this, by the way, we think is a mistake. Lady M.’s work does honour, Dr. Boyd says, to her head and heart. It is not every one that will, or can, tolerate the taste of this very clever woman.

*First Love, a Novel*, 3 vols, 12mo.—Though merely a romance—another complication of old characters and materials, of angels and demons, of mystery and its éclaircissement, the common stuff and staple

of novels of the secondary, and of many of the first class, time out of mind—it is not unskillfully put together—the positions of the parties are often interesting enough, and the development of feeling and passion consistent and effective.

The hero of the tale is the heir of a noble family—exchanged by his nurse, and stolen by an itinerant beggar for the sake of his clothes—forced to counterfeit lameness, beaten, starved, and, finally, deserted. In this forlorn condition the poor child is discovered by a young lady in a most romantic spot on the lakes of Cumberland, taken to her mother, and kindly entertained. The family consists of the benevolent old lady, her daughter, and a nephew two or three years older than the rescued child, and one who gives very early indications of inbred malignity. The young lady is on the point of marriage, and the child is, to please her, patronized, and in a manner adopted by the mother. He is a most interesting boy—quite *aristocratic* in form and feature, and even in manner, which gives rise to a conviction of some distinguished origin, and which is fed and confirmed by some subsequent information, though both vague and anonymous. In due time the bride has twins, two lovely girls, and our little hero, then seven years old, makes their earliest acquaintance, and as they grow up, they regard him as a brother. At a suitable age he is sent to the naval college, and goes to sea, and becomes every inch a sailor. He enters into the service under the most favourable auspices, and is, after a change or two placed in the ship of the noble admiral, a sort of Lord Nelson, where opportunities occur in abundance, none of which are, of course, lost. At every return to port he revisits the lakes, and is always welcomed with delight by his little playmates, towards one of whom he begins to experience feelings which differ somewhat from the fraternal ones he before felt, and which he still feels for the other. By this time the nephew of his patroness turns out, what his earliest bent seemed to promise, a worthless profligate—crimes of the darkest dye are all but brought home to him. To put him a little out of what is called harm’s way, he also is sent to sea, and in a few years becomes the lieutenant of the young hero whose activity and good patronage had very early procured him a ship. In the meanwhile, the brave and now distinguished youth shrinks from the avowal of his sentiments towards the lady, nameless and a foundling as he is, and she who has always loved him as a brother, and still thinks her feelings the same, is distressed at the reports of his attachment to another. The young men, belonging now to the same ship, occasionally visit their common home together; and the nephew, who himself has an eye to the lady and her immense property, detects the real state of their mutual feelings, and treats the youth whom, when

afloat, he is bound to obey, with contempt, and the lady herself with insolence. She seems at his mercy, and he uses his advantage tyrannically : and taking every opportunity of insinuating to his captain that his cousin actually returns his attachment, gradually excites some distrust of the lady. By and by, the anticipated discovery of the young hero's birth takes place—he proves to be the son of the noble admiral, who had so long patronized him, and who had recently fallen in the arms of victory. Not a moment does he lose in despatching a letter to the charming object of his affections, whom he has loved from her birth, offering his title and fortunes ; but this letter his insidious and unprincipled rival intercepts, and an answer is received by the young lord, apparently in her own hand-writing, rejecting his offers, and avowing her attachment to her cousin. This event is a prelude to a long course of misapprehension and mystery, in the tantalizing style, very well imagined, but which is, of course, finally cleared up—the traitor is caught in his own toils—the lovers come to a right understanding, and *first love triumphs*.

*Dictionary of the English Language, by N. Webster, L.L.D., Parts I. and II.*—Dr. Johnson, and several of his successors did not muster 40,000 words ; and even Mr. Todd, with all the good-will in the world, could not scrape together so many as 60,000, while Dr. Webster has brought up the swelling number to full 70,000, by a process, to be sure, by which a round 100,000 could readily be effected. The aim of every successive labourer in these fields, is to enlarge the stock—not one of them thinks of reducing within more legitimate limits, though we are quite satisfied there is ample room for very considerable reduction. Multitudes of words are admitted on all hands, that do not deserve admission, or any notice of any kind, from any general usage of them at any period. Dr. Webster flogs all his predecessors in this respect. No sooner does he catch any body actually printing a new word, but he sweeps it without farther inquiry into his omnium gatherum. Surely there could be no real occasion for introducing *Arkites*, expressive of Noah and his sons, merely because Mr. Bryant, in a pedantic spirit, chose to manufacture the term—nor *Appointees*, for no better reason than because the Massachusetts' representatives once used it in a circular—nor *Atimy* (with an accent in the antepenult too), because Mr. Mitford, no great authority, surely, in verbal matters, gave the *ατιμια* of the Greeks, or English termination—nor *Archbotcher*, because Corbet botched up the word ironically. How fortunate, by the way, it is, the slang dictionary escaped Dr. Webster's researches. If we call Dr. W. an arch-verbalist, he will snap up the 'word' for his next edition, and therefore we will not throw temptation in his way.

Between a dictionary of the English language, and an Encyclopædia, too, there are more limits than seem to have occurred to Dr. W. We find the Latin terms for the genera of plants and animals, and also of some species, for the admission of which there can be but the one excuse or necessity—of swelling the lists. He has ransacked Rees's Cyclopædia, and poured into his own reservoir a torrent of ecclesiastical and theological distinctions, for which no person upon earth can have the least occasion, or would ever dream of looking for them in a dictionary of the 'English language.' *Antosiandrian*—what is this ? An opponent of one Osiander's doctrines. *Artotyrites*—and this ? Some heretics, who chose to celebrate the Eucharist with bread and cheese, (as the learned will opine), instead of bread and wine. Words, again, are continually occurring, quite un-English, and which nobody could expect to find in such a publication, and of course would never refer for them—accompanied, too, with definitions so bald or so defective, as to make them perfectly useless : for instance, "*Avernat*, a sort of grape"—"*Atche*, a small silver coin in Turkey, value six or seven mills." If the term is to be introduced, why not give the English value ? "*Balloon* or *balloen*, a state barge of Siam, made of a single piece of timber, very long, and managed with oars"—think of this, in a dictionary of the English language ! And truly we as little see the necessity for such terms as *Aquitanian*, *Arauncanian*, *Acroceraunian*, &c.—as well might we look for an adjective term of every spot that has a name upon the globe.

Dr. W's friends laud to the skies the accuracy and research of his etymologies, and he is plainly entitled to considerable credit. We observe *Baptize* comes from βαπτω, to baptize, which is as useful as it is learned. *Backgammon* is, very adequately for the occasion, described by Dr. Johnson, as a game with dice and tables ; but Dr. W. is, we suppose, thought to have improved upon it thus—"a game played by two persons, upon a table, with box and dice. The table is in two parts, on which are twenty-four black and white spaces, called points. Each player has fifteen men, of different colours, for the purpose of distinction."

The doctor challenges comparison, in point of definition, by appealing to a list of words. We glanced at the first three or four—*acceptance*, we find illustrated by the phrase, which we suppose must be American,—"work done to acceptance." To *acquire*, is very well distinguished from gaining, obtaining, procuring ; but who, out of America, ever heard of "obtaining a book on loan" ? To *adjourn*, is "used for the act of closing the session of a public body—as the court adjourned without day"—which must be exclusively American.

On the affinity of languages, Adelung is



thought, we believe, but a fool to Dr. Webster. The language of Noah and his family was of course all the same, and Dr. W. finds no reason, which we wondered at as we went on, to infer any changes before the building of the tower of Babel—the period and the cause assigned by the writer of the book of Genesis for the commencement of a difference of language, which for any thing that appears, was not gradual, but sudden and decisive. Dr. W., without however denying the miracle, ascribes the change to a gradual process—the result solely of separation and divergence. The more remote the separation, and the longer its duration, the greater became the difference, though still in the more uncultivated, which, as to language, means the more uncorrupted regions, exist traces of the original tongue—he finds many in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. But, what surprised us most in this learned discussion,—he talks of *radical* differences in the dialects or languages spoken by the descendants of Shem and Ham, on the one hand, and those of Japheth, on the other. We cannot, for the life of us, imagine the line of distinction, or the ground of it. The three branches might have been expected to shew similar traces and similar resemblances of the common stock, and besides the descendants of each touched upon the other. The Shemic branch (not *Shemitic*, we love analogy as well as Dr. W.) stretched from Syria to China, the Hamic over Africa, and the Japhetic over Europe and Northern Asia. Now, the Shemic languages, Dr. W. represents as *radically* distinct from the Japhetic, and this is what upon his hypothesis we cannot accede to. Of the Hamic dialects, the Coptic, Dr. W. apparently thinks, is *all* that is left. The Chaldee is, of course, the original and central language, and for our parts, we should anticipate as many points of resemblance in the east as the west, and certainly no *radical* differences; or how is it he does not find new radical differences, north and south, or any other two opposite points of the compass. The discussion, in the full extent of it, seems to us a little premature—the assumption of a central point is apt to warp and twist the coolest judgment, and we are afraid Dr. W. has been seduced occasionally into committing violence.

But we have no desire whatever to depreciate the learned lexiconist; the book has its valuable points. The author has wisely omitted the confirmatory passages, which made at least one out of Dr. Johnson's two folios; he has changed the mode of marking the accent, advantageously, and corrected many well known blunders of Johnson, in definition and etymology. His suggestions, moreover, on orthography and orthoepy—the words in use, we believe, for spelling and pronouncing—are generally sound; and every thing relative to science is indisputably improved.

*The Lay of the Desert, a Poem, in two Cantos, by Henry Sewell Stokes.*—The desert is Dartmoor, and Mr. Stokes may seem likely to conflict with Mr. Carrington; but after a little preluding, and some-oh-ing and ah-ing, he suddenly, and somewhat uncourtously, bids his muse refrain from this “lofty theme so lately sung by Devon’s minstrel in no vulgar strain,” and then proceeds to interrogate the “land of tors, and glens, and steams,” why he himself—being in some doubt, it must be presumed—visits its “desert loneliness”—

Is't to indulge in antiquarian dreams  
O'er cairn and ruin in their burial dress  
Of moss—*impervious almost to a guess*;  
Upon my fancy's wild and airy steed,  
Thro' backward centuries of time to press, &c.

Is't to indulge in correspondence strange  
With fay and sprite and demon of the blast,  
The vacant mysteries of the ideal range,  
Which poets will converse with to the tell?  
No—to the winds such mis-creations cast—  
Off with such whimsies to the days of yore, &c.

No, he is no romancer—no antiquarian  
—no hunter—no fisherman—his course to thee, Dartmoor, no such pursuits incline.  
What the de'il takes him there then?

I to thee hie because my soul is sick --  
Sick with mankind and *their disgusting ways*;  
Altho' but lately kindled my life's wick  
And now but gathering into *manhood's blaze*,  
Much hath it felt the world's foul, murky baze—  
Ay—I have lived quite long enough to tell  
That love, truth, virtue, in the world's wide maze  
Perish—they cannot bear the boisterous swell—

With similar nonsense.

A sudden break now introduces his dreamings on “Calpe’s heaven-aspiring mount,” where his “drowsy soul” used to wake, and from off her plumes seem to shake the ignoble dust, &c. All which is particularly fine, and, what is better, serves to remind him of Dartmoor again, which, though less sublime, is not less alone, and accordingly presents a capital spot, not only for invoking solitude, and delineating its sweet and salutary effects, but of comparing the *modus operandi* of different solitudes—those, for instance, of Andalusia and Dartmoor. Well, and what is the result? precisely the same—the difference is in the process.—

*Here*, seems the soul, healed almost with a scourge,  
*There*, with a kiss does trouble in composure merge.

While he is thus singing or sighing about solitude, to the tors the evening hour proclaim, which does not hasten him home to bed, but prompts to stay and take advantage of the natural tendency such a scene has to *refresh the memory*, for—

Not in the world, indeed, doth evening thus  
Brush up our fading reminiscences, &c.

Against this terrible world, he now makes some vigorous resolutions.—

Ne'er shall the cup of worldly bliss be mine, &c.

And the reason is—

I know the world is false, and vain, and void,  
Have felt it such, and ne'er will to it trust, &c.

And, then, to give a proof he knows what he is talking about, he tells a tale of two young lovers, whose sires were at first both "well to do;" but, at last, when one of them was no longer "well to do," the other refused to give his daughter to the bankrupt's son, and so the young lady pined, and the youth became a "noble ruin," &c. This is an opportunity not to be thrown away of abusing *interest*, the source of this calamity, right and left. How shall he describe "its all-efficient, fatal character?" Fit symbols are likely to be scarce, it seems—he scrapes all, however, his memory furnishes. It is the dry-rot of nature—cankerworm—moth—rust—wax—gall; worse than the burning stream which Etna vomits—worse than beams of forked lightning; it is the upas of the mental world—it is the god of this villainous, &c. If the reader wish for more, there is a whole volume of it, of the same unmeasured, indiscriminating character. The lines are often smooth enough, and vigorous in their march; but the diction is frequently poor, and the sentiment always of the same school-boy cast.

*Mr. Milman's Appendix to his History of the Jews.*—A most unmeasured cry has been raised against Mr. Milman for employing some of his own sound common sense in the interpretation of Scripture, and which, from the many quarters in the church and out of it, from whence it rose, required some serious notice. Mr. M., in justification, has judiciously appealed, as he had done indeed before to the Bishop of London, to admitted authorities, instead of supporting his sentiments by farther argumentation. It is surely enough that the passages against which exceptions were most vehemently taken, breathe precisely the tone of the Family Bible of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, known as Mant and D'Oyly's. This will satisfy the Church party, with whom Mr. M. is, of course, most concerned, if it will not the Evangelical clique, who are not likely to be pleased with anybody's version but their own.

*Exodus, or the Curse of Egypt, by T. B. J.*—This little volume modestly appeals to the patronage of Glasgow, the city of the writer's habitation, from whom, though "all bow down to the calf of gold, few walk to the temple of the Muses," he ventures to solicit rather justice than mercy, and not many can do so with so good a grace, or with so good a chance of escaping a whipping. What the worshipful Glasgowites may deem of the performance, we know not; but the poem, we are sure, need fear no comparison with any of the Biblical

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poems with which we have of late been deluged. The principal poem consists of a series of sketches of the plagues of Egypt, simply strung together. The few hints of the Scriptures are expounded often very happily, though occasionally with a little too much luxuriance, and then occur specimens of an undisciplined taste.

We pick out a scrap from the desolating and depressing effects of the locusts:—

Ye rivers! silver serpents of the hills,  
Sons of the mountains and the mountain crags,  
Who go like pilgrims murmuring on your way;  
Well may ye murmur on your journey now!  
Ye do not leap from rock to rock, so light  
In all the playfulness of strength and youth;—  
The flowery fringes of your streams are gone—  
The fisher's song is hushed upon your waves—  
The voice of playful children is not near—  
Nor bathes voluptuous beauty in your kiss—  
Nor hear ye lovers' tales upon your banks—  
Nor mirror happy maidens in your glass.

Ye breezes ye may wait upon your way,  
For all the lovely things ye used to meet  
Upon your journeyings, are in their graves;  
The flowers are dead, from whom ye gathered  
balm,  
And over whom ye shook your dewy wings, &c.

We must give another morsel, descriptive of the queen's despair when Pharaoh quits her in chace of the Hebrews.

Upon a splendid Ottoman she threw  
Her pallid form; and it was diamond-decked  
And clothed with woven gold, and softly laid  
With the down of the swan that loves the Nile;  
The sphinx, the ibis, and the cat of gold  
All looked down coldly on her wildering grief;  
Cold was their aspect, they consoled her not:  
Her Nubian slaves that bend the supple knee,  
And fan her with the fair flamingo's wing,  
Cannot allay the fever of her brain;  
Nor all around the walls of Arabesque,  
Nor pearls and shells brought from the Red Sea  
coast,

Nor silver mirror which she bowed before,  
Nor her gay equipage, can charm her more;  
Before the storm of sorrow which now blew,  
Her reason's bark went down nor rose again.  
Not all the medicines that Iris knew  
Could heal her—not the sainted amulet  
Could cheer the bosom it was hung upon, &c.

The author pleads youth and unpropitious circumstances—he need not deprecate; he has fancy and language to make a poet; his style and diction are sweet, smooth, and flowing, and yet not made up of nothing but set phrases, and well-worn allusions.

*The Divine System of the Universe, &c., by William Woodley.*—The foundation of this performance appears to have been laid by Mr. Brothers—the prophet, we suppose, or one of his fraternity; the superstructure was built by one Commander Woodley, and their double labours are accompanied by a sympathetic introduction from the editor, whose own name unhappily does not appear. The adventurous introducer him-



self arrived at the very conclusion of Messrs. Brothers and Woodley long before he had the honour of becoming acquainted with either of those enlightened personages; and the very arguments, and others that sound like them, but are not, which conducted Newton and his successors to one set of conclusions, have led this learned trio of Thebans to their very antipodes. The Editor, for himself, considered, first, that, though the earth is represented as moving through an orbit whose diameter is 190 millions of miles, no sensible parallax is discernible—ergo, the earth must be stationary. The two bears whirl round the axle of the sky in twenty-four hours, and *such an effect* cannot be produced by the daily revolution of the earth—ergo, the earth is stationary, and the stars go round. If, again, the revolution of the earth *could* produce such an effect, (appearance he means,) then the traversing so vast a space as 190 millions must needs produce some sensible changes in the stars; but, strange to say, none is perceptible—ergo, and because it impugns the veracity of his eyesight, understanding, and creed, the Newtonian system is an imposition. And, in the fourth place, Tycho Brahe, Aristotle, Archimedes, and Homer, represent the sun as describing a course in the heavens—Zerubbabel declares, it compasses the heavens about; and Solomon knew the *alterations of the turning of the sun*, &c.—ergo, and, also, because the compass, or a pole kept constantly pointed to the north, instead of  $23\frac{1}{2}$  degrees to the right or the left, as if to produce, by that means, the seasons, there exists abundant evidence that the Newtonians are imposing upon the credulity and ignorance of the world.

The value of these same reasons, and the novelty of them, such of them as are intelligible, are sufficiently obvious, and supersede the necessity of farther analysis. Every eight or ten years, for a century past, have introduced persons of this unlicked caste—men of ardent piety and cloudy perception, whose reasoning powers are always *citra ultrave* the line of common sense, and who can measure the evidence neither of morals nor mathematics.

*Universal Mechanism, as consistent with the Creation of all Things, the Appetances of Nature, and the Dictates of Reason and Revelation*, by G. M. Bell.—The author's purpose is, as may be partly gathered from the title, to demonstrate that all things owe neither their origin nor their preservation to chance, as is the opinion of some, nor exist from all eternity, as is supposed by others, but were created by the all-wise, all-perfect, and eternal God, and are preserved alone by his care and protection. We discover no novelty of illustration, and cannot imagine what could prompt the author to publication, with Paley before him, to whom he repeatedly refers. His

explanations of the Six Days of Creation can only excite disgust, consisting, as they do of idle speculations, repeated a thousand times—confirming nothing, and teaching nothing.

*On the Portraits of English Authors of Gardening, with Biographical Notices*, by S. Felton.—Mr. Felton, it may be supposed, is not only a horticulturalist, but a portrait collector. After glancing at Greeks, Romans, and Orientals, and two Englishmen, one Alfred, of the thirteenth century, and one Henry Dane, of the fourteenth, of both of whom he thinks it not *very* likely portraits will be discovered, he throws his writers upon gardening into two classes—without portraits, and with. Of the former he reckons up sixty-nine, the earliest of whom is Ralph Arnolde, who has, it seems, in his Chronicle, printed in 1502, a chapter on the Crafte of Graffynge and Plantynge, and Alteryng of Fruits, as well in colour as in taste; and in whose chronicle, by the way, appeared first the 'Nut-brown Maid.' Of those of whom portraits happily still exist, the author enumerates we know not how many, and some whose names we did not expect to see. Numbers of the devotees of the garden have lived to a great age. The volume is full of agreeable recollections—the anecdotes, to be sure, are all very well known, and the author catches at any peg to hang a note upon. Charles Cotton's works are enumerated; a quotation alludes to Essex, and then we are told Essex lost his head for saying Elizabeth grew old and cankered, and that her mind was as crooked as her carcase. "Perhaps," he adds, "the beauty of Mary galled Elizabeth." This leads to Anne Boleyn, and Mr. Hutton, and a modern writer on horticulture, who tells us Queen Elizabeth, in her last illness, eat little but sucriy pottage. Mr. Lowden says it is used as a fodder for cattle. The French call it *chicoree sauvage*. Her taste must have been something like her heart, &c.

*The Senate, a Poem. Part I. The Lords*.—No uneffective sketch of the Lords, with a dash of satire; but presenting fair, and generally favourably fair judgments. The versification is a mixture of Pope and Goldsmith, with a turn or two of Campbell and Crabbe, and the effect is often expressive and impressive. The palm of *elocution*—we hope the writer uses the word strictly, and not loosely, for eloquence—is assigned to Lord Grey,

Whose port erect, and proud, yet gracious state,  
Denote the dignified aristocrat.

"True to the crown (witness the rectory of Bishopsgate), the people, and the laws."

Next, on his crutch, see generous Holland rise,  
Gout in his feet, good humour in his eyes:  
The classic Holland, to the Muses known,  
Peer, poet, orator—*Amphitryon*.

With more, that amounts to extravagance.

The Marquis of Lansdowne is closely hit :—

Good sense ;

But declamation is not eloquence !

Loud without force, and copious without strength,

We long for greater height, and shorter length.

Dudley's impromptus are laughed at ; but John Ward could speak to command attention, when he had *not* £80,000 a year. Full justice is done to the old Chancellor, while the new one is characterized as the learned, the gay, the *versatile*—the Palinurus of politics, who does nothing now but “ promote his friends, and prosecute his foes.”

Harrowby is the wise, the good, the accomplished. Peel often calls him “ Araby the blest ”—a squib at the secretary's plebeian pronunciation. Lord Ellenborough's curls and conceit exhaust most of the author's bile. The duke of dukes has full measure :—

Straight-forward sense, severe simplicity ;

That cleared each obstacle, and smoothed the way—

This stamped his dictate with decisive sway.

With bloodless lip compressed, and arching brow,  
Warrior of Waterloo, I see thee now !

Calm, yet acute, throughout the *dire* debate

Composed in feature, rigidly sedate ;

What prudence counsels, resolute to dare—

Victor alike in politics and war.

The borough Lords follow—

Rutland and Beaufort, Hertford, Cleveland, see  
Combine with Norfolk for the ministry ;

On whom, obedient to their chief's decrees,

Wait in the back-ground some two score M.P.'s.

But fierce Newcastle goads his Newark horse,

To strengthen Bedford's and Fitzwilliam's  
force,

While Lonsdale balances in middle space

His dread of Popery 'gainst his love of place.

Lots of Lords are dismissed with a word.  
while the Bishops are lumped thus :—

Lo ! where the Bishops awe the timid mind,

In curly wigs, and gigot-sleeves reclined !

Not every one such pious horror feels—

A foreign princess called them ‘ imbeciles,’\*

And quaintly asked, so wonderful the sight,

If those were peeresses in their own right ?

*The Templars, an Historical Novel, 3 vols., 12mo.*—The Templars bears one mark of a first performance, and one which is, at the same time, of some promise—the latter end is better than the beginning—an event as important and of as good augury in novels as in morals. While this is readable, better things may be looked for—a second effort will present, probably, more skill in binding events together—more refinement in language, and point in sentiment, and the writer will learn to eschew the perilous propensity of character-drawing. It is always safer, especially where

ideas are yet scarcely defined, and the judgment is still immature, to be content with developing by action, and leave the reader to portraiture, physically and metaphysically, if the employment be to his taste. The Templars, instead of redoubted crusaders, are three doughty lawyer's clerks, assembled in one office, but soon separated by circumstances which fling them into different spheres, but which the returning tide of affairs eventually throws together again. The hero, who is endowed with qualities to make a gentleman of, is speedily driven into embarrassments by the shewy but profligate habits of one associate, and rescued from impending ruin by the kind and resolute energy of the other. The friend and deliverer is a rough diamond, with some mystery in his story, an Irishman, capable of strong attachments, and indulging them with something like devotion towards the youth he had rescued ; but some misunderstanding quickly separates, if it does not alienate them, and sudden absorbing events preclude conciliation. The treacherous seducer, involved in the consequences of his own profligacy, is obliged to fly, but with burning feelings of hatred towards the victim who had just escaped the toils he had thrown around him. The hero comes, by the death of his old carking father, into possession of a splendid income, and for want of something better to do, enters the Guards, and though the profession, at least the perilous part of it, is not at all to his taste, yet from emulation, or a sense of honour, becomes a thorough soldier, and early wins laurels in the field, and a majority in the dragoons. In the course of service, on the first stirrings of the Irish rebellion, he goes with his regiment to Dublin, where, before the outbreak of the rebels, his roaming amatory fancies are fixed by the fascinations of a charming girl, of whom he occasionally gets a tantalizing glance, till, at last, in the farther pursuit of the syren, he lights upon his old and faithful Irish friend, acting the lawyer in some obscure hole of the metropolis of Erin, and in the sister of his friend discovers the lady he has been so long in search of. She is a most enchanting and superior creature, high in intellect, and deep in feeling, and devoted to her brother, who is not only of Milesian, but of regal descent, and as it quickly proves, on the strength of this pretension, an active leader in the rebellion. The hero and the lady, of course, fall mutually in love, and the materials for embarrassment abound. He is an officer in the king's service—the friend a rebel, and the lady in the secret. The explosion follows ; the major falls into an ambuscade, and is rescued, though not without difficulty, by the exertions and influence of his friend. The rebel leader, in turn, is betrayed and thrown into prison, and the major, relying upon his castle influence, solicits his pardon. A reprieve is readily obtained by one whose services were

\* The modern name for ladies' large sleeves.



readily acknowledged. To prevent a moment's unnecessary suspense, a copy of the reprieve is despatched by a confidential servant, and he himself follows, accompanied by the sister, a few hours after. This servant has been some time in the hero's service; he is a surly, dogged sort of fellow, but apparently of the most faithful and attached casté. He had been picked up under extraordinary circumstances, and seemed bound up inseparably with his master's interests. He, however, turns out a thorough-paced villain—he is, in short, the fellow-clerk, who had all but accomplished his ruin by involving him in gambling transactions. Revenge was the object for which this demon lived—by the hero he had been *struck*, and by the friend he had been baffled. In his service, on the present occasion, he had an opportunity of killing two birds with one stone—he destroyed the reprieve, and by his contrivance his master reached the scene of execution an

hour too late. The sister lost her senses, and the hero's happiness seemed marred for ever. Nothing, however, could detach him from the unhappy lady; for two years he sedulously watched over her, and, at last, removing her to the south of France for change of air and country, he encountered his sullen and vengeful servant. A scene of violent recrimination ensued; the hero turned away in disgust—the wretch rushed after him with a knife—the poor and apparently insensible lady uttered a scream—the hero turned at the sound—the blow thus missed its object, and the assassin fell against the trunk of a broken tree and dashed his brains out. The shock restored the lady's intellects, and by slow degrees she recovered her health, and bliss finally repaid her sorrows. The wind-up is not only invested with interest, but told with deep pathos, presenting a brilliant proof of executive powers, of which the outset certainly gave no promise.

### FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS.

THE long-expected print, from Mr. Martin's *Fall of Nineveh*, is at length before the public. The praise that we are inclined to bestow upon this extraordinary production (and it is praise of a very high order) is, that it is the finest of all his works. We are at a loss to conceive any thing in the form of a print more magnificent than this engraving. Mr. Martin has in this picture concentrated every thing that his genius had previously created. All that he has hitherto accomplished of the vast, the beautiful, the grand, and the sublime in art, is here brought together—all massed, as if by supernatural power, in the vastness, the beauty, the grandeur and sublimity that are displayed, in wild and wonderful profusion, in the *Fall of Nineveh*. The picture is no doubt familiar to most readers. The moment of the event represented is that in which Sardanapalus is proceeding with his concubines to the pile which he had himself caused to be raised for their destruction. His city is on fire; not lit by human hands, but by heaven; and the oracle that had foretold the fall of his kingdom seems to be fulfilled. The enemy is pouring through the crumbling walls—and he devotes himself and his beautiful females to the flames. The hour is supposed to be soon after sun-set: the moon is faintly struggling with the strong glare of the distant fires, and with the lightning, whose broad flash is spread over the front of the picture. The immense space of the city, with its splendid architecture, partaking of the Egyptian and the Indian, seems more immense from the myriads that are thronging tumultuously in on every side. Elephants, flanked by chariots and horse, are trampling down the routed Ninevites. On the left hand is the funeral

pile heaped with treasures; on the right, the hanging gardens, from which the people are looking in terror upon the approaching ruin. In the centre of the foreground stands Sardanapalus, surrounded by his concubines. The grouping of the figures here is very beautiful; their forms are reflected by the lightning in the bright transparent marble. Warriors are taking leave of their wives and children—some of the slaves are pilfering the treasures, others are revelling in riot. Immediately in front stand the rulers of the state, denouncing the king as the cause of the city's destruction. In the print the effect is even more striking than in the picture: in the one, the light is necessarily glaring; in the other, it is subdued into an extended and unbroken character of gloomy grandeur and magnificent desolation. In a picture like this the figures themselves are of less consequence than the manner in which they are introduced; otherwise we could wish that some few of them had been more perfect, or that the features had received an expression which, on a scale like this, in a mezzotint engraving, it would be impossible to give. Mr. Martin has done wonders; and we gladly and gratefully add our voice to the loud peal of praise which this performance cannot fail to call forth.

Either we are much deceived, or the publication of *A Series of Views in the West Indies, engraved from Drawings taken in the Islands*, will effect some little change in the opinions entertained in this country respecting those islands and their inhabitants. We have rarely seen a set of views so pleasantly poetical, and yet so apparently faithful in their delineation both of places and persons—of the beauties of nature, and

of the negroes. They have left us quite charmed with the West Indies, and longing for a climate where we can indulge in our summer costume all the year round. We are disposed to wonder what abolitionists and anti-slavery speech-makers will say to these views. A single glance at them will convince the most incredulous that slavery at Antigua is a much more-endurable thing than our sympathetic societies at-home would have them imagine. We cannot help suspecting that the superintendence of sugar canes at St. Vincent's, is quite as pleasant as writing pamphlets against it. The negroes, in these views, seem to be perfectly ignorant of the dreadful sufferings they are enduring, and look as if they considered compassion to be a superfluity. If they knew all, they would hardly, we should think, exchange conditions with an English mechanic. Three parts of this publication have already appeared, containing four plates each. The object of the work is to convey an idea of the existing state of slavery in the British islands, of negro costume, the process of sugar-making, &c. and to give a selection of views illustrative of the general character of the scenery. This, we think, has been entirely accomplished. The descriptions are more explanatory than, from the brevity of them, could reasonably have been expected; and the plates are, as we have intimated, delightful things. They almost make us discontented with our liberty. Of course there must be such things as churchyards somewhere in the West Indies; but as we do not find one among these views, we presume that they are not so numerous as has been reported. Happiness and long life, instead of flogging and fevers, seem to be here the predominant features. Considering the temptations which an artist must be exposed to in such a country, and the disposition he must naturally feel towards leisure instead of labour, these plates are very cleverly executed. In many of the views much artist-like feeling is displayed, and all of them are distinguished by brilliancy and luxuriance of colouring.

It does not always happen that the third Part of a publication equals its first. This we are glad to perceive is the case with the *Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels*. In the present number, Mirkwood Mere, from a design by Barret—and Solway Firth, from a design by Copley Fielding—are our favourites. The clear transparent shadows in the first of these are exquisite. They are both calculated to shed a lustre upon the scenes that have suggested them; and both

of them do honour to the graver of Edward Finden.

"Junius," and the "Waverley Novels" are splendid examples of the policy, upon occasion, of concealing a name; and, in a minor sense, "The Devil's Walk" is an additional evidence. We wish Mr. Southey would, like a penitent father, acknowledge the illegitimate offspring of his satirical amours. It is really dangerous to let these nameless orphans of verse wander about the world; for there is no saying where accusation will stop; and every man, though with sins enough of his own to answer for, is likely to be suspected. Besides, the mystery which makes them popular, generally gives rise to some absurd and barbarous caricature—as is the case in the present instance; Mr. Southey's unaccountable modesty, or obstinacy, has been an accessory before the fact, has indirectly occasioned the perpetration of a *Real Devil's Walk*, certainly not by Professor Porson. In this production there is much pretension and little point; a great deal of good-natured satire thrown away, and a marvellous quantity of wit, which will be of no use to any but the owner. In one point, however, we are bound to admit, that the satire by many degrees exceeds its original—and that is in the badness of its versification. Any thing more irresistibly dull, more excruciatingly melancholy, we have not seen since the last new comedy. But then there are designs—"designs by Cruickshank;"—this is very true—but alack! they are by Robert Cruickshank! "Ah! how unlike my Beverley!" The love-feast, and the meeting between Satan and his biographer, Montgomery, are the most humorous; "Blue-stockings Hall" is better in idea than execution. But we would ask the author, or the artist, of this poor little production, where the wit is of caricaturing a certain individual in the person of Satan? Surely they must have been lamentably short of ideas when they were obliged to have recourse to such a miserable expedient to render their project popular.

*Portrait of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cumberland.*—This highly finished engraving is to form the frontispiece to one of the Nos. of LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE. It is in Thomson's best style, from a drawing by a foreign artist long resident in England, M. Carbonnier. The execution of the face is extremely beautiful; and though, perhaps, it would have been a more striking likeness a year or two back, it may still be considered a good resemblance.



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The Countess Verulam's Portrait is in preparation for the September No. of *La Belle Assemblée*. The plate is being engraved from Mr. Hawkins' beautiful miniature of this very beautiful woman—and if the engraver acquits himself as well as the painter has done, the plate will prove a gem even amongst the portraits already published in *La Belle Assemblée*.

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### BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

#### M. PRUDHOMME.

This gentleman, the oldest of the Paris journalists, editor of *Le Journal des Révolutions de Paris*, which commenced in 1789, was born at Lyons, in 1752. According to report, he, at his outset in life, was a bookseller's shopman. Afterwards, removing from Lyons, he set up as a bookbinder at Meaux. A few years before the revolution he fixed his residence at Paris. There he ardently embraced the new principles, and was extensively instrumental in diffusing them; having, it is said, between the commencement of the year 1787, and the 14th of July, 1789, published upwards of one thousand five hundred political pamphlets, of some of which one hundred thousand copies were thrown into circulation. It was a remark of Prudhomme's enemies, that he wore out all the pens of all the Parisian gazetteers.

It was, as we have intimated, in 1789, that M. Prudhomme established *Le Journal des Révolutions de Paris*, the motto of which was—"The great seem to us to be great only because we are on our knees: let

us rise!"—In this journal the government was incessantly assailed, and the revolutionary measures were most zealously inculcated. Prudhomme, however, was far from being a servile partizan. He was disgusted with the sanguinary ferocity of Robespierre, and he attacked the tyrant and his measures with great spirit. The consequence of this was his arrest on the charge of being a royalist. The fallacy of this charge being apparent, he soon obtained his liberty; notwithstanding which, he thought it advisable to quit Paris with his family. After the downfall of Robespierre, he returned to the capital; and from that period until his death, he constantly followed the trade of a bookseller.

M. Prudhomme was the author of "The General History of Crimes committed during the Revolution," in six volumes; and of various other works, chiefly of a geographical nature; but his talents were not considered to rank above mediocrity. He died at Paris, of apoplexy, about the close of April, or commencement of May last.

### PATENTS FOR MECHANICAL AND CHEMICAL INVENTIONS.

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To Edward Turner, Gower-street, Middlesex, M.D., and William Shand, of the Burn, Kincardineshire, Scotland, Esq., for having invented a new method of purifying and whitening sugars or other saccharine matter.—26th June; 6 months.

To Moses Poole, Lincoln's-inn, gentleman, for improvements in the apparatus used for extracting molasses or syrup from sugar.—26th June; 6 months.

To Samuel Parker, Argyle-street, Oxford-street, Middlesex, bronzist, for improvements in producing mechanical power from chemical agents.—29th June; 6 months.

To Samuel Parker, Argyle-street, Oxford-

street, Middlesex, bronzist, for an improved lamp.—1st July; 6 months.

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To John Henry Clive, Chell-house, Stafford, Esq., for improvements in the construction of and machinery for locomotive ploughs, harrows, and other machines and carriages.—1st July; 6 months.

To John Harvey Sadler, Praed-street, Paddington, Middlesex, engineer, for improvements in looms.—1st July; 6 months.

To Matthew Uzzelli, Clifton-street, Finsbury-square, Middlesex, Gentlemen, for improvements in the preparation of metallic substances, and the application thereof to the sheathing of ships and other purposes.—6th July; 6 months.

To John Surman, Hounslow-barracks, Middlesex, lieutenant and riding-master in the Tenth Hussars, for improvements on bits for horses and other animals.—6th July; 2 months.

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To Edward Cowper, Streatham-place, Surrey, and Ebenezer Cowper, Suffolk-street, Pall-Mall East, Westminster, Middlesex, engineers, for improvements on printing machines.—19th July; 6 months.

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place, gentleman, for their improvements in steam-carriages and in boilers, and a method of producing increase draft.—19th July; 6 months.

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### MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

WE have the satisfaction to commence this Report, cheered by an improvement of the weather, and the hope of its permanence, assuring us of the recovery and amelioration of the too generally injured crops. The month commenced with rain, accompanied by a north-east wind, and with alternate heat and chills. An uncertain and unfavourable atmosphere continued until the 14th; the wind veering between the south-east, north-west, and north. It was nevertheless some improvement upon the weather of the last month. The 14th, and three successive days, were highly favourable and in season. To the present day, with the exception of a few light and flying showers and westerly winds, we have no reason of complaint, but a good ground of hope for a prosperous harvest, which, however, cannot be early. The generally unfortunate state of the country has been too often and particularly detailed in the various Reports, to need repetition. There is no doubt, in our poor low and wet land districts, a great part of every species of crop which never can recover from the long-continued injuries sustained. On such, the wheat will not produce half a crop; the barley still less; nor is there apparently any probability of a counteracting advantage either in any of the other crops, or in a successful closing of the year's account of live stock. From the northern districts, the north-west, and south-west, including Wales, the heaviest complaints seem to proceed; the bishopric of Durham and Herefordshire standing unfortunately prominent. On the other hand—and a most pleasant and heartening turn it is—the crops on our rich soils, and on those of medium fertility, but sound and dry, have borne the brunt of all the past rude atmospheric shocks, with little, but happily no radical injury, and have been, since the favourable change of weather, progressing in a steady course of improvement. Barley and oats are probably their worst crops, the former materially so, on too heavy lands. On the best lands of Essex, Herts, Suffolk, and Norfolk, the wheats are large and luxuriant, with full-sized ears, warranting the expectation of more than an average crop; an advantage which we trust extends to all the superior corn lands of the country. Some time since, the blades of these fine wheats were yellow and rusty from blight; but they have since recovered a shining and healthful burnish, and it is hoped that the blight has not, to any considerable extent, affected intrinsically the ear. On that interesting point, however, we shall have more certain information after harvest. During the ticklish period of the flowering process, the weather was wet and cold; but the wind (a favourable circumstance) was not constantly in the most dangerous quarter. Two wet seasons have nourished a pestiferous brood of slugs, against which the farmer ought not to fail taking every possible remedy, the well-known one of heavy rolling especially, in order to protect the next crop of young wheats. Wheat and beans are expected to be the most productive crops; barley and oats the least so, though our sanguine friends prognosticate a general average on good lands, hops excepted; the effect on which, from the blight, has been too heavy. Some fear was entertained from the unsoundness of the bean-seed, and the excessive foulness of the tilth is another great disadvantage, though, in many instances, they have been hoed at the expense of 25s. or 26s. per acre. The peas also, a promising plant, partake materially of this disadvantage, being almost generally drilled—a hereditary defect among farmers—at intervals too narrow for effective hoeing, even on far cleaner land than this year presents. The fallows, as we have so often complained, are universally foul; but in the poor land counties, beyond all precedent, since the days of our great-grandfathers; and we have lately passed over some, indeed a great extent of land, which, from the luxuriance



and height of the couch, wore the appearance of meadows ready for the scythe! We were told by one farmer that half-a-dozen deep ploughings had but little mended the matter. What a soil this, on which to sow that crop which is to furnish the nation's bread! Here we have a cogent reason for the necessity of importation. The rains continued so long, that it was impossible, until of late, to get upon the heavy lands for any useful or effective purpose. Turnips, on the whole, have escaped the fly beyond expectation, and are good on well tilled turnip soils: on heavy and foul lands, they will be a complete failure. They have been very backward, and some farmers have not yet finished sowing. That important crop, the Swedes, has been sown too late. The marygold is a great breadth, and, since the change of weather, promising. Potatoes, of which we have never failed of late years to obtain a full supply, appear generally well planted, some parts of the North excepted, where much apprehension is entertained of their total failure; indeed where, from the state of the lands, they have scarcely been able to plant them. Latter hay harvest will be completed in perfect condition, but the hay consequently large and coarse; indeed, the quantity of fine hay from this year's crop will be very limited. Clover being later, has succeeded best. It is the general opinion that the native wheat on hand will all be at market before Michaelmas, with the exception of that holden in a few counties, among which Herts stand eminent, as one whence the fewest farming complaints have issued.

The markets for live stock have varied little from the last reports. An abundance beyond the demand, and on the whole, cheaper; yet in some parts—Berks, for example—store sheep and lambs have sold readily to graze the vast quantities keep. The larger store cattle, from the unfavourable season, and even the want of grass on hilly lands, have not been in the good condition usual at this time of the year. The sheep came out of their wool poor and weak, and a number have actually perished, glandered, from the old stupid and heartless custom of exposing the creatures naked, by night, on fields and commons, during wet and cold! Pity, but these Arcadians, so full of sensibility and common-sense, had themselves a taste! But what then are we to say of certain learned physicians and veterinarians, who, within memory, turned out horses, accustomed to stand clothed in warm stables, naked, abroad in a winter's night, by way of making experiment of the possibility of cold-catching? The complaint continues that nothing is acquired either by fat or lean stock. Swine are said to pay nothing since the decline of price, in which we suspect some mismanagement or neglect. In some parts, particularly Suffolk, fruit and potatoes are reported extremely plentiful and cheap: in and near the metropolis, fruit is indeed plentiful, but deficient in flavour, and dear. Butter and cheese in the dairy counties continue low in price, and in great plenty. The retailers of these articles in towns must be making a good thing of it. Game has suffered much from the weather, partridges particularly. The demand for wool continues.

From Scotland, our letters give us the comfortable hope of a full average of all the crops, with, however, an apprehensive salvo on the score of their wheat-fly, to which we lately adverted, and which they aver has diminished their wheat-crop more than a third, during the last three years. They describe it as a species formerly unknown, of a brown and yellow colour. Although their description does not exactly tally with the habits of the ancient *aphis*, or wheat blight fly, we can scarcely conceive either a new creation or importation of flies, but rather a novel and more sedulous attention in the observers. In Ireland, all the crops are represented as large, that of wheat the most extensive hitherto known. France has had its share of the blessings of a bad season. Their corn in the most exposed districts is laid so flat, that much of it, they say, can never rise but with the assistance of the sickle. Their wine-growers and merchants are still making heavy complaints. The cause of their ill-success is probably two-fold—over-production, and a defect of fiscal knowledge in their government. That fine country, nevertheless, is making great strides in opulence and prosperity. The French, ever scientifically alert, have of late not only manufactured bread from bones, *pain animalité*, but even flour from straw!

With us, feeding milch-cows with malt-dust (combs), in order to increase the milk,—a practice of ancient days, has been lately revived, and even almost recommended as a novelty. In the use of this article, it ought to be considered that great part of it must consist of dirt and impurity, very ill calculated to benefit the stomach or digestion of the animals; on which account, probably, Mr. Cramp, an eminent publishing cow-feeder twenty years since, allowed but little malt-dust in a feed. Even at this season, many labourers are out of employ in various parts of the country.

*Smithfield*—Beef 3s. 4d. to 4s. 2d.—Mutton, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 8d.—Lamb, 4s. 4d. to 5s. 8s.—Veal, 4s. to 5s. 10d.—Pork, 3s. to 5s.—Raw fat, 2s. 1d. per stone.

*Corn Exchange*.—Wheat, 54s. to 88s. (best foreign)—Barley, 24s. to 38s.—Oats, 22s. to 33s.—Fine Bread, the London 4 lb. Loaf, 10½d.—Hay, 60s. to 120s. per load.—Clover, ditto 75s. to 125s.—Straw, 51s. to 65s.

Coals in the Pool, 28s. to 35s. 6d. per chaldron.

*Middlesex, July 23.*

## MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

**SUGAR.**—About 3,500 hogsheads and tierces of Muscovadoes were sold last week, and generally at a reduction of 1s. per cwt., making the fall of market prices, since the sugar duty question, from 2s. to 3s.; so that the planter derives no benefit from the late low average. Brown Muscovadoe Sugar, 26s. 9½d. per cwt.; 1,000 hogsheads Barbadoes sold at full prices; the market was nearly cleared of goods, the wholesale grocers having taken off parcels of fine, suitable for home consumption, at generally an advance of 2s.; the shippers evince a desire of shipping, previously to the 5th of September, the day when the reduced bounty takes place. The purchases of foreign, last week, were about 300 chests; Pernams at rather lower rates, 26s. to 28s. The fall in East India sugar since the duty is about 3s. per cwt.; the Mauritius is fallen lately 3s.—the sale at the India House, 15,000 bags; white Bengal sold freely, making a fall of 3s. in market prices since the alteration of the duty; white ordinary, 27s. to 30s.; good, 31s. to 34s.; fine, 35s. to 37s.—565 bags; China sugar, fine white, 30s. to 33s. 6d.; yellow, 26s. 6d. to 29s.—307 bags; Siam, 22s. 6d. to 26s. There are few West India molasses left at market; the last parcel sold at 21s. The new bounty begins the 5th of September.

**COFFEE.**—Nearly 2,000 casks of Jamaica were sold at full market prices, except a few lots of fine, ordinary, and middling, which sold rather lower. The Demerara Berbice coffee went off heavily, at rather lower prices; Dominica, 1s. lower; good old Brazil, 32s. 6d. By public sale, 226 casks; British plantation, 621 bags. East India, Java, and Sumatra sold rather lower—26s. 6d. to 29s. 6d. Jamaica, 1s. higher.

**RUM, BRANDY, HOLLANDS.**—There have been considerable parcels of Jamaica rum sold; fine about 3s. 2d., and favourite marks at 3s. 6d. Lewards are at rather lower prices; proofs to 5 over, 1s. 9d. Brandy is held with much firmness. Geneva is unvaried. Sales of Brandy are reported—parcels bought at 3s. 3d.; excellent at 3s. 4d. to 3s. 5d.

**HEMP, FLAX, AND TALLOW.**—The prices have advanced 3d. to 6d. per cwt.; the market is firm at the improvement. Hemp is rather lower; Flax is unvaried. Exchange, 10. 15. 32. Tallow, 96 to 96½.

*Course of Foreign Exchange.*—Amsterdam, 12. 7.—Rotterdam, 12. 7.—Antwerp, 12. 6.—Hamburgh, 14. 0.—Paris, 25. 90.—Bordeaux, 25. 90.—Berlin, 0.—Frankfort, on-the-Main, 154. 0.—Petersburg, 10½.—Vienna, 10. 14.—Madrid, 36. 0.—Cadiz, 36. 0½.—Bilboa, 36. 0.—Barcelona, 36. 0.—Seville, 36. 0.—Gibraltar, 41. 0½.—Leghorn, 48. 0.—Genoa, 25. 75.—Venice, 47. 0½.—Malta, 48. 0½.—Naples, 39. 0½.—Palermo, 119. 0.—Lisbon, 44. 0.—Oporto, 44. 0.—Rio Janeiro, 22. 0½.—Bahia, 29. 0.—Dublin, 1. 0½.—Cork, 1. 0½.

*Bullion per Oz.*—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars, £3. 17s. 9d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s. 0d.—New Dollars, £0. 4s. 9½d.—Silver in Bars (standard), £0. 4s. 11¾d.

*Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham CANAL, (¼ sh.) 291½.—Coventry, 850½.—Ellesmere and Chester, 90½.—Grand Junction, 286½.—Kennet and Avon, 29½.—Leeds and Liverpool, 462½.—Oxford, 635½.—Regent's, 23½.—Trent and Mersey, (¼ sh.), 760½.—Warwick and Birmingham, 284½.—London DOCKS (Stock), 79½.—West India (Stock), 192½.—East London WATER WORKS, 125½.—Grand Junction, 56½.—West Middlesex, 80½.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 10½.—Globe, 159½.—Guardian, 28½.—Hope Life, 7½.—Imperial Fire, 122½.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster chartered Company, 59½.—City, 191½.—British, 1½ dis.—Leeds, 195½.

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

*Announced from June 23d, to July 23d, 1830, in the London Gazette.*

## BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Ayles, T., Weymouth, ship-builder  
Pedrorena, M. de, South-street, Finsbury, merchant  
Spurrier, C., P. Joliff, and W. J. Spurrier, Poole, merchants  
Cooper, H., Threadneedle-street, merchant

Buckley, J., Ashton-under-Lyne, gingham-manufacturer

## BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month, 108.]

*Solicitors' Names are in Parenthesis.*

Athow, B., Little Farnham, grocer.  
(Dawson and Co., New Boswell-

court; Crickmay, Great Yarmouth  
Armstrong, G., Liverpool, linen-draper. (Chester, Staple-inn; Morecroft, Liverpool  
Ainsley, F., Doncaster, corn-factor. (Lever, Gray's-inn; Fisher, Doncaster  
Amos, T., Lemon-street, hat-maker. (Reynolds, Kingsland-road  
Brown, J. T., Bush-lane, wine-mer-



- chant. (Towne, Broad-street-buildings)
- Burks, C., Cateaton-street, merchant. (Hannington and Co., Carey-lane)
- Berncastle, S. N., and S. Solomon, Brighton and Lewes, jewellers. (Smith, Gordon-square)
- Bale, T., Manchester, innkeeper. (Cole, Serjeant's-inn; Dunville, Manchester)
- Brooks, S., Bal's Pond, nurseryman. (Bourdillon, Winchester-street)
- Briggs, J., Leeds, bricklayer. (Smithson and Co., New-inn; Kenyon, Leeds)
- Booth, R. Chisworth, cotton-spinner. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Hampson, Manchester)
- Burne, W., and L. C. Vane, Birchington, clothiers. (Corner, South-work)
- Bacon, J., Tonbridge-place, and Broad-street-buildings, Dresden-worker. (Parker, Gray's-inn)
- Briggs, J., Horsham, victualler. (Palmer and Co., Bedford-row)
- Barton, T. M., Eastwood, grocer. (Wolston, Furnival's-inn; Buttery, Nottingham)
- Beswick, S., Newington, Surrey, builder. (Waine, Gray's-inn)
- Barlow, M., Salford, publican. (Nias, Cophall-court; Nicholls, Manchester)
- Biggs, W., Twiverton, builder. (Williams, Gray's-inn; Watts and Son, Bath)
- Cusins, T., Little Brook-street, paper-hanger. (Metcalfe, Gray's-inn)
- Clarke, J., Aburgh, farmer. (Fairbank, Staple-inn; Carthew and Son, Arieson)
- Carter, E. T. B., Cardiff, brewer. (White, Lincoln's-inn)
- Chamberlain, T., Salisbury, victualler. (Jones, John-street; Bryant, Southampton)
- Cooper, T., East Dereham, merchant. (Ayton, Milman; Skipper, Norwich)
- Dale, T. W., Dorking, corn-factor. (Hall, Great James-street)
- Daniel, C. C., Norwich, grocer. (Austin, Gray's-inn; Staff, Norwich)
- Davis, W., Newbury, upholsterer. (Baker, Nicholas-lane; Baker, Newbury)
- Ellis, J., Chester, brewer. (Philpot and Co., Southampton-street; Fenchett and Co., Chester)
- Fisher, W., Whitehaven, draper. (Falcon, Temple)
- Garrett, C., West Lavington, mealman. (Williams, Gray's-inn; Watts and Son, Bath)
- Gorham, R., Woolwich, tallow-chandler. (Nokes and Co., Woolwich)
- Griffiths, W., Brecon, linen-draper. (Jenkins and Co., New-inn; Clarke and Son, Bristol)
- Gravenor, S., Spitalfields, hat-manufacturer. (Isaacs, Mansell-street)
- Gray, J., Berrymondsey, master-mariner and wine-merchant. Brookings and Co., Lombard-street
- Hubbard, Z., Kentish Town, flour-factor. (Church, Great James-street)
- Haskin, W., Quadrant, jeweller. (Orchard, Hatton Garden)
- Hopwood, J. J., Chancery-lane, auctioneer. (Hensman, Bond-court)
- Hallet, J., Lyme Regis, watch-maker. Copeland, Gray's-inn
- Hanbury, J., Bartlett's-buildings, warehouseman. (Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Higham, Mill-bridge, Leeds)
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- Panton, A., Oxford-street, bookseller. (Fisher, Castle-street)
- Paul, O., East Grinstead, glazier. (Palmer and Co., Bedford-row)
- Price, S., Lambeth, bookseller (late of the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane). (Galsworthy, Cook's-court)
- Poulter, J., Mary-le-bone, victualler. (Lloyd, Bartlett's-buildings)
- Pettit, H. J., Hastings, jeweller. (Burt, Lancaster-place)
- Philp, J., Broad-street, warehouseman. (Jones, Size-lane)
- Richardson, J. A., Adam-street, wine-merchant. (Tomlins, Staple-inn)
- Roberts, W., Stanningly, clothier. (Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Iee, Bradford)
- Ronald, R. W., and W. Browne, Liverpool, merchants. (Lowes, Temple)
- Roberts, W., Burford, corn-dealer. (Umney, Chancery-lane; Lee, Duckington, Oxon.)
- Rideout, T. H., Rochdale, linen-draper. (Fryson and Co., Lothbury)
- Swire, G., Norfolk-street, bookseller. (Paston and Co., St. Mildred's-court)
- Spriggs, H., Leicester, brace-manufacturer. (Jeyes, Chancery-lane; Graves and Co., Leicester)
- Smith, J., Bristol, innkeeper. (Evans and Co., Gray's-inn; Perkins, Bristol)
- Sedgwick, T., and J. Hearn, Billiter-street, merchants. (Spyer, Broad-street-buildings)
- Shuttleworth, J., Liverpool, farmer. (Armstrong, Staple-inn; Lord, Wigan)
- Spencer, W., Manchester, cotton-manufacturer. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Higson and Co., Manchester)
- Shawcro, S. J., Darcey-Lever, counterpane-manufacturer. (Appleby and Co., Gray's-inn)
- Sainthill, J., Tooley-street, millstone-merchant. (Piercy and Co., South-work)
- Spurrier, C., P. Joliffe, and W. J. Spurrier, Poole, merchants. (Teesdale and Co., Fenchurch-street)
- Shaw, H., Billericay, grocer. (Clutton and Co., Temple)
- Salom, B., Liverpool, jeweller. (Yates and Co., Bury-street)
- Searl, H., North Shields, wine-merchant. (Owen and Co., Mincing-lane)
- Tylecote, E., Great Haywood, surgeon. (Dickinson and Co., Gracechurch-street; Passman, Stafford)
- Tarbulk, J., Liverpool, builder. (Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn; Forrest and Co., Liverpool)
- Taylor, J., Bewdley, victualler. (Jenings and Co., Temple; Winnall, Stourport)
- Treharne, J., Cwmillethrig, farmer. (Poole and Co., Gray's-inn; Jones, Carmarthen)
- Tilney, T., sen., stone-mason. (Smithson and Co., New-inn; Kenyon, Leeds)
- Thomas, J., Carnarvon, cabinet-maker. (Norris and Co., John-street; Silcock, Liverpool)
- Taylor, W., Birmingham, currier. (Byrne, Cook's-court; Mole and Son, Birmingham)
- Taylor, F. H., Manchester, publican. (Jackson, New-inn; Clay and Co., Manchester)
- Tabberer, W., Great Wigston, timber-merchant. (Austin and Co., Gray's-inn)
- Thomas, E., Liverpool, builder. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row)
- Twort, D., Horsmonden, miller. (Hore, Serle-street; Jeffreys, Maidstone)
- Turnbull, W., Upper Grafton-street, music-seller. (Edwards, Mitre-court)
- Tomes, E., Bicester, grocer. (Amory and Co., Throgmorton-street)
- Tickle, H., Maryport, ironmonger. (Harris, King's-arms-yard; Thomson, Maryport)
- Turner, J., Godley, cotton-spinner. (Makinson and Co., Temple; Atkinson and Co., Manchester)
- Urwick, E., Cow Cross, victualler. (Rochford, Stones-end)
- Vann, R., Braunston, coal-merchant. (Fuller and Co., Carlton-chambers; Watislaw, Rugby)
- Voss, D., Upper Thames-street, lighterman. (Kirkman and Co., Cannon-street)
- Valentine, P., Bury, hardwareman. (Chilton and Co., Exchequer-office)
- Ward, W. J., Deptford, victualler. (Borradaile and Co., King's-arms-yard)
- Wood, W., Lambeth, victualler. (Langley, Clement's-inn)
- Wales, W., York, flax-dresser. (Copstable and Co., Symond's-inn; Jackman, York)
- Wheeler, J., King's-arms-yard, wine-merchant. (Evant, Gray's-inn)
- Walker, A., Wolverhampton, dealer. (Lowes, Temple)
- Wyatt, H., Acton Hill, farmer. (Clowes and Co., Temple)
- Yates, J., Otley, joiner. (Elakelock and Co., Serjeant's-inn; Nicholson and Co., Leeds)

## ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. L. Larking, to the Vicarage of Ryarsh, Kent.—Rev. D. Jones, to the Vicarage of Llandewi, Velfry, and Rectory of Crinew, Pembroke.—Rev. J. Hodge, to the Vicarage of Colhumpton, Devon.—Hon. Rev. C. Bathurst, to the Rectory of Southam, Warwick.—Rev. Lord T. Hay, to the Rectory of Rendlesham, Suffolk.—Rev. F. T. Attwood, to the Rectory of Butterleigh, Devon.—Revs. E. G. A. Beckwith, H. Butterfield, R. J. Waters, to be Minor Canons of St. Paul's Cathedral.—Rev. Dr. Monk is elected Bishop of Gloucester.—Rev. W. Hazel, to be head master of Portsmouth Grammar School.—Rev. H. B. Hall, to be head master of Risley Grammar School.—Rev. W. A. W. Keppel, to the Rectory of Brampton, Norfolk.—Rev. T. G. Penn, to Edington and

Chilton-super-Podden perpetual and augmented Curacies, Somerset.—Rev. E. J. Phipps, to Stoke Lane Curacy, Somerset.—Rev. J. Gunn, to be Chaplain to the Duke of Sussex.—Rev. T. B. Gwyn, to the Vicarage of St. Ishmael's, Carmarthen.—Rev. J. Gabbett, to the Curacy of Kils-cannell, Limerick.—Rev. T. C. Boone, to the Vicarage of Kensworth, Herts.—Rev. P. Hunt, to the Deanery of Peterborough.—Rev. J. T. Powell, to the Vicarage of Stretton, Dunsmore, Warwick.—Rev. G. Gleed, to the vicarage of Chalfort St. Peter's, Bucks.—Rev. E. O. Wingfield, to the Rectory of Tickencote, Rutland.—Rev. J. Lever, to the Vicarage of Tullamore, Meath.—Rev. J. Image, to Senior Fellowship of Dulwich College.

## CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

## CHRONOLOGY.

June 26. Prince William Henry, Duke of Clarence, proclaimed by the Lords spiritual and temporal of this realm, King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, by the name of William IV., assisted by his late Majesty's Privy Council, and numbers of other principal gentlemen of quality, with the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and citizens of London, assembled at St. James's Palace.

28. Earl Marshal's order for general mourning for George IV. published.

29. His Majesty sent the following message to both Houses of Parliament:—"WILLIAM R.—The King feels assured that the House of Lords entertains a just sense of the loss which His Majesty and the country have sustained in the death of His Majesty's lamented brother, the late King, and that the House of Lords sympathizes with His Majesty in the deep affliction in which His Majesty is plunged by this mournful event. The King, taking into his serious consideration the advanced period of the Session, and the state of the public business, feels unwilling to recommend the introduction of any new matter, which, by its postponement would tend to the detriment of the public service. His Majesty has adverted to the provisions of the law which decrees the termination of Parliament within an early period after the demise of the Crown, and His Majesty, being of opinion that it will be most conducive to the general convenience and to the public interests of the country, to call, with as little delay as possible, a new Parliament, His Majesty recommends to the House of Lords to concur in making such temporary provision as may be requisite for the public service in the interval that may elapse between the close of the present Session and the meeting of another Parliament."—Addresses were voted to His Majesty by both Houses.

July 3. The 57 criminals under sentence of death in Newgate were informed that all their lives would be spared by the merciful clemency of King William IV.

5. Abstract of the Net Produce of the Revenue

published, by which it appears that the decrease on last year was £690,980, and that of the last quarter £176,824.

8. Sessions commenced at the Old Bailey.

14. Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 10 convicts received sentence of death; 74 were transported, and several were ordered for imprisonment in the House of Correction.

15. The remains of his late Majesty George IV. were interred at Windsor, after having lain in state on that and the preceding day.

16. Addresses presented to the King by the two branches of the City of London Corporation.

21. Addresses from the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge presented to the King on his accession.

23. Parliament prorogued by His Majesty in person, who delivered the following most gracious speech:—

"*My Lords and Gentlemen*—On this first occasion of meeting you, I am desirous of repeating to you in person, my cordial thanks for those assurances of sincere sympathy and affectionate attachment which you conveyed to me on the demise of my lamented brother, and on my accession to the throne of my ancestors.—I ascend that throne with a deep sense of the sacred duties which devolve upon me; with a firm reliance on the affection of my faithful subjects, and on the support and co-operation of Parliament; and with an humble and earnest prayer to Almighty God, that he will prosper my anxious endeavours to promote the happiness of a free and loyal people.—It is with the utmost satisfaction that I find myself enabled to congratulate you upon the great tranquillity of Europe. This tranquillity it will be the object of my constant endeavours to preserve; and the assurances which I receive from my allies, and from all foreign powers, are dictated in a similar spirit.—I trust that the good understanding which prevails upon subjects of common interest, and the deep concern which every state must have in maintaining the peace of the world, will ensure the satisfactory settlement of those matters which still remain to be finally arranged.



"Gentlemen of the House of Commons—I thank you for the supplies which you have granted, and for the provision which you have made for several branches of the public service, during that part of the present year which must elapse before a new Parliament can be assembled. I cordially congratulate you on the diminution which has taken place in the expenditure of the country; on the reduction of the charge of the public debt; and on the relief which you have afforded to my people by the repeal of some of those taxes which have heretofore pressed heavily upon them.—You may rely upon my prudent and economical administration of the supplies which you have placed at my disposal, and upon my readiness to concur in every diminution of the public charges which can be effected consistently with the dignity of the crown, the maintenance of national faith, and the permanent interests of the country.

"My Lords and Gentlemen—I cannot put an end to this session, and take my leave of the present Parliament, without expressing my cordial thanks for the zeal which you have manifested on so many occasions for the welfare of my people.—You have wisely availed yourselves of the happy opportunity of general peace and internal repose, calmly to review many of the laws and judicial establishments of the country, and you have applied such cautious and well-considered reforms as are consistent with the spirit of our venerable institutions, and are calculated to facilitate and expedite the administration of justice.—You have removed the civil disqualifications which affected numerous and important classes of my people.—While I declare on this solemn occasion my fixed intention to maintain, to the utmost of my power, the Protestant reformed religion established by law; let me, at the same time, express my earnest hope, that the animosities which have prevailed on account of religious distinctions may be forgotten, and that the decision of Parliament, with respect to those distinctions, having been irrevocably pronounced, my faithful subjects will unite with me in advancing the great object contemplated by the legislature, and in promoting that spirit of domestic concord and peace which constitutes the surest basis of our national strength and happiness."

24. Parliament dissolved.

### MARRIAGES.

At St. Marylebone, E. Wilson, esq., to Anne Clementina, daughter of Lieut. General Sir T. S. Beckwith.—At Richmond, Rev. C. E. Kennaway, second son of Sir J. Kennaway, bart., to Emma, fourth daughter of the Hon. and Rev. G. T. Noel.—At Portsmouth, Capt. O. Gunning, R.N., fourth son of Sir G. Gunning, bart., to Mary Dora, fourth daughter of Commissioner Sir M. Seymour, bart.—Lord Clonbrock, to the Hon. Caroline Elizabeth Spencer, eldest daughter of Lord Churchill.—Earl of Buchan, to Miss Elizabeth Rae Hervey.—H. Heathcote, esq., son of Rear

Admiral Sir H. Heathcote, to Henrietta Maria, youngest daughter of R. B. Cooper, esq., M.P. Gloucester.—H. Tufnell, esq., to Anne Augusta, daughter of the Right Hon. Wilmot Horton, M.P.—Sir John Hayford Thorold, to Mrs. Dalton.—Robert, youngest son of Sir J. E. Harrington, bart., to Charlotte, youngest daughter of Lady Pulteney.—Lord Edward Thynne, son of the Marquess of Bath, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of W. Mellish, esq.—Rev. S. L. Sainsbury, to Georgiana, eldest daughter of Sir Wathen Waller, bart.—R. Burford, esq., to Miss Shepley.

### DEATHS.

At Kempsey, Lieut. Col. Ludovick Grant, 81.—Hon. and Rev. W. Beresford, youngest son of the late Archbishop of Tuam, and brother to Baron Decies.—Mr. Madrid, minister from the republic of Colombia.—Sir James Gardiner Baird, bart.—Captain Sir Thomas Legard, bart., R.N., 67.—Mrs. Anne Penn, 84, relict of the late T. Penn, esq., formerly governor, and one of the hereditary proprietors of Pennsylvania.—At Alveston, Lady Harriet, wife of Sir Gray Skipwith, bart.—At Durham, the lady of Lieut. General Siddons.—At Longdon, the Right Rev. Dr. H. W. Majendie, Bishop of Bangor, 76.—At Bath, Lady Catherine O'Donel, relict of Sir N. O'Donel, and sister to the Earl of Annesley.—At Edinburgh, 72, Barrymore, the veteran actor, after a comfortable retirement of several years.

### MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Florence, Hon. F. J. Stapleton, son of Lord Le Despencer, to Margaret, daughter of Lieut. General Sir G. Airey.—At Dieppe, M. de Meri, Baron de la Canergue, to Miss Isabella Lucy Johnson.

### DEATH ABROAD.

At Perugi, Hipolyto Bendo, aged 124, preserving his faculties to the last; he married a second wife when 101 years old, and lost the use of his limbs in 1822, in consequence of a fall. Pope Leo XII. settled a pension upon the veteran in 1825. He was abstemious in eating, but drank regularly six bottles of wine per day!—At his son's, near Evreux, Dr. Pinkstan James, M.D., of George-street, Hanover-square, aged 64. Dr. James was one of the Physicians Extraordinary to his late Majesty, and also Physician to the parish of St. George, Hanover-square. His son, G. P. R. James, esq., is the author of "Richelieu," and other works of great merit.

## MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

**YORKSHIRE.**—The ceremony of laying the first stone of the "Hull and Sulcoates Public Rooms" took place, June 28. The building is to be in the Grecian Ionic style of architecture, and will consist of a room for public meetings, concerts, &c. &c., dining and drawing rooms, with a library, and room also for lectures, a museum, and various other rooms for committees. The extent of the entrance front is 79 feet, of the southern front 142 feet.

The splendid tower of Whitby Abbey lately fell to the ground. It was 104 feet in height, and

from its elevated site, had long been a useful sea-mark, as well as a distinguished ornament to the surrounding neighbourhood. Although this event, from the decayed state of the pillars, has been long anticipated, yet it has excited among the inhabitants a deep feeling of regret, in which all the lovers of bold and picturesque scenery will participate.

June 29, the foundation-stone of the new church at Todmorton was laid in grand ceremony. The building is in the Gothic style, which prevailed at the end of the 12th and beginning of the

13th century. It will accommodate 1,250 persons—453 will be free sittings.

**WORCESTERSHIRE.**—Stoke Prior, where the rocks of salt have recently been discovered, is situated on the banks of the Worcester and Birmingham Canal, near to Bromsgrove; and it is already ascertained, that the rocks will produce upwards of 200,000 tons of salt per acre.—*Gloucester Journal*, July 17.

**NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.**—At these assizes four prisoners received sentence of death, and two of transportation, and a few others were ordered to be imprisoned.

**BERKS.**—There were 21 prisoners for trial at these assizes, 10 of whom were recorded for death.—At the last audited account of the Reading Savings' Bank the sum amounted to £81,012. 19s. 2d.

**OXFORDSHIRE.**—Sir J. A. Park, in the course of his charge to the Grand Jury at these assizes, referred to the late prize-fights which had disturbed the county, not, indeed, by their having taken place within its limits, but by the training and other preparations that took place at Chipping Norton and that neighbourhood, where great neglect had been shewn on the part of the magistrates and peace officers. That for himself he entertained the same opinions respecting the unlawfulness of prize-fighting which had been entertained by the distinguished Judge Ashhurst, the father of the present chairman of the county. That learned judge declared, that in the event of death occasioned by fighting, under such circumstances, he should consider it as Murder, and that for himself, in all cases of indictment brought before him, whether against the principals, or their aids and abettors, under whatever name, of backers, seconds, bottleholders, &c., he should take care that the law should be enforced to the utmost extent of its severity!!!—Five prisoners were recorded for death, and five transported, and a very few imprisoned.

**WARWICKSHIRE.**—At a meeting of the Political Council of the town of Birmingham, held July 13, T. Attwood, esq., in the chair, it was resolved unanimously, "That, in the opinion of this council, it is expedient in all cases wherein a member of the present Parliament presents himself to his constituents for re-election, that a strict account should be demanded from him on the hustings, of what he has done for his country? He should be asked, upon his honour as a gentleman, whether he does not believe that the statement is correct which has been made in Parliament, purporting that 154 individuals return a majority of the members of the House of Commons;\* and if so, he should be required to explain

\* Picture of the last patriotic House of Commons, by one of its own members.—"The mode of conducting business 'within doors' is quite worthy of the work when done. Night is turned into day for many excellent reasons. First, because actual sleep, or the clamours of those who want it, are sure to silence much opposition. Second, the arguments (if listened to) are sure not to be reported to the public after 12 o'clock, any more than if they were delivered on a Wednesday, when few members, and no reporters, will work at all; and why should they, when the slavery of the other four days in every week is enough to kill all but the strongest constitutions, which are not always accompanied by the strongest heads. The place, enter it when you will, looks more like a coffee-house than a council-house. Every man gossips with his neighbour, and often (as the most

why he has not supported the measures which are necessary for correcting such a corrupt, odious, and destructive state of the representation of the people. He should be required to explain why he has not brought forward or supported measures in Parliament for reducing the taxes, and expenses of the Government, and the rents of land, and the burdens of industry generally, in the same degree as they have been fraudulently and destructively increased by the surreptitious change which has been effected in the value of money. He should also be required to explain every vote that he has given against the interest of the people; and, above all things, he should be required to explain why he has remained silent and inactive while the reward of industry has been destroyed, while the cries of an impoverished and oppressed people have resounded on every side, and calamities the most afflicting, and dangers the most appalling, have been accumulating upon the nation, and threatening the foundations of society."

**HANTS.**—At the Midsummer sessions, the reports of the visiting justices of the several county prisons were read, and proved highly satisfactory in every respect, with only one exception, as to the County Bridewell, which appears to have been for some time in a very unhealthy state. In consequence of some alteration in the quality of the prisoners' diet, or from some other latent cause (for the fact could not be positively accounted for), the Scurvy had made its appearance in the prison to a dangerous extent. No death ensued in any instance, within the walls; but one individual survived his discharge but one day, and two others were sent away in a distressing condition. Immediate attention was paid to the malady, and proper remedies and regimen resorted to, with the most successful result. The prison hospital contains at present but three inmates, and every precaution has been taken to prevent a return of the disease. The calamity has excited the more attention, being the first instance of such a visitation in this prison or county for upwards of 30 years. As a proof of the generally healthy state of the prison, we have authority to say, that only 11 deaths have occurred there during the last five years and a quarter, out of nearly 3,000 individuals who have been confined there during that period, and of those 11, several died of diseases with which they were afflicted when sent there. The highest testimonials were adduced as to the healthy state of the prison, and the good conduct of its superintendants.

Upon hearing the treasurer's report as to the finances, a county rate was ordered of one penny in the pound.

In accordance with the feelings of the public, the Admiralty have abandoned the intention of

eloquent man in the house recently complained) louder than the person addressing it, while those whose duty it is to preserve order, neither enforce it by precept or example, being probably aware how much more their personal convenience and speedy emancipation is consulted by the habitual breach of decorum, than by the rigid observance of it. Besides, how could you induce your 'men of straw,' and 'your things of silk,' to remain and vote, if you deny them the right common to all the rest of the brute creation, of expressing their impatience under restraint? In brief, it is a place where the little good that can be effected is not adequate to the toil; where the triumphs of truth and justice bear no proportion to their discomfort, and where a minister, if unhappily so disposed, might be as arbitrary as he pleased; for whatever the Government may be, the House is ten times worse!!!"—E. D. DAVENPORT.



cutting down the Victory (so endeared to us by many associations) to a 74. Since it was understood this step was contemplated, the public have been loud in their lamentations that such a national object of interest should not be suffered to remain unaltered. She is to be fitted to receive the pendant of the Captain of the Ordinary (in lieu of the Prince); thus rendering the Victory an object of double interest; for whilst we shall look upon her with a mixed feeling of pride and melancholy, as the ship which bore the flag of the immortal Nelson at the glorious battle of Trafalgar, and in which he fell, we shall regard her as a nursery for our seamen, who will be stimulated to emulation by the remembrance that the ship in which they were early instructed in their duties, owed its celebrity to the bright renown of the departed hero.—*Portsmouth Paper*.

**DEVONSHIRE.**—On the proclamation of His Gracious Majesty William IV., on Tuesday last at Plymouth, the *Kent* hoisted (by order) the Commander-in-Chief's flag, and fired 41 guns, a short time after noon. When the seamen's dinner was ended, a deputation of the petty officers came on deck from the seamen, to solicit Captain Devonshire to permit them to drink the health of King William IV. in extra grogs on the quarter-deck, as he was the first blue-jacket King that ever reigned in England, which they did with enthusiastic cheers.—*Plymouth Paper*.

At the county sessions the calender contained a list of 60 offenders committed during the short space of three months, a fourth part of whom were under the age of 21.\*

**IRELAND.**—We have received an account from Limerick, written yesterday at three o'clock, which gives a frightful relation of the state of things there. It appears that at seven o'clock in the morning, a large mob of persons collected and seized some provisions from an open shop; this

outrage was the signal for a more general riot; the numbers increased to an alarming extent, and they proceeded to rob every provision store they came to; there is scarcely one in the whole city that has not been plundered. On the first breaking out of the riot, the shops were shut, but this proved no protection; they were broken open, and any thing like the destruction of property cannot be conceived—bread, flour, pork, and bacon were seen carrying off in all directions. Up to two o'clock in the afternoon this destruction was proceeding without being checked. Seven people, however, had been shot by individuals in protecting their property. At two o'clock, the provision stores being all ransacked, the mob commenced breaking into the spirit shops, and drinking to excess. Just as our correspondent closed his letter, stones had been thrown at the soldiers ordered out by the authorities, and they had consequently commenced firing.

June 21. The price of potatoes has risen in Ennis market to sixpence for the single stone. This is beyond the reach of many, and consequently the distress increases hourly. The state of the market on Saturday was a scene of the greatest confusion, and those who could not purchase a basket or load were left without a potatoe for the support of their families.\* In the country parts the potatoes are at famine price; many persons depending for support upon one meal in the day. The distress of the people in the neighbourhood of Ennistimon is extreme, and several gentlemen have made exertions to procure food for the people.

Potatoes have been very scarce in Galway for the last week. A deputation of the tradesmen of Galway waited on the magistrates on Wednesday, and gave a gloomy picture of the state of trade in that town. The tale they told was truly melancholy.

All the preceding information is extracted from the Dublin papers, June 26.

\* The chairman (Mr. Lyon) said, he mentioned this melancholy fact, for the purpose of expressing his regret that there did not exist in this country a more prompt and summary mode of dealing with juvenile delinquents, which the present state of mankind seemed imperatively to call for. He felt that he should be wanting in his duty as a magistrate, and particularly in the situation he had been chosen to fill at that time in that court, were he not to mention it, and to say farther, that no method appeared more likely to effect the intended end than the almost instant assembling of juries before some competent person or persons, and on or near the spot where the offence had been committed, so that punishment should not only closely follow on the heels of the offence, but, that the law might be carried into effect before their fellows, and in the view of others similarly ill disposed, rather than as now by transmittal to the county prisons, to cause an interval of months to elapse, in which not only the example was lost sight of at home, but the character of the offender farther deteriorated, by mixture with, and it was to be feared greater contamination from the example and instruction of, older offenders; for, he was compelled to admit, that whenever these accumulations of vice came in contact, the utmost vigilance could not deter the *old* practitioner from imparting to the *young* a knowledge of the methods in use among themselves when at large for preying on mankind, and thus the youthful offender, who had probably been previously removed but a single step from the paths of virtue and of honesty, emerged, from the confinement that was intended to reclaim him, with a character completely vitiated!!!

\* At a meeting of the inhabitants of Kilmore Erris, held this day, at Binghamstown, for the purpose of devising means to alleviate the present unexampled sufferings of the poor, the following resolutions were carried unanimously:—That the population of the Barony of Erris exceeds five thousand families; of which one-half at least are at this moment in a state of starvation, owing to extreme poverty, want of employment, and the present high rate as well as scarcity of provisions. That this extensive district contains no internal resource whence to derive any adequate relief upon this most trying and melancholy occasion. That for the last fortnight the greater part of the labouring classes had little subsistence besides green herbage from the fields, with weeds and shell-fish from the shores. That in the event of our petition to Government not being attended to, the Rev. Mr. Lyons be respectfully solicited to proceed without delay to England, and endeavour to call attention there to the heart-rending condition of the peasantry of Erris. That, in the meantime, a subscription be opened, and an active committee appointed to apportion such relief as may be obtained from time to time with economy and strict impartiality amongst the poor, according to their respective families and necessities. That James M'Donogh, esq., be requested to act as secretary and treasurer to the committee, and that he communicate these resolutions with as little delay as possible to all persons who are likely to sympathize with, and contribute to, the relief of the suffering population of Erris. Wm. Everard, Chairman; J. Nugent, R.N., Secretary.—*Binghamstown, 3d July, 1830.*

THE  
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POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND THE BELLES LETTRES.

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[No. 57.]

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THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF JULY, 1830.

WE are rejoiced at the expulsion of the Bourbons. We are no worshippers of the mob, no lovers of the impudent and vulgar brawlers, who run from one diseased corner of the land to another, and in each and all increase and embitter the disease. Our contempt is not lessened, but augmented, when those brawlers are men above the condition of earning their contemptible pittance by the arts of this mendicant popularity. But we are rejoiced that justice has been done; that a dynasty has fallen, which neither adversity, the school of princes, could school; nor prosperity, the fertilizer of the human heart, could warm to honour or generosity; to which personal gratitude could not teach forbearance, nor royal faith teach the keeping of their compact with the nation. We rejoice that a King, who dipped his hands in the blood of his subjects, should stand forth as a warning to mankind! and we trust that Europe may be saved from the violence of many a Military Tyrant by the cheap sacrifice of a single Fool!

Excepting our own consummate revolution of 1688, (a revolution consecrated to the British heart, however now insulted and profaned!) there never has been a great popular movement, so just, so manfully carried on, so comprehensively executed, and brought to a close with so much dignity and moderation. The king struck the first blow in the presence of France: his decrees were a haughty and intolerable demand of the liberty of Thought, the liberty of Person, and the liberty of Purse. No Sovereign of Europe, even in all the frenzy of military pride, ever made so defying and contemptuous an attack on his people. In the worst act of tyranny there had always been a little reserve; some remaining deference for the common feelings of man, if not for the semblance of character. But Charles X. spoke out at once, "You shall have no charter. You shall have no parliament, but a packed one! You shall have no liberty of the press, but to fawn upon the king, and delude the people."

Yet, in all the annals of infatuation, never was infatuation like his. While the utterer of the words thought he had but to stamp on the



ground and shake France, the ground teemed with materials of ruin. His own hand flung the match into the mine, and the explosion extinguished and swept away him and his race for ever.

Whether the revolution will pause on the height which it has gained ; or whether it will struggle to ascend into some higher region of barren metaphysical government, and take for its guides the republican and atheistic adventurers, who so speedily, in 1797, flung France down into the hands of the fiercest despotism of the modern world, are questions which are to be resolved only by the result. But one conclusion is irresistible ; that if Charles Xth's decrees had been carried into execution, not only Paris, but all France, must have rapidly become a theatre of chains and blood ; that the popular spirit would have been persecuted, until every village had its Bastille, its scaffold, and its massacre ; that if the people were successful, the desperate memories of such a time would have inflamed them into ungovernable rage, and sent them like the mad dog, furious, and rushing with their venom through all Europe ; while if the throne, in some hidden wrath of heaven against earth, triumphed, the liberty of nations might count its existence by hours. The example of success in France would stimulate the lurking evil in the breast of all the conspirators against freedom ; with the great idol erected in the heart of France, a hundred idols would be affiliated, until the Moloch of military tyranny reigned, and its rites were celebrated by flinging the miserable multitude into the flames of all its altars.

It is now beyond all denial, and it is scarcely attempted to be denied, that the French king's intention to overthrow the constitution was known to powerful individuals on the continent long before the experiment was made. Whether it were urged ; or discountenanced, only for a more fitting opportunity ; whether, with that diplomatic art, which makes the name of diplomacy scandalous, the advice was withheld, though the hint was given, are matters whose revelation cannot be remote, and when it comes, will mark many a proud head for scorn. But the great question which Englishmen must ask is, whether the British cabinet were aware of the plot ? and being aware, willingly suffered it to make progress to its fearful catastrophe ? If his Grace of Wellington and his clerks were in the dark upon such a subject, what are we to think of their sagacity ? What is the use of the £50,000 a year secret service money ? What is the use of my Lord Stuart's £12,000 a year, besides "outfit, house, allowances," and the other unaccountable items that make up the price of that *polite* and *virtuous* noble Lord's services ? What is the value of our having a troop of diplomatic coxcombs sauntering through the purlieus of the Palais-Royal, and making themselves the scorn of one half of the population, and the dupes of the other ?

But if the British Cabinet *did* know it, what are we to think of *them* ? What may be the essential texture of a cabinet minister's brains, such as they are in the year 1830, we have no desire to examine. But if we took the first dozen men we met in the street, and asked them what must be the consequence of an attempt of the French King to extinguish the charter ? The answer would inevitably be "Blood !—the people will go to war with the government soon or late. If they attack the government at once, and by main force, or if they oppose it in detail and at intervals, in all cases there will be blood. For the people *will* resist, and vengeance *will* be let loose on both sides, until either tyranny triumphs, and the example of the French is a stronghold for tyranny all over

Europe, or the people overturn the royal power, and France is a republic, at the head of a continent of republics !”

This would, to demonstration, have been the working of a civil war sustained with any equality of vigour on both sides ; but the people of Paris settled the grand question at a blow, found the conquest too easy to excite them into serious rage, and saw the Bourbon pageant too easily stripped of its plumage, to feel much alarm at once again making the experiment of a king.

But this was a chance which lay totally beyond conjecture. The course of nature was for a long struggle, or the sudden extinction of right by force ; and this a British cabinet, that deserved the name, would have foreseen and would have provided for.

We are no friends to petulant interference with Foreign Courts, but when the follies of that court obviously threaten to draw down ruin on every other, such follies become crimes against Europe, and it is the simplest assertion of the right of self-defence to interfere. If our neighbour piles a magazine of gunpowder in his house, and walks about, playing with a firebrand, we have the clearest right in the world to warn the fool that he endangers us as well as himself, and take the firebrand out of his hand. If the English Ministry, knowing that this fantastic old king was preparing a measure which must shake Europe to its centre, and which at this hour affrights every continental king with the fear of overthrow, and stimulates every continental people to the frenzy of insurrection, yet took no step, nothing remedial, nothing in the way of serious remonstrance—for they must not escape under cover of surmises and recommendations—then we shall know what to think of the cabinet ! A single decided notification of the alarm of England at the measure, would have startled the French government into a sense of its hazard. There would have been no necessity for going to war on the subject ; not a single sloop, nor a single corporal’s guard the more, need have been added to our establishment. The few words, “ the British Ambassador will be withdrawn !” would have strangled the design in its birth, would have saved the hideous convulsions of Paris, and would have rescued Europe and England from the innumerable hazards which spring, full armed, out of the declared triumph of the multitude.

True ; if the English Cabinet knew nothing on the subject, we must of course exonerate them from the crime of looking with composure on the most guilty attempt of despotism within European history, and the preparations for a convulsion of which no man can now predict the limits, or circumscribe the evil.

But, if they were ignorant on the point, it is plain that they do not read the newspapers. In a letter from Paris, in the *John Bull*, dated so far back as the 20th of January, we find this paragraph :—

“ The Ministry, like the circle of the compass, is true to the crown, the charter, and the people. *Clamour does not affect, nor opposition intimidate them. They owe a duty to France, and they will fulfil it.* Those who represent them as *enemies to the charter*, neither know their principles nor desires. Those who represent them as *enemies to the freedom of the Press*, are violent and intemperate demagogues. The party opposed to them threaten an insolent address to the king, requiring their dismissal—and the refusal of the budget in case their wishes should not be respected. As to the address—if it be insolent, *the king will dissolve the chambers ;*—and as to the refusal of the budget, if that step should be



taken, France would execrate her representatives, and return to a *new chamber a royalist majority.*"

Here, setting aside the verbiage, which seems borrowed from the *Moniteur*, we have the whole project distinctly laid down. There is, the admission that the government is charged first, with *hostility to the charter*, and next, to the *freedom of the press*! The persons who charge it with those offences are plainly pronounced violent and intemperate demagogues. Events, however, have tolerably wiped away that imputation.

But then comes the Cabinet declaration, that if the deputies present an insolent address, requesting the dismissal of ministers, those deputies will be instantly cashiered, the parliament being dissolved. Or, if they take another way, and without presenting the insolent address, refuse to accede to the budget, or refuse to raise taxes for the purpose of enslaving the people, then a *royalist* majority will be contrived; which, as it could not be provided for by the old style of election, must be provided for by a new, namely, a subversion of the form prescribed by the charter. Thus, let what would come, the charter was to be crushed. Whether the Ministers of England had ever read this paper, or ever read any thing but the list of boroughs and *sure* votes, must remain in their own bosoms. But here was the knowledge perfectly at their service; and the fact is, that every journal in France and England talked of the king's intention to overturn the French parliament, if he could not make it submissive. It is, too, a curious instance of the fierce activity that folly can sometimes exhibit, to see the French king disdaining to wait for even what he had avowed as the necessary provocation. The deputies did not present the insolent address, nor stop the budget; for they never met. The hand of power was impatient to grasp the charter, and it asked no other excuse than its having 15,000 troops within beat of drum. The *Press* was the only ground which it could discover, to make out even the semblance of a case; and on the strength of its having discovered that the French writers were troublesome, and the liberty of thought inconvenient to the ministerial process of managing kingdoms, war was declared against the nation, thousands of lives were sacrificed, all France was put in a ferment of revolution, and all Europe is, at this moment, dreading in what quarter the burst of popular vengeance shall first rise to throw the world into confusion.

The details of the revolution will yet form one of the most striking features of history.—On Saturday, July 24, a French newspaper first slightly announced, that there was an immediate intention to issue "*ordonnances*" hostile to the charter. But, as the information was restricted to this paper, it was disregarded. On Sunday the 25th, the king held a court, at which he received the ambassadors as usual. At this court the royal signature was given, and the *ordonnances* were handed over to the *Moniteur*.

We have already asked whether the British Cabinet did or did not know the parricidal designs of the French one? But we have superabundant proof that the Polignacs had long meditated the crime. It is many months since Cottu, a lawyer, and one of those beings whose pen is ready to advocate any thing, wrote a pamphlet *De la Nécessité d'une Dictature*; the object of which was to abolish the law of elections and the liberty of the press, the whole spirit of the charter; concluding with the advice, that the crown should, without delay, establish a *Dictatorship*! an absolute despotism!

But the experiment would have been only half made, if it had been confined to France and the lawyer. The *Quarterly Review* of May last was honoured with an article on the subject, which has been subsequently said to have been forced upon the acknowledged editor. The palpable object of this article was to try how far an improvement "from the French" would be relished here. The writer observes, that "France had not yet succeeded in forming a constitutional government—that the French were incapable of a constitutional government—that they had the great public misfortune of not being able to respect and cherish ancient prejudices and customs, *merely because they were venerable!*—and that, in the struggle, it would be altogether the better that the king should gain the day!"

So much for the British feeling of this slave! So much for eagerness of money acting on the heart of a place-hunting menial! But we have a flourishing recapitulation still.

"We therefore *hope and trust*," says this high-spirited writer, "that the king and his present ministers may succeed, if such be their object, in *establishing a censorship* on the press; and likewise in acquiring so decided a preponderance in the chamber of deputies, that its existence, as an *independent body*, capable of bearding the monarchy, as it has recently done, shall be no longer recognized. This, we own, will be a virtual *abolition of the charter*, but the question is obviously reduced to this—shall the monarchy, which is suitable to the country, be overthrown? or shall the charter, which, in every possible view, is unsuitable to it, be abrogated?"

So much for the opinion of a public journal two months ago. But, of course, the government were innocent of all knowledge on the subject.

The whole of this matchless argument is, that the French, having no conception of what is good for them, Charles the Tenth was to manage the matters in his own style; that the French, having let Charles the Tenth ascend the throne in virtue of a charter, to which he *swore*; they were to look on with complacency while he broke his oath and abolished the compact under which he was a monarch; and, finally, that the liberty of the press being one of the primary stipulations of that compact, and a stipulation without which no liberty of any kind can be secure, it was to be *hoped and trusted* that Charles the Tenth would succeed in destroying the liberty of the press.

Now, what is all this advice, but to stimulate the breaking of faith, the violation of the most solemn oaths, and the extinction of all hope of rational freedom in France? Yet, it is more, it is the suggestion of bloody execution on the people of France; for from the irritated feeling which the people from one end of that immense and crowded country to the other exhibited ever since the commencement of the Polignac administration, no man with a grain of common sense could doubt that the nation would resist; and that if despotism was "to gain the day," it must be on the field of battle, or on the scaffold.

But what were the circumstances under which the French constitution was formed? In 1814, on the first entrance of the Allies into Paris, proclamations of the Emperor Alexander, and of Prince Schwarzenburg, as commander-in-chief, were issued, March 31, calling on the French to form a Provisional Government and a Constitution. The



Conservative Senate assembled, April 6, and drew up the Charter, in which the chief articles were—

“1. The French Constitution is monarchical and hereditary, from male to male, in the order of primogeniture. The French people call freely to the throne Louis Stanislaus Xavier de France, brother of the last king, and after him the other members of the house of Bourbon in the ancient order.”

“5. The king, the senate, and the legislative body concur in the making of laws.”

“9. Each department sends a deputy, and they shall be chosen by the electoral bodies, which shall be preserved, with the exception of the changes which may be made by a law in their organization.”

“23. *The Liberty of the Press is entire*, with the exception of the legal repression of offences which may result from the abuse of that liberty.”

“Louis Stanislaus Xavier shall be proclaimed king of the French, as soon as he shall have signed and sworn by an act stating, ‘I accept the constitution—I swear to observe it and cause it to be observed!’”

The Count d’Artois, too, was especially a party to this compact, for, on the dissolution of the Provisional Government, April 14, and his taking the government on himself until the arrival of his brother, the decree of the senate was presented to him as a preliminary; when he declared, that, “though he himself had taken cognizance of the constitution, he had not received power from his brother to accept it; though as he knew his sentiments, he could assure them that the king would accept the bases!” Those bases he then declared to be,—the principles of a representative government divided into two branches, liberty of the press, and liberty of worship.

Louis XVIII. accepted those declarations in a more detailed and formal manner, May 2, before he was received in Paris as Monarch, admitting that he was recalled “by the love of his people.” It is not to be forgotten that the right of the French people to form a free constitution was solemnly declared by the Allied Sovereigns, and that they were promised “the guaranty of the Sovereigns to the Constitution which they formed;” that, in fact, French liberty was a compact not merely of the king with the people, but of all Europe with the people, and Charles X. is not merely a breaker of faith with the French, but an assailant of the whole body of the Allied Monarchs, the protectors of the Constitution. But he has fallen; and so fall all who would follow his example!

In the *Moniteur* of Monday, July 26, the memorable “Ordonnances” appeared; and they fell like a thunderbolt on the people. They were in the shape of three decrees. By the first, the liberty of the press was declared at an end; and no journals were to be published except those directly under the controul of government. By the second, the Chamber of Deputies was dissolved (even before it had met). And by the third, the whole election law was changed. To the maintenance of all which privileges Charles X. had pledged himself as prince, and sworn as king.

This “ordonnance” was not for reform, but for extinction; not to rectify the disorders of the Charter, but to extinguish it; not to modify a constitution, but to make a tyranny. It was power trusting to the sword for its success; a tyrant proclaiming war against a people!

The first announcement of the decrees produced universal consternation. No man in Paris had conceived that all the folly of the Bourbons, or all the insolence of a mad ministry, could have been worked up to such a pitch of mingled imbecility and insanity. The public life of the capital was instantly at a stop. Business of all kinds was paralyzed. Men ran in terror, at the impending loss of their property, to sell out of the funds: they found the doors of the offices closed. Merchants and manufacturers sent for their money to the banks. There was not a bank open in all Paris—every shop was shut. The streets were soon crowded by the multitude of discharged workmen; printers, whose presses were stopped; the servants and attendants of the shops, and all in the most extraordinary agitation. The city wore a funereal look, and the multitude strayed through the streets from the morning till the evening, with a look of the deepest depression. The storm was evidently at hand. It was soon known that large bodies of troops, the Swiss, the gardes du corps, and artillery, with some regiments of the line, had been ordered under arms, and that 15,000 men were ready to put down the people.

On Tuesday the catastrophe ripened rapidly. The chief journals refused to publish: three or four of the minor ones published without waiting for the king's licence; their houses were entered, and their presses destroyed. In one or two instances, resistance was made to the *gend'armes*, who fired in return, and blood was shed.

The infatuation and heartlessness of the royal family were conspicuous during this eventful period. There seems to have been no attempt to retract, when it was obvious they could not proceed without massacre. The old king is said to have spent Monday sparrow-shooting, and Tuesday card-playing, even while the roar of the artillery, mowing down his subjects, was in his ears!

On Tuesday, it was ascertained that Marmont, the most obnoxious of all the marshals to the people, was appointed commandant of the troops in Paris, and from this it was augured that the most desperate extremities were resolved on. The popular feeling was only the more exasperated. About the middle of the day troops were marched down the Boulevards as far as the gate of St. Denis, and small detachments were posted in the Rue St. Honoré, the Place Louis XV., Place Vendôme, and other important points.

On the part of the people the irritation only became more decided; occasional shots were exchanged between them and the troops, and several fell on both sides. The Tuilleries was the head-quarters of Marmont, and he now prepared to clear its neighbourhood for the night. Crowds had gathered in the Palais-Royal during the day, and troops were sent to clear it early in the evening, as it lies within a few hundred yards of the palace. The first detachment which attempted to drive out the people was considerably opposed, though rather by threats and murmurings than any actual resistance. It is said that the officer, a captain, in command of the first patrol, who exhibited some humane unwillingness to fire, was shot by his own subaltern; and the company falling into the command of this assassin, was instantly ordered to fire, which it did into the crowd. After some tumult, in which pistols were fired by the people at the soldiery, the Palais-Royal was cleared before dusk, the gate closed, and the whole area made a quarter for the troops during the night.



But the most serious rencontre of the day took place in the meantime on the Boulevard, near the St. Denis gate. The crowd rushing from the Palais-Royal in the beginning of the affray, poured down the Rue Vivienne into the Boulevard. There they were met by the multitude coming up from the Marais, and the Faubourg St. Antoine, the manufacturing quarters of Paris; whose artizans have been always formidable in the French insurrections, and who having been dismissed by their masters, and out of work all day, were ready for any desperate enterprise. This new current encountering the retreating crowd, forced them back upon the military, and a conflict of some severity occurred; during which, artillery were fired, cavalry charged, and a considerable number of lives were lost on both sides. But the people were still very imperfectly armed; the chief part having nothing but pikes, knives, or clubs, and the greater part of the fire-arms being old muskets taken from the theatres and warehouses, fowling-pieces from the gunsmith's shops, and pistols belonging to private individuals, long unused, and of course comparatively ineffective. But the crowd were daring, and in the face of the soldiers posted in the Rue St. Honoré, shouted out, '*Vive la Charte!*' the answer to which was generally a volley. The garde-royale were the most active on the occasion. The troops of the line were evidently disinclined to come to extremities with the people, though in various instances, when they were pressed upon, they fired. The loss of life during the various skirmishes of the day was considerable, and the horrid spectacle of the dead and wounded carried home by their friends with their wounds streaming, raised the rage of the city to the fiercest determination. The day had been intolerably sultry, and by some extraordinary neglect, the troops, already under arms during twelve hours, seem to have been left almost totally without food, of which they complained bitterly.

The firing closed with the evening, and except an occasional shot, the city seemed quiet. But the people stood at their doors in anxious groupes; men, women and children, talking over the events of the day. Some in tears for the loss of their friends; some in terror for the military vengeance to come; but all indignant at the king, the ministers, and the Swiss Guards.

The insurrection now seemed to have died away. But Marmont's sagacity omitted no precaution: cannon were planted in the Place de Carusel, and the Place Louis XV., commanding the front and rear of the Tuilleries; the Pont Royal to the south was guarded, and the Boulevard on the north was planted with patrols.

But in the midst of apparent quietude, this was the night of activity on the part of the citizens, which decided the great contest. It is probable that they were now for the first time joined by the leading persons, who, both as deputies and soldiers, were marked for ministerial suspicion, and who it may well be surmised, if the ministers triumphed, would have been before now in chains or in exile. There were evident symptoms of sagacious guidance in the conduct of the multitude during the night of Tuesday, and the various struggles of the day following. The pavements were dug up, and formed into piles across the narrow streets, which were thus made impassable by cavalry, and highly hazardous even to infantry. Stones were collected on the roofs of the houses, and every contrivance was adopted that could make an entrance into the interior of the city a desperate operation.

But the most effectual effort of the night, or rather the morning, was the seizure of the arsenal. By that fatuity which characterised the conduct of the government from the beginning, a large magazine of arms had been left exposed to the first attack. At two in the morning of Wednesday the 28th, a body of the people rushed to this building, easily overpowered the feeble guard, seized the arms and distributed them through the city. But they were soon attacked in the arsenal by an overpowering force, and after a long defence, which is calculated to have cost five hundred killed and wounded on both sides, the troops became masters of the arsenal. But their victory was too late. The arms were already in the hands of the thousands of daring men, who were, before that day was done, to use them with deadly success for the overthrow of their masters. The Hôtel-de-Ville had also been taken possession of in the night, and filled with armed men. In this busy night, too, the National Guard, which had been disbanded two years ago by the king, gathered its remnants together, put on its faded habiliments, burnished its rusty muskets, and showed itself boldly at the head of the people.

Part of the forenoon was quiet, and was said to be spent in an ineffectual attempt by Lafitte and others, who had now come forward openly in the popular cause, to negotiate with Marmont at the Louvre. His answer was, that, as a soldier, he must do his duty, but that he would see Polignac on the subject. On referring the matter to Polignac, the answer was peremptory, "That it was impossible to withdraw the ordonnances!" Then replied Lafitte, "You proclaim civil war!" and retired. The last interposition between these madmen and their fate was done; and the military immediately marched to force the Hôtel-de-Ville. The building is one of those huge and massive fabrics of stone which are so common in Paris, and which a few hours' labour could convert into a tolerable fortress. The Swiss troops were chiefly engaged here, and the attack cost a great many lives. The Hôtel-de-Ville was taken and re-taken, but the Swiss remained masters of it during the night. However the success was of little value, for the soldiery dared not pursue the people into the surrounding streets. The barricades were formidable, the roofs were covered with the inhabitants ready to throw down stones, and every thing that could do injury, even aquafortis, by which some of the troops were severely burnt; and a heavy firing was kept up from the windows. The nature of the streets themselves in this quarter makes them hazardous even in the quietest times. This narrowness, crookedness, and darkness, the roughness of the pavement, the total want of footway, and the perpetual filth, make them frightful to the English eye. But nothing can be better contrived for an insurrection, and the traveller can scarcely look round on the squalid and wild looking populace, and the gloomy and enormous houses of blackened stone, without imagining that he treads in the very birth-place of popular insurrection.

But the encounters on all the principal points were severe, and generally to the disadvantage of the troops. Old Lafayette was now announced as the commandant of the people, and General Gerard, an officer of great distinction, served under him, and directed the chief attacks. The firing continued heavily for some hours during the middle of the day, but towards evening it again slackened. The result, however, was different from that of the dubious success of Tuesday. The troops were worsted on almost every point, and they spent the night



bivouacked closely round the Tuilleries. It is still difficult to ascertain the slaughter of this bloody day. But it has been said that the attack and defence of the Hôtel-de-Ville alone, costs upwards of a thousand lives. The troops were now completely worn out by excessive fatigue, and evidently dispirited by the hopelessness of success, if not by the more honorable disgust to the horrid nature of the service. Two regiments of the line showed this aversion nobly, by first refusing to fire on the people, and then by walking over and joining them. A number of peasantry from the neighbouring villages joined the citizens in the course of the day, and by night-fall there were supposed to be fifty thousand men in arms against the Government, with every point in their possession, (except the Hôtel-de-Ville, and the Tuilleries) with the Boulevard blocked up with trees, waggons, and omnibuses; and the interior streets completely inaccessible by troops.

At this time, Marmont appears to have justly looked on the prospect as hopeless, and orders were given for moving the military to St. Cloud, to protect the King. But Thursday had scarcely dawned when the people were once more in motion, and now elated by their triumph, they rushed to complete it by the storm of the Tuilleries. They found the Swiss and the Life Guards still there, and the firing was sustained with some briskness for awhile. But the troops were gradually withdrawn, the people pushed on, and at length the tri-coloured flag hoisted on the palace gave the crowning proof that the day of the Bourbons was done!

The seizure of the palace afforded another instance of the singular spirit of moderation which guided the people through the whole of those transactions. The troops had remained for a considerable time in the Tuilleries, and the assailants might be supposed to feel some exasperation from their defence; yet there was none of the barbarity that belongs to the passions of the multitude. There was no cold-blood slaughter, and but little slaughter of any kind. Though the palace might be presumed obnoxious, as the residence of the King; and an object of popular cupidity from its precious furniture and other valuables; yet no plunder took place, no destruction, and even scarcely any of that mob mischief which might be committed in sport; the chief sign of havoc being the cutting up of Marmont's picture in the Hall of the Marshals, which was pierced with innumerable swords, a few window curtains divided into stripes, to decorate the persons of the warriors of the Faubourg St. Antoine, and a few bottles of wine gaily drunk by the visitors.

When we contrast this trivial injury with the horrid homicides and plunder of the 10th of August, 1792, or of any of the periods of the Revolution, we must either believe that the French have changed their character, or, take the more probable solution, that they were under careful and attentive guidance.

The King was now undone: the events of Thursday, the 29th, decided the question of his remaining on the throne—but still he could not comprehend the nature of his situation. About four thousand troops were concentrated round St. Cloud, and the King and the Duc d'Angoulême rode among their ranks, and probably conceived some hope of restoration—but their Parisian victors were not inclined to slumber on their victory. On Friday they made a reconnoissance of the position of St. Cloud, and would have probably stormed it on the next morning,

except for the evidence that the King was about to make his retreat from the neighbourhood. Charles X., previously to leaving St. Cloud, abdicated the crown, for himself and his son, in favour of the Duc de Bourdeaux.

The Deputies had been active in the mean while, for they had drawn up a form of provisional government, and appointed the Duke of Orleans Lieutenant-General of the kingdom. The doubts now were, which direction the King would take: if by the great northern road, he might be presumed to be turning towards Holland or England, a harmless direction; but if by the west, he would have the road to the Vendée open, and by the south, the garrisons of those towns where the Bourbon interest was still supposed strongest. The southern provinces were apparently his first object, for he moved to Versailles. There, however, he found the spirit of the people against him, and he removed still further, to Rambouillet. The fugitive troops had now considerably increased in number, and were supposed to amount to fifteen thousand. The confidence of the exiles now grew again, and they prepared to make a stand; the King withdrew the stipulations offered on Sunday, the 1st; the Parisian commissioners, the Dukes of Treviso and De Coigny, the Sieurs Jaqueminot, Barbot, de Schoner, and O'Dillon, however, proceeded, on a second message from the King, and the result was a letter to the Duke of Orleans, and a formal abandonment of the throne. This measure was universally attributed to the known intention of the Parisians to march forty thousand men to Rambouillet, and teach the exiles the reality of their fall.

On Thursday, August 3, the Duke of Orleans, in his new capacity of Lieutenant-General, opened the Chambers, accompanied by his son, his Duchess, and the rest of his family. The Duke's speech touched generally on the affairs of France.

"Peers and Deputies,—Paris disturbed by a deplorable violation of the charter and the laws, defended them with heroic courage.—The wishes of my fellow citizens turned towards me.—The cause appeared to me to be just, the dangers immense, the necessity imperative, my duty sacred.—I think it right immediately to call your attention to the organization of the National Guards, the application of the jury to the crimes of the press, the formation of the department and municipal administrations, and to the 14th article of the Charter, which has been so shamefully misrepresented."

Such are the heads of this compact which the Duke of Orleans entered into with the nation, as lieutenant-general, or temporary governor.

A not less important document was, immediately after, transmitted by the commissioners sent to treat with the King.

"TO THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.

"*Rambouillet, Aug. 2, 1830.*

"MY COUSIN—I am too profoundly grieved by the evils which afflict or might threaten my people, not to have sought a means of preventing them. I have therefore taken the resolution to abdicate the crown in favour of my grandson the Duke de Bourdeaux. The Dauphin, who partakes my sentiments, also renounces his rights in favour of his nephew. You will have, then, in your quality of Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, to cause the accession of Henry V. to the crown to be proclaimed. You will take besides all the measures which concern you to regulate the forms of the Government during the minority of the new King. Here I confine myself to making known these dispositions; it is a means to avoid many evils. You will communicate my



intention to the diplomatic body ; and you will acquaint me as soon as possible with the proclamation by which my grandson shall have been recognized King of France, under the name of Henry V. I charge Lieutenant-General Viscount de Froissac-Latour to deliver this letter to you. He has orders to settle with you the arrangements to be made in favour of the persons who have accompanied me, as well as the arrangements necessary for what concerns me and the rest of my family. We will afterwards regulate the other measures which will be the consequences of the change of the reign. I repeat to you, my cousin, the assurances of the sentiments with which I am your affectionate cousin,

“ CHARLES.

LOUIS-ANTOINE.”

This instrument was sufficient, so far as it decided the fact of the King's abdication. But the Duke of Bourdeaux's accession was not equally palatable to the men who had conquered the tyranny. They must have felt that the first act of any member of the dynasty would be to avenge himself on the opponents of the Bourbons, and they naturally resolved to put this vengeance out of their power. It was speedily done. The deputies offered the crown to the Duke of Orleans. He accepted it, and on Saturday, August 7th, at six in the evening, he was saluted King in the Chamber of Deputies, by the title of “ Louis Philippe the First, King of the French.” He then rose and pronounced the oath, in a sonorous voice, and with remarkable dignity and solemnity.

“ In the presence of God, I swear faithfully to observe the Constitutional Charter, with the changes and modifications expressed in the declaration of the Chamber of Deputies ; to govern only by the laws and according to the laws, to cause good and strict justice to be done to every body according to his right, and to act in all things solely with a view to promote the happiness and glory of the French people.”

The oath was responded to by shouts of the Deputies, and cries of “ Long live the Queen ! long live the Royal Family ! ” all eyes being now turned on the boxes in which the Orleans family sat. The shout was echoed in the streets, and the air was rent with joyous acclamations.

A ministry has since been formed, consisting of men, generally of acknowledged ability.

COUNT DE MOLE

GENERAL GERARD

BARON LOUIS

DUC DE BROGLIE

*Minister for Foreign Affairs.*

*Minister of War.*

*Minister of Finance.*

*Minister of Education, and President of the Council of State.*

M. DE GUIZOT

GENERAL SEBASTIANI

M. DUPONT DE L'EURO

*Minister of the Interior.*

*Minister of the Marine.*

*Minister of Justice.*

The progress of the late king to the coast was slow, apparently with the idea of waiting for some movement in his favour ; but in this he was deceived, as in all his calculations. The whole of France was either passive, or enthusiastic in approval of the change—the Bourbons traversed the immense tract of country from Rambouillet to Cherbourg, without gaining a single additional adherent—the tri-colour was hoisted every where—but they were treated with respect, which argues favourably for the feeling which the change has produced in the national character. At Cherbourg they embarked on board two American steam-boats, and attended by two French ships of war, reached Portsmouth, after a

twenty-four hours' sail ; there, after some negotiations with the English government, the late king was permitted to take up his residence in England ; but as a private subject ; and it is understood that he has fixed upon Lulworth, the house of Mr. Weld, who had been lately made a cardinal, and who will of course consider himself much honoured by the presence of the great friend of the Jesuits, his Most Catholic Majesty.

It is creditable to the people of the Isle of Wight, Portsmouth, and Poole, that they received the French exiles with respect. A proposal to wear the tri-coloured cockade was put down by an universal expression of displeasure, as an ungenerous insult to fallen dignity ; and the feeling of England towards them all, is as it ought to be, one of commiseration. They have looked to us for refuge, and refuge must be granted to them—they have relied upon our hospitality, and we must not disgrace our national character by refusing it. To us the Bourbons have done no evil, and we have no right to revenge the wrongs of others on exiles now helpless, and punished by their fall from one of the highest stations to which human weakness can be raised. We entirely rely upon the manly feeling and native generosity of our country, to treat those unfortunate people with the decorum due to their original rank, and their memorable misfortunes.

But what is to be the consequence of this great revolution to France and Europe ? Every man has a theory of his own ; and the general voice is, that it must be the parent of many revolutions. Reports have been already spread of a Spanish insurrection, and sanguine speculators calculate the hour in which shall be added to this, a Portuguese one, a Prussian, an Austrian, a Russian, a Polish, a Hungarian, an Italian, and a Belgian, &c. &c.

However we cannot trust our speculations so far. This "march" of revolution seems premature. The Spanish report is not true ; though there it is most probable ; and it is true that many of the Spanish emigrants are preparing to return to their country with arms. We much doubt the prudence of this step for awhile, and shall probably hear some disastrous story of their adding to the victims of Ferdinand's despotism.

It is undeniable that the continent abounds with the spirit of revolution, and that a great popular insurrection in any one of its kingdoms would overthrow any of its thrones. But we wait for the proof that such tremendous experiments are necessary. Austria is the most complete despotism of the continent ; yet her government is gentle, for it follows the character of the monarch, as in all complete despotisms, and the character of Francis is gentle. In the other German governments the discontent exists chiefly among the professors of the colleges, and no man loves a professor of a college well enough to follow him to the field, where even escape from that may lead to the scaffold. Besides, the governments are not practically oppressive to the multitude, and they are all improving. Italy may be shaken ; but without French aid Italy will not rise in a body ; and unless it does, insurrection will only fill additional dungeons ; French aid will not be given for the purpose, at least, while France is a monarchy, under the present king.

The distinction between the case of France and that of the other continental powers, is, that after having obtained a free code, and brought in the Bourbons on the faith of its acceptance, the Bourbons denied their own acts, violated their oaths, and menaced the people



with vengeance. The French were thus compelled to resist, or be trampled on. They fought for no fancied freedom, as in the old revolutionary day ; but they fought to restrain what they justly looked on as an act of danger to every man among them, as the forerunner of exile, confiscations, banishments and deaths. The people had not declared war upon the King, until the King had first waved the scourge, and pointed the sword against the public breast. It was this feeling of undoubted right and indignant justice that armed the French against the Bourbons, and made them victors in the struggle.

If any continental government shall hazard the same treachery, then will the people have the same right ; and if they will vindicate it, they will have the same success. But not till then.

Yet it must be acknowledged that popular opinion has acquired an extraordinary vigour in every country by the success of the French. Men will no longer feel the same awe of government. The notions of republicanism will grow more attractive, and changes must take place. But we think that our speculators look for those changes too soon. They must take time to ripen.

France is already a virtual republic. The King is only a president for life ; and probably in the passing of a few years, we shall see his tenure curtailed, and a French president rise and descend every five years. France has now, except in the Tuilleries, all the features of a republic ; no national religion ; all religions paid by the public purse ; a peerage equivalent to none, or merely to the better classes of America, and likely to melt down into poverty and obscurity, by the abolition of the law of primogeniture ; a powerful commonalty, which legislates, and actually commands the state ; and an immense militia, officered by itself, and under the command of the popular body.

If France do not take the name of a republic as well as the reality, it is merely through regard for the present King. But his successor may see the change. Then indeed universal war would not be incredible. Kings would be either overthrown by their subjects, in imitation of France, or be forced to guard against French doctrines and political missionaries, with a vigilance which must produce bickering, and from this the next step is war.

To us this seems the probable catastrophe ; but it probably will be remote. France has much to do before she can think of her neighbours ; she too may have grown wiser from the terrible lessons of war. A patriot king may turn her ambition to industry, commerce, and the arts. Her growing prosperity and her better knowledge may make her at once dread the losses of all wars, and disdain the worthless and criminal glory of conquest. Thus years may pass before Europe is compelled to a struggle for her existence.

In England, we want no revolution ; we want nothing but quiet, and the dismissal of men odious to the nation for blundering its interests at home and abroad, and suspected of mixing themselves with Foreign Politics of a mysterious kind ; we want the restoration of the old laws of trade, of currency, of the press, and of the finances. With the King, the empire is evidently pleased ; his honesty of manner, his jovial good humour, and his evident desire to make himself acceptable to the people, have done more for William the Fourth's popularity in a couple of months, than all the costly fêtes and building expenditures of the palace had done within twenty years. England wants no revolution, and will

undergo none. But France is probably in the progress to other and more important changes. The continent is ready for change, but time must elapse before the revolutionary material can be wrought into the revolutionary thunderbolt; we have no desire to see that tremendous remedy for political evils resorted to in any country; but in England we cannot discover the slightest use for it, nor the slightest probability of its being begun by the people: if it be begun by others, woe be to them; let the example of the Polignacs be before their eyes, and let them see the fate of treachery to the people and bad advice to the king!

In our narrative we have mentioned that Lafitte's interview with Marmont was on Wednesday. It took place on Thursday a short time before the attack on the Tuilleries.

The number of killed and wounded had been variously reckoned from 1,000 to 10,000. The last return from the hospitals gives nearly 1,700 wounded. But this does not include the people and soldiery conveyed to the private houses. Nor has there been any known reckoning of the dead; numbers of whom were conveyed down the Seine in barges, or buried hastily in the environs. In all details of this hurried nature there must be errors, but the French owe it to themselves to give an exact and authentic statement of the memorable 27th, 28th, and 29th of July—the three days of their triumph—to Europe, and to Posterity!

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#### A SERIES OF STANZAS ON TOBACCO.

##### No. I.

FRIEND of the friendless,—philanthropic weed!  
 On rich and poor alike thy balm bestowing,  
 In humble clay, or richest hookah glowing,  
 Blest be thy tillage, fruitful be thy seed;  
 In happier days from all vile duty freed!  
 Light be the turf upon the honoured grave  
 Of him who bore thee o'er the Western wave;  
 Deathless in fame, if this his only deed!  
 Immortal RALEIGH! were Potatoes not,  
 Could grateful Ireland e'er forget thy claim?  
 "Were all thy proud historic deeds forgot,"  
 That blend thy memory with Eliza's fame;  
 Could England's annals in oblivion rot,  
 TOBACCO would enshrine and consecrate thy name!

##### No. II.

Let Eastern nightingales, as poets sing,  
 "Die of a rose in aromatic pain;"  
 Let Moore take up the imitative strain,  
 And deck with Persian flowers his dulcet string;  
 It sickens me to read of endless Spring,  
 And flowers that seem alike to bud and blow,  
 Beneath the Summer's sun and Winter's snow,  
 Heaping their sweets on Zephyr's weary wing.



Doubtless, such odours most delicious are  
 To votaries of heaven-born Poesy ;  
 But to my senses more congenial far  
 (Howe'er degrading such confession be)  
 Th' aroma mounting from a mild cigar.  
 Choose worthless flowers who will ; Havannah's weed for me !

## No. III.

On many a foreign shore, in many a scene  
 Of beauty, wonder, peril,—seldom prest  
 By wanderers from the Islands of the West,—  
 The wayward footsteps of the bard have been :  
 The Soonder wastes,—Napoleon's prison-isle,—  
 Where the young Ganges leaves his native snows,—  
 The woods and wilds where Irawady flows,—  
 And where Caffraria's dingy damsels smile :  
 Weary and faint my sinking soul the while,  
 But for one loved companion of my toil :  
 TOBACCO ! in my joy thou didst not flatter ;  
 TOBACCO ! from my woes thou didst not flee ;  
 And Fortune to the winds her gifts may scatter,  
 I shall not miss them—so she leave me thee !

## No. IV.

Let Dantzick boast her matchless eau-de-vie ;  
 Let gin, Schedam, immortalise thy name ;  
 Rum and rum-shrub support Jamaica's fame ;  
 Grog—toddy—punch—whate'er the mixture be—  
 Or naked dram,—shall not be sung by me.  
 I sing the praises of that glorious weed,  
 Dear to mankind, whate'er his race, or creed,  
 Condition, colour, dwelling, or degree !  
 From Zembla's snows to parched Arabia's sands,  
 Loved by all lips, and common to all hands !  
 Hail, sole cosmopolite, TOBACCO, hail !  
 Shag, long-cut, short-cut, pig-tail, quid, or roll,  
 Dark Negrohead, or Orinooko pale,  
 In every form congenial to the soul !

R. M.

## THE ARCH-DRUID :

## A TALE OF THE ANCIENT BRITONS.

THE Romans, it is well known, though they carried their victorious arms through almost every quarter of England and Scotland, never wholly subjugated Wales. Indeed, they rarely penetrated beyond what were called, in later times, the Marches ; for, towards the south, the mountain-fastnesses, deep woods, and indomitable spirit of the Silures, precluded all chance of a permanent conquest. The Druids, too—that extraordinary and influential compound of the priest and warrior—who combined the shrewdest sagacity with the wildest superstition ; whose religion was a heterogeneous amalgamation of the systems of Pythagoras, Zoroaster, and the Indian Bramins—helped to keep alive the flame of liberty ; and when once their patriotic appeals were gone forth, woe to those on whose ears they fell unheeded ! Sometimes, however, it happened that these martial hierarchs, usually scattered over the face of the country, would be all assembled in convocation at Mona (Anglesea), in which case such Roman cohorts as chanced to be encamped on the borders, never failed to take advantage of their absence, ravage the adjacent provinces, and occasionally retain possession of them for months.

It was on one of these occasions, when the whole fraternity of Druids were assembled together in the performance of an annual sacrifice at Mona, that three detachments of the Roman legion, entering South Wales by the Brecon Van, advanced as far as the modern little town of Llangadock. The leader of these troops was Sergius Publicola, a young soldier of fortune, rude and uncultivated in mind,—stern and unforgiving in temper,—though not without some redeeming traits of openness, simplicity, and good-nature. He was a Dacian, consequently a slave by birth, but by his bravery and strict attention to his military duties, had procured himself to be enrolled among the “ cives,” or citizens, of Rome—a privilege which enabled him to serve as a freeman in the imperial armies, and in course of time to obtain the command of part of the army quartered in Britain. Already, in this new capacity, had he over-run a great portion of the western provinces, when the news of the departure of the Druids for the chief seat of their hierarchy, induced him to hasten into Wales. Here he met with but little decisive opposition, and was soon enabled to intrench himself in the heart of Carmarthenshire. One chieftain, however, occasioned him no slight annoyance. This youth, by name Caradoc, was, like most of his countrymen, a sworn foe to the Romans. He was the prince, or rather king, of the Silures, and had lately strengthened his power by marriage with Cartismandua, daughter to the queen of the Ordovices—a proud, sagacious woman, who, to beauty of superior order, added a crafty, vindictive, but intrepid and romantic nature. In early life she had been sent—no uncommon thing with the patrician Britons, particularly with those of the Ordovices—to Rome, where she received a befitting education, though fortunately unalloyed by the lax effeminacy of the Italian dames of quality. She it was who, at the period to which this tale refers, infuriated by the barbarities of the invaders, kept alive the enmity of her husband and his tribe. Her domains skirted the Black



Mountains ; and whenever the Roman squadrons encamped for the night, her troops rarely failed to cut off the stragglers. Sergius Publicola was naturally maddened by this teasing hostility. In vain, however, he dispatched cohort after cohort in pursuit. No traces could be found of the foe, who remained securely sheltered in their mountain and forest recesses.

Such was the posture of affairs, when one morning a loud shout in the camp apprized Sergius that something unusual had occurred. On rushing out to ascertain the cause of the uproar, he was met outside his tent by a band of soldiers bearing with them, as captives, Caradoc and Cartismandua. As the Dacian listened to the details of the capture of these, his two bitterest enemies, his soul sprang to his eyes in rapture. The chief obstacles to his supremacy were now in his power. What, then, should prevent him from confirming himself in the possession of at least South Wales ? For a few minutes he stood like one "demented," as these dreams of conquest passed before him ; then, suddenly starting from his reverie, re-entered his tent, and beckoned his satellites to follow.

Here, throwing himself along his military couch, he cast a stern eye on the prisoners. The man possessed apparently little besides youth, and a certain noble air of *hauteur*, to recommend him : but his wife, in addition to her beauty, seemed to concentrate all the haughtiness of a high-born race in her single person. Her step was proud, as if she disdained the very earth she trod on ; her person slender, but majestic, and fashioned in the finest mould of symmetry ; her hair black as the brow of midnight ; her countenance pale and oval ; her lip restless, and expressive of profound sensibility ; her eye—dark—full—piercing—but rendered eloquently feminine by the occasional gleams of gentleness and melancholy that shot forth from under the long fringe of its lashes. At any other period, she might possibly have inspired her conqueror with feelings akin to softness ; but now austerer thoughts engrossed him, and he beheld in Cartismandua, not the captive queen and beauty, but the unwearied and therefore detested enemy.

"For you," he said, turning a vindictive glance on Caradoc, "the fate of a rebel is reserved. But I war not with woman, and your wife there is free to depart ; at least"—he added, with insulting bitterness—"when she has received sufficient warning from the sight of her husband's punishment.—What, ho ! there ;" and at the sound of their commander's voice, his guards stepped forward, and by his directions dragged the captives towards an open space, encircled by the Roman encampment. The Dacian himself followed, and having taken his station in front of a squadron drawn up for the occasion, declared aloud, that as Caradoc had been found in arms against his only legitimate sovereign the Emperor, he was no prisoner of war, but an arch rebel and traitor ; that as such, his back should be forthwith submitted to the scourge, and he himself be detained a slave among the refuse of the camp till the emperor's pleasure should be known.

"Let me die," said the British prince, as he heard this harsh sentence ; "let me die, I implore you, like a warrior ; I will meet death without a sigh, but let me not be exposed to the mockery of your whole camp."

A scornful laugh from Sergius, and a shout from his ferocious soldiery

—who with true Roman pride looked on the Britons as barbarians, on whom the usual courtesies of war would be lost—were the sole replies to this request. Not a voice was raised in the noble captive's behalf. Not a single Roman, even among the better and more chivalrous class, exclaimed against the manifest injustice of his sentence. Finding, therefore, all further expostulation useless, Caradoc sternly prepared himself for the worst, and stood firm and composed, and hurling defiance with his eyes at Sergius; while the sub-lictor, after binding him to two tent-poles, which had been hastily driven into the earth, made ready his instrument of torture.

At this instant, Cartismandua, who till now had looked on as if she doubted the reality of what was passing before her, rushed up to Sergius, coaxed—threatened—and even clung about his knees, imploring mercy on her husband.

“Spare him,” she said, “I implore you, spare him! He has been a bold, a manly foe, and may yet prove a faithful ally.”

The Dacian gave no reply; so, flattering herself that she had made some impression, Cartismandua continued: “By the bones of your father and your mother—by the lofty spirit of the soldier—by the common links of humanity that bind man and man together—I conjure you, spare my husband. Do not bow down his noble nature beneath the weight of this ignominy. Have some little regard for the princely blood that flows in his veins. Detain him, if you will, a hostage; fix his ransom at your own price; but in mercy do not put this foul, this indecipherable disgrace upon him.”

“Peace, woman!” replied the Dacian; “your husband cannot be pardoned. For months past he has been Rome's worst enemy, and shall pay the full forfeit of his rebellion.—To your task!” he added, addressing himself to the lictor, who stood with arm uplifted beside the prisoner.

“Yet stay one instant,” rejoined Cartismandua, her eyes streaming with tears; “you know not what you do. If one spark of pity yet linger in your breast,—if you be not altogether cold—heartless—inexorable—speak but the word, and restore your captive, if not to freedom, at least to honour. Surely, surely, you cannot hesitate. Lowly on the bare earth, I who never yet stooped to friend or foe, conjure you to grant my——”

“Away—away!” interrupted Sergius, indignantly; “we have had too much of this puling weakness. Justice must have her due.” Then waving his hand to the sub-lictor, “Strike, Sir, and strike home; these brawny barbarians are not easily made to feel.”

“Ay, strike,” replied Cartismandua, as she proudly regained her feet. “Strike, slave—Dacian—tyrant!—but for every lash your base-born hireling inflicts; for every groan your victim stifles; for every pang that now rends my heart to bursting, on your head shall fall the punishment and the vengeance. Strike!—but remember that night follows day less surely than retribution—a bloody, a merciless retribution—shall succeed this outrage.”

“Slave, to your task!” rejoined the Dacian, in a voice of thunder. The man was not slow to obey; and self-abased—distracted—paralyzed with contending emotions, the wretched queen was compelled to be an eye-witness of her husband's degradation; to see the hot blood spurt in torrents from his back—his muscles stiffened and



swollen with agony—his mangled flesh scattered in fragments to the air! Still, notwithstanding his intense sufferings, neither by word, look, nor gesture, would Caradoc acknowledge that he felt them. Though the cold drops trickled down his brow; though his nether lip was bit through and through by his clenched teeth, his eagle eye quailed not, his countenance lost not one atom of its proud, unbending expression. But Car-tismandua—how terrible she looked! A tranquil, sullen despair had succeeded her former frightful impetuosity; a smooth, almost a smiling calmness, had spread itself over the surface of her passions; but beneath that surface, still and moveless as it seemed, an earthquake was at work; and it was only in the convulsive twitching of the lip, and the strange glare of the red, dilated eye, that its tremendous energies could be detected.

For the space of one long protracted hour, she stood gazing with apparent apathy, first on Sergius, then on Caradoc, then on the different martial groups that surrounded her, turning her glance from one to another, as if all were equally strange; but no sooner had she seen her almost lifeless husband removed from his place of torture, and clad in the vile garb of a slave, than recognition at once returned; her woman's frame could no longer support the shock, and she sank with a thrilling scream senseless to the ground.

No longer molested by the incessant hostility of Caradoc, Sergius now continued his route triumphantly towards the sea, in the direction of Aberavon, where he succeeded in establishing his head-quarters. Before, however, he could arrange his plans for a more extensive conquest, the Emperor Claudius recalled him abruptly to Rome, concluded a peace with the Silures, and appointed Nerva Coccæius, prætor of the army on the eastern provinces, his successor.

It was on the evening of the day which preceded his departure from Britain—about six months subsequent to the incidents which we have just related—that Sergius, as he sat sullenly ruminating in his tent, was interrupted by the entrance of a centurion, with information that a young Roman was outside, and wished much to speak with him. Supposing, as a matter of course, that the stranger bore some new message from the emperor—perhaps to countermand his recall—Sergius desired him at once to be admitted.

"Your name, young man?" said the Dacian, as a youth of swarthy features, and with a countenance furrowed by care and thought, entered his tent.

"Manlius," replied the stranger. "You depart to-morrow for Rome,—is it not so?"

"It is; but why do you ask?"

"Because I am desirous of taking the opportunity of your escort. I am an African by birth; but my family, of high rank at Brundisium, are well known throughout Rome; and as I have now been some time absent from them with the army in Caledonia, they are naturally anxious for my return. Have I your consent to accompany you?"

Sergius gave no immediate reply to this abrupt request. He looked at the stranger keenly, and not without distrust; but being confronted with an answering fixedness of expression, his scrutiny relaxed, and he observed, "You are wholly unknown to me, young man, and are not perhaps aware that in a wild, lawless country like this, where assassinations are so frequent, the greatest caution is necessary."

"Oh, fear me not," interrupted Manlius, with a smile, "I am no assassin, believe me; but having long since heard of your great military abilities, admiration, as well as a desire to ensure my own safe escort to Rome, induces me to make this request."

The youth spoke apparently with sincere emotion; and Sergius, influenced by that universal vanity which, when adroitly appealed to, reduces the sage and the fool, the soldier and the statesman, the peer and the peasant, to one common level; attracted also by an indefinable prepossession in favour of a youth whose whole bearing, though cold and somewhat stately, was yet fearless, unassuming, and spoke him of patrician descent—influenced, we repeat, by such feelings, Sergius made no further objection to his request; and long before the small detachment of troops which was permitted to accompany him had reached the place of embarkation, the stranger had established an interest in his heart, for which the rough, but simple-minded Dacian, could in no wise account.

Arrived at Dover, Sergius found the galleys which had conveyed his successor and suite to Britain, awaiting to carry him back to Rome. A sigh escaped him as he resigned his credentials of office to the new sub-lieutenant; but when he had entered his galley, and thence watched the receding shores of Britain, which he had once flattered himself would have been the sole boundaries to his conquest, he could scarcely restrain his tears.

In a short time, after an unusually prosperous voyage, the vessels entered the Tiber. Sergius and his young companion stood at the prow of their galley, gazing with lively interest on scenes to which their protracted absence lent all the splendour of novelty. From the harbour of Ostia to the immediate environs of the imperial city, every succeeding mile elicited some new object for their admiration. The summer retreats of the wealthier patricians, with their costly marble terraces, their olive gardens and vineyards stretching in some places for miles along the river's bank, flush of blossoms, musical with bees, and redolent of the choicest perfume, first broke on the view, drenched in the glowing tints of sun-set. To these succeeded the palace of the second Cæsar, at the base of whose broad terrace, against which the Tiber broke in whispers, the imperial galleys were moored, glittering with the emblazoned standards of victory, and alive with the martial swell of music. A fresh bend of the river brought in full view the stately Mausoleum of Augustus, the pride of the Campus Martius, surmounted with an effigy of that emperor, and fronted with Egyptian obelisks. Next rose the Fabrician Bridge, where stood that matchless four-faced statue which, fixing its stern gaze on the north, the south, the east, and the west, seemed to imply that all quarters of the globe were alike subject to Roman supremacy.

Day fell before the galleys reached the Aventine wharfs; but though the mists stealing up from the river were fast closing in the view on all sides, enough light still remained to display its unequalled grandeur. In front rose the Tarpeian rock, with its dread exhibition of power; to the right in distance, the Sallustian palace, its expansive market-place, its gardens—the pride of ancient Rome—and its sparkling fountains, with their quaintly tessellated cupolas propped by Corinthian columns, spread out in ample space along the brow of the Quirinal Hill; nearer to the left, the grand Temple of Jupiter Stator towered in serene sub-



limity, like a guardian spirit, above the city ; while the gorgeous architectural landscape was bounded by the Augustan Palace on the Palatine. Of all these matchless triumphs of art, what now remains ? A broken fragment, and an empty name ! The lofty arch has sunk ; the fountain has dried up ; the temple has mouldered into dust ; the very hill itself has bowed its castellated head. The wonders of a newer age have succeeded those of Imperial Rome ; and like those, too, having stood their little hour, shall fade, drop, and pass away !

On reaching the place of their destination, Sergius and his companion separated. The former now for the first time in his life wholly inactive, with no excitement of any kind to enliven and refresh the springs of existence, resigned himself, with scarce an effort to counteract its influence, to *ennui*. Of all conditions in life, none is more pitiable than that of an unemployed soldier. Every other profession brings with it its own peculiar indestructible advantages. The lawyer—the divine—the statesman—the author—the artist—can turn, in the decline of life or fortune, to those mental resources with which, in some shape or other, their situations must necessarily have brought them acquainted ; but the soldier, whose years have been spent in camps among the bravest, though, in nine cases out of ten, the most unenlightened of beings,—whose highest ambition has been to act on matter, not mind,—to overcome physical obstructions by physical, not mental agency, possesses no such advantages. Away from the stir of the camp, he is wholly at the mercy of circumstances. He drifts along the surface of society like an unpiloted wreck on the ocean. He is a useless, blighted slip, torn off from the plantation of human kind.

Such was now the case with Sergius. Removed from the bustle of the camp, he felt himself alone in the world. He had no relish for the intellectual pleasures which luxury and civilization engender ; and though abundantly endowed with animal courage, was wholly destitute of that loftier moral energy which builds up a towering but rational confidence upon Self. There is nothing so destructive to an active mind as leisure. The rust eats into the tempered steel with far less deadly effect than idleness into the heart's core of such a disposition. Day by day, the *ennui* of Sergius assumed a deeper shade. His disrelish for society gradually darkened into misanthropy, and, what was worse than this—for to be misanthropical has at least the advantage of nourishing the energies of hatred, and so far of keeping up a strong physical excitement—settled finally down into the abject freezing torpor of despair.

Two tedious months had thus elapsed, during which he had seen nothing of his fellow-voyager, Manlius, when one morning he received a visit from that youth, announcing that the Druids had risen in a body from north to south of Wales. Manlius concluded his communication by advising the Dacian to apply to the emperor for permission to check the progress of the rebels. “ My life on it,” said he, warmly, “ you will succeed ; I have a friend high in favour at court, who has promised me that he will second your application not only with his own influence, but also with all that he can exert with Messalina.”

The soldier's eye sparkled at this proposition. He caught at his friend's suggestion with ardour, who quitted him in a happier frame of mind than he had been since they both entered Rome.

A prompt reply was given to Sergius's application. The emperor

even dispatched one of his favourite pages in person, with a request that he would attend the next morning at his levee—a request that infused new life into the no less astonished than delighted Dacian.

Punctual to the hour appointed, he set out for the imperial palace, towards which a vast crowd were hastening. Sergius moved onwards with the rest, but on entering the hall of audience, took his station near the door at which the emperor was expected to enter. In a few minutes he was joined by Aulus Didius, a veteran companion in arms, with whom he had made his first campaign in Pannonia.

“I can guess,” said the latter with a smile, “what brings you here, Sergius. You have heard of the late rising of the Druids, and have come to volunteer your services. I trust you may be successful.”

“I have every reason to hope so. I attend here by order of the emperor himself.”

“I surmised as much. Claudius, it is well known, is particularly sensitive on the subject of Britain. It is the only object he pursues with any thing like animation. Ever since his own expedition into that country, he has fancied it wholly subdued. His late impolitic truce, however, with the Silures, and some neighbouring tribes, has led them to imagine that his resources are exhausted; their chiefs and Druids have carefully kept alive this impression; so that the conquest of at least the west of Britain is again to be achieved.”

The conversation was here interrupted by a loud laugh, which proceeded from the further end of the hall. On turning his eyes in that direction, Sergius beheld a pale, slender, effeminate young man, apparently between sixteen and seventeen years of age, busily engaged in conversation with a group of officers. While the rest of the courtiers conversed in an under tone, and with a visible air of restraint, this youth seemed wholly at his ease, jesting with the gay throng that surrounded him as though he were their acknowledged lord and master. His countenance, of a Grecian cast, was far from displeasing; and there was a mixed air of affectation and modesty in his manner that rendered it peculiarly, if not amusingly, striking.

Sergius directed the eyes of his neighbour towards him.

“That is young Nero,” replied Aulus, “the adopted son of Claudius. He is a vain, dissipated, chicken-hearted youth, fond of music, poetry, dancing, horse-racing, and so forth. I know no other harm of him as yet. Time, however, may effect great changes with him, as with all others, for the worse.”

While he yet spoke, shouts were heard outside the palace; and presently the emperor entered the hall of audience, magnificently attired in the royal purple, and preceded and followed by a splendid train of the Prætorian guards. The appearance of this prince was far from unimpressive. He seemed about fifty years of age, was of the average height in point of stature, though his stately carriage gave him the appearance of being taller than he really was. The general expression of his countenance was mildness and dignity: the upper part, especially the high and ample forehead, gave evidence of superior intellect; but the lower half was of a more questionable character. The mouth expressed indecision and feebleness, and the thick lip and round full chin betrayed the animal passions of the voluptuary. At times, when he spoke on any subject that interested him, his head would shake as if affected with palsy, and a slight foam—the consequence, it was



said, of poison which had been administered to him in youth—would cover his lips, and give a lisping hesitation to his utterance.

On entering the audience hall, the first person that met his eye was Sergius, whom he instantly beckoned to stand forward. As the Dacian approached,—“You have been strongly recommended to my notice,” said Claudius, “as a general who, from past experience, is every way qualified to keep up the terror of the Roman arms in Britain.”

Sergius bowed low, in acknowledgment of this flattering exordium.

“Your departure,” continued the emperor, “must take place within the week. I have already recalled some of my best troops from the provinces, for the purpose of striking one decisive blow, and annihilating, if possible, the very name of the audacious rebels.—Clemency,” he added, in an altered tone that made the courtiers tremble, “is clearly of no avail. I tried it myself when in Britain; and what has been the result? The Silures, the Ordovices, and I know not how many other tribes, are again in arms. You should know something of these barbarians; they have occasioned you no little annoyance, I hear.”

“They have,” said Sergius; “but to the troops of Britannicus they cannot fail to be an easy prey.”

This well-timed allusion to an appellation which Claudius valued even above the imperial title, served to give him no little satisfaction. His reply was prompt and flattering.

“You say true, Sergius: the troops of Britannicus”—and he looked proudly round the hall, “are, as I myself can attest, invincible. Under your guidance, they shall reap fresh laurels, and you must finish what Claudius Britannicus has begun. The armament will be ready in a few days, when you will receive my final commands. At present, you may retire.”

With a respectful obeisance, Sergius quitted the imperial presence, but had not reached the outer palace gates when the comptroller of the household hastened after him, with a request from Claudius, conveyed in the most flattering terms, that he would attend a grand banquet, which, under the auspices of Messalina, was to be held that same evening in the palace.

The fortunes of the Dacian soldier seemed now at their full flood. He had obtained all, and even more, than he could have anticipated; and when, on rejoining the gay throng of courtiers in the evening, he found himself the observed of all eyes—for the conquest of Britain was at this period as popular among the Romans as with the court—his triumph was complete.

Among the number of those who advanced to congratulate him on his appointment, was Vitellius (afterwards emperor), who had recently distinguished himself in Germany. This adventurer, the son of a cobbler, had raised himself step by step to eminence by adroit flattery of his superiors, and subsequently by pandering to the caprices of Messalina and her imperial spouse. He was now of middle age; of an easy, social turn; devoted to the fair sex; and, above all, renowned throughout Rome, for his superlative epicurism. After complimenting Sergius on his good fortune,—“I am probably,” said he, “the only one in this place who does not detest you for your success. But my ambition is luckily of a more pacific character. I had rather be the inventor of a new sauce than the ruler of half the world. Lucullus is my model of a hero: he could feast as well as fight. Were you ever in Germany?”

“For a short time only,” replied Sergius.

“Then you can sympathize with all that I must have suffered during my campaign in that villainous spot of earth. The barbarians had not the slightest notion of what was due to the refined feelings of a Roman warrior. They never would allow me to have a single meal in peace, but perpetually attacked me at dinner-time. I cannot take it on my conscience to say that I had more than two good days’ feasting during the whole campaign. For one week I lived on nothing but horse-beans, washed down (would you believe it?) with ditch-water. Then with regard to sleeping—— But I see you are affected: I only hope you may be better off in Britain.”

“On this point I feel little uneasiness. Glory is the only food of which I ask my fill.”

“Glory!” rejoined Vitellius, with a sneer—tempered, however, by a most courteous inclination of the head—“it is a species of nourishment that never agreed with my digestion. Translated into the vernacular, I conceive it to mean horse-beans and ditch-water. But see! the empress is at hand. We must stand aside awhile.”

At this instant a flourish of trumpets was heard, the palace-doors flew open, and Messalina, leaning on the arm of Claudius, and accompanied by some five or six ladies of the court, passed up the centre of the hall. After the imperial pair had seated themselves, the due libations were offered up to the household gods, and the business of the banquet commenced. The *coup-d’œil*, at this instant, was singularly impressive. The vast range of the grandest hall in Rome was filled—though the day had not yet gone down—with a flood of light, poured forth from the golden candelabras that lavishly decorated every maple-wood and ivory-inlaid table; the soft, luxurious couches, along which the patrician guests reclined, their brows crowned with chaplets of roses and myrtle, were of costly Tyrian dye; while the rounded pillars of unsullied marble that extended on either side the entire length of the hall, at whose further end, fronting the imperial throne, were stationed the statues of the higher divinities—the stupendous porphyry and alabaster vases, filled with the most fragrant oriental perfumes—the quaint but superb costume of the musicians—the glittering military accoutrements of the household troops—the snow-white tunics of the pages—the spangled dresses of the masquers—the drapery of the long purple hangings that wound serpent-like round the columns, contrasting forcibly with the stainless snow of their marble—and, above all, the appearance of the imperial banners that hung suspended from the ivory-wrought ceiling, inflaming the imagination of the spectators with a thousand glorious recollections;—these various, picturesque, and imposing objects gave to the whole scene a harmony—a completeness—an elaborate and unparalleled magnificence. The banquet was equally imposing. The dishes were, for the most part, of virgin gold; and the goblets out of which the guests quaffed their Chian, Falernian, and Massic wines, sparkled with a constellation of gems. Among the chief dainties, were the tongues of those precious birds, phœnicopters, the brains of pheasants and peacocks, diluted with rare aromatic sauces, in a style worthy of Lucullus, rows of lampreys—together with a select variety of other delicacies, for which the Straits of Gibraltar—renowned throughout Rome for the unrivalled flavour of their scari—and the shores of the Carpathian sea, had been diligently ransacked.



At the close of the banquet, the flavour of whose viands—so Vitellius assured the Dacian, who reclined on the same couch beside him—would linger for weeks on his palate, a band of female dancers entered the hall, and, at a given signal from the empress, went through a series of movements, which, set off by the arch seductive beauty of the fair figurantes, who were mostly young girls from Lesbos,—by their flashing eyes, instinct with fire and passion; their snowy, swan-like necks; their sunny, chestnut tresses, soft as silk, and luxuriant as the clustering tendrils of the vine; the quick, airy glancings of their taper feet and ankles; and, more than all, by the slight undulating garments, which, revealing the exquisite outline of their figures, gave a partial glimpse also of the more mysterious charms they were meant to hide;—the movements of these Lesbian Circes, thus variously embellished, thrilled the souls of all who gazed on them with that voluptuous sensibility which sometimes overflows the spirit in the hour of dreams.

Sergius himself caught the contagion of the scene, and for awhile, like Hercules in the presence of Omphale, foreswore his hopes of glory. A moment served to dispel the illusion. On casting his eyes towards the throne where the empress sat, he suddenly encountered a face which at once riveted his gaze. The countenance was that of a female. It was pale as death,—of a stern, commanding, but melancholy expression. The brow was lofty, and full of intelligence; the lip curled, as if in scorn; and the fixed dark eye, as it fell with strangely malignant meaning on the astonished Dacian, awoke in his breast certain recollections for which he could not at the moment account. In vain he strove to avert his gaze. The stranger's eye was on him like a spell. Bursting at length with desperate effort from the malign talisman,—“Who, in the name of Mars,” said he to Vitellius, “is that woman? I have surely seen her before; where, I cannot just now— Ah! it is Cartismandua. What does she here? Tell me, Vitellius—you, who know every one about the court.”

The epicure turned his eyes in the direction which Sergius pointed out.

“It is, indeed, the Queen of the Silures,” was the reply, “who, as I am informed, came over here a few weeks since from Britain. Her tale is somewhat singular. In early life she was sent to Rome for her education, where she contrived to gain the good opinion of Messalina, whom in her stern impassioned turn of mind she not a little resembles. She remained here about three years, and on her return to Britain married a prince of the Silures (by-the-by, you should know more about this barbarian than I can tell you), whose tribes, by their active system of warfare, occasioned Claudius much annoyance, when he personally headed an expedition against the western provinces. Still, notwithstanding her husband's hostility, Cartismandua, as you perceive, has contrived to preserve her favour with the empress and the court.”

“But surely Claudius must be aware, even from the official accounts that I myself transmitted to him, that this very woman was for a time one of the chief obstacles to the success of the Roman arms!”

“The emperor knows nothing, and I believe cares as little, about Cartismandua, but that she is a very fine woman, and a favourite with Messalina, who, whether rightly or otherwise, has led him to believe that the fair barbarian is a friend to the Romans. Indeed, Cartismandua herself has renounced the throne of the Silures, confessed allegiance to the emperor, and publicly declared that she is wholly averse to the late insurrection of her subjects.”

Sergius shook his head distrustingly. "What, when her husband has already escaped our clutches, and is probably the very life of this rebellion? Strange infatuation! Thank Heaven, I am no courtier; my heart would be ever on my lips."

"You doubt this heroine's sincerity," whispered Vitellius; "perhaps you are not the only one here who feels the same distrust. Cartismandua, from all I have been able to glean respecting her character, was always famous for her powers of intrigue. She is here, I suspect, less as a friend of Messalina than as a spy of the Silures. But time will shew. At court, one should hear all, and say nothing;"—with which words, the majority of the guests—the emperor and empress at their head—having by this time taken their departure, the two adventurers drank their parting cup in honour of Mercury, and retired to their separate abodes. Vitellius quitted the palace at once; but Sergius lingered behind, striving, as with rapid and vacillating footsteps he paced up and down the deserted hall, to account for the strange appearance of Cartismandua. Vain, however, were his endeavours; for the more he attempted to fathom it, the deeper became the mystery. An hour had thus passed away, when finding all his labour fruitless, he left the hall, trusting to the chapter of accidents to clear up all that now appeared inexplicable.

Just as he reached the outer vestibule, a cry, as from some person whose voice was stifled, struck on his ear. He listened. The sound was repeated: it proceeded evidently from one in agony. While hesitating whether or not to rush to the sufferer's assistance, a groan, deeper and louder than the former, decided him; and he passed swiftly but silently down a long winding passage, in the direction whence the noise issued. At the extremity of this passage was a spacious bed-chamber, the door of which stood ajar. Sergius here made a halt, and, after looking cautiously round to satisfy himself that he was unwatched, pushed the door a little aside, and peeped in. What a spectacle presented itself to his gaze! Stretched at full length on the bed, his hands clenched, his mouth drawn down, his eyes staring wildly in the last agonies of convulsion, lay the Emperor Claudius—him whom Sergius, but a few short hours before, had seen presiding at the banquet in all the flush of health, and all the pride of regal magnificence. On one side of him stood Messalina, pale—ghastly—horror-stricken—but with the glare of a demon in her eye; and on the other, a yellow, shrivelled old woman, who held a vial in her left hand, while with the right she clutched the dead emperor with a tiger-like ferocity by the throat. Transfixed by this horrid vision, Sergius wholly lost his self-control. Though a soldier, he was no murderer; and there was a something in the malignant, the fiendish aspect of the two wretches before him that made his very flesh creep.

Scarcely knowing what he was about, he stood motionless as a statue. Presently, he heard footsteps advancing towards him. Nearer they came—nearer—nearer still—and already they were within a yard of the door. An instant,—it was flung wide open, and the intruder detected! Messalina was the first to make the discovery. Her countenance blazed with uncontrollable passion. After a pause, during which each fixed an anxious gaze on the other, "Hah! hah!" she said, with a frantic laugh, "you have, then, found out that I am a murderess! True, I am the assassin of that thing which rots before you. I glory in the deed. He stood between me and my gratification; he even medi-



tated my disgrace. Behold my revenge!"—and she pointed sneeringly towards the body, which her attendant, Locusta, was busy covering up.—"To you, however," she added, addressing Sergius, with a softness of manner still more frightful than her violence, "I mean no harm: be silent, and you are safe. To-morrow, Nero will be proclaimed emperor; and on your discretion depends whether you are still to head the expedition to Britain. Away!"—and she waved him backward with her arm.

The Dacian obeyed without a word. Though he felt pity for his benefactor, and the utmost indignation towards his assassins, yet, after the first shock had subsided, self-interest resumed the mastery, his better feelings were extinguished by his ambition, and having by this time wholly recovered his presence of mind, he quitted the scene of guilt, resolved as soon as possible to blot out from his recollection the atrocious crime of which he had been the unwilling eye-witness.

The next day—it having been publicly announced that Claudius had died of a fit brought on by excess—Nero was proclaimed emperor; and in less than a fortnight afterwards, the army intended for the invasion of Britain was ready to depart. On the morning of the day appointed for sailing, an august sacrifice was offered up in the Temple of Mars, at which both Nero and Messalina, whose religious zeal was just then notorious, presided in person. This duty fulfilled, the troops, to the number of sixty thousand, embarked on board a squadron of fast sailing gallees. Sergius, whom at his earnest intercession Manlius accompanied, was among the last who quitted the shore. He had remained behind to receive the final commands of the court, and having bid adieu to his friends, was just entering his galley, when his arm was suddenly grasped by a sooth-sayer, who, stepping forth from the crowd, whispered in his ear, "Remember the Ides of May!" Before the Dacian could reply to this mysterious warning, the augur had vanished; and Manlius, impatient of further delay, hurried his commander on board. The next minute, the sound of a trumpet announced that all was ready. The signal was made for sailing—the rowers took their stations—the huge sails were unfurled—and slowly the majestic pageant bore down the Tiber, 'mid the cheers of thousands who thronged the water's edge.

While the Roman reinforcements were thus shaping their course towards Britain, the Druids were not inactive. Having freed South Wales, at least for the time being, they resolved so to consolidate their energies as to render difficult, if not impracticable, all further attempts at invasion on the part of the Romans. With this view, they drew troops together from all quarters of Wales, strengthened every defenceless outpost, and established a strict line of communication from north to south of the neighbouring provinces. In all this, their Arch-Druid, a warrior of surprising energies of mind, was their leader. His ingenuity supplied them with resources; his eloquence inflamed, his perseverance kept alive their enthusiasm. By means of spies selected for the occasion, he obtained early and authentic intelligence respecting the movements of the Romans, the numbers of their troops, the name and qualifications of their general, the place and even the period of their landing; so that when, after a forced march through the west of Britain, Sergius once again encamped in the neighbourhood of the Black Mountains, he found himself opposed to an enemy whose vigilance was unremitting, and whose resources, husbanded with extreme

care, presented a more formidable obstacle than ever to the progress of the Roman arms.

It was towards the close of a long summer evening in May, that the united forces of the Silures, the Ordovices, and some neighbouring tribes, under the command of the Arch-Druid, assembled to the number of between sixty and seventy thousand in the recesses of one of those thick forests with which Carmarthenshire was formerly over-run. Aware that the decisive moment of his country's destiny was at hand, the supreme pontiff resolved to take this, perhaps, his last opportunity, of solemnly appealing to the patriotic feelings of his countrymen. Accordingly, all the different sects of the Druids were brought together from the remotest quarters of Wales, and, at this particular juncture of our tale, stood silent at their respective posts, awaiting only the departure of day to commence their solemn sacrifice in honour of Hesus, their god of war.

The spot where they were assembled was an open space, hemmed in on every side by thick plantations of the sacred oak. In the centre was an enclosure, the sides of which were formed by large broad pillars of unhewn stone, arranged in a circular form, left open at the top, and with a considerable space between each. In the middle of the area thus formed, stood the cromlech, or altar, consisting of four wide stones, one of which was placed in a sloping direction over the others, which were disposed edgewise, and profusely strewed with oak-leaves. At a distance round the altar, stood in trembling reverence the silent troops of the Silures, filling up the plain with their numbers; and nearer, the different sects of the Druids, the Bards, the Eubates, and the nobler order of Druidesses. Within, arrayed in a white robe of serge, which flowed down to his ankles, stood the Arch-Druid himself, with a green glass amulet suspended round his neck by a silver chain, a wand in his hand, and two milk-white bulls, their horns wreathed with the hallowed mistletoe, beside him. While a vestige of light yet lingered in the west, he stood silent, and apparently absorbed in prayer; but no sooner had the shades of night fallen, than he summoned his attendant priests; and instantly, as if by magic, a thousand torches flashed through the darkness of the forest. The ceremonies of the oblation then commenced. The steers were offered up to Hesus, and as their blood flowed round the cromlech, the Bards chaunted their hymns; after which, the vast multitude drew in a closer circle round the outer temple, from the highest point of which the Arch-Druid addressed them on the mysteries of their religion—on the sacred public duties they would ere long be summoned to perform—and on the eternal bliss that awaited them hereafter, should those duties be fulfilled in a worthy spirit. Death, he assured them, was but a partial change of the human frame, which would be for the better or the worse, according to each individual's deserts. Nothing perished—nothing became extinct. An inherent principle of vitality pervaded the material universe. The soul, after it quitted its fleshly tabernacle, transmigrated into other bodies. The spirit of the patriot roamed the desert in the majestic similitude of the free-born lion; or as the eagle, whose gaze can pierce the sun, traversed the regions of air, exulting in the consciousness of strength, and light, and liberty. In the fulness of years, such transmigrations ceased; and the immortal soul, its task on earth fulfilled, mounted on seraphs' wings to heaven.



Scarcely had the Arch-Druid ceased, when a murmur arose at the further end of the assembly, the clash of arms was heard, and presently a spy burst through the throng, and after conversing apart for a few minutes with the Arch-Druid, announced to those round the cromlech that the Roman army was already encamped within four miles of the forest, and then disappeared as suddenly as he had arrived.

This intelligence seemed to take all parties by surprise; but aware that no time was to be lost, the Druids threw themselves into the body of their countrymen, whom by look, gesture, and declamation, they excited to the highest enthusiasm. As these priestly warriors moved to and fro among their respective tribes, their appearance, heightened by the glare of the torches, which fell with a sort of spectral radiance on their wild and picturesque apparel, seemed more than mortal. The scene, too—and the hour—and the solemn stillness of the vast patriarchal forest, which was broken only at intervals by the savage yells of the Britons, confirmed the spell of their influence; and long before day-break, they had arranged their plans, broken up their encampment, and the majority of them set forth, each at the head of his tribe, in the direction of the Roman army.

This last, on their parts, were equally desirous of bringing on a general engagement. Aware that the Britons were assembled in vast numbers on the frontiers of the province, flushed with their late successes, and confident of future triumphs, Sergius determined to await their approach without the forest, well knowing that to attempt to penetrate its recesses would almost ensure his destruction. Accordingly, at the very hour when the Druids were busy offering up their sacrifices, he commanded his troops to halt; and having seen his directions scrupulously fulfilled, the camp pitched at the outskirts of the broad plain of Carrick-Sawthy, and the requisite preparations made for the morrow's engagement, he retired alone to his tent.

It was a calm night, the air was light and pleasant, and as Sergius sat looking out towards the gloomy ridges of the Black Mountains, and the Towy, which, tinselled by the star-light, wound like a silver thread round the meadows at their base, he recognised the identical spot where, but a short time before, he had seen Caradoc and Cartismandua brought captives to his tent. This recollection induced a train of no very agreeable reflections. The uncertainty, too, which involved the fate of the British prince, combined with the circumstance of Sergius's mysterious rencontre with Cartismandua at Rome, deepened his pensive vein; and he felt assured that while two such plotting agents survived, his conquest of the Silures would be a task of no ordinary difficulty.

To escape these intrusive ideas, the soldier quitted his tent, and moved towards an adjacent eminence, whence he could command a view of his whole encampment. All there lay tranced in death-like slumber. The watch-fires were burnt out; the unruffled standards drooped beside the tents, and not a sound could be heard, but the measured tread of the sentinel, as he paced to and fro along his post. After satisfying himself that the outposts were properly secured, Sergius returned to his tent, but had scarcely laid himself down to sleep when a slight rustling was heard without; the curtains were withdrawn, and Manlius stood before him. There was an air of mingled sadness and determination in his aspect that at once fixed the Dacian's notice.

"Hah, Manlius," he said, "whence come you? This is no time for visiting. I concluded you were asleep hours since."

"I have just left the British outposts," was the youth's reply, "who, deceived by my dress and manner, mistook me for one of their own spies. Hence I had a brief opportunity of glancing at their forces, which, though strong in point of numbers, seem undisciplined and full of apprehension."

"Noble youth!" rejoined Sergius, "your daring does you infinite credit, and shall not be forgotten in my next dispatches to the emperor."

Manlius bowed low, and made answer, "Your next dispatches, General! Have you then forgotten the warning voice of the augur,—'Remember the Ides of May?' To-morrow is the first of the Ides. How, then, do you know that the next dispatches may not be written *of*, instead of *by*, you? But perhaps you are not superstitious; perhaps you have no presentiment of misfortune?"

Like an adder's hiss, these few words, spoken in a tone barely above a whisper, rung in the Dacian's ear. He regarded the speaker with a look that seemed to imply, "You know more than you feel inclined to confess regarding the secret of my destiny;" but being answered with a gaze bold in conscious innocence, he faltered out, "You are a strange youth, Manlius; I hardly know what to make of you. My good offices you reject, as if they were beneath consideration; promotion seems not your object, nor civil nor military renown; yet, though you neither court my confidence nor solicit my affection, you appear desirous of laying me under perpetual obligations to you. Say, whence this strange contradiction of character?"

"I am the son of a Numidian chief," rejoined Manlius, with a laugh; "and inconsistency in act and deed is, as you ought by this time to have known, the main feature in the character of an African. I profess neither to be better nor wiser than the rest of my tribe, though a long acquaintance with Roman manners ought perhaps to have sobered down, if not eradicated, the defects of nature."

"Well, well," interrupted the Dacian quickly, but not with ill-nature, "I seek not to know more about you, than you yourself choose to communicate. You are a moody, petulant youth—crazed, probably, for love of some Brundisian fair one. Is it not so? Ah! I see the question has stirred you; so I will not further distress your— But, hark! the sentinels are changing their posts. You had better now retire, and snatch a few hours' sleep, else to-morrow's exertions will make sad inroads on your sickly frame."

At this instant, the shrill tones of the trumpet announced the last change of the watch. The youth caught at the sound, and wrapping his cloak round him, bade Sergius a hurried adieu, and retired to his own quarters.

Left once more alone, the Dacian, after vainly endeavouring to sleep, sunk again into one of those fits of despondency which as often precede as follow periods of excitement. It was not that he doubted the issue of the morrow's engagement. Far from it. His fantastic young protégé's communication had convinced him that he had little to apprehend from the raw, undisciplined barbarians. Still less did he fear for himself. In animal courage, at least, he was a true Roman warrior. What, then, occasioned his depression? It was the augur's mysterious pre-



diction respecting the Ides of May—that prediction, against which courage and discipline, and skill and experience, were alike incompetent to defend him. In vain he strove to shake off the gloom with which this reflection inspired him. The very hour served to enhance it. What is there in the sabbath stillness of midnight that should thus fling a yet deeper shade over the brow of thought? The stars that, like lamps hung up on high, send down a tranquil radiance upon earth; the moon, that treads the steadfast floors of heaven in the very spirit of peace and beauty; the breeze, that brings the various harmonies of creation to the listening ear of reflection, softening the rude, and heightening the pensive cadences of birds, and streams, and waterfalls, till the very soul of sacred melody seems breathing in them,—surely, these are objects to uplift and solemnize, not to degrade and dispirit, contemplation! Where, then, lies the secret of the dark spell which night usually holds over the feelings. Not in its encouragement of, but in its stern monopoly over, thought! In the power with which it compels meditation, and, by consequence, melancholy; for, with the majority, reflection is but another word for sadness. Night—shadowy, mysterious, phantom-peopled Night—the avenger—the searcher of the soul—the spirit of many tones,—Night shuts out the busy interests which distract attention during the day, and throws man on his own mental resources: It brings him face to face with his Creator, and bids him feel that his inmost thoughts are stripped naked, and scrutinized by Celestial Intelligence! By day, the world steals between man and his Maker, rendering callous the finer organs of humanity; but by night that world is shut out; its hold over the mind is let go; its petty, miserable intrigues find their fitting level; and every object over which the eye ranges, every sound which falls upon the ear—are so many helps by which the spirit of reflection mounts to heaven. Memory, too—the spectral figure of Memory—walks, like other phantoms, chiefly by night; and who, even among the most impassive and unenlightened, can look upon her awful form without a shudder?

Sergius was a rude soldier; but he was not without his moments of reflection, and even tenderness—the deeper, perhaps, inasmuch as they were rare and unlooked-for; and as he now recalled the recollection of the thousands whom his ruthless ambition had blotted out from the book of life; as his eye glanced along the array of tents that gleamed in the starlight around him, and the conviction forced itself on his mind, that of the multitudes thus entranced in slumber, numbers would, ere the morrow's sunset, lie stretched on earth, exchanging a transient for an eternal sleep,—a pang shot across his heart; and it was not till the early cock had crowed, that he was enabled to get an hour's hurried repose.

The important day had now arrived which was to decide the destiny of the South Britons. The morning broke bright and unclouded; the mists were fast steaming up from the vallies, and rolling off the sides of the Black Mountains; and the hum of human voices, the neighing of steeds, and the sharp, shrill clank of armour, began to be heard along the lines of the Roman tents.

Sergius was among the first astir in the field. With the first sound of the trumpet he had laughed off the depressing reveries of night; and as he mounted his war-horse, and galloped from squadron to squadron, followed by a glittering cavalcade of officers, the sternness of the soldier

crushed out in his breast the kindlier feelings of the man, as things beneath contempt. Manlius joined him at this instant, and after one or two indifferent remarks, directed his attention towards the army of the Silures, which, as the morning vapours drew up, was distinctly visible at the further end of Carrick-Sawthy, backed by a ridge of the Black Mountains, accessible only to those acquainted with their secret passes, and, beyond that ridge, by the forest, in whose labyrinthine recesses the sacrifices of the preceding night had been performed.

The plain, in which the battle was to be fought, formed a sandy amphitheatre, about three miles in circumference, divided into equal sections by the Towy, over which a rustic bridge was thrown, dotted with masses of granite—the same as on Dartmoor are styled Tors—and bordered on every side by hills, of which the Black Mountains formed by far the loftiest and most precipitous chain. At the foot of these hills, the soil of the plain lost its dry arid character, constituting a series of small daisied meadows, watered by branches of the Towy, and sloping gently towards the base of the hills, especially towards that of the Black Mountains, where stood a little village of the Silures, in whose immediate vicinity the British troops were now stationed.

Sergius no sooner beheld the enemy thus advantageously posted, than he dismissed Manlius with orders to his different præfects to bring up their cohorts and arrange them in order of battle, while he himself rode forward to reconnoitre more closely the position of the Silures. To his no little surprise, he found the barbarians drawn up in a compact, not to say a scientific manner. In front was posted a strong body of cavalry, armed with copper-headed spears and shields, each squadron of which was divided by an almost countless host of infantry, whose defensive armour consisted of a weighty broad-sword, and leather shield studded with brass nails; and the two wings were composed of chariots provided with scythes fixed to the axle-trees, and manned by veteran leaders of the different tribes. Nothing, in short, could be more complete than the general disposition of the Britons; and Sergius, who beheld them with the practised eye of a soldier, rode back to his encampment with involuntary admiration of their tactics.

The Roman army had by this time formed on the middle of the plain, in order of battle; and a more gallant body of men, more efficient in equipment, more disciplined and more inured to victory, never fought under the banners of the empire. The Dacian stationed himself at their head, full in front of the legion, which was supported on either side by some picked Illyrian cohorts; and as he rode, sword in hand, along the line, with his noble war-horse bounding under him, as if he “snuffed the battle afar off,” his martial air, his glittering armour, which blazed like a sheet of fire in the sunshine, and, above all, his proud smile of confidence, woke corresponding energy in the hearts of his soldiers, which was heightened to enthusiasm when the gallant warrior, after pointing to the enemy with outstretched sword, and bidding the trumpet sound to the charge, spurred his horse towards them, and bade his legion follow.

Just at this crisis, Manlius, who was stationed on foot in the rear, turning with a smile towards a præfect who stood next him, whispered, “We shall have hotter work than I had foreseen, for the Druids are posting themselves in front. Hark to their shouts! They come—they come!”



An instant—and the foremost ranks of the Britons had borne down like an avalanche on the legion. Such was the impetuosity of their charge, that the flower of the Roman army wavered, till Sergius, snatching a standard from one of the centurions near him, waved it aloft, and shouting at the very top of his voice, “Soldiers! stand firm; will you fly before a handful of barbarians?” dashed into the thickest of the fight, followed close by the legion, and the Illyrian cohorts. Enraged at this desperate opposition, the Druids, who, on the advance of their front ranks, had retired towards the chariots at either wing, now commanded these reserves to advance. Their orders were no sooner issued than obeyed. Up came the dreaded cavalry with a shock that nothing could resist. The sharp scythes mowed a passage right and left before them; the horses, goaded to their utmost speed, threw the Roman infantry into complete disorder, while the charioteers increased the confusion by the cloud of lances which they hurled forward with unerring precision. The moment was a critical one for the imperial troops. On every side they saw their infantry drop in hundreds, each soldier at his post, cool and collected even in the hour of death; and the majority of them would at once have retreated, in order to gain time for rallying, had not a timely charge by the main body of the cavalry, restored them in some degree to order and to confidence.

In this manner the battle had continued the greater part of the day, inclining at one period to the Silures, and at another to their invaders, both of whom had sustained immense losses; when, suddenly, on the outskirts of the plain, a tremendous shout was heard; immense masses of troops appeared to be issuing from the British village; and the exhausted Romans were thunderstruck by the approach of, what seemed to them, a fresh army of barbarians. Manlius was the first to perceive this reinforcement, and paralyzed at the sight, cried, “A second army is advancing to our destruction!” cast away his arms, and fled with the speed of an arrow across the plain. This was the signal for retreat. An uncontrollable panic seized the whole Roman army. In vain Sergius did his best to stop them. In vain he rode from cohort to cohort, and galloped about the plain like a madman, imploring—threatening—encouraging his troops to return. Nothing could restore their confidence. They threw down their arms, and rushed in confused masses from the field, bearing the Dacian himself along with them in their flight.

Evening was now drawing on: the Silures, having returned from a hot pursuit of their enemies, had already recrossed the mountain-passes; and all was gloom and silence on Carrick-Sawthy. Now and then, the groans of some dying wretch, or the screams of the ravens, who hovered delighted above their feast, broke the stillness of the scene; but even these at last ceased: and the sun went down on a noiseless plain, where death had anticipated the work of years. But where was Sergius? Where was he who, at day-break, had summoned his troops to arms in all the pride of confidence and glory? Dejected, almost broken-hearted, mind and body alike sunk in abject torpor, he made no further efforts, but resigned himself sullenly to despair. At the extremity of the plain, he encountered Manlius. Stung with a recollection of the youth’s cowardice,—“Rash, infatuated fool!” he exclaimed, “your timidity has ruined all; the emperor shall be informed of your conduct.”

"The emperor?" replied Manlius; "never!—But come," he added, in his most soothing manner, "the damage is not irretrievable; if my blunder has occasioned you the loss of a battle, it is fit that my ingenuity should restore it."

"Restore it? Alas! what is there left to restore? Can you restore me my gallant troops? Can you put life into my martyred legion? Can you heal my wounded honour,—or cool this fever in my brain?"—(striking his hands passionately against his forehead). "By the eternal Mars! Manlius, you drive me mad. Another such word of mockery, and I strike you dead."

The youth stood calm and unmoved; and after waiting till the soldier's phrenzy had in part expended itself, replied, "I deserve your reproaches; but indeed—indeed—I did all for the best. Meanwhile, fortune has not wholly deserted us. Our army, it is true, is dispersed; but thousands yet survive, smarting under a sense of dishonour, and burning to retrieve their loss. To-morrow we can rally, and lead them against the enemy; but at present let me guide you to the only secure place of shelter that this country affords, and which I discovered last night on my return from the British encampment, where we can discuss our future operations.—Quick, Sergius! for I hear the tramp of the enemy's horse."

With these words, the youth grasped his companion by the arm, and forcing him behind an immense block of granite, the pair had barely time to conceal themselves, when a squadron of the Silures came thundering by.

When the enemy had passed, Manlius, after looking cautiously round him, ventured forth from his concealment, and whispering Sergius to follow, hastened across the plain in the direction of the Black Mountains. Lost to every thing but a sense of his own dishonour, the Dacian passively obeyed. He made not the slightest inquiries as to whither his guide intended to lead him, but with downcast looks and trembling pace followed sullenly in his track. By the time they reached the end of the plain, the west had become dark. The winding crags of the mountains stood boldly out before them, tinted with a myriad shades and colours—some black as the raven's wing, some grey with lichens and wild mosses, and some bloody with the red sand-stone. At the base of this steep chain, stood the long straggling village to which we have before alluded, whose huts, composed merely of stakes, interwoven with wattles, and covered in at the top with rude skins, had been apparently deserted for some hours. Not a voice saluted the travellers as they passed; not a light glanced out from any of the quaint, shapeless hovels; solitude, and that of the most cheerless character, was around them, excepting when some sheep-dog barked, or some shy stray goat butted at their passing shadows.

A few minutes sufficed to carry Sergius and his guide beyond the village, when they at once began to climb the long acclivities of the mountains. At first their ascent was gradual, and comparatively safe in point of footing; but as they gained a higher elevation, the difficulties of the road increased. In one place, their route led them across a morass, the shallow surface of which kept continually undulating as they passed over it; in another, they were compelled to creep on hands and knees up the sides of one of those rugged channels which had been eaten into by the hungry winter torrents, with a deep tarn beneath them, and a



mass of loose stones and rocks above ; and, in a third, to wind round the brow of a precipice, where one false step would have hurled them headlong into the black abyss that yawned a hundred fathoms below. A brisk, keen wind, which came roaring through the hollow clefts of the mountains, added not a little to their danger ; for at one moment all would be hushed and still, and the next, a blast would rush upon them with the force of an avalanche, bearing down with it in its progress confused heaps of clay and stone, and blocks of wood. Altogether, the route, though of no great moment or hazard perhaps to experienced mountaineers like the Silures, yet to such a novice as Sergius, whose campaigns, previous to those in West Britain, had been chiefly restricted to the flat marshy provinces of Belgium, teemed with difficulty, if not absolute danger.

They had continued the ascent for upwards of an hour, when Manlius, overcome with excessive fatigue, was obliged reluctantly to make a halt. For the first time since they quitted the plain, Sergius now addressed him.—“ Where are you leading me to ? Tell me at once, and without reserve, or I will go no further.”

“ Have a moment’s patience,” replied the youth, drawing his breath with difficulty ; “ the fatigues of this day have so exhausted me that I can hardly speak.” Then, in a subdued tone, rendered tremulous by extreme weariness, “ I am searching for a cave which I passed last night in a gorge of these mountains. The mouth is so effectually concealed by underwood, that it will afford us secure shelter till day-break, when we can rejoin the remains of our army.”

A long sigh from Sergius was the sole reply to this explanation. The allusion to his shattered troops had gathered again those clouding thoughts which the excitement of the walk had in part dispelled ; and as he sat with folded arms on a fragment of rock that jutted out into the pass from the black wall of precipice above him, he might have been mistaken for one of those weird spirits with which the wild fancies of the Britons loved to people their native mountains.

After half an hour’s delay, during which Manlius vainly strove to compose himself to sleep, “ Let us hasten on,” he said, rising, but not without an effort, from his seat ; “ the cave cannot be far distant ; and if we sit loitering longer on this crag, the wind will chill our limbs, so, that we shall not be able to stir.”

Again the travellers set forward on their route, guided by the light of the risen moon, which, struggling through a grey pall of ragged and spongy clouds, threw strange fitful gleams upon the landscape. They had now gained the highest accessible point of the pass, whence an almost endless expanse of prospect lay stretched before and behind them. The moon, which for a few moments stood unclouded in the sky, enabled them to look back on the road which they had just traversed. It ran along the edge of an abrupt, thunder-splintered precipice. A billowy sea of mountains lay below it, some robed in mist, some lifting high their grey naked heads into the air, and some robed to the very summit with forest pines. Beyond where the mountains sloped towards level ground, slept in peaceful loveliness the silent plain of Carrick-Sawthy. Sergius knew it at a glance : it was the fatal scene of his morning’s encounter. Shuddering, he averted his head, and passed on, listening with far more congenial feelings to the sepulchral voice of the wind, which at intervals bore to his ear the howl of the

wolf or wild fox. Occasionally he paused, till the free unshackled moon should render his path more distinct; and in the cloud-topped mountain, with crag upon crag towering to a dizzy height above him—and before him, at the extremity of the pass, a black wood, tremendous in its depth of gloom—he recognized a withering spirit of desolation, like that which chilled his own heart.

It was during one of these pauses, that Manlius pointed out to his notice a cataract, which, crossing the road immediately in front, went shouting and leaping headlong down a ravine a few yards before them. Down this steep declivity, the youth informed him they must proceed; and in a few minutes, himself setting the example, picked his way from crag to crag, grasping fast by the shrubs that grew out beside the waterfall. With some difficulty they accomplished the descent, which brought them once more on level ground, and at the very entrance of the forest. Manlius here halted, and looking around him, exclaimed, “The cave must be somewhere hereabouts;” and quitting his companion, moved forward to reconnoitre.

He had not been a quarter of an hour absent, when a few straggling lights were seen glimmering through the wood. Sergius started with astonishment; but at that instant his guide returned. His step was tottering, his countenance corpse-like in its hue, his eye had a fixed stony stare, his voice was broken by convulsive agitation.—“Dacian!” he said, in a tone which sounded like a wind among tombs, “the Ides of May are come!” Then before the soldier could prepare himself for what was to ensue, he shouted aloud, in the direction whence the lights had been seen to glimmer, “Approach, and seize your victim!” Immediately a loud tumult was heard; the torches flashed nearer; and a body of men, rushing out from ambush, laid hold of the Dacian and his guide, and bore them swiftly onwards into the forest.

A very few minutes, during which brief space not a word transpired on either side, brought the party to the end of their journey. Here they halted in a broad open space, encircled with the troops of the Silures, and bright as day with innumerable torches. Before Sergius could recover the surprise into which this unexpected catastrophe had thrown him, he found himself placed in front of the cromlech, and surrounded by a body of Druids, in whose silent but expressive faces he at once read his death-warrant. Above him, on the rude steps of the altar, stood the Arch-Druid arrayed in the robe of sacrifice, and before him Manlius, who was by this time at liberty. Sergius was the first to break silence. Fixing a stern gaze on his guide, before whose eagle glance, however, his spirit quailed in spite of itself,—“Whence this surprise?” he said; “who and what are you, Manlius? Speak, why have you thus betrayed me?”

“Who am I? Fool! can you so soon have forgotten? But no matter; your memory will be stronger presently.” With these words, he stepped aside, and stooping down to a small streamlet that trickled through the cromlech, washed the dark stains of the whartle-berry from his face, dashed the military cap from his brow, the light but ample tunic from his breast, and then advanced full in front of the captive.

“Now, tyrant! do you recognise me now?” he said.

One glance—one brief, shuddering glance—sufficed to shew Sergius who it was that stood before him.



"Eternal Mars!" he exclaimed, "it is the Queen of the Silures! It is Cartismandua herself!"—and he placed his hands upon his eyes to shut out the horrid vision.

"Yes, it is Cartismandua—that wretch, whose life you have rendered one long protracted curse. Mighty warrior! where was your sagacity, where your foresight, when you suffered her to pass so long unnoticed?—Listen, while, thread by thread, I unwind the thick web of wiles in which for months you have been tightly folded. Caradoc—my husband—— Hah! I see you have not yet forgotten that name. Too well you remember the foul, the degrading insults, to which you subjected that free-born prince."

"He was a rebel," retorted Sergius.

"He was a patriot," interrupted Cartismandua: "but, rebel or patriot, he is now amply avenged." She then proceeded as follows, in a voice stern and commanding, but broken at intervals by an intense spasmodic emotion, which she vainly strove to check:—

"On the evening of that day which saw my husband a slave, myself an exile, I quitted your camp a lost, broken-hearted wretch. My very soul seemed crushed out. I was fit only to be a slave—even *your's*. For four long months did this spell bow me to earth. For four long months did I meanly sue for death, wandering a beggar through the land where I had once reigned as queen. At last, one night, as I lay alone on the bare crag, a vision passed before me. I stood in the Roman camp, a second time a supplicant. You were there, encircled as before by soldiers; and as you spurned my prayer, you thrust me with your foot from your presence, and added a term of stinging insult. Your præfects and centurions laughed, while I—— But my brain reels at the thought. With the torture of that moment, I awoke. My blood was all fire—my throat parched with ashes! 'Shall the tyrant triumph,' I cried, 'while I pine here unrevenged?' The free winds repeated my words; rock repeated it to rock; mountain shouted it aloud to mountain, from whose mysterious depths came up the solemn reply—REVENGE! From that moment a change came over me. My prostrate soul was uplifted; the undying spirit of Vengeance absorbed my every thought. For this alone I consented to endure existence. This was the food—the manna on which I throve. With the thirst for retribution came also the means of its accomplishment. Open violence, I knew, would do nothing—cunning alone could succeed. While ruminating on my plans, Caradoc escaped from your clutches. We met; but it was the meeting of two joyless, dishonoured creatures, whose hearts were tombs, in which all happy thoughts lay buried. From him I learned the news of your recal to Rome. 'Now, then, or never,' I said, 'must the blow be struck.' My plans were soon arranged. Caradoc—who, disgusted with sovereignty, had assumed the rank of Arch-Druid—was to rouse his countrymen; while I—disguised as a patrician of Numidian descent—was to insinuate myself into your presence."

"Fool, fool!" interrupted Sergius, dashing his hand to his brow.

Cartismandua proceeded.—"You are surprised that in the youth Manlius you could not recognize the Queen of the Silures. Alas! misery had done her work too well: disguise was superfluous. There is no mask like that which care throws over the countenance. But complete concealment alone could ensure success, and nothing was to be left to chance. You will ask, why I did not at once revenge

myself by your death. I had the strongest motives to restrain me. Had I murdered you, my own destruction would have followed, and my revenge been incomplete. By keeping always near your person, I was sure of my victim, might perhaps mould him to my purposes, and daily feast my eyes with the thoughts of a luxurious vengeance! We sailed for Rome. There I renewed my court connexions, and, through the influence of Messalina, ensured the favour of Claudius. By this means I was enabled to transmit intelligence to Caradoc. Now came the crowning glory of my policy. Tyrant! it was through my influence with the empress that you obtained the command of the Roman army! To attain this grand point, I publicly renounced my country, and swore allegiance to Rome, while in secret I still kept up my communication with the Druids. You wonder at my craft, my fiendish—call it by what name you will—subtlety. You wonder that I could so long smile—and fawn—and flatter—while revenge was rankling at my heart. Fool! do you not know that the deeper the passion, the softer is the voice, the smoother the countenance? Shallow streams brawl and sputter along their channels; the deep flood rolls on with scarce a murmur. All went on as I could have desired. You were invited to attend the imperial banquet. There, for the first time, our eyes met. But you, idiot that you were, had not wit enough to fathom my mystery!

“At length the day arrived for your departure. An augur—who he was I cannot even surmise—pronounced your doom. It was probably a random prediction, but I felt it was prophetic; and, fearful of its effects, hurried you at once on board. From that hour to the present, I have been in constant communication with the Britons. Last night—only last night—I met their chiefs by appointment in this very spot, informed them of your approach, of the state and equipment of your army, proposed that manœuvre by which—after being inactive throughout the battle—I led you to suppose that a second army was advancing against you; and by my flight—the time and mode of which were both preconcerted—achieved your downfall, and revenged my husband, my country, and myself.”

As Cartismandua concluded, she drew herself up to her full height. Her bosom heaved, her whole nature seemed to dilate with the exulting idea of a full and bloody vengeance. But the effort was beyond her strength. Suddenly her eye lost its fire, her voice its energy; and turning with a saddened glance to Sergius, she pointed towards the mountains which they had both so lately passed. “There,” she added, and her heart seemed breaking as she spoke, “there, beyond that lofty chain lies the plain of Carrick-Sawthy. There my doom was sealed in this world. My husband a slave, degraded by the lash, and tortured by the mockery of slaves—myself an outcast, and left at liberty solely from a haughty tyrant’s contempt for my power—was it for me thus humbled, thus by one vile blow struck down from the pedestal, to which my pride as a queen, as a woman, as a Briton, as the daughter of one prince, and the wife of another, had exalted itself—was it for me, thus trodden to earth, to presume to rise again? Never! Pride like mine knows but one fall. It is no willow to rear its head when the blast has blown over it. Wretch! turn your eyes upon these haggard features. Remember what I once was, see to what you have reduced me! But for you, I might have been a happy mother. But for you, I might have given a long line of Princes to my country, have watched them



grow up around me, and in their noble forms and manly sentiments have traced their father's nature. But all is over now. No child of mine shall ever live to bless his mother's memory. The axe is at the root—the worm at the core—and this blighted, shrivelled form shall never more put forth bud or blossom. Caradoc—my husband—my——” Before she could complete the sentence, her whole form became convulsed, and she sank sobbing and half inanimate at the foot of the cromlech.

The Arch-Druid now advanced. He had marked this impressive scene—which, though it takes up some room in the narration, passed in a comparatively short space of time—with visible impatience; but no sooner did he see Cartismandua fall, than his strong emotion got the better of him, and hastily advancing, he consigned her to the especial care of the nearest Druid, and addressed himself to Sergius, who had listened to the latter part of Cartismandua's details with a sullenness bordering upon vacancy.

But the deep, solemn tones of the Arch-Druid roused him to something like attention. “In me,” said the pontiff, “you behold the husband of that broken-hearted woman. I am Caradoc! In that one word lies your doom. The gods demand your life as a sacrifice; and when the prophetic owl of Hesus has whooped thrice, the debt shall be paid.”

As Caradoc thus definitely pronounced his doom, Sergius shook with horror. Up to this period he had cherished some vague hopes of life—all were now blasted. In the paroxysm of the moment, he turned towards the British prince, and even sued for pity. It was sternly but silently refused. Cold drops stood upon the Dacian's forehead; death in the high excitement of battle he could have braved, as he had braved it a thousand times before; but death in this terrific form, stealing in the silence of midnight, in the depths of an unknown forest, slowly, surely, like a spectre towards him, its every footstep falling with fearful distinctness on his ear—for this he was wholly unprepared.

Meantime the Britons, intolerant of this protracted scene, began to testify their impatience by savage outcries, by clashing their shields, and thronging tumultuously close to the altar.

Sergius marked their approach. By an extraordinary effort, collecting all his courage for one final struggle, he exclaimed, “Barbarians, I am at your mercy. Do with me as you list, but bear witness that I die as I have lived—a Roman warrior.”

“Hark,” said one of the Druids, cutting short his further appeal, “I hear the night-owl.

“No,” replied the Pontiff, “’tis but the wolf baying the moon.”

Just as he uttered these words, the owl, from a neighbouring tree, whooped thrice. The sound—sharp—distinct—electric—pierced the Dacian's ear like a knife, while at the same time it announced to the Britons, that the Deity accepted the human sacrifice.

In an instant numbers had surrounded the cromlech, the Druids, too, gathered close round their victim; and the Pontiff, drawing the sacrificial weapon from his breast, plunged it to the hilt in the victim's heart, who fell without a groan; and then drawing it out hot and smoking with blood, turned triumphantly to his wife: “Cartismandua,” he said, “our wrongs are revenged—the tyrant is no more!”

Surprised at receiving no answer, he advanced, and raised her from the arm of the Druid who supported her. It was too late. Her heart was broken. She was dead!

## THE RISING GENERATION AND THE MARCH OF MIND.

I AM old enough to remember a great many things that seem never to have fallen in the way of the present generation, and that, to the generation growing on their heels, must be as far gone as the years beyond the Flood. I am old enough to remember the time when a gentleman wore the dress of a gentleman, not of his groom, had the manners of good society, not of the race-course, the gaming-table, or the green-room, and had the feelings of a gentleman, not of the unhappy dangles on place or the loud-tongued yet equally slavish hunters after rabble applause. I can remember, too, the time when an English merchant was not a swindling speculator with other men's money, but an honest trader; and when a public man was not necessarily under strong suspicion of roguery. But all this implies, a long time ago; the march of mind is making a brilliant progress, and before a year or two more, we shall probably be the most illuminated people of the globe. But our progress is not to be measured by the expertness of our barbers in comic sections or our green-grocers in the roots of equations; the true fruit is that exquisite refinement which is spreading so visibly over the whole surface of what were once called the lower orders; a class which will henceforth receive and deserve the name of the "superfine."

Of this delightful delicacy, the instances that crowd upon me are too flattering to the hope of universal polish, not to attract the admiration of one who has for the last twenty years been puzzled by the precocious wisdom of the great and the little alike, and who, firmly believing in the proverb, as to setting beggars on horseback, asks only a year or two longer, to have full evidence of its being realized.

I give you a few among the multitude of instances which have satisfied me, that the march of intellect has made the most irresistible progress. If they be more than have fallen within general observation, let it be recollected that I have had my eyes open to the subject, and that, as Sterne says of the "Sentimental Traveller," the man who looks about for any particular absurdity of mankind, will never be disappointed of his crop in a world of such accomplished education. I throw these instances together, with a disregard of chronology which I am afraid may offend some of my heroes and heroines; but I am old, and I have never been fortunate enough to receive the illustration of even a Mechanics' Institute.

A year or two ago, on coming to town for a short period, I took a furnished house, engaged attendants, and so forth. My footman was a smart fellow, and I liked him well enough. But I was not sufficiently fortunate to meet his approval in all points. Within a week he applied for his discharge; his *cong  *, I believe he called it. I inquired his reason. He did me the honour of saying, that he had no particular objection to me or my family, but that "he had made it a rule not to live in a *hired* house." He finished with an accomplished bow, and thus dismissed me.

As I was staring at the full gallop of a stage through one of our most crowded streets, I was terrified by the hazard of a young servant girl, who was crossing, within a few feet of this outrageous machine. In my terror, I roared out, "Girl, take care of the coach."—"Girl," said the accomplished fair one, indignantly, "I'd have you to know I am lady's gentlewoman." I was fool enough to be angry, and said—"Jenny, go



home and be wiser."—"Jenny!" retorted she, with remarkable vigour of tone—"none of that nonsense, old gentleman, my name's Henrietta Matilda!"

In the heat of the summer as I was returning from the city, I felt fatigued by the ascent of Holborn and called a coach. The driver was absent, and my inquiry as to the cause was answered by the waterman. "Your Honour, he's gone over into that there confectioner's, to take his regular ice."

I was drawling homewards in one of those vehicles a few days afterwards, when its lazy motion stopped altogether. On putting my head out I saw my driver calmly quitting his throne. "Only getting down to get a bottle of soda," was the explanation.

At a dinner *en famille* with an old friend, the conversation over our wine was frequently interrupted by what I conceived the agonies of some child in a state of strangulation. As my friend was unincumbered with those delightful sources of all the troubles on earth, I expressed my surprise. "Why hang the fellow," said he, with some appearance of shame at the incident, "I wish he would take some other time for his foolery. I should have turned him out twelve months ago, but they are all the same in this enlightened age. The perpetrator of those horrid sounds is my footman, taking lessons in singing and the guitar!"

A fellow seven feet high, with the limbs of an elephant, a first-rate specimen of the coalheaver, was discharging some of his chaldrons in my cellar. The fellow's muscular power surprised me, and I gave him something more than the usual gratuity. He thanked me, "particularly," said he, as he deposited it with great care in a side pocket, "as it will just make up what I wanted for silks."—"A new name for porter," said I. "No, by no means, your Honour," was the reply. "But after lecture, we has a ball, and the Professor has written up on the door—'No gentlemen admitted to dance, on no conditions whatever, but in silks and breeches.'"

On a visit to the country, I found at once a professor of the new light in the neighbouring village, and half my servants emigrating. From one of them, a pretty innocent creature, a tenant's daughter, I at length extracted the secret of the general move. "They preferred the London accent, and wished to leave the country before their organs were *rigidified*." I scented the professor in the phrase; and was cruel enough to the march of intellect to have him driven out of the village.

Crossing Grosvenor-square, I was followed by one of those wretched beings who volunteer sweeping the pavé. He had some ragged pieces of leather on his hand. The polite mendicant! As he held it out for the penny, "Excuse my glove," said this Chesterfield of the mire.

At the Inn at Devizes, I desired the chambermaid to get the warming-pan ready for my bed. "We haven't none of that sort now," said Blouzelind, with manifest contempt. "In this hotel, we uses nothing but Panthermanticons."

"Sir," said my footman, a successor to the gentleman who disapproved of hired houses, "if I might be allowed to make the observation, your clothes are by no means what your figure would justify." Voltaire remarks that "a compliment is a compliment in all cases, as a pearl is a pearl, whether we find it in an oyster-bed or on a beauty's bosom." I demanded the fellow's reason. "The truth is, Sir," said he, with a profoundly operatic bow, "I don't relish any English tailoring. There

is a something about the foreign cut for me.”—“ Oh, oh,” said I, scarcely able to avoid the indecorum of laughing in the face of the man of taste, “ you wish me to run up a bill with Stultz ; but I always pay ready money, and have no bills with any one.”—“ Have no bills ?” murmured the fellow, with irrepressible scorn. He gave me warning within the week, and, to do him justice, I lost none of my silver spoons.

Some business having led me across the Channel, and having kept me there until I thought that I should never get the snuffling of French out of my ears, nor the fume of the most villainous tobacco on earth out of my nostrils, I hurried homewards with the sort of delight that a prisoner may feel escaping from the society, sight, scents, and sounds of a Deptford hulk. “ Here,” thought I, as I sat down before my own household gods, drew my chair to the fire, and looking on an unpolluted carpet, a clear blaze, and a bottle of old port, felt that I was at last in England again, “ here I am in the land of comfort and common sense. Here I can sit without being smoked into an asthma, or chattered, grimaced, and grinned into an apoplexy.” The congratulation was interrupted by a prodigious double or fourfold knock at the hall door, which prepared me to expect the visit of a peer at least, by its shattering every nerve in my frame. I rose to receive my august visitor. A personage stately as a field marshal, was ushered into the room, in a magnificent military cloak, with a very finished specimen of sleek moustache on his lip, and the remnant of a cigar between them. Having relieved himself of his superabundant smoke, he, by a discharge in my face, addressed me ; dropped a few sentences about *nouveautés, la mode, and le suprême bon ton*, strung like jewels on some of the most thorough English of Cheap-side, and threw open his military caparison. The gentleman was my tailor’s apprentice, bringing home a pair of breeches.

This was a day of general discovery. In my roving through the house, left untenanted by the absence of my family in the country, I found the upper rooms strongly smelling of turpentine, mastic, and so forth ; a varnish brush lay on my toilet table, and a fragment of a carmine saucer, satisfied me that other sophistications than my own had been going on there. The story was soon told. My cook had selected the apartment from its being more convenient than the kitchen for rouging herself without inspection ; and my housemaid had selected it for its advantage of a northern aspect, in the lessons which she was taking of an “ eminent artist,” who gave lessons in oil painting and varnishing, at the rate of half-a-crown a piece. Opening a closet, which I had fitted up as a small study, with my best books, and from which I enjoyed a prospect over Hyde Park, I was repelled by a combination of odours that made me think myself on the other side of the Channel again. My coachman, a huge fellow from Yorkshire, had honoured it in my absence by his company. To this spot the philosopher of hay and oats was in the habit of retiring to solace himself with copying the style of Richardson’s love letters, of which I found several brilliant specimens—sketching his observations on the margin of Smirke’s edition of Don Quixote, and eating macaroni—of which I found a ready prepared plate, with a cigar burning by its side ; my return having evidently disturbed Jehu in his retirement. In this emergency, what was I to do ? My servants had evidently so far outwalked me in “ the march,” that it would have been the highest degree of injustice to expect their further attendance. I ought indeed rather to have petitioned to clean the shoes and make the



fires of such accomplished persons. They had fairly "trod on the heels" of my superiority, as the professors of the new art of marching so munificently promise; and as the next tread might be on my escrutoire, or my neck, I made up my mind to relieve them of the pain of attendance on a being so much less intellectual than themselves. In the course of the next three hours I sent off every sage and syren of them all. There was a considerable reluctance on their part, for which I could not account at the time, but which gave way on my using the argument of a constable from the next office. At eleven o'clock I retired to my pillow, proud of my day's work. But it was unhappily not to sleep. I was suddenly startled by a succession of thunderings at my door, which left me only the choice of suppositions, that the house was on fire, or was attacked by robbers, or was partaking of a general earthquake. I ran to the window—saw successive arrivals of sedans, hackney coaches, and gentlemen wrapped in magnificent military cloaks. The problem was slowly, but perfectly solved. My servants had invited all their fellow students at the Professor of Dancing's Institute, to a quadrille party. The invitation was a month old; but unluckily, my movements in dismissal had been too rapid for them to "put off" their guests. This however must now be done; and I gave them some invaluable advice from the safe distance of a second-floor window: not unanswered, I must allow, by some indignant spirits, in language worthy of their injuries, and in particular by one gentleman's gentleman, who acquainted me that but for his despising me, he should send a friend to insist "on satisfaction."

SENEX.

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LOVE, LAW, AND PHYSIC, IN BARBARY.

(*From the recent unpublished Journal of S. Benson, Esq.*)

THE greatest and most visible distinction between Europe and that part of Africa opposite its coast, consists in the consideration attached to the fair sex, a distinction which the stranger who first sets foot in Barbary, whilst yet within sight of the civilized world, can scarcely comprehend. Had he passed through the dead waters of Lethe, the change could not astonish him more than this slight removal from his home, and did not the sun here shed its rays on him who saw it rise in Europe, he might fancy he had passed into the fabled regions of another sphere. The beauty of the women of this country (the chosen few) and their hapless condition, is such as to merit our sincerest pity. The charms which Nature has bestowed on them, instead of elevating them to that rank in society which they deserve, has only marked them out for the victims of the jealous tyranny of husbands, whose selfishness and obstinacy are such that nothing can make them feel or think the sex otherwise destined, than to be subservient to their will and pleasure. It is to jealousy, that may be ascribed the miserable life which the Mahomedan women of Barbary lead; this is the cause of the ignorance in which they are kept, the masks in which they are hid, and the cages in which they are confined. When I turn from the heart-broken heroine of a modern novel, dying like the Sybarite of a crumpled rose-leaf, to these children of sorrow and slavery, I deplore the vitiated taste which loves to feed on such luscious falsehood;—on the shores of Africa may be found sufficient cause in nature to excite our sympathy and regret.

One fair sample of these Moorish beauties, I must be pardoned for describing: the very time at which she first met my sight contributes to fasten her image upon my mind; it was the hour of the Ascha, or twilight prayer, whilst walking on the terrace of my residence at Algiers and musing on the appearance of that singular city. The sun had just sunk into the ocean, leaving minaret and mountain covered with those beautiful tints of purple and gold, so peculiar to a Mediterranean sky. The melancholy but clear strain of the Muezzin's voice proclaimed the hour of vespers in that well-known cry of "La Illaha Mohammed-arrasoul Allah!"—the storks had perched themselves on their nightly station, the ruined turrets,—and the Mussulmans were slowly moving down the steep descent of the mountain city to join in the evening prayer. This is the hour when, in Barbary, the females, who are not allowed to walk abroad without being closely muffled up, resort to their terraces to enjoy the refreshing sunset breeze. The sight of a stranger, and an European too, at first seemed embarrassing, and startled the fair Moriscoe, who, like the gazelle of her own land, stood hesitating whether to advance or retire. I was reluctantly about to withdraw, but having reached the mirador of my terrace, she took courage and playfully beckoned me to remain. Aware that from my situation I was unobserved by any one but herself, she shewed how far she noticed and sympathised with my curiosity, by throwing aside her shawl, and leaving me to gaze on a face and form I shall never forget.

She was evidently proud of the impression she had made, but it was a pardonable vanity; for her beauty would have compensated for a whole race of deformity—though it did not possess all those requisites generally esteemed handsome amongst other females. She was above the ordinary height of woman, and yet without sacrificing one iota of her true grace of form, and finely proportioned limbs, so visible when the Moorish costume is disencumbered of the heavy drapery of the al-haicka. Her skin was white, and her cheeks so beautifully blended with a rosy tint, that were it not known that the Barbary women are fair, it would have been difficult to have supposed her an inhabitant of so warm a climate. A deep blue line intersected her face and bosom; this is effected by a liquid dye being introduced beneath the cuticle when very young; it has the appearance of a full starting vein, and is meant to set off the complexion. Some ladies cause flowers to be traced on their bodies with this dye, and some completely disfigure their faces by its too general use. The dress of the female in question was of blue silk, trimmed with black braid; she wore ear-rings, armlets, and anklets of silver, and her totally bared legs and arms formed a curious contrast to the notions of costume entertained by European ladies.

The mind would willingly attach something of romance to so lovely a creature, but I could learn nothing of her history beyond her having been just married to a rich old Moor, and her being only sixteen years of age. She was a slave! yet her pensive look indicated that she possessed a soul, although the Moors will not believe in the possession; consequently they deny them the benefits of education, or the taste of liberty; and thus their days pass on without the slightest reciprocity of feeling to alleviate the monotony of their existence. The whole life of a Moorish woman from infancy to death may be comprised in a few words. Although every thing is hid from public



view, and information can only be obtained by indirect means, still the deficiency is supplied by the uniformity of the picture; and the history of a single one is a standard whereby to form a judgment of the whole. In that which appears the greatest cruelty—the withholding from them that any development of the mind could but awake them to a keener the benefits of education—there is certainly the attendant consolation sense of their miserable destiny, namely, that of being kept as horses in a stable for their masters' uses, and being prized by the same rules, the beauties of blood and limb, the consciousness of which is now lost in apathy and ignorance.

The Moorish females spring into womanhood with astonishing rapidity; scarcely do they leave the arms of the mother before they are clasped by those of the husband. At twelve or thirteen years of age, the Moorish maiden is a bride; at twenty-five an old woman; her evanescent charms are then already on the wane, and take a flight as rapid as their coming on. The thick and raven tresses of youth become thinned and grey; the once symmetrical form becomes a mass of corpulence; wrinkles furrow the brow, and notwithstanding their former attractions, nothing is left to tell the beauty of the broken flower, but the never-failing lustre of the eye, now set within a sallow cheek. This sudden change is not difficult to be accounted for; they marry by far too young. Were this not the case, from the plurality of wives allowed to Mussulmans, a population would be created much beyond its actual amount; whereas at present a Mussulman with four or five wives has fewer children than compose a single family in England. Again, the food which they eat to superinduce corpulency, by no means strengthens the constitution, which soon yields to the ravages of time and climate. Such is the anxiety of mothers in Barbary to render their female children fat, that they stand over them at meals with a stick, and punish those who do not eat a sufficiency of the *cous-cousou* set before them. That which in Europe is termed a well-shaped lady, is in Barbary compared to "the back-bone of a fish," and would be the very last to excite the favourable regards of a lover; whereas a fat lady who could scarcely walk, would need little recommendation beyond her size.

A Moorish woman of distinction is seated all day long upon her carpet, where she is waited on by a number of little slaves, a laziness which also contributes to render her unwieldy; then her dress does not confine any part of her form, so that the universal *al-haicka* may be said generally to conceal a much greater proportion of deformity than beauty. Such a thing as a small waist or well-turned ancle is a rare and uncommon sight.

It is certainly not the fault of the fair sex in Barbary that they are not better known to strangers; fear alone compels them to comply with the harsh dictates of their "lords and masters." Beneath the ample folds of woman's guise has many a love affair been carried on. The unsuspecting husband, misled by the slippers\* at the door of his wife's apartment, has often turned aside to make room for his disguised rival's escape, making good the truth of the old axiom, that "the best padlock is that of the mind." A Moorish woman will not make the slightest scruple of discovering her face to an European, and exclaiming, "*Shoof*

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\* The slippers outside the apartment denote that the husband cannot enter the room, a strange female being present.

sidi, shoof sidi!—Look, Sir—look, Sir!” provided none of her own people are near to betray her; and will at any time rather invite than repel the curiosity of a stranger, whose risk is as great as her own in so doing, and who if detected in any more serious offence would subject himself to the penalty of death.

Marriage amongst the Moors is brought about by the intervention of friends; no interview whatever can take place previously to the nuptials. The good or bad qualities of the lady are explained to the lover, and also her abilities and personal charms. Love, that rare ingredient in Moorish marriages, may sometimes be found subsequent, but cannot be known previously to matrimony.

On the evening of the wedding the lady is placed on horseback, in an enclosure which resembles a large paper lanthorn; in this way she is paraded through the streets to the house of the bridegroom, by the male friends of both parties. Rude music, the shouts of the rabble, and the firing of powder, assail the ears of the bride, whose union and introduction to her husband are coeval.

The validity of the marriage contract depends on the same proofs as those required by the Levitical law, but the lady may be returned for less material defects than their absence, or the husband is at liberty to take another wife if he please. It is to meet the difficulties arising from a total want of prior acquaintance between the parties, that the law of Mahomet allows a plurality of wives to those who can prove they are able to maintain them. Barrenness is a ground of divorce, as likewise a repugnant breath, for both of which causes women in Barbary are often repudiated.

The “law’s delay” was never yet a subject of complaint in the Barbary States; here, on the contrary, it may be seen the “law’s dispatch” is the most to be dreaded; a great inconvenience in criminal cases, where the innocence of the party is sometimes made manifest only after the loss of a limb or a head. The sovereign here unites in his person the office of judge and jury; if human judgment was less liable to error or the impulse of passion, perhaps amongst an uncultivated people, such assumption of authority would be less objectionable: but it is generally attended with the worst consequences. Execution of the law also follows so hard upon the sentence, that the criminal is often hurried from the presence of the judge to suffer its penalty. Decisions of Moorish law, both in civil and religious cases, are founded on the Koran. If litigants are dissatisfied with the interpretation of a cadi or bashaw, they can appeal to the emperor or head of the government, who has power to revise the sentence; but bribery is sure to attain a verdict, from which there is no appeal save in a counter bribe.

The office of public executioner does not always pertain to the same person; the prince often confers this honour on his chiefs. The Moors say it is honourable “to use the arm of the faithful to destroy the unjust;” thus the greatest men of the state are often employed in striking off the heads of malefactors. It is, in fact, deemed no bad qualification to power to be a good headsman; and not many years ago a dey of Algiers succeeded to the throne, merely on account of his dexterity in taking off heads.

The chopping off the hands is a common punishment in cases of robbery; the truncated parts are dipped in pitch to stop the bleeding, and the executioner, with the utmost *sang froid*, thrusts the severed



hands into the culprit's *bernoos*,\* bidding him get out of the way to make room for another. Punishments of this kind may be considered strong proofs of barbarism; but this reproach will likewise apply to Europe, where there is by far too great a display of public executions, a practice at variance with our progress of enlightenment and the ends of justice. The relation of the sufferings of a criminal or the exposure of a corpse, without feasting the eyes of the multitude on the convulsions which attend an exit from life, would probably answer all the purposes of legislature, and be just as effectual a check on crime.

If a traveller is robbed in Barbary, the pacha or governor of the country in which he travels, is bound to make good the sum on proof of the value of the articles stolen. The pacha has his remedy against the inhabitants of the district, upon whom he immediately levies a fine of three times the amount he is bound to pay; this plan sets the whole population at work to discover the robber, in which case he can seldom escape. The Kobeyles, a hardy race of mountaineers in the kingdom of Algiers, are proverbially known as great thieves. A friend of mine, during his residence at Oran, employed several of these men as servants; to avoid their depredations he would not allow them to sleep in his house. During a tempestuous night, however, the Kobeyles opened a mine from the street beneath the foundation, a thing by no means difficult, and carried off a casket of jewels. Mustapha Bey, who was then governor of Oran, having no clue to the robbers, levied a fine of three times the value of the property stolen, on the inhabitants, and likewise flogged the *alcald* of the night-guard naked through the streets, bound on a mule. These severities led to the discovery of a string of pearls in the possession of a Moorish woman: she was brought into the Bey's presence, and being reluctant to confess the manner in which she had obtained them, the pacha pricked her with his *khanjear* till she owned she had purchased them for a trifle from the Kobeyle servants. The jewels were recovered and the fine taken off, but the Kobeyles had fled to their mountains, where no power the bey possessed could take them.

The laws of the Koran require "eye for eye, tooth for tooth," &c., which in case of any wilful infliction of injury cannot be considered unjust; but a great difficulty exists in Barbary regarding the distinction between accident and design, the latter interpretation being generally placed on every act wherein a foreigner may have the misfortune to offend or harm a native—as one or two examples will sufficiently prove. It is better, therefore, to submit to almost any imposition than go to law with a Moor, who is sure to be protected, to the certain sacrifice of the stranger.

An English merchant, Mr. D——, whilst on a shooting excursion in Barbary, fired at a Moor, and lodged a quantity of small shot in one of his legs. A Moorish surgeon performed the operation of extracting the shot with a blunt-pointed knife; this process inflamed and irritated the wounds. During the time of the Moor's illness, he was maintained at the expense of Mr. D——; this so well suited his taste, that whenever he approached a state of convalescence, means were employed to retard the cure, which at last rendered amputation necessary. At this crisis, Mr. D—— was arrested and thrown into prison, to wait the

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\* The white mantle worn by the Moors.

issue of the disaster, with the melancholy prospect of losing one of his own legs, or perhaps his life, in case the Moor should die. The wounded man, however, recovered at the expense of being crippled, and having pleaded his inability to gain a livelihood, Mr. D—— was obliged to submit to the exorbitant demand of three thousand dollars, to effect his liberation from prison.

There is no doubt that part of this money found its way into the pocket of the bashaw. Such is the satisfaction of being compensated for any accident like that just cited, that a Moor will rather place himself in the way, than avoid being injured by a person who can afford to pay for it. My own escape from an extortion of pretty nearly the same nature, will show that those cases are not of unfrequent occurrence in Barbary.

During my residence at Tangiers, I was accompanied in one of my accustomed rides by a person whom I shall designate as Geoffroy Gambado, jun. The treat of riding on horseback being a novelty to this gentleman, his courage rose above the level of his abilities for managing the barb which he, in his vanity, chose for the display of his equestrianism. On arrival at a sand plain, my friend's joy burst forth in sundry useless checks and spurrings of his steed, impatient of which the horse dashed forward, heedless of the cries and struggles of his awkward rider to bring him to a halt! A party of Moorish women on their route to their gardens were in the advance, on coming up with whom the horse stopped, and (least mishap of all!) laid his unskilful rider in the dust! Unfortunately the forehead of a Moorish girl of the party was grazed by coming in contact with the horse. Having convinced myself of the extent of the accident, which proved to be nothing more than a slight scratch, I recommended Mr. Gambado to open his purse-strings, as the best remedy for healing the wound. This advice was, however, despised.

A telegraph could not have communicated the news of the disaster to Tangiers quicker than it reached the bashaw's ears by means of the Arab lazzaroni, who, like their brethren of Italy, are so distinguishedly employed under every bush and hedge about the country; nor did the story lose any part of its attraction by passing through their hands, for they magnified it into a report of both murder and violation!

The first intimation I received, on my return, of the coming storm was, the seizure of the guard who accompanied me; this fellow, contrary to my usual custom, I had picked up in the town, without thinking of the necessity of employing *an officer of the line*, whose inalienable perquisites are the fees for attending strangers. The guard was lugged off to the alcassaba of the bashaw, where he was disburthened of the reward of his day's labour, and received in exchange a hundred stripes on the feet, to render him less nimble-footed on future occasions. The poor devil came limping towards me after this unkind treatment to beg a few pesettas by way of consolation, a compliance with which changed his pathetic strain to notes of gladness. I had scarce learnt his disgrace, when I received an invitation, borne by a dozen of the bashaw's body-guard, to attend at the alcassaba myself.

I found his excellency the bashaw, seated on the ground at his castle gate, busied in giving the pass-word to the night patrol, who with their cudgels and other arms were proceeding to their respective posts



for the night. He was not long in acquainting me with the nature of what he had to impart, nothing less than the said charge of murder!

Thinking his excellency laboured under some delusion, I begged to inform him through an honest dragoman—the same person who cuts such a conspicuous figure in Capt. Beauclerk's "Tour to Morocco," as the "Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox of the sultan"—that the accident was fortunately but a trifling one; also, that I was not the precise person who had occasioned it. It was, however, gently hinted to me, "that this made no difference, and that if any thing happened to the girl, I might prepare for the worst." As an especial favour, after many threats of imprisonment, I was allowed to remain in confinement in my own house, under surveillance, till the result of the girl's accident was ascertained.

I subsequently discovered that my cunning friend, Gambado, leagued with the dragoman, had contrived to shift the weight of the offence upon my shoulders, by causing the bashaw to understand that I was the person who had rode over the girl, an imposture I did not discover at the moment. The farce, however, was near being turned into tragedy; the parents of the girl, in order to extort a sufficient sum of money, had employed means to aggravate the wound in the girl's head, which they had caused to be shaved. Medicines were administered to her which produced violent fever, and if a prompt settlement had not taken place they would have killed her, in order to derive a pecuniary benefit from her death.

As any rescue from the hands of the Moors, through official interference (though I must here acknowledge the kindness of the European consuls at Tangiers in offering me their assistance), might have been both a slow and doubtful process, I preferred the shorter route of disengaging myself from the grasp of power by sending for the worthy conspirators, and paying the amount of their demand. Their meeting was sufficiently ludicrous; they wept, debated, and fought with my arbitrators, and at last came to blows. I was then assured every thing was in a fair way of settlement, and that they would certainly not hold out much longer. Battle was, in fact, the signal of accommodation, the talbs or scribes were sent for, and upon payment of certainly a less penalty than I expected, they drew up my release. A few days subsequent to this arrangement, the young lady was restored to perfect health, and was able to walk to her garden as well as ever.\*

Occurrences like the foregoing are always looked upon by the authorities in the light of business, and that course which may bring a share of the damages to their own pockets, is the one they are sure to pursue. Public officers, having no stated salaries, think it no harm

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\* When I see a nation which has not the slightest idea of public right, or of the rights of man; a nation in which scarcely one individual in a thousand knows how to read or write; a nation with whom there is no guarantee for private property, and where the blood of man is ever liable to be shed for the least cause, and upon the slightest pretext, without any form of trial; in short, a nation resolved to shut its eyes to the lights of reason, and to repel far from it the torch of civilization, which is presented to it in all its brilliancy, such will always be to me a nation of barbarians. Let the individuals who compose it wear garments of silk or rich pelisses; establish their own ceremonials; eat, drink, and make a hundred mixtures daily; wash and purify themselves every hour—still I shall repeat they are *barbarians*. There are, indeed, some few persons about the court who have learnt the languages of Europe, and have secretly adopted its civilization, at least in part, but their number is infinitely small compared with the mass of the nation.—*Vide Ali Bey's Travels*.

to make the worst of every chance which comes in their way, nor is the emperor himself backward in shewing a bad example.

Sidi Hamet Benja, a Moorish merchant, who died a few years back at Gibraltar, was known to the whole mercantile world by the extent of his connections and his great riches. This man the Emperor of Morocco tried to destroy, for which Benja owed him an eternal hatred; notwithstanding which, his oppressor became his sole and universal legatee.

Benja from insignificant beginnings had acquired great wealth, the fame of which soon reached the sultan's ears, who by insinuations and flattering messages, induced him to repair to the royal presence. The unsuspecting merchant proceeded to Barbary; no sooner had he landed there than he was informed by a friend, of his having placed his foot in the net; that the sultan had given orders to prevent his return, and to send him in chains to Morocco, in case he did not proceed voluntarily on his journey.

This intelligence would have damped the spirit of any one but a man of Benja's presence of mind, who too late saw the folly of his credulity, but determined, if possible, to retrieve his error. Profiting from the information given him, he resolved to go boldly forward, feigning an entire ignorance of the sultan's intentions. Having caused the sum of 50,000 dollars to be forwarded to him from Gibraltar, the money was laden on mules, and placed under the care of his escort. Benja shortly after knelt in the royal presence. Previously to inquiring the nature of the sultan's command, he stated his intention to withdraw his riches from Europe, and to take up his residence near *Seedna*, his lord and master, whom he intended to constitute his sole heir; in token of this intention, he pointed out the gold which already awaited the sultan's acceptance, at the palace gates. The money was unladen in the courtyard of the palace. The greedy sultan listened to the tale with the utmost credulity—the chains which awaited the merchant were withheld. The sultan, thinking himself sure of getting the whole property into his hands, urged Benja's speedy departure to put his purpose into execution, promising him all sorts of honours and influence on his return.

Benja was not tardy in obeying the sultan's commands; he took his leave, but no sooner was he out of the kingdom, than he acquainted the sultan of his knowledge of the infamous intention to imprison him till he should have purchased his freedom, and congratulated himself on having escaped the fangs of such a monster at so small a sacrifice. Benja little intended at this time to have made the sultan his heir, yet such was the case; for having an aversion to making a will, he died intestate, and thus, by a law of Barbary, the sultan claimed his property—which the authorities of Gibraltar found themselves compelled to pay into his hands.

No Moor can reside out of his sovereign's dominions without special leave: this was one of the flimsy pretexts on which the sultan intended to imprison Benja. Where there are wives or children, they are generally held responsible for the husband or father's conduct, and are punished in case of his disobedience to the law.

It is surprising that despotic governments should find any advocate; yet such is the case. A late tourist has even held the government of Morocco up to admiration, by citing cases wherein the sultan's arbitrary measures have produced benefits, which even-handed justice never



could have obtained; but it would be far better that a few guilty individuals should escape, than that one innocent man should suffer. Some instances may be pointed out, wherein despotic proceedings have been attended with good effects; but this cannot justify their general adoption.

A party to which I belonged, in the eagerness of the chase, pursued their game across a douar where sporting is prohibited; this precaution being neglected, some of the sportsmen were surrounded by the Arabs, who, under pretence of admiring the fine detonating locks of English guns, relieved one of my friends from the trouble of carrying his gun any further. Vexation for its loss caused a complaint to the caid of our guard; the caid applied to the chief of the douar. The Arabs denied all knowledge of the theft, which so enraged the chief, that he threatened to flog the whole douar, in case the property was not immediately produced. Two or three of the villagers had actually undergone a flagellation, in pursuance of the chief's resolve, when a woman, whose husband was next in turn for the bastinado, brought forward the much wished for gun, displaying the triumph of conjugal affection over mercenary feeling. Many European ladies would not have been in such haste to spare their husbands a flogging!

Another case occurs to my memory in which the wielding of arbitrary power may be seen to all its disadvantage. A late governor of Tangiers being called by some business of importance to the interior, pitched on one of the principal merchants or shopkeepers of the place to govern during his absence. This was a favour from which the merchant would have willingly shrunk, but refusal was impossible. On the bashaw's departure, he handed a list to his deputy of the sums he was expected to raise during his absence. Notwithstanding every possible economy and diligence, the period of the bashaw's return drew near, the day of resignation was at hand, and there yet remained a deficit of fifty dollars in the stipulated levies. This, to a Moor, who foresaw he would have to pay the deficiency out of his own pocket, was no trifling matter, and caused serious reflection. In the midst of his distress, two men were brought in wounded, who had quarrelled and fought in the streets. This grave offence required the infliction of a heavy penalty, which, as it promised to relieve the deputy governor from his embarrassment, caused him no small joy in discovering a means of shifting the payment of the much-wanted sum on the first aggressor. But in this case the man happened not to possess a single blanquillo. Not all the stripes in the world, nor any means could be devised to make either of the parties produce the lowest copper coin of the country, which sum it turned out had been the cause of their dispute. The witnesses of the affray were next inquired for, and on its being discovered that a wealthy man had accidentally witnessed the quarrel, the deputy sent for him, flew into a great rage, and threatened to put him into confinement for remaining a quiet spectator, in a case of murder. Inability to separate the combatants was pleaded, as well as the danger of their turning their knives on himself, had he attempted to interfere. Remonstrance was useless, the crime was unpardonable: "My friend," whispered the deputy governor, "you had better pay the money without hesitation, for the bashaw may return to-morrow, and if he finds I have neglected my duty, he may be inclined to make a governor of you—which you may find a greater punishment than that which I now inflict on you."

The study of medicine is that which of all others is least cultivated in Barbary, and yet this race of quacks and mountebanks would with difficulty be brought to own their ignorance, or flinch from undertaking the cure of the most complicated disease, although unacquainted with the simplest properties of drugs, much less their application to the infirmities of the human frame. Happily a people living near to a state of nature are less subject to maladies than those who partake of the luxuries of life; otherwise their ills would know little alleviation from the skill of the physician.

When any of the royal family of Morocco need medical advice, they have a right (I believe, by treaty) of claiming the assistance of medical men from Gibraltar.\* In other parts of Barbary, there are some European practitioners, but an ugly custom of making the physician responsible for the life of the patient, has deterred many from practising in these dominions. Temptations have from time to time been held out, to induce some of the profession to establish themselves at Morocco, but no one has yet been bold enough to undertake the ungrateful and dangerous office.

The maladies most incidental to Barbary are cutaneous, the most frightful of which is the elephantiasis, or swollen leg, supposed by some to be caused by the waters of the country. So burthensome does the afflicted limb become, and so augmented in weight by the inaction of a night's sleep, that the wretched sufferer with difficulty rises from his bed. No remedy is known for it, and all attempts at cure by amputation of the limb have been attended with loss of life.

The mode which a native empiric employed to rid his patients of this complaint shews to what extent effrontery on the one side, and credulity on the other, may reach. Being sent for, this *sorcerer*, for I can call him nothing else, advised an unheard-of species of cauterization. Having first obtained from the afflicted man a written discharge in case of death (a very necessary document in this country), he applied a log of burning wood to the diseased limb, by which he was sufficiently successful to drive the evil to another part of the body. Encouraged by the result, he made a similar experiment on a man of consequence, who died from the effects of the operation. Having in his over-confidence neglected in this case to demand a release, as before, the operator was under the necessity of taking to his heels to avoid a tragic exit himself, and may be now found in another part of Barbary practising a less dignified calling than that of surgeon.

Every stranger who visits Barbary is supposed to have a knowledge of medicine; they are all tibibs or doctors: I must plead guilty to having favoured the deception with regard to myself, in order to gain an introduction to the house of a Moor, which had nearly cost me dearer than I expected.

Sidi Hanar, a Moorish merchant of Tetuan, complained to me that his favourite wife was afflicted with ophthalmia, a disease for which I

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\* The exercise of this right has afforded us some very irreconcilable books of travels. Dr. Lemprière states that when called on to visit the ladies of the harem, he was neither allowed to look at them nor feel their pulses; but that holes were cut in the blankets through which the ladies thrust their tongues for examination. A subsequent traveller, Capt. Beauclerk, who accompanied Dr. Brown, so far from having met with any reserve of this sort, seems to have conversed with every pretty face in the kingdom, and has found no difficulty of the kind whatever, although travelling in a Mahomedan country.



told him I had a cure, provided he could introduce me to the lady. On the evening appointed for my visit, my friend was already waiting for me at the door of his house, into which I was about to enter, *sans façon*, but found myself stopped by his desiring me to wait till he had first seen if the way was clear: being satisfied of which, he returned and conducted me to a room, where was spread a repast of coffee, dates, &c. on the ground, on which were likewise placed two handsome silver-branched candlesticks with wax lights. I declined accepting the substitute for a chair (a box) which his kindness had provided, and accommodating myself to the fashion of the country, sat down cross-legged on the carpets, which I had no sooner done, than a stifled laugh of female voices burst forth. On looking up, I perceived at a small grating in the wall three or four females, who had evidently been surprised into this fit of mirth by my awkward accommodation to their mode of seating themselves. The laughter of Sidi H.'s wives had not escaped his hearing, and had nearly proved a disappointment of the purpose of my visit, for seeing that I had caught a glimpse of the ladies, he immediately extinguished the lights and retired from the room. Loud words passed, evidently the effect of his anger at their imprudence: the affair, however, ended better than I anticipated; he returned, leading the lady, who was to become my patient by the hand, and having caused the tapers to be re-lighted, introduced me to his wife. She was an interesting young woman, but from absolute neglect had nearly lost her eyesight.

By a little perseverance and the application of simple remedies, I had the pleasure of restoring the lady to the perfect use of her optics, though not without a great consumption of my lotions, the rapidity of which, the sequel of this affair alone enabled me to understand.

The husband soon after the cure, boasted publicly that his wife, who had gone *stone blind* from ophthalmia, had been restored to the blessings of sight from a medicine he had himself discovered, the merit of which he claimed as his own. On hearing this news, a Moor who was likewise afflicted with this troublesome complaint, consented to pay Sidi H. a certain sum to take his case in hand, which he did, not forgetting the old precaution of the release. At this juncture the politeness and friendship of Sidi H. towards me exceeded all bounds; his servants were continually bringing fresh butter, eggs, &c. to my house, which in the supposition of its being done in gratitude for my services, I accepted. One day I also received a quantity of musk cakes, neatly tied up in an embroidered pocket handkerchief from the lady of Sidi H., accompanied with a desire that previously to my departure from Tetuan I should furnish her with a fresh stock of lotions in case of a return of the complaint during my absence. Not having the requisite medicines in my possession, I sent to express my regret at their being exhausted; the messenger then brought me an urgent request to call at Sidi H.'s house. On my arrival there I found him quarrelling with a Moor who complained that he had been driven blind by the washes with which Sidi H. had pretended to cure him of the ophthalmia. My advice being asked as to whether any plan could be devised to restore the blind man to sight, I plainly stated that couching alone might afford him that chance; on this intelligence the blind man claimed a return of the money he had paid Sidi H. for his cure. The refusal to do this was the cause of Sidi H.'s being cited before the Cadi, in whose presence it was elicited that Sidi H. had reserved a portion of my lotions for the double purpose of profiting by

their sale in case they were found efficacious, and that of causing my punishment if his wife had been deprived of her sight under my treatment. He had, however, over-reached himself, for by a misapplication of the lotions and the substitution of others of his own compounding, on finding I had no more to give away, he caused the poor man the loss of his eyesight, which but for the release would have cost Sidi H. a like retribution ; as it was, he was condemned to return the money he had received, and compensate the man in an extra sum for the injury he had caused.

This specimen of ungrateful treatment made me for ever renounce the profession of medicine ; on which subject I believe there is but little more to be observed. Male accoucheurs are unknown in Barbary ; this office is confided to women solely, and, strange to say, the only use known for a chair in this country is, in case of accouchement.

The greatest enemies of the doctors are the saints, who by spells and incantations have brought medicine into great contempt ; so much so, that the grave of a dead saint is considered more efficacious than the advice of a living physician. The country is over-run with those impostors, who take advantage of the superstition of the people to turn their weakness to advantage. They are worshipped whilst living, and when dead, treason itself finds a refuge at their sepulchre. Idiots are in the greatest repute for this profession ; next to them, are those remarkable for any great deformity of person or hideousness of feature ; qualifications totally different from those required to make a saint in Europe. In Barbary they pick the pockets of the credulous by clothing themselves in tattered weeds, bedabbling their hair with dirt, allowing their nails to grow, and causing their teeth to project outwards. The more they are unlike humanity, the more they are adored. A maniac is idolized ; and should all Bedlam be here let loose, the people would imagine themselves the special objects of the favour of Providence. The profession is so lucrative that those who are *no fools* adopt it ; but, if by accident they are found uttering common sense, they are punished with a proportionate number of stripes for the deception.

A culprit having fled from justice took refuge at the tomb of a saint, to which place no one was allowed to pursue him. A guard, however, surrounded the spot to shoot him if he attempted to escape, and to prevent his being supplied with any provisions. During the space of a fortnight (thus it is related) he remained without the slightest nourishment. On approaching to see if he was dead he was found in perfect health. When asked if he wanted food ? he replied in the negative, saying, the saint in pity to his innocence had furnished him with victuals from the tomb, and had commanded him to give the emperor a bag of sequins which had been buried in his grave.

The circumstance was related to the sultan, who on mention of the bag of gold immediately saw the possibility of the miracle. He gave orders for the culprit's release, who from that moment became a saint himself, and is now held in high veneration. To relate one-half the absurdities, of which the above is only an instance, is perhaps unnecessary evidence of what may be readily believed, that on this subject the Moors are the most credulous people in the world.

A Santo or Marabout is never punished ; crime loses its colour when committed by one of their order : there are instances of violation, where the complainants have been told that, instead of considering themselves



unfortunate, they ought on the contrary to deem themselves happy in being in any way taken notice of by such persons. The Moors are always emulous of entertaining them at their tables, and pay them well for the honour of their company. In return they tell the fortunes of the family, and are the only sect allowed to touch the closely muffled damsel's hand, a difficult book to read when not illuminated by the light of the eye; they nevertheless manage, amidst the numberless mysterious predictions they trace along the blue veins of the arm, to say something applicable to the mother's hopes and daughter's wishes, and always find a liberal compensation for the laborious pains of a prophet's education.

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ROGUERY TAUGHT BY CONFESSION.

BY PETER PINDAR, JUN.

A PIOUS OSTLER, who did much repent  
Of all his sins—and they were not a few—  
Resolved one day to give his conscience vent,  
And get his wicked soul whitewashed anew :

So rose betimes next morn, and quickly knelt  
Before a goodly priest with shaven crown,  
One who—although he in a village dwelt—  
Had still a taste for all the tricks of town.

To him a free confession soon he made,  
And boldly vowed he ne'er would sin again ;  
Hoping the holy sire would lend his aid,  
From his polluted soul to wipe the stain.

“ Son !” cried the Monk, “ although thy crimes are great,  
Enough to damn thy wretched, sinful soul,  
Too much I fear there's one you do not state,  
And I, ere you're absolved, must hear the whole.

“ Say, by our Lady, did you ne'er, beneath  
The manger, keep some tallow in a horn ?  
And did you never grease a horse's teeth,  
To hinder him from surfeiting on corn ?”

“ No, Father ! no,” he cried ; “ I'm not involved  
In such a crime ; indeed, I've named the whole.”—  
So then the Priest his load of sin absolved,  
And home the Ostler steered with whitewashed soul.

Just six months after this, the Ostler came  
Again before the Friar to confess ;  
Acknowledging with penitential shame,  
His greasing horses' teeth with great success.

“ Oh, wicked son !” the holy Father cried—  
“ Did you not tell me, when I saw you last,  
That you had never in your life applied  
Grease to a horse's teeth, to make him fast ?”—

“ Yes, holy Sir, I did, and then spoke true !”  
Replied the man of straw, with utterance quick :  
“ For, though it may seem rather strange to you,  
*I never then had heard of such a trick !*”

## NOTES ON HAITI.—FOUR YEARS IN THE WEST INDIES.

“It may be safely assumed, on general principles, that a multitude collected at random from various savage nations, and habituated to no subordination but that of domestic slavery, are totally unfit for uniting in the relations of regular government, or being moulded into a system of artificial society.” So says Mr. Brougham in his *Colonial Policy*. So might any one else have said; for the present condition of society in St. Domingo, after many years of *freedom*, and the result of all attempts to establish good government and promote free labour amongst Africans, without previous instruction and civilization, fully confirms the assumption.

Had the aggregate of the Africans, carried to St. Domingo and the other slave colonies, been taken, even promiscuously, from the general mass of negro barbarians, less coercion would, in the first instance, have been necessary; and it would have been less difficult to reclaim them from savage and brutal habits. But when it is considered that a large proportion of these people were “bad subjects of barbarous states enslaved for their crimes,” the difficulty of suddenly training them to the habits of industry and the blessings of civilization must be very evident. Yet in the face of these irrefragable truths, and of facts which ought to have made every man cautious, we every day heard vehement declamations, from foolish theorists, regarding the rapid progress of civilization, and the happy effects of free institutions, in the now miserable island of Haiti, or St. Domingo!

When the *Code Rural*, and other genuine documents promulgated there, were first made known in this country, their authenticity was impugned, they were declared spurious, and their circulation attributed solely to party motives, by a powerful sect, who obstinately persisted in representing Haiti, not as it actually was at the time, and still remains at the present moment, but such as, to suit their own distorted views of an important question—it *ought*, in their heated imaginations, to have been.

At the commencement of the troubles in that unhappy colony, the population was composed of three great classes. The two first, previously irritated against each other, scarcely amounted to one-ninth of the whole. The remaining eight ninths were in a state of the most brutal abasement.

The best educated part of the community, who were alone capable of undertaking and fulfilling the duties of public functionaries, ceased to exist at the moment of the establishment of independence; and the attempt to form a *liberal* system of government, where the great mass of the people were totally unable to distinguish between liberty and *brutal licentiousness*, was evidently chimerical.

Haiti, therefore, although its institutions are thinly covered by a veil of republicanism, easily seen through by the most casual observer—is, and has, since the time of the massacres, been neither more nor less than a military aristocracy of the worst kind; and however designing knaves or foolish zealots may reject this view, the sober minded part of the community will feel perfectly satisfied of its accuracy.

“Nations as well as individuals can acquire maturity only by imper-  
M.M. *New Series*—VOL. X. No. 57. 2 Q



ceptible degrees ; and every step taken must, to be effectual, be in accordance with the peculiar character of the people to be improved."

The failure of all attempts to force upon societies, composed of dissimilar materials, institutions which, in every other case have required centuries to complete them, ought accordingly to have been foreseen ; and hence such attempts have completely failed in St. Domingo, and have also, or must eventually fail in Colombia, Guatemala, and the other mushroom states of South America.\*

The conflicting opinions and assertions prevalent in this country regarding Haiti, together with those serious considerations of sound policy, which rendered it necessary to attend to a question of such vital importance to the well being and proper regulation of our transatlantic colonies, induced ministers to adopt measures for obtaining an accurate solution of this important question, and they fortunately selected a gentleman well qualified for the task. His "Notes," of which we shall, in the first place, endeavour to give our readers some idea, show, clearly, that he fulfilled the important objects of his mission with zeal, industry, and great fidelity. His statements throughout bear the impress of truth, and are evidently entitled to the fullest credence.

"On my going to Haiti in 1826," says he, "in addition to mere consular duties, others of a higher nature were assigned to me ; and among these, I was required to report on the state of society, and the actual condition of the new republic in all its relations : this was a task no less invidious than difficult ; but I performed it with zeal and to the best of my ability, utterly regardless of any consideration beyond the faithful discharge of my public duty."

Mr. Mackenzie accordingly sent home from time to time various "reports," which were published under the authority of government, and are remarkable for the clearness and ability with which they are drawn up. He has now favoured us with a more detailed account of his sojourn in Haiti, wherein he has endeavoured, in the first place, to show that his relation is "founded on actual inquiry and research ;" and in the next, "to trace the leading features of the origin and progress of a very curious experiment in the history of man."

The first volume is devoted to an account of the journey made in pursuit of information, and the second, to a summary of the principal matters of interest, accompanied by such documents as may be illustrative of particular points. The works of Baron Lacroix, and Justin's *Histoire d'Haiti*, corroborated by his own researches in the republic, and assisted by a large mass of Christophe's papers, were Mr. Mackenzie's principal guides in the *historical* part.

Mr. Mackenzie embarked in the *Druid* frigate, in March, 1826, and arrived off Port-au-Prince, the capital, in May following. "We approached by the northern passage, called St. Mark's Channel, and as several hours elapsed after having been fairly abreast of the island of Gonave before we anchored, there was abundant leisure for examining with glasses the appearance of the coast from Arcahai to the capital. The country is composed of a beautiful undulating surface, bounded by a magnificent outline of mountain, the whole completely covered with

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\* The case of the *United States* of America is quite different. These states were chiefly peopled by enlightened Englishmen, who carried with them a full knowledge of the moral and political habits and principles of the mother country.

wood. We looked in vain for even a solitary fishing boat ; but no evidence of human existence presented itself, except one or two small groupes of people on the beach (probably attracted by the appearance of a large frigate), and a few *buildings in a state of absolute ruin*, which from their appearance might have been formerly the residence of opulent proprietors." He landed at a miserable wooden pier, and on account of the impassable state of the leading streets, the carriage provided for him had to take a circuitous route to the palace, where he was introduced to President Boyer, "a little intelligent-looking man, with very keen black eyes, which he whirls about with extraordinary rapidity."

Mr. Mackenzie applied himself till the month of February, 1827, to the acquisition of information on every topic of interest, and to the performance of those duties which had been committed to his charge. He then commenced a more extended examination of the island.

The only public building of importance in Port-au-Prince is the palace ; the others are described as insignificant in appearance. "But with almost all of these is associated some scene of bloodshed which is quite sickening. It was in the front of the church that Colonel Mauduit, alternately the idol and the object of detestation of the populace, was basely murdered by his own regiment (that of Port-au-Prince), and his miserable corpse torn to pieces by the infuriated rabble. And in the opposite direction is the burying-ground, in which his faithful slave deposited his reeking remains, and then, stretching himself on the grave, blew out his own brains."

The police is military, forming a particular regiment. It is improved since Petion's time, but still very deficient. There are chairs or seats for sentries on duty, and hammocks for the remainder of the guard. Offences are principally against the provisions of the *Code Rural*. The markets are well supplied with necessaries ; but house-rent and luxuries are extravagantly high. Port-au-Prince was formerly celebrated for its public amusements. There was nothing of the kind when the consul was there. The situation of the capital is eminently unhealthy, and destructive to foreigners.

During the months of May, June, July, August, and September, the heat is most intense. The people seem to delight in attending funerals. "I can with truth declare, that all the invitations I received for the first six months of my residence was to funerals."—(p. 15.)

Mr. Mackenzie attended the Fête d'Agriculture ; of which, and the mountebank appearance of the President, he gives rather a ludicrous account. The state of society in the capital is exactly what might have been anticipated. Indolence and inactivity are the characteristics of the country. "Pourquoi mon ami, est-ce que vous ne courez pas ?" said the consul to a lazy messenger who had been sent on a hasty errand.—"Nous ne courons pas dans ce pays-ci," was the answer. Even the dogs and pigs wander about with an apathy and leanness unseen elsewhere. "D—n these Haitians," said a caustic fellow, "they cannot even fatten a pig !" Labourers are with difficulty found at enormously high wages, and these can rarely be persuaded to work two weeks continuously. The evils of this disinclination to labour press heavily on the finances of the government, who have discovered that "ex nihilo nihil fit." Hence originated the *Code Rural*, the existence of which was so boldly denied at home. It provides very amply for enforcing labour.



The uncultivated appearance of the country on approaching it from the sea has been already noticed. "The same character prevails, though to a less extent, on riding through it; for although occasional patches of cultivation do present themselves, they are so few when compared with the dense masses of rank natural vegetation, as to sink into the shade." Thus, to a stranger, the beautiful plain of the Cul-de-sac would seem to be an old forest of logwood and of acacia; although within the last thirty years it was covered with sugar establishments not inferior to any in the world. The cultivation of the sugar cane has almost entirely ceased; and coffee is now the only important article for exportation.

To resist an attack of fever, the consul, in August, had a short cruise in one of His Majesty's ships, during which he visited Cape Nicholas Mole, of which, and its vicinity, he gives a very entertaining account. Returning to the capital, he visited the highlands to the eastward of the city, the coolness and salubrity of which are strongly contrasted with the pestilential situation of the former.

In the beginning of February he set out on a tour by Leaganus, &c., through what was formerly the richest part of the country, towards Cayes. He was accompanied by several persons of the consulate, and a numerous cavalcade of horses and mules—rendered necessary by the impossibility of procuring any thing on the road. Along the road side he passed in confused assemblages the broken utensils of sugar-works, indicating what had formerly been.

On the road to Grand Goave, there are considerable marks of cultivation as compared with the neighbourhood of Port-au-Prince; "generally speaking, however, every thing is on a small scale when one reflects on the magnitude of the establishments, of which the *dejecta membra* are profusely scattered on every road that I had previously passed over. On the right, not far from the town, lies the best estate in the district, the property of a black officer. This perfection is ascribed, by public report, to the use of *club-law*, which the gallant colonel is said to administer with equal liberality and success. Among other stories, it is said that on one occasion a blow from a cocomacac (a heavy-jointed cane *in common use* in Haiti), knocked out the eye of a loiterer." He was for a short time removed from his command; but the affairs of the Commune went on so badly during the absence of coercion, that he was shortly reinstated. Petit Goave, now a Commune, was formerly highly cultivated. Its produce is coffee. The sugar-works have fallen into decay; and in the absence of funds and industry, the culture of the cane has entirely ceased.

Count Leaumont and M. Duparc were formerly rich proprietors in this district. At St. Michael, Mr. Mackenzie specially directed his inquiries to the feelings of the people on the changes that had taken place, and to their present actual condition. "When the group was completed by the presence of a blind black man, I felt satisfied that I should not be deceived. I found all *laudatores temporis acti*, and all equally dissatisfied. The whole party entered into a feeling and detailed contrast of their present condition, though free, with the care bestowed by the planters on their slaves, in health, in sickness, in childhood, and in old age; even the blind beggar, who had been a slave of M. Duparc's, deplored the revolution, to which he ascribed every misery that had befallen the country as well as himself; and he contended that had he

remained a slave he would not have lost his eyes and toes ; or that if he had, he would have been certain of kind usage and support, instead of now being obliged to beg for a wretched subsistence." Descending from the mountainous district, the party, on the fourth day of their journey, entered the beautiful plain of Cayes, bounded by the sea, on the verge of which the city stands. The lively appearance of the whole is peculiarly striking. The city of Cayes is described as infinitely superior to the capital. It took an active part in the events of the revolution ; and a strong force being sent against it under Dessalines, that sanguinary monster put to death upwards of ten thousand people of colour, attached to the party of Rigaud. "At present, Cayes is one of the most flourishing places that I have seen in the republic. There is considerable activity, and there are a few opulent merchants, both natives and foreigners ; but the regulations affecting commerce have of late become so oppressive, that many of the latter had resolved not to renew their patents."

There is said to be an extensive illicit trade with Jamaica and Cuba ; and what strongly evinces the total destruction of industry, *sugar is the principal import from the latter island*. "The young part of the people in the outskirts appeared to me to spend the greatest portion of their time in dawdling about without any apparent objects in view ; and the only *real work* is done by the few surviving Africans, who, contrary to the habits of their progeny who crowd to the plains, retire to the mountains, where they cultivate some sequestered spot, unheeding, and unheeded by the world." As an instance of the complete destruction of valuable property which has attended the revolution, and the miserable condition to which affairs are now reduced, we may state one of a thousand instances :—"I rode out every day during my stay at Cayes, and of course inspected *L'Habitation Laborde*, which I believe originally belonged to Count Alexandre Laborde. It has the reputation of being one of the most splendid properties in the colony. Formerly, according to Moreau St. Mery, there were on it one thousand four hundred slaves, and 1,200,000 lbs. of clayed sugar were produced, besides other matters. People of authority in the plain assert that there were *two thousand slaves*, and the produce 2,000,000 lbs. of clayed sugar. When I visited it, I found the walls of two of the sugar works standing ; the roof of the other was falling in as fast as possible. The dwelling houses, which had been as elegant as substantial, entirely built of stone, were quite dilapidated. I did not see a cane ; and around a few miserable negro huts there were a dozen or sixteen labourers hanging about ; and I was told they merely cultivated provisions for their own use !" At the estate of Boutilier Mr. Mackenzie found about sixty American negroes, who had been liberated from the southern states by a society of quakers ; although every person concurred in representing these people as orderly, laborious, and well conducted, yet each of them had some matter of personal complaint ; and the general grievances were perfectly overwhelming. The whole party had been better than eight months in Haiti ; they had nearly enclosed the whole plantation, to the proprietor of which, General Marion, they had been bound for a series of years, but had not yet begun the cultivation of canes, one-fourth of the produce of which was to be given them for their labour. They complained of bad lodgings, and want of medical attendance ; but most loud was their denunciations of their Haitian neighbours, whom they



described as destroying their fences to admit their bullocks into their gardens, and as plundering them of their poultry and pigs: so that it was absolutely necessary to keep a regular guard every night. All the hopes of manufacturing sugar now depend on the efforts of these settlers.

Our limits will not permit us to enter into the instructive details respecting the past and present state of industry and production of this interesting part of the republic, suffice it to say, that the contrast is a melancholy one.

In the language of Mr. Mackenzie's informant, "The very little field labour effected is generally performed by elderly people, principally old Guinea negroes. No measures of the government can induce the young creoles to labour, or depart from their habitual licentiousness and vagrancy. The whole body of proprietors constantly lament the total incapacity of the government to enforce labour."—"The laws recognize no other punishment than fine and imprisonment, with hard labour, although it is no uncommon thing to see the soldiery and military police use the 'plat de sabre' and cocomacac, in a most arbitrary and sometimes cruel manner; but almost always, from the natural obstinacy of the negro, without the intended effect."

*"The few young females on plantations seldom assist in any labour whatever, but live in a constant state of idleness and debauchery. This is tolerated by the soldiery and military police, whose licentiousness is gratified by this means."* Such is the demoralized condition at present of what was once the most happy and flourishing portion of St. Domingo.

Returning to Port-au-Prince, Mr. Mackenzie proposed, during the fortnight he remained, to prosecute his researches into other parts of the island; but we can do little more than indicate his route, and we must refer our readers to the book itself for particulars.

Although universal suffrage is the law of the state, the exercise of this privilege is overruled or evaded in the most gross and barefaced manner. Insults to public officers of friendly powers are suffered to go unredressed, and the open violation of municipal regulations and fixed laws are unnoticed and unpunished. In fact it is quite evident that the people are many centuries behind their nominal institutions, and are totally unfit for the substantial enjoyment of popular rights and privileges.

On the 14th of March, Mr. Mackenzie embarked for Gonaives, from whence he made excursions to various interesting points. He afterwards crossed the high lands to Cape Haitien, of the remains of which city, and the state of society therein, as compared with the capital, he gives rather a pleasing account.

"The streets are spacious and well paved, and the houses chiefly of stone, with handsome squares, large markets, and a copious supply of water from fountains."

The public buildings are, however, in a ruinous state; but "upon the whole, the city is remarkably beautiful, and must have been, during its glory, the most agreeable residence in the Western Archipelago: but now little more is to be seen than the traces of former grandeur; even in the Place d'Armes, the handsomest square in it, some of the finest houses are unroofed, and plantain trees are growing in the midst of the ruins!"

The recent death of Christophe, and the existence of many of his chief officers, afforded me an opportunity of making many researches into his personal character, and the history of his reign.

“ Henry Christophe was born, according to an official account sanctioned by himself, in the Island of Granada, in the year 1769, and came at an early age to St. Domingo. He was not a pure black, but a sombre, or griffe, as it is called. He was the slave of a French gentleman. He afterwards became a waiter at an hotel, then privateer’s-man, and then returned to an hotel and gaming-house. It does not appear that he entered the army; but, in 1801, he was general of brigade and governor of the Cape. \* \* \* During his presidency, and the early part of his reign, he was mild, forbearing, and humane; but afterwards, his nature seemed to have been completely changed, and he indulged in whatever his uncontrolled passions suggested—and they suggested almost every act that can violate the charities of life; and as he proceeded in his career, he became suspicious and wantonly cruel.”\* We have no space, however, for a narrative of the shocking cruelties practised by this inhuman monster, who at the very period of these atrocities was lauded by Mr. Wilberforce and the “saints” of England as the most humane and pious of potentates!!!

Mr. Mackenzie visited Sans Souci, formerly the residence of Christophe, a place in which “I believe for a time more unlimited despotism had been exercised, than has ever prevailed in any country aspiring to Christianity and civilization.” It is a large clumsy building, on the side of a mountain, resembling a huge cotton factory. An interesting account of the last act of this extraordinary man is given, and of a visit made to La Ferriere, or the citadel, which was formerly the depository of his treasure.

Returning to the Cape by a route which enabled him to pass through what had, before the revolution, been one of the finest and best cultivated districts of this part of the island, he saw in almost every direction ruined buildings, and fields, formerly covered with canes, now overrun with wild guava trees; and the same abandonment of agricultural industry and destruction of property which we have noted in other places. “The general result of my inquiries was, that some few properties which were in activity in Christophe’s time, were kept up for making syrup, which was mainly converted into tafia.”†

Leaving Cape Haitien, Mr. Mackenzie proceeded towards what may still be considered the Spanish part of the island. He left Port Liberté on the 17th of April, and next day passed the river Massacre, the ancient boundary between the French and Spanish country.

Travelling as rapidly as was practicable through a region almost in a state of nature, and but very thinly inhabited, he reached St. Jago, one of the oldest cities of Haiti, on the 22d. It had been inhumanly plundered, and great part of it destroyed, in 1805, by a division of the army of Clervaux, under the immediate command of the blood-thirsty Christophe, but is yet a fine town, and situated in an interesting country. The climate is salubrious, and the population said to be increasing with unexampled rapidity. The state of society is superior to that on the French part of the island. Mr. Mackenzie made an excursion down, or rather over to Port-au-Plate, on the sea coast, where there is still

\* Vol. I. pp. 157 to 169.

† *Ibid.* p. 192.



some trade in mahogany, although the place has, as a seaport, been ruined by late events. The country towards the coast is beautiful, but the estates, formerly cultivated, are, generally speaking, now in a state of ruin; and the labourers, even those who had come as free settlers from the United States, destroyed, or straggling idly in the woods.

Gold is found in the rivers in the neighbourhood of St. Jago in considerable quantity.

During his stay at that place he heard many sickening accounts of the horrid atrocities committed by the revolutionists.

He proceeded by Lavega through a country very thinly inhabited, and reached the ancient and interesting city of St. Domingo, on the 6th. He was well received by General Borgella, the commandant, and by the clergy. The preservation, in some degree, of the decencies and usages of civilized society in this part of the island, forms a pleasing contrast to the brutality, licentiousness, and pretensions, prevalent in the French, or negro territory; and the predictions and assertions of *les amis des noirs*, in regard to the rapid rise of the latter, are evidently no longer entitled to the least consideration.

Mr. Mackenzie gives a clear and distinct account of the recent events which have united this part of the island to the republic, and of the misery and degradation brought upon the inhabitants by their unfortunate connection with the black government.

"Their university, say they, no longer exists; the public schools are destroyed; and they insist that it is a mockery to talk of national schools, the teachers of which are utterly incompetent; but the greatest grievance (and it is a terrible one) is, that at the very age when their sons require the utmost care of a parent, they are bound by the existing law to become soldiers, and to be initiated into all the profligacy of a guard-house, as privates; from which scene of degradation no merit can raise them, while the son of the most worthless chief in the west is at once raised to the rank of an officer. They complain, too, that their morals being thus corrupted, there is little chance of the unfortunate individuals ever resuming respectable or decent habits!" These are only a few of the grievances by which, owing to the negro revolution and ascendancy, the unfortunate Spaniards are afflicted and degraded.

The consul left St. Domingo on the 24th of May, and proceeded by the coast on his return towards Port-au-Prince. On the banks of one of the rivers there was a large accumulation of mahogany, floated down from the upper country. Foreigners and natives were collected together, preparing and squaring the logs for shipment—the wood from this district being peculiarly prized for its beauty and solidity.

Proceeding along the coast to Azua, there was more than the usual lack of forage and other accommodations, and some of the animals were in consequence left behind. The same privations continued when they proceeded from Azua into the interior. "The country was very much like what I have so often mentioned, rich, luxuriant, and beautiful, but wholly neglected by man." After suffering considerable privations from the badness of the roads, the weather, and the total want of accommodation, he on the 5th reached Mirebalais, a town which, situated in a defensible country, seems, unless some not improbable external influence restores the ancient relations of the island, intended to be made the capital.

Mr. Mackenzie reached his cottage in the neighbourhood of Port-

au-Prince next day, and during the evening the sorry remnant of his horses arrived—twelve out of twenty-one having been left on the road.

Before quitting Haiti, he had an opportunity of witnessing the execution of four native officers for an alleged conspiracy, originating in the general dissatisfaction created by the pressure of the French indemnity. Mr. Mackenzie deprecates the enforcement by France of the payment of this indemnity upon an impoverished people who can scarcely support themselves; and justly observes, that “the nominal friends of Haiti in England, France, and the United States, have incurred a fearful responsibility on this point—for what purpose they best know; they have represented the progress of the new republic in the most glowing colours: its increasing prosperity has been so often asserted, as to expose any one hardy enough to question it to the certainty of attack and worthless imputation. The necessary consequence has been, that conditions have been imposed that cannot be fulfilled, and even if much reduced, must check the improvement of the country to an indefinite period.” This is only one of the evils entailed upon the West Indies, and upon negroes in general, by their pretended friends, here and elsewhere.

We will not follow Mr. Mackenzie through his clear and distinct historical sketch of the events which preceded, and which have followed, the revolution; neither have we space to trace the vacillating conduct and ignorance of colonial affairs manifested by the French government, which led to the first fatal revolt of the slave population, and to the subsequent cruel massacres perpetrated by them and their bloodthirsty leaders.

While the names of Santhonax, Polvorel, and other French commissioners, will long be remembered in the West Indies, as diabolical instigators of sanguinary measures, those of Toussant L'Ouverture, Dessalines, and Saint Christophe, will no less stand “for aye accursed,” as principal destroyers of their fellow men!

Mr. Mackenzie's summary of the matters of leading interest, and the documents by which it is supported, are highly interesting.

The total decay of commercial prosperity will at one glance be manifest by a comparison of the under-noted *exports* before and after the revolution.

Viz. Clayed sugar, in 1789, 47,516,531 lbs.	In 1826	<i>nil.</i>
Muscovado .....do.....93,573,300	do.....	32,864 lbs.
Coffee .....do.....76,835,219	do.....	32,189,784
Cotton .....do.....7,004,374	do.....	620,972

Whilst the industrious habits of the negroes have been so completely destroyed, it cannot be supposed that their morals have been improved, or that any degree of religious feeling has been preserved among them. We accordingly find that they have, in general, sunk into a state of gross and miserable barbarism, and that the African's practice of Obeah, and of other pagan superstitions, are reviving: that they can only be induced by the exercise of club-law to make any exertion for their own benefit or that of the state;\* that respectable foreigners, even those accredited from friendly powers, are still insulted with impunity: and, in short, that under compulsory and premature emancipation Haiti has

\* *Vide the Code Rural*, and, more recently, the Port-au-Prince Official Gazettes, where, in instructions to the local commandants to enforce labour are reiterated!



"sunk under an odious combination of the darkness, ferocity, vices, and superstitions of all colours and nations, unredeemed by the virtues of any."

From this gloomy scene we turn with some degree of satisfaction to the brighter prospect presented to us in the actual state of the negroes in the British West Indies. We there see nearly a million of these people slowly, but steadily, emerging from a state of barbarism, and approximating to that point at which Emancipation may really prove a blessing, instead of a curse.

These feelings are not, however, unaccompanied by anxiety, for we perceive that the artful machinations of designing men, who are seconded by a numerous band of interested sectarians and ignorant enthusiasts, are labouring to destroy all these fair prospects, and to expose our colonies, and every interest connected with them, to the most serious evils.

If under a premature system of forced emancipation, accompanied by the most horrid massacres, and total destruction of valuable property, the negroes of Haiti (and, we may add, of Mexico also) have retrograded, and are now in a state of abject poverty, brutal ignorance, and savage barbarism, how are similar evils to be avoided, if premature measures are forced upon our own colonies? The same causes may undoubtedly produce similar effects; and it is therefore very necessary to oppose the reckless efforts of indiscreet zeal, by pointing out to the sober minded and rational part of the community the probable consequences, and the real merits of the question.

That the colonists are sincere in their measures of amelioration is confirmed by their public acts, by the aid and encouragement they cheerfully give to the established church, in which they have good reason to confide rather than in missionaries, and by the united testimony of every disinterested person who has visited the West Indies.

Neither the declamation and false colouring of Mr. Brougham, nor the more direct calumnies of minor anti-colonists, can alter the truth of these testimonies, though mischievous interference may retard the progress of emancipation, civilization, and religious instruction.

Mr. Bayley, whose "*Four Years in the West Indies*" is now before us, is another evidence in favour of the West Indians.

"It comes not," says he, "from the planters, or the foes of planters, but from an Englishman, and a lover of liberty, who has no tie, no feeling, no consideration of interest, to induce him to advocate the cause of the colonies; but who, on the contrary, is prompted by humanity to plead in behalf of those measures which four years' experience have convinced him would benefit the slave."

Mr. Bayley's narrative contains sketches of Barbadoes, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Grenada, Trinidad, Dominica, Martinique, Antigua, Anguilla, Barbuda, Nevis, and Montserrat—some of them slight, but all pleasantly written, and embracing much useful information regarding the present state of society in these islands. "My readers will have a description of the towns and harbours, the mountains and valleys, the natural curiosities, and the striking scenery of these places from one who has visited them: they will learn the state of society from one who has mixed in it; and the state of slavery will be placed before them by one who has lived during a long period in the midst of slaves: they will see things as they are; and, with both sides of the question before them, they will have an opportunity of judging for themselves."—"Perhaps

it may not be amiss to state that I neither have, nor ever had, any interest in the West Indies, except that naturally arising from a local residence in them." The first evidence he had of the *abject* condition of slavery was in the behaviour of the pilot who boarded them at Barbadoes. He took possession of the vessel with as much importance as if he had been a fine, rough old English seaman bearing up channel; inquired for the ladies, drank their healths; gave his orders to the crew with an air of authority, calling to the helmsman—"Vy you no teer teady? — tam you, Sir, vy you no teer teady?" Yet this man was a *slave*, earning about twenty-five dollars a month, above two-thirds of which he was allowed to keep to his own use. Of Barbadoes and its inhabitants Mr. Bayley gives a pleasant account. He remarks of some thousands of slaves and negroes assembled together, that, "could those who picture to themselves this race of beings as a miserable, unhappy, and oppressed people, have witnessed, as I have done, thousands of their laughing faces, and have seen their healthy and contented appearance, they might have wondered to see them looking tenfold happier than the lower class of their own countrymen," (p. 36.) The only class in which there are individuals in a state of beggary, seem to be the whites and free negroes!

On the subject of religious instruction, Mr. Bayley notices the dislike entertained by the Barbadians of the missionaries. He justly remarks, that all persons, whether missionaries or otherwise, who go to the West Indies with a view of imparting Christian knowledge to the slaves, or who are expected to hold any influence over their minds, should be men not only of good education, but of sound character and judgment. Had this rule been always observed, the labours of the sectaries never would have been objected to in our colonies. There are now, including all, fifteen or sixteen places of worship in Barbadoes—a great number for so small a colony; and the bishop deserves every praise for his exertions in propagating the Christian religion throughout all the islands.

In a casual visit to the boiling-house of a sugar estate, he found the manager cheerfully greeted by, "How d'ye, massa," from a dozen mouths at once; but as a "new buckra," Mr. Bayley was good humouredly asked to pay his *footing*.

He found the common negro houses, consisting of two rooms, comfortably furnished. The house of one of the slaves, a mechanic, contained a four-post bedstead, with the usual accompaniments. "The hall was furnished with half a dozen chairs and two tables; on one of these stood a pair of decanters, with some tumblers and wine glasses, and about eight cups and saucers of different patterns; while on a shelf above were ranged some dozen of plates and dishes. There were two framed pictures hanging in the room, and many more without frames, pasted against the walls." (p. 92.)\* The negroes cook their little messes before their doors. To *each hut* is attached a small garden, which is pretty well cultivated: for the slaves have always time to attend to their little portions of ground; they grow yams, taniens, plantains, bananas, sweet potatoes, okros, pine apples, and Indian corn; and the luxuriant foliage that shades their little dwellings from the sun, usually consists of

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\* One of these "oppressed slaves," whose hut he visited, politely offered him a glass of wine and a piece of plum-cake!



trees that bear sweet and pleasant fruits, such as the mango, the Java plum, the bread-fruit, the sour-sop, the sapadillo, the pomegranate, and other grateful and delicious fruit. Each hut had its fowls, pigs, and goats. The sick house was a cool, capacious, and convenient building, well adapted to the purpose for which it was used—so was the nursery: but we must refer to Mr. Bayley's book for minute details. He devotes a chapter or two to an account of Codrington College, which we would recommend to the perusal of the Reverend Daniel Wilson, for the instruction of his auditors at the next anti-slavery meeting!

After visiting St. Lucia, Mr. Bayley passed to the picturesque Island of St. Vincent. Missionaries are more tolerated here than at Barbadoes. "In their principal chapel, when a very forcible and energetic expression burst from the lips of the minister, he was encouraged by his brethren with cries of 'hear, hear!'"—a novel mode of evincing approbation in a place sacred to humility of mind and contrite feelings.

The substitution of the tread-mill as a mode of punishing culprits, in place of working them in disgusting chain-gangs, is a step towards improvement in the police of Kingstown, and a proof of right feeling on the part of the inhabitants.

Of the Charaib war, in 1795, he gives an interesting account. These people, to the number of 4,633 men, women, and children, with 725 brigands, being forced to surrender, were first sent to Baliseau, one of the Grenadines, but subsequently to the island of Ruatan in the Bay of Honduras. They were provided with some arms, utensils, agricultural implements, and provisions; but from indolence and despondency they allowed the vessel, which was left in their charge, to sink at her anchors. They subsequently passed over to the mainland, and having obtained a footing, they are now scattered along the coast from Truxillo towards the Mosquito country.\*

A few of this original race still exist in St. Vincent. They have become quiet, idle, and inoffensive; and their king considers rum "very good tuff."

The government of St. Vincent has done much for the amelioration of their slaves; their grants to the people of colour have not, however, been so liberal as those of the Assembly of Grenada: "but then, it is to be remembered, that *there is a great difference between that class of people in the two islands.*" Yet our lawgivers at home deride or undervalue this kind of local knowledge, and would force the same legislative measures upon each of the colonies, whatever dissimilarity there may happen to be in the progress of society! "Perhaps," says Mr. Bayley, "order and regularity are no where so well maintained with little severity and such lenient kindness as on the estate of a West India colonist. I regret to say that too many works have been published \* \* \* whose authors have been misleading the ideas of their countrymen, by describing, in forcible and energetic language, tending to awaken feelings of indignation, what the state of slavery unhappily *was*, but what it has long since ceased to be." And on the subject of emancipation, Mr. Bayley, like every sensible man who has *seen* the colonies, and studied the actual habits and ideas of the negroes, says—"to give it them to-day will be adding fuel to despoiling fire—will be pouring down destruction upon fair and fertile lands." He bears ample testimony to their present

\* Roberts' Central America.

easy and contented condition, and to the abundance by which they are surrounded.

After a residence of two years in St. Vincent, he visited the equally beautiful island of Grenada. He justly attributes the greater part of the deaths among the sailors and soldiers in the West Indies more to the grog shops than to the climate. "If Jack goes on shore, Jack gets drunk; the consequence is, Jack gets a fever, and Jack dies." It is equally impossible to prevent frequent excess and dangerous exposure amongst the soldiery.\*

Several chapters are dedicated to the subject of slavery. The question of emancipation is discussed in a sensible and dispassionate manner. "To say that the slaves in general are as happy as the lower class of poor in England would be to fix upon them the stamp of misery: for though there are those who would deceive us, though there are those who would tell us that England is in the midst of her prosperity, and that her poor, while they are breathing the light air of liberty, are eating the sweet bread of joy; yet, thank Heaven, we have eyes, and we have ears, and while the former are open to the truth, the latter will be closed upon the deception.

"We have the starving at our doors, and we see the hungry and the houseless in every nook and corner of our great metropolis; and if to be starving, and hungry, and houseless, be the happiness of our poor, why then, I say, to place this on a level with the slaves, is like comparing the bitter and unpleasant taste of wormwood to the sweet and grateful flavour of honey." (p. 368.) We recommend the details of the comforts enjoyed by the labouring population of the colonies to the attentive perusal of those who have hitherto formed their opinions upon the mendacious statements of the anti-colonists!

The most prevalent ideas of the nature of emancipation entertained by the slaves on estates is, that they will have nothing to do—that they will have power over their present masters—that they will still be allowed to retain their dwellings, land, and produce, on their masters' property; and they forget that their usual food, clothing, and the attendance of the physician, would be immediately withdrawn. When these things were explained, "they appeared perfectly astonished and confounded at the information."

Between slaves on estates, and domestic or town negroes, Mr. Bayley draws a marked distinction; the former being in every respect much superior, as a class, to the latter; whilst the emancipated slaves are the most degraded of all. Speaking of their condition, it is said that "the bodies of these unfortunate persons cannot be in a more lean, wasted, and emaciated condition, than their minds are in a state of low, immoral, and uncultivated degradation." The females, on the other hand, "grow fat upon the bread of prostitution, and draw their finery and their support from the foulest sources of shame, of infamy, and guilt." When decrepit old age, and the curse of poverty comes upon them, many of them implore their ancient masters to receive them back again into servitude.

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\* "Sangaree da kill de captain,  
Oh lor, he must die,  
New rum kill de sailor,  
Oh lor, he must die," &c.



"The females gain by prostitution and robbery what the males procure by robbery alone; and for this reason, we seldom find either sex deficient in articles of dress, for there is no class of people in the world more vain of their external appearance, or more anxious to adorn their persons." (p. 414.) Such are the consequences of premature emancipation!

The unhappiest class of slaves—agricultural or domestic—are those of coloured people. It is too proverbial, "that there is no tyrant so tyrannical as the tyrant who has once been a slave."

Female owners of this class are more cruel than male; their revenge is more durable, and their methods of punishing more refined, particularly towards slaves of their own sex! "Male or female, however, such owners are equally deserving of censure, and generally meet with the proportion they merit."

Another class of negroes is those who have been seized and liberated from foreign slave ships. These poor creatures are, by the creole slaves, called, in derision, "king's niggers," and "Willy-force (Wilberforce) niggers"—the *protégés* of our English philanthropists!

The latter are bound as apprentices, to be liberated at the end of seven years; the "king's niggers" are employed by government as military labourers. Of the present condition of these people, Mr. Bayley gives us the following melancholy account:—"These beings are not only rude and barbarous, but bad, vicious, and depraved, plunged into the lowest state of moral degradation; obstinate, idle, stupid, ignorant, and savage, in fact, hardly above the condition of brutes. It seems impossible to instruct them or to make them work, although they are paid and fed for it; they will not be led by gentle means, and they will hardly be driven by force; their feelings appear torpid, and their affections undeveloped; they seem to exist in indifference; they display a morbid selfishness in all their actions, and they look upon all around them, even their best friends, with the dark and gloomy eye of suspicion and distrust!" Such is *one* of the results of an experiment which has cost this country upwards of seven millions sterling! urged forward too by a set of people who are now not only pledging themselves to their constituents to abolish negro slavery, and indemnify the planters for the loss of their property, worth, perhaps, one hundred and fifty millions sterling, but also, and in the same breath, binding themselves to *reduce taxation!*

The contempt with which the creole slaves in general regard these liberated negroes, and the sense they entertain of their own superiority, comfortable situation, and acquirements, is manifested in a variety of manners. One of their songs (for they not only have songs, but actually sing them too—aye, and dance *quadrilles* likewise, whatever Mr. Buxton and others may say to the contrary) is a kind of parody on "I'd be a butterfly," and runs thus—

"Willy-force nigger, he belly da empty,  
He hab de freedom, dat no good for me;  
My massa, good man, he gib me plenty,  
Me no lobe Willy-force better dan he.  
Me be a nigger boy,  
Me be a nigger boy.  
Me happy fellow, den why me want free?"

“ You curse me !” said a young slave to a free African, “ eh !—you curse me ! you dam Guinea nigger ! you Willy-force congo !” suiting the action to the word, “ I make you *sabe* how for curse me !”

Our limits will not admit of further illustrations of this subject at present.

We recommend Mr. Bayley’s book, and Mr. Mackenzie’s valuable “ Notes,” to the perusal of every person interested in the West India question ;—and who is there in this country that is not deeply interested ? We have now several histories of Jamaica and St. Domingo ; and although Mr. Bayley’s “ Four Years’ Residence,” cannot be considered a *history of the Leeward Islands*, it nevertheless gives a good account of many of them ; and its geographical, geological, and chronological appendix will be found equally useful and entertaining.

We cannot conclude this article better than by an extract from the work before us. “ Oh ye, whose hearts are bent upon doing good, ye whose motives are pure and unsophisticated, ye who would relieve real misery, ye who would pour a balm to close the wounds of hearts that have been crushed, and spirits broken by the curse of poverty and want ; ye who would have mothers bless, and children pray for you, turn not your hearts to the emancipation of negroes, but look rather to the emancipation from their woes of such of your own countrymen as are oppressed with the horrors of poverty, or the miseries of disease ; of those who know what it is to be poor in the midst of wealth, and famishing in the midst of plenty. The slaves, although in a degraded state, are not yet sufficiently capable of feeling their degradation ; as they are well treated, they are for the most part happy and contented ; at any rate their wants are supplied ; they have food for their bodies, and covering for their heads. But there are Englishmen, free-born Englishmen, who have starving wives and starving families, with no food but their miseries, no bed but the cold earth, no covering but the canopy of heaven ; first, then, look to such as these, and extend to them humanity and relief : for what think ye of the charity of that man who would snatch their last morsel from the mouths of his own children to bestow it on the offspring of a stranger.”

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SONNET : ON SEEING ETON COLLEGE.

WITH a familiar, but delighted awe,  
I first beheld thy Spires, time-tinted Pile ;  
And moved along thy worn and shadowy aisle  
In thoughtful joy ; yet not that there I saw  
Learning’s fair fount—the cradle of old Law—  
The spring whence Science, like another Nile,  
Came glistening forth through many a dark defile—  
Where Critics grew, whose eyes would find a flaw  
In perfect Nature :—Not, that gentle day,  
On these my spirit’s incense was bestowed :—  
But on thy line and life, accomplished GRAY !  
On thy true Elegy, and touching Ode.  
From thee, and from the music of thy lay,  
That filled the scene, its fine enchantment flowed.

B.



## AN AQUATIC PASTORAL; A TALE OF THE THAMES.

BY A COCKNEY.

THE tide was fair and flowing,  
 All rippling gold and pearls,  
 And we, to Twickenham going—  
 Engaged a boat from Searle's.  
 The waves beneath were clear,  
 And the sun was overhead;  
 'Twould have done you good to hear  
 All the drolleries we said.  
 We pulled away with glee,  
 Our wit was on the flow.  
 And, like happy herrings, we  
 Were enraptured with our row.  
 Thus o'er our little bark  
 No tempest seemed to wait;  
 For we meant to have a "lark,"  
 Though it were "at heaven's gate."  
 And thus we found, like Pucks,  
 The flowers that fancy culls;  
 And soon rivalled little ducks,  
 In feathering our skulls.  
 But when, with wearied wing,  
 At length we wished to land,  
 Methought that I could spring  
 From the skiff upon the strand.  
 So waves and wisdom spurning,  
 I stood upon the seat,  
 And my head was almost turning  
 When I thought upon my feat.  
 I looked upon the flood,  
 But the boat began to reel;  
 So I slipped—and in the mud  
 Lay embedded like an eel.  
 Some poles were near, defining  
 The boundaries of the stream;  
 And I struck—the sun was shining—  
 My head against a beam!  
 But a crowd soon drew about,  
 Attracted by the din;  
 So *divers* drew me out,  
 And then bore me to an inn.  
 To a girl who brought me brandy,  
 And laughed to see me shiver,  
 I said—"This house is handy  
 For *tumblers* in the river;  
 They're often brought in here?"—  
 "Oh! yes, sir; and with reason;  
 There's thousands in a year—  
 But *you're early in the season!*"  
 "This girl," thought I, "has stumbled  
 Upon the very thing;  
 For I never should have tumbled  
 But in a *backward Spring!*"

SIR JOHN DE BULL.\*

It is with great pleasure that we are enabled to devote a few pages to this interesting little work, and to call the attention of the public to the very meritorious purpose for which it is published. Of its literary merits we shall not speak at present; although our readers will see from the quotations we shall make, that these are of no mean order—but proceed at once to explain the circumstances which led to the discovery of the original MS., and to its being now found in the possession of the ingenious translator. We cannot do this better than by quoting a part of the preface.

“I was returning, a few months ago, from my friend —— the bookseller, (where I had been reading an evening paper, and discussing the news of the day with a few loiterers like myself,) when I perceived that I was followed, or rather dogged, by a shabby-genteel sort of personage, in an old, worn-out, military surtout. I was, I must confess, rather alarmed; and the more so, when I arrived at my own door, and found the fellow close at my heels. As I saw that I could not escape him, I had no alternative but to put on a ‘swashing and a martial outside,’ and when my pertinacious follower came up, and saluted me, I was very surly in my reply. He was evidently hurt by my manner, and, making a low bow, was about to pass on; but the air of deep dejection visible in his face awoke my compunction, and I begged him to stay and acquaint me with his business. We retired, after a few words, into my parlour, when he entered into the purpose of his visit, which I shall relate.

“He was a clerk in one of the public offices (I don’t mention which, for sufficient reasons); had been a soldier, and was placed there when his services were dispensed with, at the conclusion of the war. His salary was just sufficient to keep life in; but, nevertheless, it had been reduced by our frugal ministry, into a mere pittance. He pulled out of his pocket a very dusty-looking manuscript, and handed it to me for perusal. It was in Latin; and he stated that he had found it amongst some state papers, (as Milton’s treatise was found, a few years ago,) and had brought it to me, as a literary man, hoping that I would buy it of him. I hinted a doubt of the honesty of the transaction; but he pointed to the elbows of his tattered coat, and that settled the question. I have no doubt that if the manuscript had fallen into the hands of the higher powers they would have acted in a similar manner; and, consequently, I have promised that the poor fellow shall have the produce of the publication, reserving to myself the satisfaction of having done a service to a starving fellow-creature, as well as to the literary world.”

A work thus introduced cannot, we think, fail of success—especially as its literary merits are far from contemptible. Our author’s style is without pretension to eloquence; but it is generally correct; and his pictures of men and manners are just and forcible. Some of his epithets, however, might have been improved, or something more gentle substituted for them, without weakening the point of his satire. We hope he will attend to this in his next edition. We select the opening stanzas for

\* A Poem, translated from the Latin by Jerome Sandford, Esq. 8vo. Hazard and Co., Piccadilly.



quotation, as a fair specimen of the whole, from which our readers will judge of the correctness of the opinion expressed above.

" In days of yore, that is some time ago,  
(I'm not obliged to be correct in dates,  
They mar the beauty of a story so,)  
There lived a knight, endowed by lucky fates  
With every blessing that on earth we know.  
Our learned author but insinuates  
The country where he dwelt—I'll do the same,  
And merely hint, and hint—then tell his name.

'Twas Bull—Sir John de Bull—he calls him Taurus,  
Which I must take the liberty this time  
To change, for such an uncouth word would bore us;  
My verse depends so very much on chime  
And jingle: so I've looked into Thesaurus,  
And chosen the above, because 'twill rhyme  
To *gull*, and better still to pull and full—  
Words very apropos to John de Bull.

Sir John was fully stored with everything,  
With speeches, stocks, close-boroughs, banks, and fame.  
He had a temper rather blustering—  
In fact, 'twas savage, as perhaps his name  
May seem to signify; but time doth bring  
All worth to emptiness; and how it came  
That John was blinded by enchanter's fell,  
Was gulled, and *starved*, and *tamed*—this tale doth tell.

Sir John was full, I've said; his pockets lined,  
And, most of all, his belly, which was round,  
With sack and capon. Heartily he dined  
And drank; and in his cellar did abound  
Right potent stuff. Some said that he inclined  
To corpulence; but yet his frame was sound;  
His eye was bold and noble; and his heart,  
All men well knew 'twas in the proper part.

When seated at his table with a friend,  
John was a pattern of conviviality;  
His face was open, as if Nature penned  
Upon its features bluff each quality  
Which he inherited, and loved to blend  
The traits of strength and power with comicality;  
For, when he laughed, his huge cheeks, wrinkling, spoke  
A mountain labouring to produce a joke.

Another man was he when in his ire;  
(Woe to the luckless wight who moved him so!)  
His wrath, in sooth, was a volcanic fire—  
Sudden and fierce—a word, and then a *blow*!  
He had no middle course, no tame desire  
To be that grave, cold thing—half friend, half foe.  
He'd but two moods—a laugh, or frown terrific;  
As for his *gravity*, 'twas all *specific*.

Thus John lived on, and stronger grew and fatter;  
And as his size increased so did his coat,  
Which was, I think, of broad-cloth; but no matter.  
He wore top-boots; (our author does not note

What was the shape and colour of his hat, or  
The fashion of his breeches—well, I wot,  
The latter must have been, indeed, *capacious*,  
Seeing our knight's dimensions were so spacious).

He kept a host of servants,—more, perhaps,  
Than he had any need of—grooms and pages,  
And women, with their weans upon their laps  
Crying for spoonmeat,—scullions of all ages;  
Some gaping hungrily for broken scraps;  
And some for nicer picking, and their wages  
In good hard cash; and some old women vain,  
Who *dozed*, and *curled their wigs*, then—*dozed again*."

Our good knight's household seems to have been rather heterogeneous in its arrangements. Of what earthly use could all those women and weans be, but to consume his substance, and, worse than all, his patience and his temper? We cannot, however, avoid noticing the harmless nature of his "old women vain," and comparing them with the same species in our own days. Would that *they* had no more dangerous employment than "dozing and curling their wigs;" that they had not such an antipathy to dust, such a desire for prying into lumber-closets, and such a mania for interfering with the *Press*! Heaven and earth, what a clatter amongst the china and glasses! A poor fly has presumed to come too near the sugar-basin. Up goes the *Scarlet-duster*,\* and the insect is annihilated!

"Tantæne animis celestibus iræ?"

We resume our quotation.—

"I shall not tell the names of all this host;  
(In truth 'twould be a very tedious job:)  
Each servant had his own especial post;  
The buttery, the larder, kitchen hob,  
And eke the cellar. Those John prided most  
Were valiant *Dogberry* and *Trimming Bob*—  
Fi-Fum, from Aberdeen, and Massa Mungo—  
All honest men—sed intervallo longo."

Our author's description of those worthies is somewhat too long for quotation within the limits which we can allow for this article. The great "captain of the watch," whom Shakspeare describes, is altogether a more amusing character than the "valiant Dogberry" described here. His absurdities are more innocent, and contain more *naïveté*. However, we think, that if Shakspeare had been "*mad*" enough to imagine such a character as "*Dogberry in power*"—*officio*—he would have painted him much in the same style as the present author has done.

Trimming Bob—as his name implies—was a shifty sort of personage, who could see a coming wind, (as pigs are said to do in Yorkshire,) and always managed to change his position accordingly. He once left his master's service, upon some point of principle, but soon returned, having

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\* Some pluckless people, who are fond of finding out meanings where they do not exist, may imagine that we allude here to our worthy Attorney-General; but we can prove to a demonstration, that they are quite at fault. It is an axiom of toothless old women, that their *bark* is worse than their *bite*; Sir James's bark and bite are *equally bad*:—*ergo*, Sir James is not an old woman.—Q. E. D.



weighed matters more properly ; for, as our author justly observes, “ what is principle, compared with

“ A place, good wages, and a well-filled platter ?  
Nothing, Bob thought, and so he chose the latter.”

The other two characters *have*, in truth, no character at all ; and for this very reason, we suppose, they were chosen by the worthy Dogberry, who followed the example of his great prototype when selecting “ the most desartless man to be constable.”

“ Fi-fum, from Aberdeen”—but we will not describe him, lest a noble countryman of his should imagine that we meant to insinuate a tie of ancestry between the two—whereas nothing can be further from our intention. Massa Mungo was an *elephant-driver* in India, but discharged for puppyism and incapacity. How he came into the knight’s service, we are not told—most likely, smuggled. He was a buck, it seems, and possessed some personal charms ; for our author sums up his character in the following two lines, which we must quote merely to notice a false quantity which the rhyme has led him into:—

“ ‘ Oh, quanta species,’ (sententia Phœdrum,  
Pro hac vides,) ‘ sed non habet cerebrum.’ ”

The second syllable in “ cerebrum ” is short.

But we must hasten to the conclusion of this eventful history, and we cannot but admire the talent with which this part of it is written. By the folly and knavery of his servants, by his strange temper being humoured, his feelings led astray, and his capacity for being gulled (which was immense) being worked upon, he is reduced to a situation only inferior in wretchedness to that of the “ *Malade Imaginaire* ” of the French comedian. “ His skin, like a lady’s loose gown, hangs about him,” his arm of strength is paralyzed, and his blustering voice becomes a pitiful whine, like that of a sick child. At length, the majestic figure is laid up, like the huge hulk of an East Indiaman, whilst Dogberry and Bob, like two nightmares, sit upon his lower extremities, and a multitude of old women flutter and mumble around him, “ frighting his ear with bombast,” and drenching his stomach with slops and miserable small beer. His neighbours too—(“ this was the unkindest cut of all”) his neighbours insult him in his calamities, trample his fences, poach upon his manors, and his remonstrances are unheeded ; for a rumour has gone abroad—“ Sir John can’t fight.” Time was, when a word from the knight was omnipotent—*because his blow was sure to follow*. Now, “ he must not use *threatening* language ; because he would, perhaps, be obliged to go to war to maintain it.”\* He must be gentle as a ladybird, use drawing-room phrases, and mince in his gait like a court-beau in pea-green taffeta. He must simper out, “ Sir John can’t fight, therefore he hopes,” &c. The duties of forbearance are preached in his ear, as those which alone suit his reduced condition ; and his eager exclamation—“ Let me beat the rascal !”—is answered by an omin-

\* We have to acknowledge an obligation to Sir Robert Peel for this *little piece of reasoning*, which we have quoted literally from a late speech of his on the subject of our foreign policy. Souls of Pitt, Castlereagh, and Canning, how very far were ye above the thought, much less the utterance, of such a thought as this ! If any earthly voice may break the sleep of the dead, Sir Robert’s speech on that occasion might awake you to look down upon the *infamy of England*—horresco referens ! !

ous shake from knowing heads, and a reference to his pulse, his purse, and his caudle-cup. The whole is a perfect picture, and we can only regret that our space will not allow us to quote it entire. We select, however, the four verses following :—

“ He turned him on his pillow with a sigh ;  
His red eye flashing through a mist of tears—  
Hot heavy tears of deepest agony.  
The fields that he had won, the happy years  
Of glories past, awoke in memory,  
And (mingled with the laughter and the jeers  
Of those he scorned,) burst forth at once, to roll  
A flood of lava-water o’er his soul.

“ Where were his many triumphs, his renown,  
Which brought the very slaves, who mocked him now,  
To woo his smile, or wither in his frown ?  
Where were the fawning wretches that did bow  
To kiss the hand which brought the tyrant down ?  
Gone—gone! they took his gifts, and pledged their vow.  
But—once his money safely in their pocket—  
They quibbled at the vow of faith—and broke it.

“ They saw him down—his bounty brought him low—  
They saw his arm was weakened, and his purse ;  
And then they mocked him ; and to keep him so,  
They trusted to his doctor and his nurse.  
John thought of this just then, and thrust his toe  
And huge leg from his bed in rage,—‘ Odd’s curse !  
I’ll bear no more. Why do you keep me here  
To drench *me* with your *slops* and table-beer ?

“ ‘ Bring me a cup of sack, and bring my coat,  
I’ll shew them yet that I am no *old woman* !’  
Quoth Dogberry, ‘ Heaven keep your worship ! Note,  
His reverend worship says, he’s no *old woman* !  
Moreover, Bob, write that down first, and quote  
His worship bears impertinence from no man.  
A good examination, Bob ; but write  
All *softly*—for his worship *must not fight* !’ ”

We cannot take leave of this little book without expressing our hope that the author will not let it be his last. He possesses considerable power, and will, we think, succeed equally well in original writing as he has already done as a translator. We recommend him to write “A New Whig Guide,” or “A Treatise on Ratting.” Will he follow our advice ? We shall see.



## THE SEPARATION.

AND have I received your last letter?  
 And is it then *thus* that we part?  
 Can you coldly declare, "It is better?"  
 Oh, Alfred! how changed is that heart!  
 I cannot yet credit the story  
 They tell, as the cause of my woe;  
 You once were my pride and my glory,—  
 And can you indeed sink so low?  
 Why is it you thus have neglected  
 That love you so eagerly sought!  
 Alas! I but little suspected  
 You ever could set it at nought.  
 The promise you gave to that mother  
 Who watched o'er the days of our youth,  
 The vows you then breathed to another,  
 Should bind you to reason and truth.  
 Both brought up from childhood together,  
 We shared all our smiles and our tears;  
 I called you in infancy, "Brother!"  
 That spell has been broken by years;  
 Though never, till now, had I reason  
 To grieve that 'twas only a name;  
 I almost yet fancy it treason  
 To think that *you* feel not the same.  
 Or can I, indeed, have mistaken  
 Your manners and letters of late?  
 Can it be that I am not forsaken?  
 Dear Alfred, on *you* hangs my fate.  
 But, no—your last note is yet lying  
 Still wet with the tears I have shed;  
 You say, "there is no use in sighing;"  
 Say, rather, "affection has fled!"  
 I shrink from that cruel conviction,  
 As deeply it strikes on my heart;  
 At first it but seemed a wild fiction—  
 Too well I *now* know we must part.  
 And is it then, Alfred, for ever  
 We thus bid each other adieu?  
 Can ties, which time only should sever,  
 So soon be unheeded by you?  
 'Tis said that you covet a title—  
 That fortune is now, too, your aim;  
 Deserve I from you this requital?  
 I hear it with sorrow and shame.  
 Yet why should I listen to any,  
 Who add to the blow you have dealt?  
 So cruel! no tongue of the many  
 Can heighten the grief I have felt.  
 Bereft of my parents, and friendless,  
 I yet had *one* blessing in store;  
 I trusted your love would be endless—  
 You swore it—I asked for no more.  
 It is not my wish, by upbraiding,  
 To raise painful thoughts of the past;  
 Though daily my own hopes are fading  
 May your's ever bloom to the last!

## NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

THE King proceeds on his course of popularity. Nothing can be easier, pleasanter, or wiser. By living like an English gentleman, he enjoys all the comforts of a private station, and by acting like a King he secures the public respect. Queen Adelaide follows his example. She has one unroyal quality, for which we like her the better—she pays her debts. All demands on her are punctually discharged, and no one can reproach the first lady in the realm with a meanness which would disgrace the lowest. Let our titled people look to this. The Queen has but one thing more to do, to fix herself in the highest degree of public respect. Let her, like old Charlotte, refuse to receive any woman of tainted character at her Court, let harlotry be branded whether it appear under the coronet of a Baroness or a Duchess. Let the odious and insolent race of women who disgraced the late court, dishonoured the name of the late too easy King, and spread the infection of their manners through society, be altogether excluded from reception by the Queen, and she will seat herself on a safer throne than St. James's. She will be Queen of the people. England has long looked with disgust on the conduct of the higher classes. Revolution is abroad, and will not spare. If the crimes of public life in England earn the scourge, it will fall; it can be averted by nothing but our virtues.

The elections are over, and what is the result? that every syllable which we said in scorn of the last parliament, has been echoed and re-echoed from every hill and dale, and town and hamlet of the empire; that it has been pronounced a time-serving, an un-English parliament. Upwards of two hundred new members have been returned, and in every instance where the public voice could have been heard, those men were returned on the strength of their declarations, that they despised the ministry, scorned the conduct of the last parliament, and were bound to the will of the nation alone.

So much for the junto who huzzaed for every administration alike!—of the four that filled up their four years: the thick-and-thin parliament of the moping and hypocritical Lord Liverpool, of the vivacious and tricking George Canning, of that genius of blundering, Lord Goderich, and of the Field Marshal, the man of gendarmerie and horse, foot, and dragoons. And if his celestial highness Pope Pius had sat in Downing-street in his mitre, the thick-and-thin parliament would have discovered that he was the very man to secure the constitution in Church and State; or if the Dey of Algiers, in want of employment, had, like the Duke of Wellington, turned his mind to place-making and place-giving in the neighbourhood of the Treasury, erected his slipper-bearer into a Sir Robert Peel, or any other fallow-hearted minion of the same dimensions of mind and conscience; made his chief bastinado-man into the likeness of a Sir George Murray; and clothed the keeper of his harem in the outward man of some complying secretary, who looks upon his domestic arrangements with a politic view to the comforts of his superiors; there cannot be a doubt under the canopy of Heaven that the patriotic parliament of 1829 would have discovered within the round of his highness's turban all the legal, political, and patriotic wisdom essential to the government of the Empire, and found in the sweep of his highness's scymetar an un-



answerable evidence of his fitness for every employment under the sun.

But this parliament has passed away. It is in its grave, and we desire never to see its revival in spirit any more than in substance.

The voice of the nation has been raised in one indignant outcry against the expenses of the state, against the sinecures, the pensions, the super-numerary places, the enormous military establishment, and the whole cumbrous frippery of the Horse-Guards' administration.

At some time or other we shall come to the detail of those scandals ; but the nation has clearly determined to give its confidence to no man who will not pledge himself that those abominations shall be extinguished. Sir James Graham's speeches have only embodied the public scorn and disgust. The feeling existed long before. The pledge universally demanded at the elections was, will you put down the sinecures? will you set your face against the jobs? will you dock the ruinous salaries? will you insist on knowing why the Privy Council are entitled to pay themselves upwards of half a million a year out of the public pocket, or 5,000*l.* a year a piece? Will you extinguish every thing in the shape of political buying and selling, and the transformation of the House of the Constitution into a den of thieves? They did not think it worth their while to ask them on what side of the house they intended to take post ; but the point was this, wherever they sat, they must sit as the representatives of the people, not as the slaves of my lord secretary this, or my lord viscount the other. We shall see whether the new members keep their words. If they do, the country will escape a convulsion : if they do not, they at least will be overwhelmed ; scorn will pursue them at every step, and on the first opportunity they will be flung out into disgrace and ignominy for ever. So be it.

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Our women are all heroines now ; the newspapers say, that Lady Harcourt, whose noble husband could hardly have been consigned to the earth when the late king was buried, sent for *twelve tickets* to St. George's chapel. A snug funeral party this. Of course they all got tickets, and were well entertained. No doubt her ladyship was very much at her ease, and has continued so ever since.

Yet it is not so much by women of rank, who are bred up to this stony-heartedness as a part of their education, and think much the same of a dead husband as of a cast-off gown, that our indignation has been excited of late. It is with the "weeping widows," the "undone and bereaved of all their souls held dear," the walking hearses of a husband's beloved memory, black and tragic from top to toe—the *writing* widows—those sorrowing authoresses, who, in insatiable fondness for the dear dead-and-gone, and "in a holy desire to give the world some knowledge of the virtues and various perfections of him whom they shall never cease to deplore, whose image they treasure in their heart of hearts, and whom they day and night implore heaven that they may soon rejoin in the grave ;" make books and sell them for the highest price they can get ; bolstered up by puffery of all kinds, demands on the "recollections of college friends," or "the sympathy of sorrowing relations," and on the *humbugability* of the public in general. Those are the true Widow of Ephesus tribe, and, we will confess, it would not seriously afflict our souls to see them thrown into public scorn, or hear the first application for assistance, the first pretty presentation of the prospectus of "The Recollections and Remains of the late lamented Honourable and

Reverend Charles Montague Antonio Belville, with fac-similes of his writing, and his billets-doux and epigrams in the magazines, carefully collected, with notes, by his affectionate and disconsolate widow, the Honourable Amelia Antoinetta Isabinda Seymour"—answered in every instance by "Madam, you are an impostor! No woman who cared for a husband's memory would make such an exhibition of him. You only want to parade yourself before the public, and get money and a second husband as fast as you can."

There is not one of the scribbling widows that has not "changed her condition" with the greatest alertness possible. The latest candidate on the list has been poor Heber's widow; this lady was the widow *par excellence*, all devotedness, all sublime, all the mother of the Gracchi. But nobody better knew what she was about, when softening the "sentimental reader" was the question. With an alacrity worthy of an undertaker, she collected every fragment of the dead that she could turn to money, enlisted every friend he had in the scheme, made a Jew's bargain with a bookseller, and out came the quarto:—

"The late Bishop Heber's Travels in India," &c. "with sketches, engravings, vignettes," and, she ought to have added, in justice to the sentimental reader, with a variety of weak correspondence and of childish and unepiscopal verses. But the whole tenderly blazoned "with notes by his widow!"

Now, to those who have hearts in their bosoms, and have known the loss of any being for whom they felt even common regard, the idea of hunting over their papers, conning their letters, gathering every scrap that fell from their hands, recalling the familiar penmanship, the familiar phrase, till almost the familiar voice is in the ear, and the dead seems to stand before them; is one of the most repulsive thoughts that can come into the mind; in fact, those who have any heart at all, shrink from it wholly, and cannot prevail upon themselves to go near any object which calls back the image; and if they make any exertion, it is to avoid all recurrence to sensations which cannot return without great pain.

But not so with a she-editor. The Widow of Ephesus first looks to the market, considers how much better books will sell if they are taken in time; and then, before the breath is well out of the husband's body, she is neck-deep in his trunks, turning out his portfolios, cutting extracts out of his books, and inditing circulars to all his friends for every fragment of his letters; then comes, without a moment's delay, the "Proposal for publishing the Life and Remains, with Notes by his Widow!"

The book is published; sympathy with some, shame with others, common charity with the rest, make a considerable sum of money; which the world, of course, conceive that they are contributing for the support of a worthy man's children, and giving into the hands of a worthy widow.

But the money is scarcely lodged, when, lo! the widow is a wife; some gay loungee of St. James's air has caught her taste, and wooed her to be his, by virtue of his knowledge of her subscription; or she has been charmed by the grin and guitar of some exquisite of the sunny south, who, though figuring as a perruquier in the sunny south, figures as a marquis in foggy England; or the moustachios of some half Turk have charms for her, and she wends her way—La Condessa Catapulta



Cavatina—to the lovely land where all above is moonshine, and all below is heroism and piracy. Thus goes the world of widows.

Without knowing or caring what kind of match Heber's masculine and managing widow may have carved out for her tender fancies, it is enough for us to know that she has made eleven thousand pounds by his "Remains," and is now worrying the public again with his "Life and Travels;" the book is a miserable one at best, a compilation of schoolboy stuff and letters of insufferable self-sufficiency, unctuated with a good share of the twaddle gathered in his later years, to be used for the especial catching of the devout; in short, it is exactly the book of "a first-class man of Oxford," and of course, to all men of sense and taste, a perfectly trivial and obnoxious performance. But we should be sorry to impede the progress of the lady's prosperity, or the goodness of the catch which the man of moustachios has made in her, and we recommend its purchase to all those who patronize the Widow of Ephesus class of marriageable dames above forty-five.

Another of the weepers and she-editors was Mrs. Bowdich. Nothing could be prettier than this lady's sorrow, except herself and her little subscription book of gold and silver fish drawings. The dear departed Bowdich was never to be replaced in her desolate heart. The world believed her blue eyes, steeped as they were in perpetual agony; gave their subscriptions, and lo! Mrs. Widow Bowdich married on the spot.

Before her came Mrs. ———. The earth rang with her afflictions when her poor husband, the artist, broke his neck by a fall in some country church, where he was sketching. The quarto was rapidly prepared, every thing that her "angelic, and ever to be lamented, and never to be forgotten" Adolphus, had ever said, scribbled or sketched, was gathered into a book, and his undone widow bored all ears, from the king's, down to the coterie of literary spinsters who act as "managing committee for the Inverness and John-o'-Groat's reading-club," with her sorrows, her fidelity, the premature loss of her Adolphus, the infant memory of her Blanche, and her whole host of personal desolations besides.

But the book was scarcely in the hands of the spinsters, when their souls were electrified by a paragraph in their solitary paper. "Yesterday, married Mrs. A. ———, by special license, &c. We understand that she has married the parson of the church in which her late husband broke his neck, as a tribute of respect to his memory."

Lady Raffles, too, has written her book, and made the most of poor Sir Stamford. However, she is not a *Duchess yet*, and we conclude that the cause of the delay is, her having abstained from the usual lofty pledges of eternal sorrow and perpetual widowhood. If she had sworn like the rest, of course, she would have done like the rest, and the widow been no more. So much for the she-editors. It actually gives us an uncontrollable disgust to see the name. It is a sure forerunner of man-hunting.

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Brougham, whose foulness of tongue is always getting him into scrapes, has just had the honour of receiving a message from Mr. Martin Bree, the quack doctor, formerly of the Strand—a fellow who cured the diseases of man and the metropolis at sixpence a head, and figured as the Dr. Eady of his day, within the last dozen years.

By some of those freaks which make the name of chance abominable, this fellow got an estate in Yorkshire, and now sets up for a curator of the constitution of the empire, as much as he ever did for a curator of the constitution of the populace of the Strand. He sent to demand why Brougham had called him an "insect;" as if the feelings of Mr. Martin Bree, of "the green door and private entrance in the Strand," could be hurt by any thing, save a horsewhipping or a ducking. However, this was Harry's day of peace; and he sent back a formal declaration, that whatever words might have escaped his lips in the hour of *patriot enthusiasm*, he wished Mr. Martin Bree Van Butchel Stapyhton good health on that and on all other occasions; on which Martin courteously acknowledged the compliment, and the affair closed, the whole correspondence being announced to the empire with all due speed, as "*an affair of honour*."

But America has lately added to our examples of transatlantic gallantry in these matters. A pair of doctors, quarrelling for something or for nothing, took out their pistols. They fired and missed during a round or two; but their open determination was death. Accordingly they went on with their shooting, advancing nearer to each other at every round, until the right arm of one of them was broke. But this was not the compact. They must go on. The wounded man took the pistol in his left, fired, and broke his antagonist's arm. This of course could satisfy neither of the heroes; at last they both gained their object. They fired together; the challenger received the ball in his heart, and died on the spot. The challenged received the ball in his lungs, and died in three hours. While he was lying on the ground, he inquired the result of his last bullet; and on being told that it done its business, expressed himself "a happy man," and said, that now he could die contented.

And this is duelling—the honourable arranger of scruples, the delicate washer-out of stains, the curer of scandals, and general peace-maker of society. Or is not this unequivocal barbarism, wilful murder?—a determination to shed blood without mercy? And yet our laws slumber over such things. The judge pronounces a formal reprobation, about which neither he nor anybody else cares a jot. The jury smile, the criminal arranges his curls, and prepares for a new celebrity among the fair. The verdict lets him loose—the mob huzza him. The ladies adore him, the gentlemen extol his heroism; and thus a scoundrel, black with malice and revenge, and dipped in blood from head to heel, a human tiger, is triumphantly sent forth to prey upon mankind.

Common sense is as rare among nations as among men; and no stronger proof can be required of the fact, than the toleration of duelling in any civilized country. The whole spirit of duelling is not merely an anomaly in public manners, but an insult to that first principle of law, which declares, that no man shall be the judge in his own quarrel, much less the executioner. As to the actual circumstances, what can be a more extraordinary violation of common reason, than that the formality of a murder shall make the murderer innocent. The duellist puts himself in a situation to kill; and, in the generality of instances, without the common excuses for bloodshed. The duel is seldom a matter of passion, often of no actual injury whatever. In nine instances out of ten, it is a murder for *etiquette*.—But we are to be told that the challenger exposes his life equally with that of the challenged. Yet if two butchers in a market



attack each other with their knives, and one of them is killed, the other is hanged. Yet here we have more than the palliatives that are to make the duel innocent. We have the equal danger, the violent passion, and the coarser and more violent habits of life or profession, probably drunkenness at the moment; still, with all those palliatives, the butcher is hanged. But if the butcher had written a cool note to his fellow butcher, instead of rousing his passions by a curse or a blow; if he had appointed Hyde Park for the place of putting him to death, instead of the site of Clare Market; and had blown out his brains with a pistol, instead of stabbing him to the heart with a knife, the butcher would have figured as a well-bred person, who had done a well-bred deed; the murder would have been an affair of honour, and the murderer would have established a character in society as one "who had killed his man."

The argument, that society is kept in order by the fear of the pistol, is nonsense, and is repelled by the fullest evidence—that the most civilized nations of the ancient world knew nothing of duelling; that, in the most intelligent and accomplished classes of modern life, a duel is the rarest of possible occurrences; that, among those classes of society which are especially prohibited by custom, from this guilty mode of arbitrating their differences (the clergy and the judges, for instance) we find no want of mutual civility; and that there are more duels concocted among the vulgar and unmannered haunters of the coffee-house and the billiard-table, than in all other society.

It will even be universally found, that as duelling ceases to be the habitual mode of deciding opinions, civilized manners become more habitual; and for the obvious reason, that where mutual concession has not the stigma of mutual fear, it is the natural course of honest and educated minds. If we are to be told that the cessation of duelling is the result of civilization, the argument only shows, that duelling is contrary to the advance of society. But the truth is, that until duelling has ceased to be the habit of a country, mutual civility can make no progress. Ireland is still, unhappily, the most duelling part of the empire. The consequence results in its being the most uncivilized. The west and south of Ireland are the most duelling parts of Ireland. The consequence results in those districts being the most uncivilized. A duelling regiment is always notorious for general want of discipline, and for being unserviceable in the field. A regular duellist, in society, is generally a ruffian in his manners, as he is always a scoundrel in his principles, if not notoriously a blackleg by profession. But the whole evil, as well as the whole remedy, rests with the laws. So long as the refusal to go out at a moment's notice, to kill or be killed, is considered by society an essential proof of personal timidity, so long will duelling continue to be the shame and scourge of our community. But let the laws declare authoritatively and steadily, that the reputation for intrepidity shall not be suffered to turn upon a man's readiness to fire in the face of another on the most trivial occasion of dispute; and the practice will perish in a twelvemonth, and, before the next twelvemonth is over, be wondered at among the absurdities of times gone by.

Let the laws declare distinctly, that every man who goes out to fight a duel, is a murderer, that every message-bearer, second, &c., is an accessory, and that they shall require nothing more than evidence of the facts, to deliver the whole of those conspirators against human life to the

executioner. And the evil will be instantly at end. But we shall not have the honour of setting the example of this wise and religious measure.

“ A law has just been promulgated by the Elector of Hesse, against duelling, and, if put into effect, it must inevitably abolish the practice in the State which is subject to it. Whoever merely sends a challenge is liable to imprisonment in a fortress, for not *less* than three years. If a duel is fought in which neither party is killed, both parties are to be expelled the service ; to be deprived of their letters patent of nobility, if they possess them ; and to be imprisoned in a fortress for not *less* than *ten years*.”

There seems no provision here for the case of either of the parties being killed. But as the mere attempt to kill is to be punished by ten years imprisonment and public exclusion from all honours, we must suppose that death is the penalty. The Hessian law falls short in omitting the seconds, and other stimulators of the duel ; who are generally much more criminal than the actual combatants, and without whose interference, it is obvious that no duel could be fought.

We know that the English law at present declares duelling murder, but the declaration is nullified by practice. The revival of the law, with additional provisions for its being resolutely carried into effect, is a matter demanded by every consideration of principle, civil and religious. Let the statute be, that the laws against murder shall be applied without palliative or evasion, on the simple proof, that men have gone out to shed blood illegally ; and the law itself will never be called into action a second time. No man will be mad enough to send a challenge, if he is physically certain that the result of his sending that challenge will be his own hanging at the door of Newgate. No man will feel himself stigmatized in the general eye by refusing a challenge, when it is literally a summons to stand in the Old Bailey dock, to be taken thence only to be hanged. An easy provision in the statute, making duels, fought beyond seas by British subjects, equally criminal as when fought at home, would put an end to the contrivance of running off to Calais or Boulogne to commit this polished species of assassination ; and the jurisdiction of England would be cleared from a stain, the religious feeling of the country would be freed from a scandal, and society be disburthened of a habit, offensive alike to the commands of Heaven, and to the common understanding of man.

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We hear, about once a year, a terrible outcry from Westminster-hall, touching the smallness of the judge's salaries. Yet we have no bowels of compassion for even those dignitaries. We think every man of them enormously overpaid. To take the favourite instance, the chief justice of the King's Bench. He has a great deal to do ; but then he has an enormous salary, namely, 8,000*l.* a year, with great present patronage, and certain handsome reversions, which, of course, go into the hands of his own family. His lordship's emoluments, thus on the fair calculation of such things, are worth 12,000*l.* a year. Any merchant on 'Change would give him an annuity to that amount for them. Now, all this is enormous. True, he is a good lawyer, and a diligent man, and sits in his court from nine till three the greater part of the year. But the true question for those who pay is, what can the business be done as well for ? We say, for a *fourth* of the money. We



say that a dozen barristers, any one of them as competent as Lord Tenterden, would be rejoiced to take his place for 3,000*l.* a year; and if this be so, his salary ought not to be a shilling more. But what becomes of the labours of the Exchequer, which sits for its two hours, and then goes *en masse* to take its airing in the Regent's-park, or adjourns from the cares of state, to the Ship Tavern, at Greenwich, and discusses the properties of white-bait and iced champagne?

The following abstract was lately given of the duty performed by the judges at an Old Bailey sessions:—"Mr. Justice Littledale tried 6; Mr. Baron Vaughan, 8; the Recorder, 20; the Common Serjeant, 100; Serjeant Arabin, 82. When we find that out of 216 cases, 14 only were tried by the 'judges of the land,' taking it for granted that these were the most laborious and important, our wonder how they could get through the enormous mass of business subsides, and we do not feel that they are excessively underpaid."

We feel no such thing. We believe that they are monstrously overpaid, and that among the first duties of our honest representatives, will be a general overhauling of the judges' enormous salaries, and the general sinecurism of the places connected with the courts. We must have the prothonotaries, the great exchequer people, the my Lord Johns this, and my Lord Toms that, forced to shew why they are to fatten their noble persons on the money wrung from the honest portion of the community.

As an instance of the sinecurism, we give a minute which has appeared in one of the newspapers, touching the emoluments of that inestimably bewitching, virtuous, and clear-headed nobleman, the present Lord Ellenborough, him of the order of the "Tame Elephant:"—

President of the Board of Commissioners for the

Affairs of India, by patent dated 26th September,

1828..... £5,000 0 0

Chief Clerk of the Court of King's Bench..... 9,625 8 1

The office of the Chief Clerk was granted to Lord Ellenborough by the late Lord Chief Justice, in November, 1811, but the emoluments have been received by his lordship only since the decease of the late Chief Justice, on the 13th December, 1818. Lord Ellenborough *also holds the office of Custos Brevium* of the Court of King's Bench jointly with Lord Kenyon, who receives all the emoluments arising therefrom during his life.

This is pretty well for the price of my lord's brains, ringlets and all.

Africa has afforded only the strongest probability of all those catastrophes hitherto found on earth; and it has accordingly been a favourite speculation. Men, with clothes on their limbs, and supposed brains in their heads, have followed each other in rival succession for the honour of embracing the cholera or the Bulam fever, being shot with arrows by his majesty of the Mandingoes, or serving as a meal to the lions and panthers, lords of some millions of square leagues of sand. Lander's late narrative gives a new specimen of this frenzy:—

"The son of Mr. Park, the celebrated African traveller, died in a small town two day's journey in the interior from Accra, only three days before my arrival on the coast. I first ascertained his name by reason of a shirt sent in mistake for one of my own which I had given a female to wash—"Thomas Park" being marked in legible characters at

the bottom. This young Englishman, on coming into the country, used no precautions with regard to the preservation of his health ; but, adopting the habits of the people with whom he mingled, anointed his head and body with clay and oil, ate unreservedly the food of the natives, and exposed himself, with scarcely any clothing, to the heat of the sun by day, and the influence of the pernicious dews by night,—in consequence whereof, as might have been expected, he was attacked with fever, which put an end to his existence after a very short illness. Mr. Thomas Park had formed the pious resolution of discovering the spot where his intrepid father had met his fate, and of ascertaining, if possible, the cause and manner of his death ; in which attempt he was defeated only by his own dissolution. Had the young gentleman survived a few days longer, I could have fully satisfied him in these particulars, and given him directions, in case of his recovery, for proceeding to the island of Boussa.”

But it is only justice to this young adventurer to say, in the Irish style, that he had good reason for what he did, he being evidently as mad as a March hare. Nothing but insanity could have been the cause of his exposures to the whole fierceness of this climate of death, unless we are to say, that he felt the absurdity of all precaution, and daringly defied the danger, because it was inevitable.

All the African adventurers have rapidly perished. And what have their adventures produced? Books. And what have the books produced? Nothing. To this hour we know no more of any channel of intercourse with the interior, nearer than the horrid journey over the deserts of Barbary, than was known a thousand years ago. But Timbuctoo has been reached. Yes, by Major Laing, who has told us nothing, partly, perhaps, from that seizure of his papers, which, as well as his murder, makes the regular policy of Africa ; but evidently in a much greater degree from his having nothing to tell, for he had opportunities of sending intelligence during his journey and stay. But the Frenchman Caille has been at Timbuctoo. On this point we cannot help feeling much doubt ; and we must have strong testimony before we can believe the Frenchman. But if Timbuctoo were traversed to-morrow, and we knew as much about its fairs and its wares, its women and its huts, as we know about Waterloo-place, how much nearer are we to the discovery of the mouth of the Niger? for that is the grand affair after all. We have known for those three thousand years that Africa has been traversed in length and breadth, by caravans from the north, east, and west, but the point with us is, how can we reach its internal commerce with our ships? Our object is to find the river's mouth that will carry our ships up to Timbuctoo, or any where else, within reach of gold dust, gums, and elephant's teeth. The only rational hope of this discovery is, by sending a steam-boat to try every river falling into the Bight of Benin. In three months the survey might be finished, and the question of a great central river set at rest in one way or other. The settlement at Fernando Po may do something for this project ; and we are strongly inclined to think that government will be culpable in giving its sanction to adventures in any other direction.

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The French funds are falling. Not from French fear, but from English fear. The absentees do not much like the idea of having their gold locked up in the bank of France by the next popular shock, nor



their bodies stopped for want of a passport on the French shore; and so both money and bodies are making a quiet transfer of themselves to the shores of England. And they are quite right. For magnificent dealings are going on in the French funds, and though our neighbours are always patriotic, they are now and then slippery. A Paris paper says, "The famous Ouvrard is reported to have gained many millions by the enormous fall the funds experienced on Monday week; the losses of the house of Rothschild are, they say, in an equal proportion, and the head of that house indulges in reproaches against the perfidy of Prince Polignac, who, up to the last moment, kept him in perfect security, and induced him to speculate for the rise. Rothschild would, however, excite no interest were he and all his to be reduced to beggary. Have not those Jews always, since 1814, been found knocking at the doors of every Cabinet, with their money-bags under their arms, ready to aid every enterprise against the liberty of Europe?"—A good hint for Rothschild.

We thought that the famous Ouvrard had been *provided for* long ago. However he seems to be, like Johnson, the smuggler, proof to time, chance, and justice.

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The world is now fuller of strange sights than ever. It is impossible but that something odd is intended on a large scale, by the confusion of all things in little. We have now an African king in Europe, with a harem of fifty black, white, copper-coloured, and pieballed Venuses, from the ends of the earth, with hourly reinforcements from Africa, Greece, and the indigenous virtue and beauty of Bella Italia herself. The real Dey of Algiers is at Naples, with a household of grim Turks and swarthy Moors—fierce cimetar-bearers—men of the pillaff and the poisoned cup—men of the ataghan, the Koran, and the sacred kettle—the rice-eating, wine-abhorring, opium-swallowing, and blood-drinking. And all this romantic scene, so dear to our melo-dramatists, novel-writers, and girls of sixteen, is to be seen at this moment in the city of Naples; for the journey to which we may contract, at so much per head—eating, drinking, and slumber included—in Cornhill.

The statement of the Dey's pearls, his turbans, jewel-hilted swords, and gold breakfast-cups, is enough to attract all the thieves of London to the neighbourhood of Portici, and justify a second French expedition for robbery and the rights of man. But the French have got handsomely by his highness already. The following account is *not* written by Aladdin, *nor to be found* in the Arabian Nights:—but is from Algiers.

"I went into the treasury; it consists of four vaulted apartments on the ground floor. Round each chamber there are repositories each twelve feet long, six broad, and four deep. Some were full of quadruples, some of sequins of Venice, others contained a mixture of gold coin, among which were Portugal pieces of 168 francs. Other repositories were filled with Spanish piastres, and others with silver coin of the regency. One apartment only had no repositories. The floor was covered to the depth of three feet with Spanish piastres. There was also diamond necklaces, silver vases, &c. When I entered, several men were employed in taking up the silver and gold with a shovel, and putting it into a scale, which was emptied into chests containing about sixty kilogrammes of gold, valued at 3,000 francs the kilogramme. Some was also

put into barrels to be sent to France. The coined silver which has been found is supposed to amount to 18,000 cubic feet, besides chests filled with gold bars and doubloons."

In Sir H. Davy's "Last Days of a Philosopher," a title, by the by, which seems the last that the modesty of a true philosopher would assume, there are some observations on the discoveries for which we are indebted to accident.

"Lucretius attributes to accident the discovery of the fusion of the metals; a person in touching a shell-fish, observes, that it emits a purple liquid as a dye, hence the Tyrian purple; a clay is observed to harden in the fire, and hence the invention of bricks, which could hardly fail ultimately to lead to the discovery of porcelain; even glass, the most perfect and beautiful of those manufactures you call chemical, is said to have been discovered by accident. Theophrastus states, that some merchants, who were cooking on lumps of soda or natron, near the mouth of the river Belus, observed that a hard and vitreous substance was formed where the fused natron ran into the sand."

The philosopher might have enlarged his list. It is a remarkable circumstance, that almost the whole of those great leading discoveries by which the mastery of nature is given to man, have been the work of what, for want of a better name, we call accident. Gunpowder, printing, the use of steam, the telescope, the mariner's compass, electricity, galvanism, the use of the pendulum, the principle of gravitation, together with a crowd of minor discoveries of immeasurable value, have been all offered to us by means beyond our power or our expectation. Is it "to consider the matter too curiously," to believe that this constant effect has not been without some distinguishing moral cause? In a physical view we know that there is no such thing as accident. But, in the higher moral contemplation, may we not conjecture, that this unfailing interposition has a purpose, perhaps many purposes; and that one of them is to remind men, however engrossed by the pride of heart, so peculiarly awakened by the pride of science, that after all, its greatness is administered from a mightier fount than that of philosophy, and that our light is darkness until it is visited by the lustre from an unclouded throne.

Our great English absentees deserve to be soundly punished for their ungenerous expenditure of the money, which as they got from England, they should give back to England; and if some new revolution in Italy or Switzerland, or any where on the face of the earth shall catch them in its trap, we shall rejoice at the sorrows of the dukes and earls, the duchesses and countesses, so entrapped. We hope, for instance, that that papist young gentleman, and very profound patriot, my Lord Shrewsbury, may be soundly swung in the next bustle at Rome, and date his next dispatches from the Castle of St. Angelo. Here is a patriot who spends his foolish old uncle's donation of £40,000 a year, among the saints and sinners of Rome, yet calls himself an Englishman, and talks of being a patriot. We give a fragment from the late Lord Harcourt's will, as a model that ought to be universally adopted. This will directs, "That if the person who shall succeed to the lands purchased with the £80,000. (left in the first instance to his widow) be absent from England more than six months at one time, unless he be so in the civil or military service of Great Britain, or under 25 years of



age, and travelling for his education, he shall forfeit the advantages of such bequest." We hope the proviso will not make his posterity peculiarly anxious for office on any terms.

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There has been lately a prodigious outcry against the commissioners of bankrupts. But by whom is it raised? by the mob of bankrupts themselves; and this is one of their statements:—

"It appears, that out of 62 persons committed to Newgate by the commissioners of bankrupts, from the 15th of July, 1824, to the 16th of February, 1830, 52 were committed by one list,—that of which Mr. Impey and Mr. Surtees are members. Well may it be called the Newgate list. These gentlemen have lately had to pay a large sum for one of their committals."

Mr. Ainslie's name, we believe, should be added to the list. But what is the truth? The whole system of the bankrupt laws is framed with a lenity which, contemplating only the honest bankrupt, is abused in the most scandalous manner by the fraudulent. We believe it to be a fully ascertained fact, that one half of the bankruptcies are fraudulent. There are, of course, shades of fraud, from the wholesale robber of the public, who makes himself a bankrupt for the direct purpose of conveying away the property of his creditors, and enabling himself to start breast-high in the world again; down to the petty larceny bankrupt, who secretes but a portion of the property of others, and, in the general wreck, makes a privy purse for himself. But, if the sternest hand of the law grasped the majority of bankrupts, it would do good national service. As the matter now stands, the commissioners may have been harsh beyond the general custom. But where is the tradesman who seems to be the worse for his bankruptcy? In a multitude of instances bankruptcy is clearly the high road to fortune. The merchant whom we saw in the *Gazette* to-day, we see to-morrow in a showy establishment, perhaps with a villa, certainly with a tilbury, and probably a barouche, or a couple of them. He has slipped through the fingers of the law, that ought to have been round his neck; and he has now nothing to do but to reinforce his servants' hall, order in his pipe of claret, and throw open his doors in Portland-place, or Belgrave-square, to his wife's select party of five hundred friends. His next step is a borough; or, if he feel popularly inclined, a canvass for the county. We then find him flourishing for a year or two in directorships, the management of companies, the proprietorship of canals, and the projectorship of every new-fangled contrivance for the robbery of every man who is silly enough to confide in him. Then comes the crash again. The man of plums and prosperity again sinks into the *Gazette*, again comes out of it clear as the new-born babe, again sets up the counting-house, the curricule, the villa, and leads a life of impudent defiance of the common honesty of mankind, and insolent indulgence in every luxury that fraud can supply; until the bloated feeder on public credulity and legal weakness goes in pomp to a grave, to which he ought to have been ushered by the gallows.

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We may rely on it, that if we want to perpetuate an abuse, we cannot lay a better cement for it than eating and drinking. The select vestries would not have held together a year but for their dinners, which they still give, to the discomfiture of all their enemies.

"A curious scene lately occurred at Guildhall, between the select

vestry of St. Bartholomew the Great, and the reformers of that parish, who had obtained an order, calling upon them to pass their accounts. The following were among the items:—

For an Easter dinner	-	-	-	-	£7	0	0
And for another	-	-	-	-	14	0	0
For beautifying the beadle's staff	-	-	-	-	6	7	0
For a visit to a Mr. Sewell	-	-	-	-	1	1	0
And to the poor at Sewell's farm	-	-	-	-	0	4	0

Mr. Prendergast attended for the excluded, and spoke with great indignation against the accounts; but he was met by the Select with an assertion, that his own father, when he was churchwarden of the parish, had signed the accounts of the very expenditure which he complained of, and had even signed a bill allowing 6s. a-piece for four fowls."

Of the *argumentum ad hominem* which seems to have overthrown the patriotism of Mr. Prendergast, we can say nothing, but that either the fowls were fat, or that the poulterer, to whom their eaters paid six shillings a-piece for them, must have been a prodigious favourite with the select vestry. We have, too, the pleasant contrast of twenty-one pounds for two dinners of those righteous superintendents of the parish, and four shillings for a visit to the poor—meaning, we suppose, for the charity distributed among them. Why are those things done?—For the obvious reason, that the parties who are to have the profit have the expenditure.

In those vestries, the tradesmen of the parish always either outnumber, or out weary the gentlemen. If a contract for beef is proposed for the workhouse, the butcher brings his voters, and they at once settle the rate of the contract, and give the bargain to their leader. This is not the clearest way in the world to get the beef cheap; but it is by no means the worst to put money into the pocket of the parish *carnifex*.

If some acute eye discover that the pulpit wants a new velvet and gold waistcoat, the chief tailor comes down with a tailor-levy *en masse*, settles that never was there a pulpit in so scandalous a state of nudity, and rewards himself for his parochial zeal by a couple of hundred pounds for work of the value of fifty. The carpenter has his ligneous detections too, and his tribe of the adze and hammer to beat conviction into the brains of his compatriot menders and makers; who, indeed, being fully aware that one good turn deserves another, would deem it the most indelicate thing possible to interfere with the profits of their worthy brother Bladebone, or their excellent fellow-parishioner, Mr. Chip.—

"So runs the parish world away;  
And rogues combine, that fools may pay."

One of the phenomena of the late elections is, that the rich have gone out and the poor have got in. This is a fine promise of the scenes that the years 1831, and the following will produce. Brougham for Yorkshire—here is an omen for the radicals! Brougham for the first county in England, the representative of a million of farmers and blacksmiths—aye, and the sole representative, for little Lord Morpeth is only fit to "amble in a lady's chamber," and spout speeches out of "Cato." We should not be surprised if, now that he is convinced that Leech will *not* die, nor Peel relinquish his salary while he can keep it; Brougham should at last suffer one manly thought to come into his heart or head, and attempt to play prime minister-himself. Why not?



The Treasury Bench is open to him. There is not a man upon it fit to "asperge his shoes," as Lord Alvanley phrases it. And as for Wellington; the field-marshal, however angry, can shew it only by shooting him, in which case we recommend the application of a *feri facias* to his Grace, and a *latitat* to the lawyer. Then comes Hume, radical to the midriff, and indeed not knowing how to be any thing else, member for Middlesex, sole member; for his worthy colleague, Byng, is not worth a straw, so far as brains go. Then Sir Robert Wilson, radical to the extremity of his understanding (sole member, for we suppose his latter-colleague will not trouble him much), and now Lieutenant-General besides, and capable of taking command on a much more showy scale than any thing in the shape of a Tyburn-gate quarrel. Then Waithman and Wood, a pair of asses, but accustomed to the radical pannier, and equal to their weight. Hunt and Cobbett are still deficient. But they will come yet. "Fine times you young people will see," said Voltaire, when he cast a glance over the Parisians prating about the Rights of Man.

We want no revolution here, and we shall cheerfully join in the hanging of the first radical representative who proposes to compile one. But we shall see things yet that our forefathers have not seen.

In the mean time we give a list of the prices which it cost to be an orator, or have the pleasure of listening to Sir R. Peel's speeches on the constitution, in the last Parliament.

The last Leicester election cost Mr. Evans 19,000*l.*, Otway Cave, 10,000*l.*, Sir Charles Hastings, 16,000*l.*, and the corporation, 16,000*l.*, in all, 61,000*l.*—Warwick costs 27,000*l.*, without bribery; Stafford, 14,000*l.*, where the voters displayed the Beaumont cockades, said to be worth 5*l.*, each, in their hats. The *china* of the Camelford voters was occasionally wrapped, by accident, in one pound bank-notes. The Northumberland elections cost a very large sum; Mr. Bell probably paid between 60 and 70,000*l.* for his seat of two months from February, and his four sessions' seat from July, 1826. Mr. Liddle probably 50,000*l.*, Lord Howick, 12,000*l.*, and Mr. Beaumont was charged upwards of 100,000*l.*, though he contrived to pay a much smaller sum.—Yorkshire cost Mr. Marshall 30,000*l.*; and in 1806, the same county, in the great party contest between Earl Fitzwilliam and the Earl of Harewood, cost the former 150,000*l.*, and the latter 160,000*l.*, whose son, the present Earl of Harewood, then Viscount Lascelles, lost the election; 40,000*l.* were raised by subscription to support Mr. Wilberforce, but only 25,000*l.* were expended, the remainder being given by the Committee to various public charities.—The contest between Lord Belgrave and Sir J. C. Egerton, for Chester, cost Lord Grosvenor 70,000*l.*; and eventually, it is estimated, more than 300,000*l.*"

We say, down with the buyers and sellers both, and long live KING WILLIAM!

## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

*Conversations on Religion with Lord Byron, by the late Dr. Kennedy.*—The late Dr. Kennedy was an army physician—a man of *serious* sentiments, and of course, among military men, bore the appellation of a methodist, though very far from being a mere sectarian. When stationed at Cephalonia, he found, to his surprise, several of his associates, chiefly of the medical class, more or less tinged with infidelity, and he, as any man deeply impressed with the realities of revelation would do, endeavoured, on many occasions, in season, and perhaps out of season, to combat the irreverent, and, as they seemed to him, erroneous notions of these, many of them, in other respects, intelligent officers. As Dr. Kennedy insisted frequently on the impregnability of the Christian cause, a kind of compact was made to discuss its evidences;—he was to lecture—they were to listen; no interruption was to be made till he had gone through the series, and then, being thus in possession of the necessary information, they were to propose their further objections, and he was to refute—of his own competency for which he had no doubt. Just before the first of these meetings took place, Lord Byron arrived in Cephalonia, and being detained longer than he had expected from crossing to the continent of Greece, he was induced, partly from curiosity, or in pursuit of amusement, with some expectation too, doubtless, of shewing off, to join the party. He attended, accordingly, the first meeting—broke of course the condition of silence, and did not repeat his attendance. Soon afterwards, however, opportunities occurred of farther conversation in a more private manner—the details of which furnish *some* part of the volume before us. The impression left upon the reader is one very favourable to Dr. Kennedy as to earnestness, zealous exertion, and virtuous intention, but the details afford numerous proofs of incompetency, sometimes from want of knowledge, and often from lack of tact and judgment. His own faith was of too indiscriminating a cast; he had no notion that one point of doctrine could be more revolting than another in the mind of any inquiring person, and he was, consequently, equally peremptory upon all. Obviously he was incapable of measuring impressions, and had little suspicion that the same argument, however distinctly and fervently stated, might not produce the same effect upon every mind; but, above all, he could not distinguish when Lord Byron was mystifying, and when he was serious,

which, for our own parts, we do not believe he was, for a moment, with Dr. Kennedy, though he did not dislike to have himself talked about; and he saw the doctor, dazzled by his “reputation, and his rank, and his wealth,” was the very man to accomplish this for him.

The tone Dr. Kennedy takes—it was no doubt in him a natural one—is one of the most perfect self-satisfaction; he has knowledge, faith, grace, while his audience, and especially poor Lord Byron, he regards as altogether in sin and unregenerate, and above all, ignorant in spiritual matters. They must be treated as babes—fed with milk and not with meat. They were to be crammed with the husks and shells, while they were themselves eager to seize at once upon the kernel. They knew well enough the general nature of the question; he spoke as if they did not—they supposed, naturally enough, he had something new to produce, and the novelty was what they were solicitous to get at. Dr. Kennedy talked of grace. “What do you mean by grace,” interrupted Lord Byron, not irrationally. The answer amounted to—divine favour, and a self-consciousness of it—which of course resolved into personal testimony and personal judgment, both of which are fallible matters, and not at all calculated to carry instant conviction. But the truth is, Dr. Kennedy wanted to have all his own way—not to discuss, but to preach and detail, while Lord Byron had obviously scarcely any other aim than to amuse himself—if possible to baffle his *teacher*, and exhibit his own dexterity. Dr. Kennedy talked again of demonstration—the evidences of Christianity were as susceptible of demonstration as any proposition of Euclid. This is nonsense; we do not judge of coincidence and equality as we judge of testimony. Mere testimony never can be demonstrative; we act, to be sure, every day upon it, but then it is because we are confirmed repeatedly and successively by things which do not depend upon testimony—the testimony of others we mean—but the evidence of facts, or of our senses.

Lord Byron did not like to be called an infidel—not, as Dr. Kennedy seems to think, because the expression implied a disbelief of revelation, but because the term has come to convey a moral reprobation—it is equivalent to calling a person not a man of honour. In one of his visits to Lord Byron, Dr. Kennedy asks, “Does your lordship read your bible?”—“Oh yes, every day.”—“Do you pray on your bended



knees?"—"No; I have not got so far; you expect too rapid an advance."—Another time—"I am in a fair way," cries Lord Byron; "I believe in predestination, and the depravity of the human heart, and of my own in particular—I shall get at the other points by and by."—"Do you know," said he, on another occasion, "I am nearly reconciled to St. Paul, for he says, 'there is no difference between the Jews and the Greeks,' and I am exactly of the same opinion, for the character of both is equally vile." Is it possible Dr. Kennedy could not see that the noble lord was quizzing? "I like the pope," says Lord Byron, "for he has issued an order that no more miracles shall be performed." Dr. Kennedy speaks of one of his converts relapsing. "I am sorry to hear of this failure," says Lord Byron, "in one of your converts—it will throw me back ten years in my conversion." Once he observed—"If the whole world were going to hell, I would prefer going with them, than go alone to heaven." Good Dr. Kennedy thought, if it came to the test, his decision would be different; and gravely adds, the observation indicated equally the *selfishness* of man, and an ignorance of the true nature of the Christian religion. In the course of conversation, Dr. Kennedy remarked—"If it depended on me, judging by mere feelings of humanity, I would have all saved, I would have no hell at all, but pardon all, purify all, and send all to equal happiness."—"Nay," exclaimed some of the party, "I would not save all."—"I would save," cried Lord Byron, "my sister, and my daughter, and some of my friends, and a few others, and let the rest shift for themselves."—"And your wife also," I exclaimed—"No," said he—"But your wife, surely you would save your wife?"—"Well, I would save her if you like." All this badinage the good doctor takes and repeats with the gravest solemnity.

The fact seems to be, Lord Byron was full of flippancy—one half of what he uttered was for effect, and the other without any definite object—it was just what came uppermost, with an utter carelessness of who might suffer from the remark. The Unitarians were spoken of. "Their religion," said his lordship, as if he cared, or really knew any thing of the matter, "seems to be spreading very much. *Lady Byron is a great one among them, and much looked up to.* She and I used to have a great many discussions on religion, and some of our differences arose from this point; but on comparing all the points together, I found that her religion was very similar to mine." We do not doubt, this, almost every word of it, is fudge. What fol-

lows we know to be false. "Lady Byron has just written to me to ask my presentation of a church to a person who is not well fitted, in my opinion, for the charge, as he is too much a man of the world. The presentation, in fact, belongs to her, and not to me, although she has politely asked me, as if it depended on my will. I have written to her that certainly the person might have it if she pleased." Circumstantial as this sounds, there is not one word of truth in it. The calumniated lady has had no such presentation to dispose of. Is it not lamentable that her name should be thus bandied on all sides—*Ex uno disce omnes.*

*Journal of a Tour made by Senor Juan de Vega, the Spanish Minstrel of 1828-9, through Great Britain and Ireland—a Character assumed by an English Gentleman.* 2 vols. 8vo.—This professes to be a bona-fide tour made by an English gentleman under the character of a Spanish minstrel, and such we must suppose it to be, though for any thing we know, the character and tour alike may be all assumed. The incidents recorded, however, exhibit no obvious violation of probability. If it be all invention, it is at least well invented; and if it be genuine, there is enough to annoy numbers, while something will remain to flatter and conciliate a few. "The author had travelled," he tells us, "in Columbia—was well acquainted with the habits and manners of Spaniards—spoke the language with some fluency—had the dusky complexion of the natives, and knew some Spanish emigrants personally, and many others by name—and so was tolerably well qualified to play the part he had undertaken." Equipped with a cloak and a guitar, and throwing open his shirt-collar, he cast himself recklessly upon the guidance of chance, trusting solely to the charms of his instrument for silver and copper to pay the charges of his venture. No reason is given for risking the chances of starvation, by starting with only a shilling or two in his purse; for though first or last he gathered from £50. to £60., he was frequently exposed to considerable difficulties. This may throw some doubt upon the tale. The tour, which lasted for ten months, commenced on the Kent Road, was continued across the south through Hastings, Salisbury, &c. to Bath and Bristol; from thence along the Welsh coast to Dublin, and finally closed at Glasgow and Edinburgh. Every where he met with civility, and often with the tenderest sympathy, under the supposition of his being a Spanish exile, compelled to abandon his country by the tyranny of the government. Many he beguiled

of their tears, and some of their affections. Pretty girls, indeed, are constantly in his thoughts, and were the perpetual object of his pursuit, and kissing stories abound *ad nauseum*. In Wales he tells a graceless tale of *bundling* with an innocent native, and fondling with school girls occurs almost at every turn.

Of the provincial habits of both English and Irish, the author, in a very aristocratic tone, professes he had but little knowledge; and the opportunities such a tour, in such a disguise, were likely to furnish for extending it, he represents as a leading motive for the undertaking. Nor was he disappointed. He was of necessity thrown very much among the lowest classes, because, to keep up appearances, he was obliged to take up his lodgings very frequently in cheap public houses; and scenes of novelty, coarse and ludicrous, often presented themselves in all the *naïveté* of simplicity. But often, however, the warm sympathy felt for his supposed sufferings in a patriotic cause, especially in the middle ranks of life, ensured him the kindest welcome, and the most comfortable accommodation. Money in considerable sums was offered, which, beyond the demands for current expenses, he steadily declined. In the West of England, the lawyers and their ladies were conspicuously his friends—their hospitality was unbounded, they were liberal of their purses, and furnished him with introductions from town to town. In Dublin, he was in the same way recommended from family to family, but *there* no money was forthcoming; the ladies were unreasonable enough to think civil speeches were compensation enough for playing, and equivalents for bed and board. Hospitality was cold among them, and he was compelled at last to stipulate for payment—no money, no music. He tells all—professedly to expose meanness;—and one eminent lady, to whom we will not farther allude, must feel no little annoyance at the tale he tells; he represents her, no doubt, under some misapprehension, as actually shirking the payment of an evening's tweedle-dumming.

The sums collected on his tour, he states, were finally handed over to the funds for relieving Spanish emigrants.

The concluding remarks of his book are in a more elevated tone of sentiment than any thing the rest of it furnishes, and are creditable at once to his own feelings, and the kind hearts he duped.

Having now completed my romantic career, and coolly taken a retrospective view of the various incidents I have met with, I feel truly gratified, and richly recompensed for the numerous difficulties I encountered. In every respect have my origi-

nal anticipations been realized; nay, to a much greater degree than I could have expected. Man-kind—its intricate ways, its curious fabric, its cunning machinations, as well as generous sentiments, have been widely laid open to me. I have noticed its callousness in adversity, and ever ready to ensnare the unwary for its own advantage—I have seen it recoil with horror at the *thought* of dishonour—I have seen it penurious to excess, unwilling to part with a mite of its superabundance for the joy of relieving a fellow creature—I have seen it, and I glory in saying so, made up of generosity itself, and feel a pain in the publicity of its virtuous deeds—I have seen it in all, or *many* of its varied shapes. Once I thought, before I took this journey, that man was principally selfish, and all his movements were greatly actuated by egotistical feelings: that *pure sympathy* was not in him. This opinion did I entertain from the artificial society I had always been accustomed to move in—where the thoughts and feelings are regulated by rule, not by nature—where every one endeavours to make himself appear as virtuous and amiable as possible, little attending to the practice:—but now are my opinions widely different. I have seen him in the greatest retirement, as well as dissipation, where his true nature is displayed—where thoughts rise freely from every thing that surrounds him—where the heart sympathizes with distress, without the mechanical reflection or suspicion of a dissipated town—where the hand and heart are ever ready to assist. This is man as I have found him, when his *real* nature is allowed volition; and I am happy to say, that I have had innumerable opportunities of witnessing and feeling the charms of pure, unsophisticated, hospitable, and benevolent deeds.

*Researches in Natural History, by John Murray—not the publisher—but F.S.A., F.L.S., F.H.S., F.G.S., &c. &c.*—Mr. Murray is a zealous student of Natural History. His notices of the Gossamer Spider, some time ago, elicited some supercilious remarks from a Mr. Rennie—the author, it appears, of *Insect Architecture*—to which a second edition furnishes Mr. Murray an opportunity of replying. Mr. Murray stated, he had seen with his own eyes one of these spiders, by candle light, dart its thread to the ceiling, at an angle of 80°, eight feet; and at another time, on a warm day, and in brilliant sunshine, had seen the same insect, or perhaps another, we do not quite recollect which, while in the act of propelling its threads in all directions, suddenly cast one towards the door, which happened to be ajar, quite horizontally, and in length full ten feet. Round this same thread, too, was distinctly perceptible an aura, which Mr. M. concludes was electric. This thread, moreover, thus electrified, constitutes the spider's balloon, and enables it to ascend into the air, which it is known to do. On the other hand, Mr. Rennie somewhat rudely affirms—the spider has no such power of projection; he does not believe it could propel a



thread half an inch by the stoutest effort it could make; and as to the balloon and the electricity—nonsense—the ascent of the thread depends altogether upon the wind. And thus the parties are at issue—for Mr. Murray, though he replies, has no further evidence to produce; and it must be confessed his account is a little astounding, and well warrants Mr. Rennie's surprise, but not his lack of courtesy. Let both keep their temper close, and their eyes open.

The volume contains some account of the old tortoise so long domiciliated in the palace gardens of Peterborough. The particulars were communicated, in reply to an application, by the Bishop, Herbert Marsh, himself.

*A Treatise on Atmospheric Electricity, including Lightning Rods and Paragrêles, by the same John Murray.*—Mr. Murray, in this little treatise on Atmospheric Electricity, has collected the phenomena with great industry, and is very earnest in recommending the farther application of lightning rods, or paragrêles, as they are styled on the continent, for the protection of crops and plantations; and especially of the hop-grounds of our own country. The honey-dew, found upon the hop-leaves, he conceives is, some way or other, occasioned by electric clouds; and then the honey-dew brings the aphidès, which, in sipping the said dew, some how or other suck out the life of the plant. Now these same paragrêles—that is, if made of copper, and not of iron—stuck over a plantation, will avert those perilous honey-dew-bringing clouds, and the aphidès, of course, must then look elsewhere for a dinner. Mr. Murray's old opponent, the same Mr. Rennie, mentioned in the last article, ridicules this notion. Mr. Murray, he insists, has mistaken the order and sequence of things; the aphides come *before* the honey-dew, for the honey-dew is their own excretion; and he has with his own eyes, through a microscope, observed the very act of excretion, and ascertained the matter by another of his five senses. This fact, as he chooses to call it, he published in "The Times," which of course makes Mr. Murray very angry, because it was by mere accident he discovered the communication, and so might have been exposed to misconstruction at least with the readers of "The Times," and they are, we believe, pretty numerous. In his new edition, Mr. Murray defends his position, but not, we are afraid, with much effect. He concedes—at least it appears so to us—that this same honey-dew may be *sometimes* the excretion of the aphidès. This, we think, is almost betraying the citadel; we have no notion that the

food of any animal ever wears the same appearance with its excrement, and passes through the process of digestion unchanged.

*Cabinet Cyclopædia, —the first morceau of Sir James Mackintosh's long-looked for History of England.*—Sir James Mackintosh suffered himself to be exhibited by the Editor of the Cabinet Cyclopædia, as really intending to comprise the whole history of the country, through eighteen centuries, in three toilette volumes, though, certainly, never famed for any extraordinary powers of compression. The absurdity struck every body, and the editor, alarmed at the general feeling of distrust, availed himself of an idle report—a mere publishing ruse probably—to announce the new determination of Sir James to expand the three dainty volumes into eight—and we may ask what are *they* to do? Hume fills eight goodly octavos, without getting farther than the revolution, and who ever complained of *his* prolixity? The result is—and it was quite inevitable—that events, where they are not altogether passed over, are inadequately sketched; and judgments, we shall not say hastily formed, but too peremptorily pronounced, and certainly not upon evidence fairly and fully produced. Sir James may be as correct as man can be—we scarcely question the soundness or the shrewdness of his intellect, if coolly and leisurely exercised—but matters come forth far too much in the nature of ipse dixit. Even common incidents, when he does enter into detail, he relates as he finds them; and unless they involve some constitutional or legal question, he seems never to *see* nonsense. Take an instance or two.—After relating how Elgiva had her face branded with hot irons, in order, he says, to destroy her fatal attractions, he adds, as he finds the tale, without a thought of the absurdity—"when her wounds were healed, she returned *in all her beauty*." Again, the Welsh Prince, David, he describes as, "after being drawn asunder by horses, and *SEEING his heart and bowels burnt before his face, beheaded,*" &c. These are trifles perhaps, but they shew at least haste or indifference, where neither ought to appear, in a history of the loftiest pretension, by a man of tried ability, though not in this line, and puffed beyond all measure—we were going to say, all endurance. The production, in short, is nothing but a commentary upon the History of England, and regarded in the most favourable light, a constitutional history of the country—a work which, we think, upon the whole, has already been well and learnedly accomplished by Mr. Hallam—a man of the

same spirit and sentiments—as diligent at the least—as *generally* competent, and as capable of sifting confused and contradictory facts—though less disposed perhaps to moralize in vague generalities, and recast familiar sentiments in imposing forms. Where, however, Sir James has exerted himself, it is with good effect. “The characteristic quality of English history,” says he, with his usual discernment in such matters, “is, that it stands alone as the history of the progress of a great people towards liberty during six centuries.” On this point he keeps his eye steadily fixed, and loses no opportunity of placing the steps prominently before the reader. He traces them, where others have not always found them—

The bishops succeeded to much of the local power of the Roman magistrates; the inferior clergy became the teachers of their conquerors, and were the only men of knowledge dispersed throughout Europe; the episcopal authority afforded a model of legal power and regular jurisdiction, which must have seemed a prodigy of wisdom to the disorderly victors. *The synods and councils formed by the clergy, afforded the first pattern of elective and representative assemblies*, which were adopted by the independent genius of the Germanic race, and which, being preserved for many ages by England, promise, in the 19th century, to spread over a large portion of mankind.

Our eyes fell upon the following passage—

The writings of the earliest Christians contain panegyrics on celibacy which cannot be reconciled to reason, though they may be excused in an age when the *moral relations of the sexes, of which the principal is at this day little understood by many of those who most feel the obligation*, were so unsettled as continually to vibrate between the most extreme points of extravagant austerity and gross licentiousness.

What does the clause, which we have put in italics, mean? It reminds us of Leigh Hunt, who was perpetually, in “The Examiner,” harping upon this string, and apparently in the same key.

Sir James is certainly too prosy for narrative.

*An Account of the Great Floods of August 1829, in the Province of Moray and adjoining Districts, by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart., of Fountain-hall.*—Though a matter wholly of local interest, the able and interesting manner in which the writer has described the terrific scene of these floods—the destruction of life and property—the struggles and escapes of individuals—the energy and activity of some, the resignation and self-possession of others—the sufferings of the poor and the kindness of the rich, is calculated not merely to convey a correct and exciting view of an extraordinary event, but to make the results conducive to the best moral advantages. The active describer himself was on a spot the most severely visited, and witnessed the devastation of his own long-cherished and ornamented grounds.

We were roused while at dinner (says he) by the account the servants gave us of the swollen state of the rivers; and in defiance of the weather, the whole party sallied forth. We took our way through the garden, towards the favourite Mill Island. “John,” said I, to the gardener, as he was opening the gate that led to it, “I fear our temple may be in some danger if this goes on.”—“On, Sir, its awa’ else,” replied he, to my no small dismay; and the instant we had passed the gate, the Divie appalled us.—And now the magnificent trees on the Mill Island were overthrown faster and faster, offering no more resistance to their triumphant enemy than reeds before the mower’s scythe. Numerous as they were, they were all individually well known friends. Each as it fell gave one enormous plash on the surface, then a plunge; the root appeared above water for a moment; again all was submerged; and then up rose the stem, disbranched and peeled; after which they either toiled round in the cauldron, or darted like arrows down the stream. A chill ran through our hearts as we beheld the ruin of our favourite and long-cherished spot going on.—Besides the loss of the Mill Island, which I had looked for, the beautiful hanging bank, covered with majestic forest and ornamental trees of all kinds, and of growth so fresh and vigorous, had vanished like the scenery of a dream; and in its place was the garden hedge, running for between 200 and 300 yards along the brink of a red alluvial perpendicular precipice fifty feet high, with the broad remorseless flood rolling at its base, eating into its foundation, and every successive minute bringing down masses of many cubic yards. And then, from time to time, some tall and graceful tree, on the brink of the fractured portions of the bank at either end, would slowly and magnificently bend its head, and launch into the foaming waves below. The whole scene had an air of unreality about it that bewildered the senses. It was like some of those wild melodramatic exhibitions, where nature’s operations are out-heroded by the mechanist of a theatre, and where mountains are thrown down by artificial storms. Never did the unsubstantiality of all earthly things come so perfectly home to my conviction. The hand of God appeared to be at work, and I felt that he had only to pronounce his dread fiat, and millions of such worlds as that we inhabit would cease to exist.

The flooding rivers were the Nairne, Findhorn, and Spey, with their numerous tributaries. All the low intervening lands were covered, and the bridges and the buildings along the banks were for the most part swept away. The plain of Torres was covered to an extent of twenty square miles, and the destruction of property every where great. The Duke of Gordon’s loss amounted to £16,000., and that of Lord Fife to £10,000.; but these are trifles compared with the ruin of at least 3,000

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humble individuals, whose little all was swept away. Sir Thomas has traced the whole line of the rivers, and described the successive scenes of desolation, gathering the details from the lips of the surviving sufferers; and numerous are the marvellous escapes, and touching are often the generous efforts of bravery to rescue the miserable victims. Many of them are detailed in the vernacular, and have all the interest of a romance.

"And how did you escape?" demanded I, with the greatest anxiety. "Ou, troth, just upon a brander," replied the widow Cameron. "A brander," exclaimed I, with astonishment, arising from my ignorance that the word was applied to any thing else than to a Scotch gridiron, and thinking that the riding to the moon on a broom, or the sailing in a sieve to Norway, were nothing to this—"a brander, what do you mean by a brander?"—"Ou, just a bit float," replied the widow; "a bit raft I made o' thay bit palins and bits o' moss-fir that war lyin' about."—"What! and your children too?" exclaimed I.—"On what else?" replied she, amused at my surprise; "what could I have done wi' them else? nae horse could hae come near huz. It was deep enough to droon twa horses."—"And how did you feather yourself over?" inquired I. "Troth, Sir, I hae nae feathers," replied Mrs. Cameron, very simply; "I'm no a dewk to soom. But, yese, I sat on my hunkers on the middle o' the brander, wi' my bairns a' about me, in a knot; and the wund, that was blawin' strong enough frae the north, just teuk us safe oot to the land."—"And how did your neighbours get out?"—"Ou, fat way wad they get oot, but a' thegither upon branders?"

Let the reader fancy to himself this fleet of branders, with their crews of women and children, floating gallantly, *vent en poupe*, towards the land, and he will have before his mind's eye a scene fully as remarkable as any which this eventful flood produced.

This county of Moray is a very rugged district, and till the beginning of the present century had felt little of the benefits of civilization. It was, however, rapidly advancing in amendment—the roads were improving—mansions rebuilding—lands draining—and all looked smiling. It had always been subject to floods, but great pains had been taken in many places to guard against their devastations. But the very process of cultivation and improvement, in some measure, contributed to make matters worse. Any given quantity of rain, says Sir T., must now produce a much greater flood than it could have done before the country became so highly improved. Formerly the rain drops were either evaporated on the hill side, or were sucked up by an arid or a spongy soil, before so many of them could coalesce as to form a rill. But when we consider the number of open cuts made to dry hill pastures—the nu-

merous bogs reclaimed by drainage—the ditches of enclosure recently constructed—and the long lines of roads formed with side drains, and cross conduits, we shall find, that of late years, the country has been covered with a perfect net-work of courses, to catch and to concentrate the rain-drops as they fall, and to hurry them off in accumulated tribute to the next stream.—So much for human foresight.

*The Deliverance of Switzerland, a Dramatic Poem, by H. C. Deakin.*—"Tell again!—but Mr. Deakin assures us he has not read the dramas on this eternal subject—neither Schiller's, nor Knowles's, nor indeed anything but a fragmental piece in 1825, published by Barker and Fletcher, in Finsbury-place, and that was not of the slightest service to him, except in suggesting a name (two, he thinks) for the characters of his own drama. "I was perusing," says he, "Nayler's Helvetia, and was so deeply interested, nay agitated, by the contents of his fifth chapter, that my brain became, as it were, a haunted mansion. The visioned forms of the Helvetic heroes were incessantly sweeping through it; my very dreams were caparisoned with the glories of those majestic patriots; nor was it until I had seized my pen, and tranquillized my spirit by emptying my heart, that sapience returned, and made me feel what an ass I'd been, to make so much ado about nothing!"

The story is told plain as a pike-staff; but mighty little skill has the author shewn in developing his own plot. Tell not only refuses to bow down before the famous hat, but dashes down the pole on which it hangs—is dragged before Gesler, and forthwith condemned to shoot the apple on his boy's head, without the slightest hint being given of any association likely to suggest such an out of the way sentence. But more glaring faults offend the reader—the characters are all alike—all, men and women, and Tell's boy too, are all given to soliloquizing and ranting. The sentiments drop from the lips of all fluently, and often eloquently, but they are also all of the overstrained and extravagant stamp.

One of the most successful solos, though much of it is mere parody, is Rudolph's—

Is there a joy one half so sweet as hate?  
Music, they say, is sweet: and so is hate!  
Beauty enchants; and so enchanteth hate!  
The stars are beautiful; and so is hate!  
Wine's a delicious poison: so is hate!  
Hope is most fascinating; so is hate!  
But wine, stars, music, beauty, hope, and all,  
Mingled together in one cup of joy,  
Can never match revenge or quick-pulsed hate!  
Revenge is the heart of hate! O gentle heart!

Thou art my mistress ; I will worship thee  
 At sunrise and its setting ; we will be  
 Co-op'rativè—indissoluble, like twins.—  
 O pearl-browed Margaret ! if there is love  
 In hate, then love I thee most lovingly.  
 O noble Arnold ! if there's truth in hate,  
 Then truly am I a true friend of thine ;  
 For I will bribe the Saints to give thy soul  
 To Heaven, thy sacred carcase to the earth—  
 But chiefly will I bribe St. Landenburgh !  
 He's a true Catholic saint—has plundered much,  
 And will do more, or I mistake his calling ;  
 But put him on the foul scent of Mammon,  
 He'll follow like a wolf-dog on his prey ;  
 Then, Margaret, I'll calm thee with a kiss,  
 In my own fashion—but more as to that !  
 My plans are laid—I'll in to Landenburgh—  
 I have some news will cut him to the quick,  
 And rouse his fury to the sticking point.  
 Be thou my friend, good Satan, for a while,  
 I'll get thee absolution from the Pope,  
 A greater sinner and a greater saint !

A taste of Tell's vehemence in Arcle's vein :—

Think ye, vile chains ! to curb the soul of Tell ?  
 Dungeons can never daunt the patriot's spirit !  
 I'd sooner be within these four damp walls,  
 With three-fold fetters on me, with the worm,  
 That leaves its slimy trace of wretchedness,  
 For my companion, than the pampered wretch  
 Who, in his gorgeous tyranny above,  
 Tramples upon a people's rights, and earns  
 A people's curses for his nightly blessing !  
 My body is thy pris'ner, Gesler ! Chains  
 May gall my flesh—may manacle my limbs,  
 And for a time may make me blush to mark  
 The stain they've left upon them :—but my mind  
 Can ne'er be soiled by things like these !

*The Family Library—British Physicians. Vol. XIV.*—These are animated sketches enough of the lives of the most successful British Physicians, and range very well with Cunningham's *Lives of the Painters and Sculptors*. With no knowledge of the manipulations of art, Cunningham had all the poetry and cultivation to qualify him for estimating the only really valuable merits of painting and sculpture—ideal and poetic beauty. A professor would have failed to grasp the generalities of the subject, and busied himself, little to the gratification of his readers, about the niceties and peculiarities of particular styles and manners. The poet was the very man to judge of the *embodyings* of his own art. Not so with respect to physicians—facts and observances relative to physical realities are all in all in medicine. A professional man could alone be competent to measure the merits of his brethren ; and Dr. Henry Southey—a passage in the life of Gooch seems to indicate that he is the writer—has exercised the sound gifts of his own sound judgment, freely and fairly, on the professional acquirements and personal character of men of very different calibre.

The series commences with Linacre, and closes with Dr. Gooch, who died but a few months back. Sixteen other names, certainly among the most celebrated, fill up the long interval of 300 years ; but the reader will look with some disappointment for other names, at least as eminent for science, and some for popularity, as any of those whose career is thus spiritedly exhibited. We need only mention such names as Garth, Arbuthnot, Frend, the Monros and Gregories of the north, and even Brown, of whom some slight, and we cannot but think too *slighting*, account is given in Cullen's life. Without any design to depreciate, where we feel there must have been some difficulty in steering between extremes, we cannot but think too popular an air has been aimed at throughout. Too often, the sketch is merely an account of the obstacles the individual encountered in rising into notice and distinction—the money he made, and the use, generally a liberal one, he put it too—with but little attempt to estimate his medical skill, or to mark the peculiarities of his practice.

In the life of Dr. Caius, the sweating sickness, once so formidable, is described with some particularity of detail as to symptoms, but very vaguely and unsatisfactorily as to the nature and origin of it. Its first appearance is, of course, historically, assigned to the invasion of Henry VII. It broke out among his foreign levies, who either brought it with them, or more probably, says the writer, generated it in the crowded transports. They are described by Philip de Comines as the most miserable objects he had ever beheld. "A highly malignant and contagious disease might readily be produced in such circumstances ; but why it should appear under so new and singular a form, why this should be renewed so many times at irregular intervals, and should at length entirely cease, are questions perhaps impossible to be solved." But is it certain that it was a new and singular form, or rather not one that might and may at all times be generated under similar circumstances—not essentially differing from gaol fevers and typhus ?

The principal features in Hervey's life are, of course, the circulation of the blood, and the progress of incubation. His merits in the discovery of the circulation are precisely marked—others had been on the very brink of the discovery, and he did not quite complete it. Of his conclusion in favour of the universality of oval generation, the writer thus judiciously remarks—"In perusing this curious treatise—Hervey's *Exercitationes*—abounding as it does with anatomical observations, which are



valuable from the great attention and accuracy with which they were made; the reader may perhaps be surprised to find the theory of Hervey, on this obscure and mysterious function, so full of metaphysical arguments, and resting at last upon an hypothesis *incapable of proof*—meaning, probably, without any foundation in fact.

Sydenham's reputation is connected with the plague; he was in London at the beginning and the close of it. Bleeding was his remedy; and he details a remarkable instance of the happy effect of bleeding for the plague in the course of the civil wars. A soldier, who had been brought up a surgeon, was permitted to treat his comrades in this way, and not one of them died. To Sydenham is due the credit of introducing the cooling system for the small-pox, so successfully enforced, afterwards, by Radcliffe and Mead. The father of Maria Theresa, it is recorded, was wrapped up in twenty good yards of scarlet-cloth. Sydenham seems to have had no notion of the contagiousness of this fearful disorder.

Radcliffe's is an amusing sketch. He was rough and resolute, with a touch of humour about him. Though a court physician, he offended both William and Anne. Once the princess sent for him in haste, and on his delaying, another messenger was despatched to describe the nature of her indisposition. "By —," said Radcliffe, "her highness's distemper is nothing but the vapours; she is in as good a state of health as any woman breathing, could she believe it." He was instantly dismissed; but, afterwards, when queen, on the fatal illness of her son, the Duke of Gloucester, she forgot the offence, and again consulted him. William, upon some occasion, shewed Radcliffe his swollen ankles, forming a striking contrast with the rest of his emaciated body, and exclaimed, "Doctor, what think you of these?"—"Why truly," said he, "I would not have your majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms," which finished Radcliffe's attendance at court.—Pringle was eminent chiefly for his improvements in army practice; and he had, moreover, it seems, the merit of suggesting to Captain Cook the means by which he so happily secured the health of his crew.—Parry is still remembered at Bath. He commenced practice in that town in 1780; his receipts that year were £39. 19s.—in 1781, £70. 7s.—in 1782, £112. 7s.—in 1783, £162. 5s.—in 1784, £239. 5s.—in 1785, £443. 10s.—in 1786, £552. 9s.—in 1787, £755. 6s.—in 1788, £1,533. 15s. From the tenth year of his practice the amount rapidly increased, and appears to have varied from £300. to £600. per month. A let-

ter is given from Dr. Denman, dated 1781—"I am not surprised," says he, "that you find your receipts come in slowly at present, but all young practitioners think, when they set up their standard, that the world should immediately flock to it. But all business is progressive; and the steps now taken may be so calculated as to produce their effect ten years hence. There must be a vacancy before we can get into business, and when there is, the competition must be equal in many points, as age or standing, character for knowledge, industry, or readiness to exert our knowledge for the good of our patients, moral qualities, and the like. On the whole, I do not know what any man can do to get patients, but to qualify himself for business; and then to introduce himself to the notice of those who are likely to employ him. But it is hard to say on what hinge this matter may turn, as I see men, in great business, of every disposition, or turn of conduct, and with very different degrees of knowledge, and some, I think, with very little, but with great appearance of it, &c."

Besides those we have alluded to are short notices of Sir Thomas Browne, Huxham, Heberden, Fothergill, Cullen, Hunter, Warren, Baillie, Jenner, and Gooch. The last, as the friend of the author, is given with more detail and knowledge of the man. Generally, there is a great lack of material for the lives of the physicians, and *ex nihilo nihil*.

*Arab Proverbs, &c., by the late John Lewis Burckhardt. Published by Authority of the Association for Promoting the Discovery of the Interior of Africa.*—The greater part of this ample gathering of Arab Proverbs was collected, it seems, by a native of Cairo—whose scarcely pronounceable name, if we printed it, would stick in nobody's memory—about a century ago; the rest were picked up by Burckhardt himself, in conversation in general society, or in the bazaar. They are all of them current at Cairo, and perpetually on the lips of the natives. They are expressed in the vulgar dialect of the country, and are such as all understand, and all use, except, says Burckhardt, the few who affect to despise the language of the lower classes. They present, thus, a genuine specimen of the Arabic now spoken in the capital of Egypt, which is the same, or very nearly the same, as that used in the towns of the Delta; and prove, at the same time, that Arabic is not by any means so corrupted as some travellers have reported. Many of these sayings are metrical, and sometimes the rhymes are extremely happy, but the drollery, of course, evaporates in a translation, which

is made as literal as possible; they serve, however, equally well to shew us how the Arabs judge of men and things, and are often the dictates of wisdom, the results of a close observance of nature. Several precepts of scripture, and maxims of ancient sages, are naturalized among the Arabs; and others appear, which have been generally supposed exclusively of European origin. The whole set shews plainly enough that the principles of virtue and honour, of friendship and even charity, of independence and generosity, are perfectly well known to the modern inhabitants of Egypt, although few among them, says Burckhardt—and he was a man of some penetration and considerable experience—take the trouble to regulate their conduct accordingly.

Cunning, and selfishness, and grasping, pervade too many of these maxims. *If the water come like a deluge, place thy son under thy feet*—Save thyself, that is, as Burckhardt's commentary runs, even at the expense of thy nearest kindred or friends—a principle, he adds, very general in the *Levant*. *Money is sweet balm*—it heals all wounds—such is the general opinion in the *East*, remarks the commentator. *If a serpent love thee, wear him as a necklace*—that is, if dangerous people show affection towards thee, court their friendship by the most polite attention. This has very much of the Rochefoucault tone. *If they call thee reaper, whet thy scythe*—endeavour by mere appearances to convince people that thou deservest the reputation thou enjoyest. *Do no good, and thou shalt find no evil*—a preservative against ingratitude, it must be supposed—not against malice—there, there can be no security.

Some are of a very different cast, for instance — *The best generosity is the quickest*.

*They came to shoe the horse of the Pasha, and the beetle stretched out his leg (to be shod)*—this is indicative of ridiculous pretensions. The beetle is an emblem of ugliness, as well as of worthlessness; for, in another place, we find, *The beetle is a beauty in the eyes of its mother*—which of course expresses a parent's infatuation. *Is thy mother-in-law quarrelsome? Divorce her daughter*—cut up an evil by the root. The mother and daughter will leave thy house together. *The wise (are taught) with a wink, a fool with a kick*. *Walls have ears*. *The dreams of cats are all about mice*. *A thousand cranes in the air are not worth one sparrow in the fist*; and scores of others, we find, either the very same, or bearing a close analogy to English sayings.

Burckhardt's annotations upon them are full of information relative to Eastern manners, and the whole collection well deserved publication.

*Irish Cottagers, by Mr. Martin Doyle, Author of "Hints to Small Farmers."*—This may class with Miss Hamilton's *Scotch Cottagers of Glenbervie* as to intention, but it falls immeasurably below in point of execution. The purpose of the well-meaning writer is to contrast the career of an active and industrious labourer with a careless and slovenly one—both living under an excellent landlord, who resides on his estates, superintends his own affairs, instructs his tenantry, encourages them by instituting prizes for good management, &c. &c. His object, in short, in his own words, is to convey sound practical advice to the rural population of his country, through a familiar and interesting medium, free from the vulgar caricature, as well as the coarseness and blasphemies with which too many Irish tales of the present day so copiously and offensively abound. We must take the will for the deed—for certainly the latter might have been better. The book is instructive enough, but not particularly interesting; nor does it keep to its object; the whole body-snatching business must have belonged to some other subject; it wears the appearance of being torn violently from something else, and certainly sits very awkwardly in its present position.

*Album Verses, with a few others, by Charles Lamb*.—This collection of scraps is dedicated to the new publisher, Moxon, of Bond-street, and forms the first specimen of the manner in which publications entrusted to his future care are to appear. According to the same dedication, Mr. Moxon—himself a scribbler, on Mr. Lamb's own testimony—of simple and unpretending compositions—starts under the auspices of that "fine-minded veteran of verse," Rogers; and "Italy" is already announced, illustrated with fifty-six splendid engravings. Charles Lamb never had any feeling of the melody of verse; but he is as youthful in imagination and as executive in fact, to the full, as he was twenty or thirty years ago.

#### SHE IS GOING.

For their elder sister's hair  
Martha does a wreath prepare  
Of bridal rose, ornate and gay:  
To-morrow is the wedding day—  
She is going.

Mary, youngest of the three,  
Laughing idler, full of glee,  
Arm in arm does fondly chain her,  
Thinking, poor trifler, to detain her—  
But she's going.

Vex not, maidens, nor regret,  
Thus to part with Margaret,



Charms like yours can never stay  
Long within doors ; and one day  
You'll be going.

The smoothest morceau we could find.

*The British Naturalist. Vol. II.*—We were very much gratified by the first volume of this spirited and intelligent production—not only with the contents generally, but with the skill and felicity with which matters of very different characters, but locally and naturally connected, were classed, described, and discussed. The mountain, lake, river, sea, moor, and brook, enabled the author to group his subjects in a very novel manner—novel in books, we mean—for the grouping is nature's own. The contents of the present volume are classed under the term *year*, and spring and summer form two divisions, to be followed, it may be supposed, by the other seasons. Considering the variability of the climate of Britain, the author has thought it advisable to introduce his subjects by a slight glance at the natural history of the year, as affected by the motions of the earth, and the changing actions of the sun and moon. Though executed with considerable ability, this is little calculated, we think, to attract those for whom the book is specifically destined. "From their greater powers of locomotion, the birds," he observes, "are the best animated indexes to the seasons, and, therefore, more space is given to them than to any of the other productions, though some hints respecting other subjects will be found, wherever it was judged that they could be introduced with advantage." The cuckoo presents a fair specimen of the frank and independent spirit of the writer. He denies not the stories usually told, that the cuckoo deposits her eggs, one by one, in the nests of small birds, to be hatched by others, &c. All that he will positively say is, that though he has seen very many young cuckoos in nests, sometimes two, but never more in any one nest, and generally only one; and although he has seen them in nests disproportionately small, and of the same structure as the nests of smaller birds, he has never met with the egg of the cuckoo along with that of any other bird; has never scared a little bird from the act of incubation in a cuckoo's nest; and never detected one little bird in the act of feeding a cuckoo, either in the nest or out of it. The sum of the writer's belief, which carries with it more probability than any thing we ever read on the subject, is, that the cuckoo takes possession of the nests of other birds, either after these have quitted them, or after it has made a meal of the eggs, and then performs all the incubation and nursing itself. She uses the nests of

other birds, apparently, when they have done with them. The nests of the small birds—the common pipit, and the hedge-sparrow—as far as the author's observation has extended, and also according to the very authorities which make those birds hatch the cuckoo, are finished at least a fortnight before the cuckoo begins to be heard, and that interval would just about suffice for the period of incubation.

*The Anthology, an Annual Reward Book for Midsummer and Christmas 1830, by the Rev. J. D. Parry, M.A.*—It is very much the fashion of schools, especially girls' schools—ladies' schools we meant of course—to give reward books at the holidays for superiority in conduct and acquirement; and it certainly is better that selections should be made deliberately by competent persons, as well for the sake of variety, as for the avoidance of offensive or inappropriate matter. It is not every schoolmistress that knows what is good, better and best, and those who do will be thankful to be saved the labour of selection; and after all, there are few volumes where pruning is not desirable, but which cannot be employed without spoiling the beauty of the book, and perhaps exciting a morbid curiosity. This is a second specimen of the editor's labours, and, as well as the first, amply proves his diligence and judgment. The pieces, consisting of voyages and travels, tales, moral extracts, and poetry, are taken from eighty volumes, with translations from eleven languages—a statement, which, while it shews a little puffing, implies no ordinary activity.

*Cabinet Album.*—Another collection—we wonder who buys them—of scraps in prose and verse. The pieces are all, with two or three insignificant exceptions, the productions of the popular writers of the day; and very many of them culled from the leading annuals, periodicals, and papers. The selection, however, is, in general, sufficiently happy; but what the selector means by the cool statement, that "by far the greater part will be new to most readers," we cannot divine. The volume will fall into the hands of few, we imagine, who will not find themselves among old acquaintances. There are, we believe, a few original morsels—we looked at one, which did not tempt us to search for a second.

*Discourses on the Millenium, the Doctrine of Election, Justification by Faith, &c., by the Rev. Michael Russell, LL.D.*—A very sensible volume of theology, by a Scotch Episcopalian. The principal piece, occupying nearly half the volume, concerns the doctrine of the Millenium,

of the utter futility of which, long and close research has fully convinced the reverend author. The aim of Dr. Russell, and a very laudable one too, is, accordingly, to prove to the general satisfaction of Christians, that it is, after all, a subject with which they have nothing to do; and this, he will seem to most sober people, we think, to have successfully accomplished, first, by tracing its history, which shews it to have originated in Rabbinical traditions long before the times of the Gospel; and next, by describing the doctrine itself, the objects to which it points, and the reasoning by which it is supported, with all the shiftings and accommodations to which its advocates from age to age have been driven in support of it, *per fas* and *per nefas*.

The word Millenium means a thousand years, and in the fancies and expectations of the Jews, the term expressed a sort of sabbatical period, to commence at the close of the sixth chiliad, or 6000 years from the creation of the world—a period blessed with abundance and felicity, and exempt from care and labour. The opinion was general, and enforced by the rabbis with all sorts of fantastical arguments. The early Christians, at least such as were Jews, and certainly some who were not, entertained the same sentiments. The very Apostles, Jews also, gave indications of being impressed with the national conviction. The happy period was supposed to have arrived about the time of the birth of Christ, and when the anticipated blessing did not appear, recourse was had to new calculations, to put off the commencement, from time to time, till at last the birth of Christ was declared to have nothing to do with the date, for that he appeared at the close of the fourth chiliad of years, and not at that of the sixth—and this, apparently, in the teeth of the plainest chronological facts. According to the best authorities, 6000 years at least certainly intervened between the creation of the world and the birth of Christ: we are, consequently, far advanced in the eighth chiliad, and of course the period originally fixed for the Millenium has long expired, and of course, also, the whole expectation is a chimera. The last by-gone date fixed for the commencement of the Millenium was 1793. This was Frere's; but we have still before us Mr. Faber's, for 1865; Dr. Hales's, for 1880; Bishop Newton's, for 1987; Lowman's, for 2016; Sir Isaac Newton's, for he meddled in these matters, for 2036; besides some Jews for 200 or 300 years onwards; and, doubtless, similar calculators will never be wanting to the end of time. The greatest difficulty the author had to grapple with was the

apparent concurrence of the apostles; but this is readily got over, when it is considered that the inspiration of the apostles was certainly of a limited kind—limited plainly to matters of essential doctrine—that even such doctrines were disclosed gradually—and certainly the Millenium cannot be shewn to be one of them. The preliminary remarks relative to the interpretation of scripture are of the soundest kind.

The second discourse embraces the doctrine of election; and the sum of the discussion amounts to this—that election points to nations and not individuals. The basis of the whole is borrowed from Taylor of Norwich, without any acknowledgment beyond a mere allusion to his name. The same, very nearly, may be affirmed of Justification by Faith—by which was meant, acquittal of past sins upon baptism—quite distinct from final salvation. The concluding discourse is a common consecration-sermon—establishing the fact, easily enough, that from the days of the apostles there have always been *three* orders of ministers; but failing to prove that bishops ought to have large incomes, and tyrannize over their less lucky brethren. We forget—the sermon concerns *Scotch* bishops, who have as little power as pay.

*A Series of Old Plays, under the Title of The Old English Drama. Part I. &c.*—A readier access to our earliest stage literature has long been wanting, and the specimens before us shew the projectors of this new edition have taken a pretty accurate measure of the demand, though we still think they should have gone farther back, and commenced with the relics of the “Mysteries and Moralities.” They are producing an edition at once correct and cheap; and though the size is small, and the type close, the page is sufficiently clear and legible, and the general appearance as ornamental as the price can be expected to repay. A more general diffusion of the old dramatic writers will tend to correct misconceptions, which is in all circumstances desirable, as well in matters of literature as in the business of life, and which correction is in fact, and very happily so, one of the distinguishing characteristics of the times. In the minds of most readers, Shakspeare stands alone, like a pyramid in a desert. Save the familiar names of Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, and Massinger, his contemporaries are little known, and his predecessors still less. Yet he had many, and of course shared in the effect their productions had upon the age. We have no desire to depreciate Shakspeare, but he, no more than Chaucer, or Homer of



old, sprung up, suddenly and independently, Minerva-like, in panoply complete. They were, all of them, only the best of their class. Nature in her works proceeds by steps and not by leaps; and the results of modern researches all tend to shew that the career of intellectual and literary cultivation, in every branch and department, observes the same slow and progressive law of gradation. Even Newton is no exception.

Gammer Gurton's Needle, written by Still, who towards the close of life was made Bishop of Bath and Wells, and first performed, apparently, at Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1566, was long considered to be the oldest English drama, that "looked like regular," extant. Ralph Royster Doyster, a piece discovered about ten years ago, however, must take precedence by some years, and is even more "like a regular" comedy. An extract from it of some length appears in Wilson's Art of Logic, printed by Grafton in 1551. The extract is given in illustration of opposite meanings, obtainable by varying the punctuation, and is introduced by Wilson with these words—"an example of such doubtful writing, which, by reason of pointing, may have a double sense and contrary meaning, taken out of an interlude by Nicholas Udall." Udall was born about 1506, and is supposed to have died in 1557, after having been master successively of Eton and Westminster Schools. Of course the original piece was known *before* 1551, though allusion is made to *our noble queen*, by whom no doubt Elizabeth is meant—the allusion was an accommodation to the times on some after performance. The only copy known to be in existence, before the present reprint, is without a title page; but it appears, from Ames, that Hacket, the printer, had a licence for a play, entitled Rauf Ruyster Duster, in 1566. The play was no doubt a popular one, for allusions to the cha-

racter of Ralfe Royster are frequent in many publications throughout the reign of Elizabeth. "It is even better entitled," says the editor, "to be ranked as a comedy than Gammer Gurton's Needle; it is divided into five acts and scenes, and it possesses a peculiar claim to attention as a picture of ancient manners, inasmuch as it represents the habits and modes of thinking and acting at the date when it was written in London, and is not, like Gammer Gurton's Needle, merely a coarse delineation of country life." Coarse enough it still is, but not filthy, like Gammer Gurton's Needle, though of Gammer Gurton we must still say, with all its *breadth*, it is irresistibly comic, and, with a little rubbing and scrubbing, would even now make a laughable and popular farce.

*Elements of Analytical Geometry, by J. R. Young, Author of "Treatises on Algebra, Geometry," &c.*—Any attempt to discuss the specific merits of this little volume would be sadly out of place here. Mr. Young is known to us, by his publications we mean, as a geometrician very capable of simplifying demonstrations, and successful in detecting sundry fallacies lurking in the reasonings of some mathematicians of celebrity. Algebraic analysis applied to geometry, is comparatively a recent study in this country, and certainly there has been a miserable deficiency of elementary books on the subject. Till within these ten years, indeed, there was no English book at all exclusively directed to the matter. Dr. Lardner has since published a portion of his projected work, and another volume has appeared at Cambridge, but neither of them will render superfluous Mr. Young's performance, which is strictly elementary, and, as far as we have glanced over it, clear and simple. It is a welcome accession to our introductory books of science.

## FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS.

*Illustrations of Natural History, embracing a series of Engravings and descriptive Accounts of the most interesting Genera and Species of the Animal World. The engravings by J. Le Keux and R. Sands.*

—The world has seen all sorts of ages; it has seen its golden, silver, and iron periods. More recently indeed, according to Lord Byron, we have had an age of bronze; but metals seem to have had their day, and our's may truly be termed "an animal age." Zoology has put every other science completely out of fashion; chemistry gives way to camelopards, and monkeys have scattered mineralogy to the winds. The exhibitions of the Zoological Society (the Wombwells and Atkinsons of fashionable life) have been in a very considerable degree instrumental in bringing about this consummation. People visit the Regent's Park, and immediately become profound devotees of science. Formerly they were electrified at merely seeing a lion; they now want to know the Latin for it. They call him *Felis leo*, inquire into generic names, and pretend to understand systems. While this society, however, has set on foot and cultivated a most foolish fashion, it has also, though unconsciously and without any merit of its own, given a decided spring and impulse to zoological science: and indeed we may fairly conclude that it is to the labours of that admirable naturalist and amiable man, the late Sir Stamford Raffles, that we are indebted for the beautiful book before us. Of this publication there are two editions: that in quarto is published in parts, eight of which have already appeared. This contains proof impressions of the plates. The other edition is in octavo, and the numbers already issued form one of the cheapest and most elegant volumes that could be desired. It contains nearly one hundred engravings; all, we can scarcely find an exception, beautifully executed as works of art; and, what is infinitely better, with a fidelity and adherence to nature which, though so necessary in a work like this, are so frequently overlooked by artists for the sake of effect. Messrs. Le Keux and Sands have very properly perceived that nothing is so picturesque as nature, and that in presenting the best *portrait* of the animal, they present the best picture. The drawings are by various artists of eminence; and among the names we perceive those of Edwin and Thomas Landseer—the Sir Thomas Lawrences of the brute creation. The histories and descriptions that accompany these engravings are written with intelligence and talent. Much pains have evidently been taken in research,

M.M. *New Series*.—VOL. X. No. 57.

and the compilations are generally judicious. This, and the volume which is to succeed it, will complete the history of quadrupeds; it is then proposed to give one to birds, another to fishes and amphibious animals, and a third to reptiles and insects. The work deserves to be popular.

The engravings that form the gallery of portraits of the Female Nobility in "La Belle Assemblée," resemble the thousand and one stories in the "Arabian Nights;" they are all so beautiful, and each has so many peculiar charms of its own, that the reader in one case, and the spectator in another, is very pleasantly puzzled, and hardly knows which to prefer. To escape from the dilemma, he generally fixes upon that which has been most recently inspected, and pronounces the last to be best—which is precisely what we are disposed to do with the portrait of the Countess Verulam, the proof of which now lies before us. It is a very lovely picture of a very lovely woman; and as a work of art (it is engraved by Dean), will lose no lustre by a comparison with the finest engravings of the day; nor would it, as we have already intimated, be easy to select a rival to it, either for feeling or finished execution, from any of the sixty-eight portraits that have preceded it. To us, and to many others, who only see the beauties of our court reflected in the mirror which art holds up to us, this series of portraits has an especial charm, by making us familiar with all the graces and ornaments of the age, without the trouble of obtaining a presentation at a levee, and the inconvenience of being elbowed by an alderman, or a barrister bowing himself into a silk gown.

*Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels.*—Much as we like the preceding parts of this very tasteful and elegant work, we cannot help liking the present, which is the fourth number, somewhat better. Our preference however rests rather upon the selection of the subjects, than upon any superiority or improvement in execution. These four engravings exhibit the same light, graceful touches that characterize their predecessors. The view of "Durham" in particular, from a design by Robson, is extremely beautiful. The others are, the "Tolbooth," by Nasmyth; "Caerlaveroch Castle," by Roberts; and lastly, "London," seen from Highgate—an illustration for "Rob Roy." With this, although it has employed the united talents of Barret and Finden, we are far less pleased than with the wild and watery effect of the clouds and lake in the view of "Caerlaveroch Castle." They are



exquisitely clear and natural—they look moist, and full of motion. No edition of Sir Walter Scott's romances will, to our taste, be complete, without these illustrations. The descriptions of the great novelist will henceforth lose their identity without the guiding light which art has thus pleasantly shed upon them.

The portraits that form the sixteenth number of the "National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages of the Nineteenth Century," are those of Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, the Earl of Fife, and Sir Thomas Le Breton. They are executed in the same careful and satisfactory manner that distinguished those that have already been published, and are upon the whole well entitled to their respective niches in the national gallery of portraits. Lord Lyndhurst's portrait, however, though cleverly

engraved, and an excellent likeness as to feature, is deficient in a peculiar expression of eye that invariably lightens up the countenance of the Chancellor. There is a pensive character, an air of fatigue and discomfiture, an ambiguous attempt at a smile playing about the face, as though he felt anxious to get his wig off and to put on his nightcap. The whole aspect wants a dash of life—it is not sly and cunning enough. The wig however does wonders for it in the way of gravity. Earl Fife's is a very good stiff Scotch portrait, and was once more like him than it is at present. The portrait of Sir Thomas Le Breton, a gentleman of whom we know nothing more illustrious than that he is Bailly of the Island of Jersey, is from a painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence; it is easy, simple and animated.

## WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

### WORKS IN PREPARATION.

The distinguished American Novelist, Cooper, has a new production in three volumes in the press, under the attractive title of "The Water Witch." New Editions are preparing of his popular novels of the "Prairie," and the "Borderers."

A very useful work is in the press, by Mr. Elmes, the Architect. It is a new Topographical Dictionary of London, in which not only every street and passage, but every church, public office and building throughout the metropolis and its environs, will be carefully and particularly described, and its locality distinctly pointed out.

Mr. Murray's Natural History of Poisons is nearly ready.

Mrs. S. C. Hall, the Author of Sketches of Irish Life, &c. is preparing for the press a volume, entitled, "Anecdotes of Birds."

An Authentic and Impartial Narrative of the Events which took place in Paris on July 27, 28, and 29, with an Account of the Occurrences preceding and following.

Lady Ribblesdale's Portrait, from Mrs. Carpenter's truly elegant oil-painting, will form the Seventieth of the Series of the Female Nobility, and will appear in La Belle Assemblée in October next.

Mr. Boaden, the biographer of Mrs. Siddons, &c., is busily engaged on the Life and Memoirs of Mrs. Jordan.

The Rev. John Kenrick has just completed an Abridgment, which will shortly be published, of his Translation of Lump's Latin Grammar.

### LIST OF NEW WORKS.

#### BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

The Life of Lord Byron. By John Galt, Esq. 12mo. 5s.

Life and Reign of George the Fourth, with an Historical Account of the House of Brunswick. By H. E. Lloyd, Esq. 8vo. 18s.

Memoirs of His Serene Highness Anthony Philip D'Orleans, Duke of Montpensier, written by Himself. 8vo. 9s.

Memoirs of the late Captain Hugh Crow, of Liverpool; comprising a Narrative of his Life, with Descriptive Sketches of the Western Coast of Africa, &c. 8vo. 6s. 6d.

History of Northamptonshire, Part III. (completing the First Volume.) By George Baker. Large paper, £6. 6s. Small paper, £3. 6s.

Military Reminiscences, extracted from a Journal of nearly Forty Years' active Service in the East Indies. By Col. James Welsh. In 2 vols. 8vo. 36s.

Private Correspondence of Sir Thomas Monro, forming the Third Volume of his Life. 8vo. 16s.

The Boscobel Tracts, relating to the Escape of Charles the Second, after the Battle of Worcester. 8vo.

The Eighth Volume of Dr. Lingard's History of England. 4to. Which will bring down the work to the Revolution.

Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. IX. Outlines of History. fcp. 6s.

An Historical Sketch of the Danmonii, the Ancient Inhabitants of Devonshire and Cornwall. By Joseph Chattaway. Post 8vo.

#### CLASSICAL.

An Abridgment in English of Bos on the Greek Ellipses. By the Rev. Mr. Seager. 8vo. 9s. 6d.

Select Orations of Demosthenes, with English Notes. By E. H. Barker, Esq. 12mo. 8s. 6d.

Family Classical Library. Vol. 8. Virgil. Vol. 1. 4s. 6d.

Horototus, from Schweighausen, with a Collation with the Text of Gaisford, and Remarks on Various Readings. By Geo. Long, A.M. Vol. 1. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

## LAW.

Sugden's Acts, by Lennett. 12mo. 5s. Finally on Elections. 12mo. 14s.

The Charter of the Free School for the Inhabitants of Birmingham, founded and endowed by Edward the Sixth, 2d of Jan. 1562. 8vo. 1s.

## MEDICAL.

Supplement to the London, Edinburgh, and Dublin Pharmacopœias; containing a Concise View of the Doctrine of Definite Proportions, and its Application to Pharmacy. By D. Spillan, M.D. 12mo. 6s.

Treatise on the Mineral Waters of Harrowgate and its Vicinity. By A. Hunter, M.D., &c. 12mo. 3s. boards.

A Treatise on Pulmonary Consumption, its Prevention and Remedy. By John Murray, F.S.A., &c. 12mo. 6s.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Hortus Britannicus—A Catalogue of all the Plants indigenous, cultivated in, or introduced to Britain. By J. C. Loudon. 8vo. 21s.

Characters of Genera; extracted from the British Flora of W. J. Hooker, LL.D. &c. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

Inquiry into the Rise and Growth of the Royal Prerogative in England. By John Allen. 8vo. 9s.

Letters to the Holders of Greek Bonds; with some Remarks on the Official Correspondence between the Allied Ministers and Prince Leopold. By Philogordo. 8vo. 1s.

Fearn on Cerebral Vision. 8vo. 6s.

Burn's Penmanship. 4to. 12s.

Woodward's British Organic Remains. 8vo. 5s.

Bernard's Retrospections of the Stage, 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.

Rules for Bad Horsemen; Hints to inexperienced Travellers; and Maxims worth remembering by most experienced Equestrians. By Charles Thompson, Esq. A New Edition. By John Hinds, V.S. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

Account of the Great Floods of August 1829, in the Province of Moray, and adjoining Districts. By Sir T. D. Lauder, Bart. 8vo. 14s. Proofs, £1. 1s.

The Book of Scotland. By W. Chambers. 8vo. 12s. boards.

Part I. of Views in India, Canton, and The Red Sea; drawn by Prout, Stanfield, &c., from Original Sketches by Capt. Robert Elliot, R.N.

## NOVELS AND TALES.

De L'Orme. A Novel. By the Author of Darnley. In 3 vols. £1. 11s. 6d.

Separation. A Novel. By Lady Charlotte Bury. In 3 vols. 27s.

Midsummer Medley for 1830. A Series of Tales in Prose and Verse. By the Author of Brambletye House. In 2 vols. 12mo. 14s.

Clarence. A Tale of our own Times. In 3 vols. Foolscap. £1. 1s.

Traditions of Palestine. Edited by Harriet Martineau. In post 8vo. 6s.

The Cabinet Album; a Collection of Original and Selected Literature. Post 8vo. 10s.

## POETRY.

Revolt of the Angels, and the Fall from Paradise. An Epic Poem. By Edmund Reade, Esq. 8vo. 9s.

Lord Byron's Cain, a Mystery; with Notes, comprising a Philosophical, Logical, and Practical View of the Religion of the Bible. By Harding Grant, Esq. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

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Burns's Address to the Deil, with Eleven Illustrations. By Thos. Landseer. 3s. 6d.

## RELIGION, MORALS, &amp;c.

The Great Mystery of Godliness Incontrovertible; or Sir Isaac Newton and the Socinians foiled in the Attempt to Prove a corruption in the Text, 1 Tim. iii. 16. By E. Hinderson, Professor of Divinity and the Oriental Languages at Highbury College. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Bampton Lectures for 1830. By Henry Soames. 8vo. 13s.

The Christian's Appeal. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

## SCHOOL AND JUVENILE BOOKS.

The Elements of Algebra, designed as an Introduction to Bland's Problems. By Alexander Jamieson. 8vo. 7s.

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## TRAVELS.

Narrative of a Journey Overland from England to India. By Mrs. Col. Elwood. In 2 vols. 8vo. 30s.

Travels to the Seat of War in the East, through Russia and the Crimea, in 1829. By Capt. James Alexander. In 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.

The Northern Tourist, or Stranger's Guide to the North West of Ireland. By P. D. Hardy, Esq. 9s.

The Scottish Tourist, and Guide to the Scenery and Antiquities of Scotland and the Western Islands. 12mo. 11s.

The Friend of Australia, or a Plan for Exploring the Interior. By a Retired Officer of the East India Company. 8vo. 16s.

## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

## SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART.

Whatever may be thought of the rank apostasy of the son, the father was entitled to high praise;—his ability, his perseverance, his integrity, his spirit, his generosity, his benevolence, his loyalty, his political consistency, were all of an elevated order, and most deservedly raised him to a proud and enviable eminence in the estimation of his countrymen. Lamentable that the last brief portion of his life should have been embittered by moral and political abandonment of principle, on the part of his eldest and favourite son!

Neither by birth nor by hereditary wealth, was Mr. Peel entitled to look forward to distinction. He was himself the seeker, the finder, the maker of his own fortune—the founder of his family; yet his name, understood to be of Gaelic origin, seems to boast antiquity. The word *Peel* is still used in Scotland, to express a small castle; and, in the Gaelic, *Pele*, *Peyll*, *Peil*, *Pael*, or *Paile*, denotes a *place of strength*, or *fortification made of earth*, to distinguish it from a castle. In this sense, *Pela* and *Pelma* are used respectively in charters of Henry IV. and Edward III.; and in Lancashire, Sir Robert's native country, there is an old fort called the *Peel* or *Pæll*, of Fouldrey.

William Peel, of Oswaltwich, in Lancashire, was father of the subject of this memoir: his mother was Jane, daughter of Robert Warnesley, Esq., of Darwin, in the same county. Born on the 25th of April, 1750, he was the third of seven sons; and it is said to have been the original intention of his father, a man of acute and powerful understanding, to establish all his boys in different branches of the cotton trade; so that, by their ingenuity, industry, and enterprise, they might mutually prove serviceable to each other. Robert, when at the age of fourteen, is said to have expressed a determination to raise himself to rank and consequence in society. He devoted himself very early to explore the powers of mechanical combination, particularly where they could be converted to the purpose of his leading pursuit. Until the age of twenty-three, he remained under the paternal roof, storing his mind with every description of practically useful knowledge.

Somewhat previously to this period, the cotton manufactory had been a comparatively inconsiderable branch of commerce; but, through inventions of Sir Peter Arkwright, it was now rising in consequence; and, availing himself of his information, skill, and a variety of favourable circumstances, Mr. Peel, in 1773, embarked in an extensive manufactory at Bury, in Lancashire, in conjunction with a gentleman of the name of Yates, whose daughter, Ellen, he, fourteen years afterwards—the lady being little more than seventeen—married. By this union he had, besides his successor (the Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart., Secretary of State for the Home Department, &c.) five sons and two daughters, all of whom are well provided for, well married, and extensively known in public and fashionable life. By his second marriage (in 1805) with Susanna, daughter of Francis Clarke, Esq., and aunt of the present Sir W. H. Clarke, of Hitcham, he had no children.

So successful had the Bury manufactory proved, that, previously to his marriage with Miss Yates, Mr. Peel had been enabled to purchase a large estate in Lancashire. This was followed, in the course of a very few years more, by extensive acquisitions in Staffordshire and Warwickshire. At Tamworth, which had fallen into decay from the loss of the woollen trade, he erected immense cotton works, and the town was soon restored to a flourishing state. Having realized a large landed property, which has since been augmented by several additions, he obtained that state and consideration in his country, which entitled him to a seat in the legislature; and accordingly, in the year 1790, contending with the ancient family of Townshend for the patronage of the borough of Tamworth, he was returned to Parliament as one of its representatives. For the same borough he was re-elected in 1796, 1802, 1806, 1807, 1812, and 1818.

Long before his entrance into Parliament, however, Mr. Peel had distinguished himself by the publication of a pamphlet entitled "The National Debt productive of National Prosperity." This was in 1780. If we mistake not, Mr. Peel was the first to maintain that the national wealth was not diminished by the increase of the national

debt, and that statesmen had misconceived its operations by confounding the nature of a public with that of a private engagement. With many other men of warm and generous temperaments, the genuine English love of liberty animating their bosoms, Mr. Peel, at the commencement of the French Revolution, hailed the change with unfeigned satisfaction. But his eyes were soon opened; he became one of the warmest adherents of Mr. Pitt, throughout the war of the French republic; and, in 1802, when a feeble attempt was made to impeach that distinguished statesman, he made so forcible an appeal to the feelings and recollections of the House of Commons, and thereby to those of the country, that, on the following day, a subscription was opened in the city, and he was himself one of the most liberal subscribers, to erect a statue of Mr. Pitt, expressive of the lively sense entertained of his services, and to convey to the world a lasting mark of the gratitude of the nation.

In 1797, the period of the voluntary contributions, Mr. Peel and his partner subscribed the sum of 10,000*l.*; and, had other individuals of the community, equally competent, been equally liberal, the sum would have been raised to 45,000*l.* In 1798, Mr. Peel also contributed largely to the formation and support of the Lancashire Fencibles, and the Tamworth Armed Association; and he raised, mostly from his own artificers, six companies called the Bury Loyal Volunteers, at the head of which he was placed as Lieutenant-Colonel.

For services such as these, the king was graciously pleased, on the 29th of November, 1800, to create him a baronet, designated of Drayton Park, in the county of Stafford.

Sir Robert Peel frequently spoke in Parliament on commercial and manufacturing subjects, with which no man was more intimately conversant. He was also a strenuous advocate for the Union with Ireland, a very able speech on which, he published in the year 1799. One of his most distinguished public acts, was his introduction of a bill, in 1802, to "Ameliorate the condition of Apprentices in the Cotton and Woollen Trade." In his own factories, where he is said to have employed at one time no fewer than 15,000 persons, every thing was done to contribute to their health and comfort, and also for the general moral and religious instruction of the children.

Sir Robert Peel was one of the governors of Christ's Hospital, and one of the presidents of the Literary Fund; and he was connected with several other benevolent institutions. Of his general kindness and liberality, generosity and benevolence, a hundred anecdotes might be related. Let one suffice. Many years since, a house of first-rate consequence in the cotton trade, was brought, by imprudently extending its speculations beyond its capital, to the verge

of bankruptcy. Informed of their pressing exigency, and convinced of the honour and integrity of the firm, Sir Robert Peel promptly rescued them from their impending calamity by a loan of 14,000*l.* This loan, he it remembered, was advanced to a rival establishment, obstinate and formidable in its character.

Two years ago, on the anniversary of his seventy-eighth birth-day, Sir Robert Peel presented a silver medal to each of his children and grandchildren then present, amounting to fifty.

Sir Robert died somewhat suddenly, at Drayton Park, on the 2d of May, 1830. On the 21st of the same month, his will was proved in Doctors' Commons, and his property sworn to exceed 1,000,000*l.* sterling, a sum which bears the highest probate duty (15,000*l.*). He is said, however, to have died worth 2,500,000*l.*

#### THE HON. DOUGLAS KINNAIRD.

The Hon. Douglas Kinnaird was brother of the late, and uncle of the present peer. "Uniting," as we have before incidentally observed, "the accomplishments of a scholar, with the habits of a man of the world, no individual was more qualified to enjoy, or to gratify the extensive circle of friends, distinguished by rank and talent, to whose intercourse he was entitled equally by his birth, his fortune, and his acquisitions."

The family of Kinnaird is traced back to a very remote period. Its name is derived from the lands and barony of Kinnaird, in Perthshire. Rodolphus, who flourished in the reign of King William the Lion, in 1165, obtained a charter of those lands from that monarch. His great grandson, Richardus was one of the Scotch barons who swore allegiance to King Edward I., in 1296. The second son of his great grandson (Reginald Kinnaird, of Inchture) was ancestor to the lamented subject of this brief memoir. He obtained the lands and barony of Inchture, in Perthshire, by marrying Marjory, daughter and heiress of Sir John Kirkaldy, about the year 1399. George Kinnaird, the ninth in descent from this Reginald, having been a steady friend to the royal family, was, after the restoration, first knighted by King Charles II. in 1661, afterwards appointed of the Privy Council, and lastly, raised to the peerage, by the title of Lord Kinnaird, of Inchture, by patent, in 1682. George, the seventh baron, married Elizabeth, daughter and sole heiress of Griffin Ransom, Esq., of New Palace-yard, Westminster, by whom his two sons were—Charles, his successor, and Douglas James William, the gentleman of whom we are writing.

Mr. Kinnaird was born on the 16th of February 1788. The early part of his education he received at Eton, after which he passed some time at Gottingen, where he acquired a thorough knowledge of the French and German languages, particularly



of the latter, which he spoke with a correctness and fluency rarely attained but by a native. From Gottingen he removed to Trinity-college, Cambridge, where he became an intimate associate of Lord Byron, Mr. Hobhouse, &c. With Mr. Hobhouse he travelled in 1813, through Sweden and across the north of Germany to Vienna. He was present at the decisive battle of Culm, where, on the 29th and 30th of August, the French army, under Vandamme, was routed, and the general taken prisoner.

Not having entered into any profession, he, when his brother, Lord Kinnaird, retired from the house of Ransom, Morland and Co., was admitted to his share in the concern.

In 1815, Mr. Kinnaird became, with Lord Byron, the Hon. George Lamb, and Mr. Peter Moore, one of the committee for conducting the affairs of Drury-lane Theatre. With more merit than success, he attempted to revive some of our old neglected dramas, as well as to restore the credit of the establishment itself. While on the committee, he altered a play of Beaumont and Fletcher's, which was performed, and obtained a certain portion of popularity. With Mr. Sheridan he was most intimately acquainted, and his name was one of the last which Lord Byron was heard to pronounce. Nor is this to be wondered at, for, though of a warm, and perhaps, too hasty temper, no man was more constant in his attachments; and those who were most deserving of his regard, esteemed and loved him to the last. As a friend, he was active, zealous, persevering, and generous. His station and his fortune enabled him to indulge a well-cultivated taste for literature and all the liberal arts; there were few subjects of general discussion in which he was not competently informed; and, of his distinguished contemporaries, there was scarcely one who was not frequently to be found at his hospitable board.

When Lord Cochrane retired from parliament in 1818, Mr. Kinnaird's well-known political opinions directed towards him the attention of the leaders of the party, favourable to a reform of parliament, in Westminster. He was accordingly proposed for the representation of that city; but the unexpected nomination of Sir Samuel Romilly and of Sir Murray Maxwell, induced him to withdraw from the contest. On the vacancy occasioned by the subsequent death of Sir Samuel, it was intended again to bring him forward; but he declined the proposal, and exerted himself strenuously in behalf of his friend, Mr. Hobhouse. Shortly afterwards, however, he became member for Bishop's Castle. With his colleague, Mr. Knight, he was re-chosen for that borough at the general election in 1820. On the latter occasion there was a double return; and, when the merits of the case were investigated by a committee, he lost his seat. From his habits of business, and his integrity, it is

probably to be regretted that he never made any subsequent attempt to enter into parliament. From this period, however, he constantly attended as a proprietor at the general courts of the East India Company. He spoke on most subjects, and showed that he possessed a good knowledge of the Company's affairs. For many years, indeed, there was scarcely a debate of importance in which his name was not to be found.

For the last year of his life, Mr. Kinnaird's health was observed to be on the decline; but the illness which terminated fatally, did not make its appearance until the month of January last, nor was he considered in imminent danger until within a few days previously to his death. When aware of his condition, the irritation and restlessness of disease were succeeded by composure and resignation; and, having performed becomingly all the last awful duties of existence, he expired tranquilly and without pain, at his house in Pall-mall East, on Friday, the 12th of March. On the Friday following, his remains were interred in the church of St. Martin-in-the-fields. The hearse was followed by twelve mourning coaches, and about twenty private carriages.

#### BARON FOUVIER.

The Baron Fovier, one of the Secretaries of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, was formerly a priest of the oratory. He was a native of Ouxerre, in Burgundy. Having devoted himself to the study of mathematics, he was appointed assistant to the celebrated M. de Prony, as professor of geometry and arithmetic, in their application to mechanics. He accompanied Buonaparte to Egypt, where he was nominated his commissioner to the government established in that country. In 1803, he was made prefect of the department of the Isère; and, in 1806, he was invested with the cross of the Legion of Honour.

On the restoration of Louis XVIII., M. Fovier gave in his adhesion to the new government, and was confirmed in his prefecture. In March, 1815, he was recalled by Buonaparte, whom he had not supported in his department; but, soon afterwards, he was appointed prefect of the Rhone. In that situation, however, his conduct was such as caused him to be again dismissed. It would seem that neither the Bourbon nor the Buonapartean government reposed confidence in him; for, on the second return of Louis, M. Fovier was not employed. In May, 1816, he was chosen an associate of the Academy of Sciences; but the king did not confirm his nomination.

M. Fovier published several dissertations in the Journal of the Polytechnic School; and as a member of the Egyptian Commission of men of Science, he composed the preface of the memoirs published by them. M. Fovier died at Paris, on the 17th of May.

## PATENTS FOR MECHANICAL AND CHEMICAL INVENTIONS.

*New Patents sealed in July, 1830.*

To John Ericsson, New-road, engineer, for his improved engine for communicating power for mechanical purposes.—24th July; 6 months.

To Abraham Garnett, Esq., Demarara, for certain improvements in manufacturing sugar.—24th July; 6 months.

To Samuel Roberts, Park Grange, near Sheffield, silver-plater, for his improvements in plating or coating of copper, or brass, or mixture of the same with other metal or materials with two metals or substances upon each other, as also a method of making such kind of articles or utensils with the said metal when so plated, as have hitherto been made either entirely of silver, or of copper, or brass, or of a mixture of copper and brass, plated or coated with silver solely.—26th July; 2 months.

To Richard Ibotsen, Poyle, Stanwell, paper-manufacturer, for improvements in the method for separating the knots from paper stuff, or pulp, used in the manufacture of paper.—29th July; 4 months.

To John Ruthven, Edinburgh, engineer and manufacturer, for his improved machinery for navigating vessels and propelling of carriages.—5th August; 6 months.

To James Down, Leicester, surgeon, for improvements in making gas for illuminations, and in the apparatus for the same.—5th August; 6 months.

To John Street, Esq., Clifton, Gloucester, for a new method of obtaining a rotatory motion by water-steam, or gas, or other vapour, being applicable also to the giving blast to furnaces, forges, and other purposes, where a constant blast is required.—5th August; 2 months.

To William Dobree, gentleman, Fulham, for an independent safety-boat of novel construction.—5th August; 6 months.

To William Lane, Stockport, Chester, cotton-manufacturer, for his improvements in machines which are commonly known among the cotton-spinners by the names of roving-frames, or cove-frames, or bobbin and fly-frames, or jack-frames.—5th August; 4 months.

To Thomas Hancock, Goswell-mews, Goswell-road, water-proof-cloth-manufacturer, for improvements in certain articles of dress or wearing apparel, fancy ornaments and figures, and in the method of rendering certain manufactures and substances in a degree or entirely impervious to air and water; and of protecting certain manufactures and

substances from being injured by air, water, or moisture.—5th August; 2 months.

To William Mallet, Marlborough-street, Dublin, iron-manufacturer, for improvements in constructing certain descriptions of wheelbarrows.—5th August; 6 months.

To Charles Shiels, Liverpool, merchant, for certain improvements in the process of preparing and cleansing rice.—5th August; 6 months.

To John Pearce, Tavistock, Devon, ironmonger, for an improved method of making and constructing wheels, and in the application thereof to carriages.—5th August; 6 months.

To Aeneas Coffey, Dock Distillery, Dublin, distiller, for certain improvements in the apparatus or machinery used in the process of brewing and distilling.—5th August; 6 months.

To Marmaduke Robinson, Great George-street, Westminster, navy agent, for certain improvements in the making and purifying sugars.—5th August; 6 months.

To Robert Clough, Liverpool, shipbroker, for an improved supporting block, to be used in graving docks and other purposes.—5th August; 6 months.

To Sir Charles Webb Dance, Hertsbourne Manor Place, Bushy, Hertford, Knight, Lieutenant-Colonel, for his improvements in packing and transporting goods.—5th August; 6 months.

To Samuel Smith, Princess-street, Leicester-fields, gunmaker, for his invention of a new nipple, or touch-hole, to be applied to fire-arms for the purpose of firing the same by percussion, and a new cap or primer for containing the priming by which such fire-arms are to be fired.—9th August; 2 months.

To William Palmer, gentleman, Wilton-street, Finsbury-square, for his improvements in making candles.—10th August; 6 months.

John Lawrance, Birmingham, silversmith, and William Rudder, Gentleman, Ege, Gloucester, for his improvements in saddles and girths by an apparatus affixed to either of them.—10th August; 6 months.

To Thomas Ford, Canonbury-square, Islington, Middlesex, chemist, for his having invented certain improvements in the medicine for the cure of coughs, colds, asthmas and consumptions, known by the name of "Ford's Balsam of Horehound." 12th August; 6 months.

To John Knowles, Farham, Surrey, hop-planter, for his having found out or invented a certain instrument or machine



for drawing up hop-poles out of the ground previous to picking the hops, and which by drawing the poles perpendicularly will greatly save them as well as prevent the hops from being bruised, called "a hop-pole drawer by lever and fulcrum." 13th August; 2 months.

To Samuel Roscoe Bakewell, Whiskin-street, Middlesex, brick and stone manufacturer, for an invention of certain improvements in machinery apparatus or implements to be used in the manufacture of bricks, tiles, and other articles to be formed or made of clay, or other plastic materials, part of which said machinery is also applicable to other useful purposes. — 18th August; 6 months.

To Matthew Towgood, Dartford, Kent, paper-maker, and Leapridge Smith, Paternoster-row, London, stationer, for their having invented an improved mode of applying size to paper. 18 August; 6 months.

To Major-General Joseph Gubbins, Southampton, Hampshire, for his having

invented certain improvements in propelling and giving motion to machinery. 18th August; 6 months.

*List of Patents, which having been granted in the month of September 1816, expire in the present month of September 1830.*

30. Charles Lacy, Nottingham, and John Lindley, Loughborough, for their improvements in machinery for making lace.

— Jacob Metcalf, London, for his tapered hair or head-brush.

— Robert Clayton, Dublin, for his improved metal and composition blocks, plates, rollers, types and dies, for printing patterns on cloths and other substances.

— John Aston Wilkes, Birmingham, for his method of manufacturing ornamental glass.

— William Losh, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and George Stephenson, Killingworth, for their improved rail-way carriages.

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## MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

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THIS is indeed an exhilarating crisis; our disastrous forebodings have been converted into fortunate realities. Instead of a late harvest and ruined crops, our harvest has been by no means inordinately late, and making due allowance for local and accidental drawbacks, the crops, more especially those of premier importance, may be deemed greatly productive, and to a considerable extent, of fine quality: and thus much may be safely averred, even whilst allowing for that enthusiasm and exaggeration in men's minds, naturally consequent upon such a delightful disappointment as has been experienced.

On the most forward lands of the best districts, wheat harvest commenced in the last week of July; and as, on the whole, the weather has been favourable, the entire, or the chief of that part of the national stock must be by this time safely lodged in rick or house. About the middle of the current month, wheat became ready for the sickle throughout South Britain, and in the most forward parts of the north; far to the northward, as usual, their harvest will be from a week to a fortnight later. Barley requiring more of the solstitial heat to brighten and give it a fine hand in sample, on such account, beside being of second consideration, will be somewhat later than wheat. Oats, beans, pease, seeds, all the crops of the season, are either successfully stored or are in active field operation.

In the meantime, the seasons, such phraseology being allowable, have been most wantonly capricious. Since the access of that which we must take for our summer temperature, and which has indeed been so beneficial to us, there has been a series of changes quite sufficient to demonstrate that the English climate has not degenerated. We have had gleams of the sun, almost powerful enough to effect a *coup de soleil*, fanned by those chilling breezes which "make the cow to quake," and have actually, in mid-August, been driven, in the evening, to the fire side. The corn, however, in despite of apparently the greatest disadvantages, and all our sage judgments, had been most pertinaciously acquiring its full standard of growth, and of accretion and substance, and the sun ripened it. It has indeed been said that, in some lofty and exposed situations, the sudden violent action of the sun has been too powerful for the wheat kernel, desiccating and shrinking it up. The cool and drying winds have helped to dry and mature the corn-crops, to prevent any ill-effects from casual showers, and to moderate the labours of harvest. Amongst the atmospheric excesses of the present year, a late storm of wind, rain, and lightning, near Maidstone, in Kent, stands pre-eminent; indeed, according to the description, approaching the terrific character of a West Indian hurricane or tornado. The rain descended in torrents, amid the glare of lightning and the rattling of thunder, and every moveable thing gave way to the terrific and sudden gusts of a most impetuous wind. Sheaves of corn were taken up by the wind and blown over the hedge into an adjoining field. The standing part of a crop of clover was beat down by the fury of the tempest, as though trodden down by a flock of sheep, whilst the whole

of the clover which had been cut was carried away by the wind, dispersed and totally lost. Two large chestnut trees were blown down, numbers of others stripped of their branches, and one branch of the weight of 16 lbs., with many others, was taken up into the air by the raging element, and carried half a mile. Hop-poles were blown about in all directions, trees uprooted, barns overthrown, and as the most extraordinary proof of the violence of the gale, a post-chaise, at Ashford, taking shelter under a gateway, was driven by the wind to the opposite side of the street, and dashed with great violence against a window. With several narrow escapes, happily no lives were lost. The storms of this day were local, and generally at no great distance from the sea coast. The heavy rains of this month, in Ireland, in particular near Enniskillen, have been attended with far more fatal effects, the floods having carried off and destroyed great part of the crops and property of the poor inhabitants, with the loss of a considerable number of lives.

The early hay harvest was most troublesome and expensive, and it is to be feared that the portion saved in good condition, was inconsiderable in comparison with the less fortunate. With the clovers, and the grass which was reserved in expectation of more favourable weather, corn and hay harvest thus coming together, the result has been fortunate. The stock of hay, however, next season, though again abundant, will not be generally fine. There is a good prospect for lattermath, or a second cut, especially in the grasses which were mowed earliest. The growing clovers, vetches, and sainfoin, are in many parts blighted. The bulk of wheat upon the ground appeared fully to warrant the judgment of a general and full average in the crop, which we trust will be ultimately confirmed upon the barn floor. The straw is great upon good lands, the ears of imposing size, and apparently well filled. On poor and neglected soils, of course, we do not look for such a splendid show; but a most fortunate peculiarity distinguishes the present harvest; from some occult cause or virtue in the seasons of this year, favourable to poor soils, such, and most remarkably in Essex and Norfolk, have been uncommonly productive. The rust or red-gum, masses of the eggs of the blight insects, upon the wheat, were fortunately prevented from reaching maturity, by the favourable change of weather. On submitting various ears of wheat to the magnifier, we found the dinginess and roughness of blight, with spots of rust upon the chaff, but the kernels fair and untouched, bating some few shrivelled or decayed. Judgment on the crops of barley and oats, is yet in abeyance; but though they are for the most part satisfactory, they are not in point of quantity, deemed to hold equal proportions with wheat. Beans are, indeed, a magnificent crop, probably having thrown out the largest and tallest stalks witnessed by any living man. But Nature, in her ordinary course, does not confer double benefits, and for our superabundance in haulm, we must make an abatement in pods: there will nevertheless be an ample stock of beans, which cannot be said of pease, the least successful of this year's crops. The old error of far too narrow rows, with beans, as with all other chilled crops, has doubtless operated here. The bean stalks have been drawn up to a greater height and bulk, by the closeness of their position. Potatoes, that never failing addition to the national stock of bread, promise to be fine in quality, and a bulky crop. The turnip seed, put into the ground too generally with all the difficulties and obstructions of imperfect and foul tilth, has nevertheless produced abundance of plants, a sufficiency of which seem to have outgrown the fly. As to the general foul state of the lands, it is useless for us to declaim—the tenantry, it is insisted, cannot afford to keep men and cattle sufficient for the purposes of good husbandry. With regard to a considerable part of the occupiers, we remain still incredulous. Were we to speak of the glorious exhibition of *docks* and *thistles*, which we have lately witnessed upon corn lands, we should not degrade them by describing them as shrubs, but equal them for bulk and altitude with the *trees* of barren soils! Weed vegetation is eating out the heart of British land. Our country newspapers are reaping a plenteous harvest from the advertisements of farms to be let, and estates to be sold. The former too, in counties where, in the prosperous days of yore, a man might with equal chance of success seek a place at court, as the tenancy of a farm. Mangold or cattle beet-root (not *marygold*, according to a late misprint), is a good and healthy plant. This favourite crop is said, however, to be rather waning in repute, it being discovered, at last, that quality is at least as much consequence as quantity; and that the rutabaga, or Swedish turnip, the culture of which may yet be much improved, is a greatly superior article. To class great producers together, we quote for the first time, the *symphytum asperrimum*, or prickly compey, lately introduced by Mr. Grant, of the nursery, Lewisham, Kent, as green food for all kinds of live stock. The hops, as well as the other productions of the soil, have received considerable benefit from the change of weather; but that most precarious of crops is said to have been too deeply injured, to admit of the hope of a perfect recovery, or of a large produce.

Nothing of novelty offers with respect to live stock. Our fairs and markets have been generally filled, as usual of late years, to an overflow; some fortunate sellers, generally the holders of prime articles, retiring contented with a quick sale, and good price, others driving away their bargains unsold. Complaints are still general that grazing is unattended with profit, and that pigs are so numerous that nothing can be acquired by breeding them. Wool continues marketable at an improving price, and one great holder lately



sold 12,000 fleeces at Dorchester. Sheep and lambs have greatly improved in condition at grass since the cessation of the heavy and constant rains. Great complaints from Wales, on their markets being overrun with cattle, sheep, and pigs, from Ireland. Some weeks since, bread corn was very scarce and dear in the Principality, and throughout England the stock proves to be even lower than was anticipated. In a great number of parishes, there is scarcely a wheat-rick to be seen. The vast imports encouraged by the expectation of a bad crop, has greatly reduced the price, which must yet have a further considerable decline from that hurrying of the new wheat to market, which from circumstances must inevitably take place.

*Smithfield*.—Beef 2s. 9d. to 4s.—Mutton, 3s. to 4s. 4d.—Veal, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 10d.—Lamb, 3s. 10d. to 4s. 8s.—Pork, 4s. to 5s. dairy.—Raw fat, 2s. 2d. per stone.

*Corn Exchange*.—Wheat, 50s. to 80s.—Barley, (grinding) 26s. to 34s.—Oats, 22s. to 33s.—London 4 lb. Loaf, 10½d.—Hay, 40s. to 105s. per load.—Clover, ditto, 50s. to 112s.—Straw, 42s. to 55s.

Coals in the Pool, 27s. to 35s. 6d. per chaldron.

*Middlesex, August 23.*

## MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

**SUGAR.**—Muscovadoes continue firm, the demand is extensive, and the holders obtain higher prices. Brown sugars are 6d. to 1s. higher; the fine scarce, and also higher; the refined market is rather heavy, less doing for export, no reduction in currency; the low quality of lumps have been taken off with spirit; few sales of the middling and better descriptions, for export, have been made; some small parcels of crushed for the Mediterranean. The public sales of foreign sugar, 175 boxes of Havannah, of which above 170 sold; fine yellow, strong, 25s. to 26s. 6d.; brown and fine yellow, 22s. to 25s. 6d.; Pernams and white, 25s. to 27s. The market is from 1s. to 1s. 6d. lower for white Havannah. The sale at the India House of East India sugar consisted of 16,689 bags; Bengal, all sold, white to good middling, 29s. to 32s. 6d.; yellow, fine, and very fine, 25s. 6d. to 30s.

**COFFEE.**—Little varied as to prices; British plantation has given way 1s. to 2s. per cwt., but the market seems recovering the depression. Jamaica coffee sold this week is about 900 casks; Demerara and Berbice, the ordinary and fine ordinary, has been taken for shipment at 35s. and 42s.; Batavia sold at 27s. and 31s.; good ordinary Ceylon, 30s. and 31s.; Sumatra, 25s. 6d.; good ordinary St. Domingo, mixed, sold at 31s.

**RUM, BRANDY, HOLLANDS.**—About 250 puncheons of Leeward Island Rum, two over at 1s. 8½d.; six over at 1s. 9½d.; and ten and twelve over at 1s. 10½d. In Jamaica Rum, we have heard of no purchases. Several parcels of Brandy have been re-sold at a profit. In Geneva there is no variation.

**HEMP, FLAX, AND TALLOW.**—The Tallow market is brisk, and 1s. higher than our last. Hemp is dull: in Flax there is no alteration. Stock of Tallow in London, in 1829, 2,826 hogsheads; in 1830, 13,143 hogsheads.

*Course of Foreign Exchange.*—Amsterdam, 12. 6.—Rotterdam, 12. 6½.—Antwerp, 12. 5½.—Hamburg, 13. 15.—Altona, 13. 15¼.—Paris, 25. 50.—Bordeaux, 25. 80.—Berlin, 0.—Frankfort-on-the-Main, 153. 0½.—Petersburg, 16. 0.—Vienna, 10. 12.—Trieste, 10. 12.—Madrid, 36. 0.—Cadiz, 36. 0¾.—Bilboa, 36. 0.—Barcelona, 36. 0.—Seville, 36. 0¼.—Gibraltar, 47. 0¼.—Leghorn, 48. 0.—Genoa, 25. 75.—Venice, 46. 0.—Malta, 48. 0½.—Naples, 39. 0¾.—Palermo, 119. 0.—Lisbon, 45. 0.—Oporto, 45. 0.—Rio Janeiro, 22. 0.—Bahia, 28. 0.—Dublin, 1. 0½.—Cork, 1. 0½.

*Bullion per Oz.*—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars, £3. 17s. 10½d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s. 0d.—New Dollars, £0. 4s. 9½d.—Silver in Bars (standard), £0. 0s. 0d.

*Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham CANAL, (¼ sh.) 291½.—Coventry, 850½.—Ellesmere and Chester, 90½.—Grand Junction, 280½.—Kennet and Avon, 29½.—Leeds and Liverpool, 462½.—Oxford, 635½.—Regent's, 24½.—Trent and Mersey, (¼ sh.) 750½.—Warwick and Birmingham, 284½.—London Docks (Stock), 78½.—West India (Stock), 191½.—East London WATER WORKS, 128½.—Grand Junction, 60½.—West Middlesex, 80½.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 9½½.—Globe, 155½.—Guardian, 28½½.—Hope Life, 7½½.—Imperial Fire, 120½.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster, chartered Company, 60½.—City, 191½.—British, 1½ dis.—Leeds, 195½.

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

*Announced from July 23d, to August 23d, 1830, in the London Gazette.*

## BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

W. Scott, New Village, York, linen-draper.  
 H. Smyth, Piccadilly, hosier  
 J. Hay, Addle-street, warehouseman  
 E. Russell and T. Webb, Stourport, timber-merchants  
 J. Millar, Wood-street, warehouseman

## BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month 54.]

*Solicitor's Names are in Parenthesis.*

Anderson, R., Cockspur-street, gun-maker. (Chester, Union-street, New Kent-road  
 Atkinson, T., Holbeach, wheelwright. (Palmer and Co., Chancery-lane; Ayliff, Holbeach  
 Bacon, R., Fenchurch-street, tea-broker. (Gates and Co., White Hart-court  
 Bittell, G., Manchester, victualler. (Milner and Co., Casson, Manchester  
 Baker, I. B., Conduit-street, tailor. (Mayhew and Co., Carey-street  
 Bonney, J. G., Tower-hill, wine-merchant. (Henson, Bouverie-street  
 Bill, W., Birmingham, brass-cock-founder. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Tyndall and Co., Birmingham  
 Colegate, J., Kennington, carpenter. (Tucker and Co., Basinghall-street  
 Complin, J. Y., New Alversford, corn-merchant. (Bridger, Finsbury-circus; Caiger, Winchester  
 Comley, G., Uley, clothier. (Parker and Co., Bristol  
 Dobson, B. W., Percy-street, dealer. (Follett, Temple  
 Evers, R., Wakefield, corn-factor. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Taylor, Wakefield  
 English, J., Strand, hosier. (Hardwicke and Co., Lawrence-lane  
 Feltham, J., Sydling-street, Nicholas-street, miller. (Alexander and Son, Carey-street; Henning, Dorchester  
 Gouthwaite, J., Leeds, butcher. (Few and Co., Henrietta street; Bloome and Co., Leeds  
 Hanson, S. and W., Langfield, timber-merchants. (Wigglesworth and Co., Gray's-inn-lane; Thompson, Stansfield and Thompson, Halifax  
 Hawley, J., Wapping, provision-dealer. (Freshfield and Son, Bank-buildings  
 Hornden, P., Chelsea, bookseller. (Beetham, Freemason's-court  
 Hill, W., sen., and W. Hill, jun., Southwark, salters. (Richardson, Walbrook  
 Huddleston, G., Great Driffield, Bookseller. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Scotchburn and Co., Great Driffield  
 Heginbotham, W. M., Stockport, cotton-spinner. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Wigson and Co., Manchester  
 Harris, W., Manchester, merchant. (Milne and Co., Temple; Potter, Manchester  
 James, J., Woolwich, innkeeper. (Cornthwaite, Doctor's-commons; Buxton, Charlton  
 Larkin, C., Newcastle-upon-Tyne, victualler.

(Williamson, Gray's-inn; Ingledew, Newcastle  
 Maddox, J. E., Beaufort-buildings, coal-merchant. (Jones, Size-lane  
 Mott, R. D., Gloucester-terrace, formerly wine-merchant, now out of business. (Drawbridge, Arundel-street  
 M'Loughland, A., Bolton-le-Moors, tailor. (Milne and Co., Temple; Briggs and Co., Bolton-le-Moors  
 Mather, J., Salford, builder. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Lonsdale and Co., Manchester  
 Marsden, M., Birchover, grocer. (Abbot and Co., Symond's-inn; Andrew, Wirksworth  
 Osborn, C., Warwick, draper. (Sharpe and Co., Old Jewry; Haynes, Warwick  
 Oldland, J., Wotton-under-Edge, clothier. (Merredith, Lodbury  
 Prebble, J., Rathbone-place, upholsterer. (Brooking and Co., Lombard street  
 Polden, A. J., Billiter-square, merchant. (Mitchell, New London-street  
 Sprigg, R. A., High Holborn, leather-seller. (Sherwood and Son, Dean-street, Southwark  
 Smith, J., Manchester, publican. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Morris, Manchester  
 Shenton, W., Manchester, miller. (Jayes, Chancery-lane; Greaves and Co., Leicester  
 Spurway, W., Finsbury, builder. (Young, Mark-lane  
 Stiff, J. and H., Little Lever, calico-printers, (Austin and Co., Gray's-inn  
 Squire, F., Great Newport-street, coffee-house-keeper. (Burt, Mitre-court  
 Sidford, J., Tunbridge Wells, linen-draper. (Willis and Co., Token-house-yard  
 Thoroughgood, W., jun., Bagnigge Wells, victualler. (Swan, Doctor's-commons  
 Thomas, J., Canterbury, glover. (Miller, Ely-place  
 Tankard, J., Clayton, worsted-stuff-maker. (Jones, John-street; Nicholson, Bradford  
 Travis, N. and Stopford, J., Audenshaw, hat-manufacturers. (Makinson and Co., Temple; Makinson, Manchester  
 White, C. W., Mile End Old Town, victualler. (Ayrton, Stepney  
 Williams, R., Clowtybout, draper. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Frodsham, Liverpool  
 White, J., Ratcliffe Highway, bookseller. (Wiley and Co., Bank-buildings  
 Wharton, H. J., Stockwell, wine-agent. (Pinkney, Mitre-court  
 Woodburn, W., and E. Jackson, Ulverston, tal-low-chandlers. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane  
 Way, R., Somerton, victualler. (King and Co., Gray's-inn  
 Williams, T. C., Norwich, tea-dealer. (Swain and Co., Frederick's-place  
 Whinyates, J., and S. Whinyates, Liverpool, provision-merchants. (Towne, Broad-street-buildings; Minshul, Liverpool.  
 Wilson, J., Manchester, victualler. (Bower Chancery-lane; Richards, Manchester  
 Young, S., Mansell-street, carpenter. (Shaw and Co., Fenchurch-street

## ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. P. Bliss, to the Rectory of Avening, Gloucester.—Rev. G. Porter, to the Living of Monk Sherborne, Hants.—Rev. R. Davies, to the Rectory of Llanengrad and Llanatig,

Anglesea.—Rev. T. Clarkson, to the Rectory of Beyton, Suffolk.—Rev. J. D. Borton, to the Vicarage of Felmingham, Norfolk.—Rev. P. Toler, to the perpetual Curacy of



Durrow, King's County.—Rev. E. B. Sparke, to the Vicarage of Littleport, Isle of Ely.—Rev. S. Clissold, to the Living of Wrentham, Suffolk.—Rev. J. F. Beadon, to the Vicarage of Compton Bishop, Somerset.—Rev. C. Webber, jun., to the Rectory of Felpham, Sussex.—Rev. H. P. Hamilton, to the Rectory of Wath, Yorkshire.—Rev. R. Pym, to the Rectory of Elmley, Yorkshire.—Rev. R. Gee, to the perpetual Curacy of Formoham and Cockington, Devon.—Rev. F. Todd, to the Rectory of Meshaw, Devon.—Rev. T. Selkirk, to be Domestic Chaplain to Lord Dunmore.—The promotion of the Rev. Mr. Galbraith to the Vicarage of Tuam, has enabled the Archbishop to divide the Rectory of Newport into three livings. The Rev. Mr. Hargrave, has been nominated to Kilmeena, the Rev. Mr. Stoney to Newport, and the Rev. Mr. Wilson to Achill.—Rev. W. F. Hook, and Rev. S. Madan, to be Chaplains to the King.—Rev. J. Merewether and Rev. W. Keeper, to be Chaplains to the Queen.—Rev. T. Furbank, to the perpetual Curacy of Bramley, York.—Rev. G. Pigott, to the perpetual Curacy of St. Mary, Mellor, Lancashire.—Rev. W. St. J. Mildmay, to the Rectory of Dogmesfield, Hants.—Rev.

W. Gray, to the perpetual Curacy of St. Giles on the Heath, Cornwall.—Rev. W. Burrows, to the Vicarage of Christ Church, Hants.—Rev. C. C. Bartholomew, to Starcross District Chapelry.—Rev. J. Williams, to the Rectory of Kenberton, with the Vicarage of Sutton Maddock, Salop.—Rev. J. Holmes, to the head mastership of Leeds Grammar School.—Rev. L. Cooper, to the improper Rectory of Hawkeshead, Lancashire.—Rev. M. Hughes, to the Vicarage of Corwen, Merionethshire.—Rev. R. M. Chatfield, to the united Vicarages of Wilford and Woodford.—Rev. H. R. Rokeby, to the Rectory of Arthingworth, Northampton.—Rev. J. Fox, to be master of St. Bee's Free Grammar School, Cumberland.—Rev. S. Dowell, to the united Livings of Sherwellcum-Motison, Isle of Wight.—Rev. J. Glover, jun., to the Rectory of Rand, Lincoln.—Rev. E. Smyth, to the Vicarage of East Haddon, Northampton.—Rev. C. Carr, to be officiating minister of the church of Newborough, Northampton.—Rev. C. Craufurd, to be Chaplain to the Marquis of Londonderry.—Rev. E. B. Frere, to the perpetual Curacy of St. Lawrence, Ilkeshall, Suffolk.

## CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

### CHRONOLOGY.

August 1. News arrived stating, that in consequence of the King of France's ordinances against the *Chambre des Députés* of France, its dissolution, and also his decrees against the liberty of the press, a Revolution had broken out at Paris, July 27, and continued till the 29th, when Charles X. was obliged to abdicate the throne, and the Duke of Orleans was chosen Lieutenant-General of the kingdom.

4. Report made to the King by the Recorder of the convicts capitally condemned at the July Sessions, when His Majesty respited them all during his royal pleasure.

7. The Duke of Orleans chosen by the *Chambre des Paris*, and the *Chambre des Députés*, King of the French.

17. Charles X., late King of France, arrived at Spithead, with the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême, the Duchess of Berri, and her children, and their suite, General Marmont, Duke of Ragusa, &c.

17. Meeting held at the London Tavern for the purpose of subscribing for and congratulating the French people on the recent revolution.

17. Sir Thomas Beevor, Bart., by request of a Meeting held at London Tavern, August 16, set off as bearer of an address from the London Reformers to the people of Paris.

18. A dinner, at which upwards of 300 persons were present, was held at the Free Mason's Tavern, in celebration of the triumph of constitutional freedom in France, Sir F. Burdett in the chair. The gallery at the end of the hall was filled with ladies; the tri-coloured cockade, and other decorations of a like nature were exhibited.

### MARRIAGES.

At Kew, Rev. R. W. Jelf (preceptor to Prince George of Cumberland) to Countess Emmy, Slippenbach, maid of honour to the Duchess of Cumberland.—Hon. and Rev. C. Bathurst, to Emily Caroline, youngest daughter of the Earl of Abingdon.—J. P. St. George, esq., to Eliza Sophia, daughter of Lieut.-Col. Booth.—R. Ellison, esq., to Charlotte, eldest daughter of Sir G. Chetwynd, bart.—Lord Porchester, eldest son of the Earl of Carnarvon, to Henrietta Anne, daughter of Lord H. M. Howard, and niece to the Duke of Norfolk.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, T. W. Bramston, esq., to Eliza, fifth daughter of the late Sir Eliab Harvey.—At Tissingington, F. Wright, esq., to Selina Fitzherbert, eldest daughter of Sir Henry Fitzherbert, bart.—St. Andrew St. John, jun., esq., to Dorcas Serrell, youngest daughter of A. Iremonger, esq., of Guernsey.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, St. George Caulfield, esq., 1st Life Guards, to Susan, daughter of

Lady Charlotte Crofton, and sister to the present Lord Crofton.—Rev. E. C. Ogle, to Sophia, youngest daughter of Admiral Sir Charles Ogle. bart., M.P.

#### DEATHS.

In Upper Bedford-place, Mrs. Scarlett, 89.—At Gloucester, Hon. Mrs. G. Browne, widow of the Hon. G. Browne, and son of Lord Kilmaine.—Lady Dering, 74, widow of the late Sir E. Dering, bart.—At Minsterne House, Eleanor, relict of the late Rt. Hon. R. Digby, Admiral of the Fleet.—At Woolwich, Eularia, Lady Dickson.—Mrs. Weld, widow of the late T. Weld, esq., and mother of Cardinal Weld, Lulworth Castle.—At Brighton, Mrs. Perkins, 83.—At Lysfaen, 102, Mr. Wm. Jenkins; he joined the Wesleyan connection at the age of 17, when Mr. John Wesley was on his mission to Carmarthen.—At Lane End, I. Tuff, 70, drum-major to the Lane End Volunteers. The deceased, his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, were all drum-majors in his majesty's service; and the last three all died at Chelsea Hospital.—Lady Grey Egerton, relict of the late Sir G. Egerton, bart.—At Caen Wood, Lady Cecilia Sarah Murray, daughter of Earl Mansfield.—Capt. H. Dallas, eldest son of Sir G. Dallas, bart.—J. W. Unwin, esq., one of

the Middlesex coroners.—H. Dick, esq., late M.P., Maldon.—At Sevenoaks, William Lee, 105, "King of the Gipsies." Many of our readers will, doubtlessly, remember seeing his majesty, during the hop season, riding on a donkey supported by his wife on one side, and his son, quite an old man, on the other; his appearance was any thing but pleasing, having lost nearly the whole of his mental and corporeal faculties. The power of utterance, when we last saw this pitiable being, appeared quite to have forsaken him, and his whole aspect was scarcely human. (*Maidstone Journal*.)

#### MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Paris, the Duke de Montebelle to Ellen, youngest daughter of C. Jenkinson, esq.—At the British Ambassador's, Paris, W. E. Image, esq., to Mlle. Désirée Cathérine D'Enville.

#### DEATHS ABROAD.

In France, Capt. Nesbit, R. N., son of Viscountess Nelson, Duchess of Brontë.—At Tabreez, Lieut. Col. Sir John Macdonald Kinnier, British Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Persia; the court, and the inhabitants of Tabreez have determined to wear mourning 3 months, as a mark of respect for him.

### MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

**NORTHUMBERLAND.**—The First Anniversary Meeting of the Natural History Society was held at Newcastle, Aug. 3, when a satisfactory report was made and ordered to be printed for the use of the members.—The Botanical and Horticultural Society's anniversary was also held, Aug. 12, when prizes were awarded to the successful competitors. At the dinner given on the occasion, about 40 members sat down to table; the splendid desert consisted of 80 dishes of the most beautiful and delicious fruits of the season, supplied by the members.

The occurrence of another of those dreadful explosions of hydrogen gas, which of late years have been so destructive of human life in this district, calls for some animadversion. This lamentable accident took place at half-past 5 A.M. Aug. 3, in the Bensham Seam of Jarrow Colliery, when *forty-two* of our fellow creatures were instantaneously deprived of life, thus plunging many families into the deepest affliction, and reducing them to misery and want. The witnesses on the Coroner's Inquest all declare no person is to blame for this calamity—it could not have been foreseen. But the most material fact disclosed in the evidence is, that candles were the only lights used in the Colliery. Why, it may be asked, are candles used, after the discovery of the Safety Lamp? Are they entirely free

from blame, then, who suffered such lights to be used? We beg to recommend that a public subscription be entered into immediately for the relief of the relatives of those who have been killed.—*Tyne Mercury*.

At Newcastle assizes the learned judge congratulated the grand jury on the lightness of the calendar, there being only 2 persons for trial, and both for the same offence.—At the county assizes 5 prisoners received sentence of death, and a few were transported and imprisoned.

By the county treasurer's report it appears that the expenses for last year (June 30, 1829 to July 1830,) amounted to £7075 18s., above half of which was devoted to the law.

**DURHAM.**—At these assizes, Lord Chief Justice Tindal congratulated the grand jury on the calendar containing a number unusually small; 1 prisoner was recorded for death, 1 transported, and a few imprisoned.

**CUMBERLAND.**—At these assizes there were only 6 prisoners for trial, whose offences were not of a very serious nature.

**LANCASHIRE.**—Meetings were held last week at Bolton, and at the Star Inn in this town, to consider the propriety of forming a company for making a railway between the two towns. It was stated at the meet-



ings that, taking a line between the present Bolton and Worsley roads, the railway would pass no fewer than 23 coal pits, and that it would bring to Manchester 150,000 tons of coal at one-fourth of the present rate of carriage; and that by having waggons constructed on purpose, the carts of the bleachers, spinners, paper makers, and others, near the line of road, could be brought without unloading. It was also stated that the number of persons passing in one way or another by the 14 daily coaches, by the boats, on foot, &c. was nearly as great as between this town and Liverpool. The estimated cost of the railway is £100,000, of which £40,000 was subscribed for at the meeting, and the whole would have been subscribed for, had it not been deemed advisable to hold shares for the landholders, manufacturers, &c. on the line of road.—*Manchester Courier*, July 31.

The exhibition of pictures, &c. at the Royal Institution at Manchester has opened, and we consider it (says the *Manchester Courier*) as decidedly the most splendid of any which has yet been witnessed in this place; a third room has been completed, and filled with part of the pictures, and the front of the building is now completed, and a neat iron railing has been erected round it. Casts from the Elgin marbles have been arranged round the entrance hall.

We have at present great satisfaction in saying that we scarcely ever remember the trade of this town and neighbourhood generally to have been in a more healthy and satisfactory state than, by common consent, it is admitted to be at this time.—*Manchester Paper*.

A public meeting of the inhabitants of Liverpool was held in the Music-hall, 14th August, "to take into consideration the best mode of expressing their admiration of the independent and heroic spirit of the People of Paris, as recently displayed in their resistance to the infringement of their Constitutional Rights, and to manifest their sympathy with the survivors for the loss of those distinguished Patriots who fell in the glorious struggle," when several resolutions were passed, and a subscription entered into amounting to upwards of £500.

**YORKSHIRE.**—A public meeting has been recently held at Elland for the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety of forming a Political Union, when various resolutions were passed unanimously, "for the attainment and maintenance of lost constitutional rights, for a union of all classes of society, after the model of the Birmingham Union." The tri-coloured flag was hoisted, preceded by a band of music in procession; about 1,500 persons attended.

**NORTHAMPTON.**—By the abstract account of the county expenses for last year, made up to Easter sessions, it appears that it amounted to £7,968. 17s. 6d. For county bridges and miscellanies about £1,000 was required; the rest was expended for

vagrants, felons, prosecutions, debtors, gaol, judges' house, county-hall, coroners, and Bridewell.

A society called "the Northampton Patriotic Union," was instituted August 11, for the purpose of preserving the freedom and independence of the borough from all corrupt influence in the election of members to represent that town in parliament, and to secure the return of such patriotic men who will support parliamentary reform, a reduction of taxation, and an economical expenditure of the public money, &c. &c.

**WORCESTERSHIRE.**—At these assizes 10 prisoners received sentence of death, 4 transported, and a few were imprisoned.

**WARWICKSHIRE.**—At the county assizes 16 prisoners were recorded for death; 18 were transported, and 22 imprisoned for various periods.

**HEREFORDSHIRE.**—At these assizes 10 prisoners were recorded for death, one was transported, and several imprisoned.

**SOMERSETSHIRE.**—Twenty-one prisoners were recorded for death at these assizes; 8 were transported, and 10 imprisoned for various periods.

In congratulating his present Majesty on his accession to the throne, the address from the *Bath and West of England Agricultural Society*, says—"We rest with pride and confidence under the protection of a Sovereign who, for 13 years, has been at the head of the noble Vice-Patrons of our society, and who, in noticing the labours of one of our late Vice-Presidents, has condescended to express himself in these memorable terms: 'I know, and therefore esteem him, and accept with pleasure the Cloth he is kind enough to send; I shall have it made into the Naval Uniform, as being the gift of an English farmer, following the example of the King of Great Britain, who first introduced the Merino breed of sheep into these kingdoms.'"

**HANTS.**—A new line of road is just completed, leading from Wickham to Droxford, through a space of the King's Liberty, in the Forest of Bere, which shortens the distance about one mile in five, and avoids three very unpleasant, not to say dangerous hills, and which will be extremely pleasant when it has been a little time travelled upon.

**NORFOLK.**—Five prisoners were recorded for death at these assizes, and 4 transported.

Last Monday, previous to submitting their 24th exhibition to public inspection, the society received the mayor, aldermen, sheriffs, and other gentlemen, to a private view of the paintings, drawings, and engravings, at their New Gallery, Norwich. On this occasion thanks were given for the donation voted last year to the institution

by a general assembly of the corporation.—The Horticultural Show at the Corn Exchange, on Wednesday last, attracted a very numerous attendance of members and visitors. Near the centre of the room was suspended a magnificent cluster of black Hamburgh grapes (surmounted by leaves and tendrils), composed of upwards of 60 bunches, and weighing 5 st. 7 lbs. They were sent by R. Crayshaw, Esq., Honingham.—*Norfolk Chronicle*, Aug. 7.

**LINCOLNSHIRE.**—A numerous meeting of the inhabitants of Stamford was held July 28, to consider the propriety of forming an Association “to protect the free and unbiassed exercise of the Elective Franchise in that town, to repress all undue and illegal influence, to keep harmless and indemnified every Elector from any injurious consequence that may arise from his votes upon the ensuing and every succeeding election, and to secure the purity of representation according to the laws and constitution of this country,” when several resolutions were passed, and a subscription entered into for the above purpose. One of the resolutions specifies that the association shall have nothing whatever to do with any party, candidate, or colour, but shall be open to all parties.

**SUSSEX.**—Lord Tenterden in his charge to the grand jury at the assizes for this county (held at Lewes), regretted to see such a number of prisoners in the calendar; and well he might, for no less than 29 were recorded for death, besides a few transported, and some imprisoned.

**WILTS.**—Twenty-two prisoners were recorded for death at these assizes, and a few transported and imprisoned.

**HUNTINGDONSHIRE.**—At these assizes there was neither prisoner nor law cause for trial.

**SHROPSHIRE.**—Judgment of death was recorded at these assizes on 21 prisoners. The sentence on Chetwood, for sacrilege in Condover church, was commuted into transportation for life; he had been tried six times before for various offences.

**DERBYSHIRE.**—Nine prisoners received sentence of death at these assizes, a few were transported and imprisoned.

A society of quite a new description has of late sprung up in Mellor; it is called “The Hen-peck’d Club,” the members lately held their first annual meeting, and had a procession which beggars all description. It consisted of a fellow riding upon an ass with a child’s red-flannel night-cap hung over his shoulders, accompanied by another in woman’s attire, surrounded by a noisy motley crew of his fellows, bearing women’s shawls tied to mop sticks for flags, others carrying mops, besoms, maidens, dollies, frying pans, &c. &c., attired in the most ridiculous way, and accompa-

nied by the Mellor band. At certain places on their route they halted and read aloud a declaration, setting forth the disabilities under which the members laboured, not omitting to visit every ale-house on their route to try the dregs of their weak ale barrels. This society is composed of married men of all ages and descriptions; and any unfortunate wight in the wedded state who is under the sway of *petticoat* government, or conceives himself to be in such a hapless case, is qualified to become a member. Although the village of Mellor is not an exceedingly populous place, yet the members who walked in the procession were numerous.

A Self-supporting Charitable and Parochial Dispensary was established at Derby, Aug. 8; the meeting was held in the Town-hall, the Mayor in the chair; letters were read from some of the leading gentlemen of the county, approving the plan, and offering their subscriptions and patronage.

**DEVONSHIRE.**—Nine prisoners were recorded for death at these county assizes, 3 transported, and 12 imprisoned for various periods.

A special court of the Guardians of the Poor was held last Monday at the Guildhall, to receive and determine on a Memorial from some of the Payers, relating to open courts; and it was moved, “That the courts of the Corporation of the Poor be on all occasions open to the public.” A long discussion ensued, when it was resolved, by a majority of 20 Guardians to 5, “That this court is of opinion this body can more conveniently and more effectually discharge their duties to their constituents, by adhering to the usual mode of transacting business, than by throwing open the doors of the court.”—*Exeter Alfred*, Aug. 10.

The eldest son of the Pacha of Egypt is now residing at Driscoll’s Clarence Hotel, Southside-street, Plymouth. The Prince is a fine young man, about 30 years of age, and understands the English language remarkably well. He has visited almost every place in England and Scotland. He intends to return to Egypt in the Turko-Egyptian ship *Kola*, Capt. Prissick, now lying in the Sound.—*Alfred*.

**CORNWALL.**—Five prisoners received sentence of death at these assizes, and a few were imprisoned, and one transported.

**WALES.**—Judgment of death was recorded against 3 prisoners at Montgomeryshire great sessions, one of them (William Tibbott,) was for the murder of his father: he was hanged, Aug. 16, and a person from an English town acted as executioner, it being impossible to find any one in Wales to execute this office. From mismanagement, the spectators had the horror of perceiving that the knot of the cord by which he was suspended was



directly under the culprit's chin, and the wind-pipe being only thereby partially compressed, the wretched man was left to struggle into eternity in horribly protracted agony, for full 18 minutes !

**SCOTLAND.**—Aug. 20. A numerous meeting (about 1000 persons,) of the citizens of Edinburgh took place in Stevenson's Hotel to commemorate the late revolution in France; the Lord Provost presided, "who came," he said, "as chief magistrate to express publicly that opinion which he had expressed in private of the moderation evinced by the French people in the triumph so dearly bought by them." Several resolutions were unanimously passed eulogizing the event; one of them was to communicate their approbation to the mayor, municipality and people of Paris, others restrained them from making any tender of pecuniary aid, by the conviction that it was not necessary.

A penny-a-head subscription has been set on foot in this city, on approved *Utilitarian* principles, to buy caddis and bandages for the wounded citizens of Paris. Flaming placards appear on every street corner, inviting each generous-hearted worthy individual, who has nothing else to do with his money, to drop a penny into the freedom fund. Many plain-going folks think it would be rather more becoming to give their superfluous cash to our own Infirmary, than to a French hospital; and as these notions happen to be very general, the collection of Peter's pence is progressing but languidly.—*Edinburgh Evening Post*, Aug. 21.

**Burghead, August 3.**—The fishing continues unprecedentedly good on the west coast of Caithness and towards Cape Wrath, many boats having caught more than their usual take for the whole season. Should the weather continue good, and a proper supply of stock be brought round, there can be no doubt that the fishing on that coast will far exceed any thing hitherto known.—The fifty-six boats fishing here have caught from 1100 to 1200 crans, on an average of about 21 crans per boat, since the commencement of the present season, which is considered by the curers to promise a plentiful fishing.—At Lossiemouth and the different creeks eastward, the fishing has been eminently successful.—On the 31st ultimo, an average was taken of the boats fishing at Findochty and Cullen, and it amounted to 100 crans per boat, a take hitherto unprecedented at so early a period of the fishing season.

*Summary of Religious Belief of Persons above Ten Years of Age in Scotland, 1830.*—*Established Church.* Belonging to Parish Churches, Chapels of Ease, and Chapels of

Missionaries, employed in the Highlands and Islands, £00,000.—*Presbyterian Dissenters.* Reformed Presbyterian Synod, or Cameronians—Secession Church—Original Seceders—Original Burgher Seceders—and Relief Body, 330,000.—*Miscellaneous Sectaries.* Independents and Baptists—Boreans and Glassites—Swedenborgians—New Sectaries with no distinct title—Methodists and Jews, 100,900.—*Apostolic Churches.* Roman Catholics, 100,000.—Episcopalians, 60,000.—Unitarians—those holding Socinian opinions—Pure disbelievers, and those who attend no place of public worship of any description, either from want of seats, or want of will, though generally baptized Christians, and of Presbyterian lineage, 509,100.—Total 2,000,000.

**IRELAND.**—The following extract of a letter from Kanturk appears in the *Cork Chronicle*:—"The situation of the town is deplorable, for out of a population of 2,800 souls, of which the town alone consists, not less than 1,200 are entered as paupers on the books of the relief committee, and nearly one-third of the inhabitants of the country district are in the same situation; not far from this, persons were known to bleed the cattle for the purpose of subsisting on the blood, and entire families lived for weeks on the coarser leaves of cabbage, without any other aliment, and the poor creatures may be seen with sunken eyes, haggard and emaciated countenances, the hue of which almost resembles the unwholesome diet on which they drag out a miserable existence."

We have received communications from some of the prisoners confined in the City Marshalsea, complaining of the severity of their sufferings from want of food, and even of straw for bedding. They describe themselves as starving, and labouring under all the other evils which their destitute condition in confinement at this season can inflict. Many of these unfortunate beings are parents, and when their poor children join them to pass the night in their wretched home, as many as 40 individuals are often crowded into the space of one narrow room! They state that the greater number of them are confined for the amount of rent they were unable to pay for their wretched hovels, and that the debts of many are not greater than 2 or 3 shillings, while none exceed £2!! Here is a state of misery absolutely frightful—human beings flung into a noxious prison for a few shillings, without means of subsistence, and their families perishing! They have claimed our advocacy with the charitable public, and we state the facts laid before us as the fittest appeal to the compassion and services of the merciful.—*Dublin Morning Register*, Aug. 4.







LOUIS PHILIPPE,

*King of the French*

*Engraved by THOMSON from a Painting by GERARD.*

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THE KING OF THE FRENCH, FRANCE, WELLINGTON, AND EUROPE.

FRANCE now attracts the universal eye, and as a great portion of her conduct must be determined by the character of her chief, the history of Louis Philippe has a peculiar interest at the present time.

Of all the countries of Europe, France has seldomest seen the succession to her throne disturbed by war, conspiracy, or the influence of foreign powers. Yet, since the tenth century she has been governed by seven dynasties: the Capet, the Valois, the Orleans Valois, the Angoulême, the Bourbon, the Napoleon, and the Orleans; or on an average, one every century.

The death of Louis le Faineant, a profligate youth, left Hugh Capet, who had been appointed his guardian, master of the crown, in 987. Charles, Duke of Lorraine, the late king's uncle, disputed his right; but Capet's descent from Charlemagne, and his own intelligence, moderation, and virtue, secured the affections of the people. His dynasty governed France down to the fourteenth century, when, in 1328, Charles the Fourth, named the Handsome, died, leaving no male issue.

The Valois branch of the Capets now succeeded; a memorable event in French history, as the origin of those dreadful wars with England, which devastated France for almost a hundred and fifty years. The right to the crown was claimed by Edward the Third, in virtue of his descent by the female line. But the French pleaded the Salique law against him, and the nobles chose Philip, the son of Charles de Valois, brother of Philip the Fair, and uncle of Charles the Handsome. In Charles the Eighth the line failed, in 1498.

The Orleans branch ascended the throne, in the person of Louis, Duke of Orleans, cousin of Louis the Eleventh. He married a sister of the English Henry the Eighth. In speaking of those various branches as dynasties, of course we have not taken the word in its general sense, of a long succession in each, but merely as the change of a direct lineage.

The Angoulême branch succeeded in 1515. Francis, Duke of Angoulême, the famous Francis the First, the rival of Charles the Fifth of Germany, ascending the throne, by the death of Louis the



Twelfth, without issue. The death of Henry the Third, formerly Duke of Anjou, and King of Poland, brother of Charles the Ninth, that atrocious author of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, left the crown to the Bourbon branch.

In 1589, Henry Bourbon, King of Navarre, the famous Henry the Fourth, was called to the throne. He was allied to the Capets, as ninth in descent from St. Louis, and was at once a Valois by blood, and a Bourbon by parentage. The death of the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth on the scaffold, in 1793, left France without a monarch, as she had left herself without a throne.

In 1804, Napoleon, the First Consul, was made Emperor, and retained his sovereignty till 1814, when he abdicated for the first time, and returning, was finally expelled in 1815. The Bourbons then returned. The fatal ordonnances of the 27th of June, 1830, overthrew them, and the Orleans branch were again summoned to the throne, (August 7th,) by the general acclamation of the people, and the sanction of the Chamber of Deputies.

The History of the late Duke of Orleans, the father of the King, is one of warning to the restlessness and folly of men of rank. He had fortune, high station, and extensive popularity; he had even personal acquirements and no trivial ability. But he had ambition; a giddy, reckless, and cruel desire of being the first, where nature, fidelity, and honour would have kept him the second. Yet it is remarkable that he lost his grand prize, the throne, by *want of vice*! Personally profligate, and publicly ready for all excesses of politics or the passions, he was not prepared to exhibit the due proportion of ferocity. He had not made up his mind to drink blood, and roar blasphemies with the true men of the revolution. The Marats outran him in frenzy, the Dantons in blasphemy, and the Robespierres in massacre. Thus left behind in the popular race of the glorious time of philosophy and the scaffold, the unfortunate Duke stood a solitary and forlorn figure for the scoff of the Republic—soon to be its victim. The old question of who or what was the true origin of that tempest of horror and carnage, is brought to decision in the character of the Duke of Orleans.—He was the richest subject in France:—the King was oppressed with financial perplexities.—He was at the head of all the intellectual profligates of France: the King was surrounded only by the court imbeciles, by feeble adulators, keen enough in their own interests to keep him constantly in the clouds, whenever the public interests were concerned, but utterly unfit to contend, in intelligence, experience, or activity, with the World of France.—The Duke was a man of ability, the King was, like his councillors, imbecile, though not, like them, dishonest; and destitute of all opportunities to learn the public mind, though not, like them, unwilling. With all those advantages on the side of Orleans, advantages, to a man of his unprincipled spirit, galling him every hour by the contrast, he had a personal and keener source of resentment: he felt that he was suspected by the King, and hated by the Queen.

The private scandals of French life must find another detail than ours. But they had reached a dreadful extent in the time of the old court of France. The Queen's artless manners had given rise to suspicions of more than levity, and in the infinite idleness of Versailles, and the infinite malice of Paris, she had been traduced without mercy. There is not the slightest evidence that she was deserving of the slightest

of those rumours. Her ease of manner arose from an unstained heart, her familiarity was innocence, and her open ridicule of the repulsive formality of court etiquette, the natural result of security of mind. But it is hazardous to stand in opposition to the customs of a whole country. The profligate countesses, to whom life had but one profligate purpose, exclaimed in all their coteries against the "indecorums" of the Queen. The profligate nobles conceived that even the highest rank of female life was no more guarded by virtue than that of the brood of painted and gambling women of their circle. The profligate populace, always rejoicing at the opportunity of lowering their superiors to the level of their own vices, rejoiced at the probability of being able to stigmatize the Queen, who had the additional unpopularity of being an Austrian, the director of her weak husband, and the true and known pillar of royalty in the councils of France.

Whether the duke was repulsed in his politics or his person—whether as a rebel or a lover, his hatred against the Queen was notorious and irreconcilable. The Queen repaid him. She has been heard to say, as he walked through the levee, "Look at that man's countenance: it carries death to me."

From the year 1787, the Duke of Orleans had placed himself in the foremost position as leader of the anti-royal party. The quarrels of the Parliament of Paris with the Court, had compelled the King to do something more than eat, dream, and talk to his confessor. In the famous sitting of November, 1787, Orleans had the hardihood to ask the King whether the meeting was for deliberating on the state of the country, or merely for registering the royal will? Whether it was to be a real council, or simply a 'bed of justice?' The question was bold; the whole assembly of courtiers had never heard such a sound before; the poor King was all astonishment, and the duke received the reward of his intrepidity, in a ministerial order to leave Paris, and go to Villers Coterets.

But what duke of the old regime, or what Frenchman, of any, could bear exile from Paris? Orleans solicited his recal, and even solicited the Queen to obtain that recal.

On the 8th of May, when the Estates of the Kingdom met in the Cathedral at Notre Dame, the duke was observed to desert the procession of the princes of the blood to mingle with the populace, and exhibited by his manner a sufficient contempt for the grave mockery of the ceremonial. The amalgamation of the Deputies into one body, the National Assembly, owed much of its success to the duke, and his speech formidably widened the distance between him and the royal family. A remarkable contrast to the King, the Court, and the People, was, that while they were growing poor, the Duke was growing rich. One of his most reprobate companions, Louvet, had suggested the idea of throwing the greater part of his palace into shops. The Palais Royal was instantly an enormous revenue, and he had soon money enough to blind one half of Paris, and to bribe the other.

The plot now began to thicken. "The Jacobin Club," damned to everlasting fame, were the duke's partizans, purchased, doubtless, by the duke's gold. The crown was visibly slipping off the head of the unfortunate Louis. The Jacobins were ready to put it on the head of their master. But his distinctions were to be of another kind. He was sent by the King into exile, on pretence of a mission to England,



On his return, he found that his chance was at an end. The Jacobins had made up their minds—"There was to be no king in France." The duke was expelled from Versailles; and from that moment he threw off the mask, if he had ever worn one.

The infamous 6th of October, 1792, came, and the King, Queen, and the royal children, were dragged to Paris by a mob, who paraded the heads of the *gardes du corps* before the royal carriage, on pikes. This was the day that stamped Lafayette for life. While he lives, it will never be forgotten that "he slept on the 6th of October." He was commander of the National Guard, of forty thousand men. At the head of this force, he ought to have stopped the mob of Paris from going to Versailles to insult the Constitutional King. He did no such thing. This band of blood, drunkenness, and robbery, got the start of him by six hours. He then followed them, to rescue the King. Lafayette arrived, and fortunately found that nothing had yet been done. The National Guard were quartered round the palace. Lafayette had an audience of the King, and solemnly assured him that he might retire to rest with the utmost security; he would answer for it, and would guarantee the royal family against any attack by the mob. On this assurance the King ordered the exterior posts of the palace to be given up to the National Guard, and went to sleep. Lafayette *went to sleep too!* and slept so soundly, that he slept till the mob had burst their way into the royal chambers, gutted the palace, stabbed the *gardes-du-corps*, and taken the unfortunate monarch prisoner, to take him as a felon to Paris. Then Lafayette put himself at the head of the National Guard again, and again followed the mob. All this might have been mere negligence or folly, but it was singularly disastrous in the end. So much for the Patriot who is now to watch over the pillow of Louis Philippe.

Titles were next extinguished, and the proud name of Orleans was sunk in the popular one of *Egalité*. Citizen Equality was now a plebeian like the rest, the fellow of the citizen tinker and the citizen cobbler. His rabble compeers soon gave him a lesson in the rights of man. His estates followed his titles. Some of his family fled, and were glad to fly. His son entered the Revolutionary army. His own life was in perpetual hazard. On the 21st of January, 1793, Louis the Sixteenth was murdered on the scaffold. The Duke of Orleans had voted for his death; and even in that band of blood, the vote caused an universal shudder. He was utterly undone from that hour. No man's career ever gave a more striking example of the miseries of guilty ambition. The Nobles hated him, as the betrayer of their order, the Church as the patron of their confiscation, the King's friends as his unnatural enemy, the People as a remnant of the aristocracy on which they rejoiced to trample. To save himself in this general repulsion, he had plunged into fatal intrigue with the Jacobins; that troop of assassins which seemed congregated for the scourge of France, and the abhorrence of human nature. They received him in triumph, kept him as a tool, and then cast him off as a victim. Robespierre, who mastered all his rivals by a supremacy in bloodshed, marked him for the scaffold.

The malice of the master-fiend turned even his sacrifices and services against this miserable man—"He has two sons in our army in Belgium; his influence is therefore dangerous. He has friends among our generals—he must be watched. He has called himself *Egalité*—he cannot be sincere, he must wish to be a duke again; his hypocrisy must be

punished. He has given up large sums to forward the Revolution. It must have been with the idea of ascending a new throne. The Republic allows of no throne. He must be extinguished." The reasoning was irresistible, and the proud Philip of Orleans was cast into the dungeons of Marseilles. Trial rapidly followed; he was found guilty; and the justice which he had eluded during a long career, at length overtook him at the hands of a tribunal of assassins. He died firmly, as became a man of high name, and still retaining the single virtue that saves the criminal from utter contempt. The populace, for whose plaudits he had sacrificed all things, rewarded him by scoffs and hisses on his way to the scaffold. "They will applaud me yet," said he, with a sudden sense of the giddiness of popular opinion. Yet he was mistaken. No man has since applauded him. He has been left in the neglect due to his crimes. No hand has planted the laurel, nor even the cypress, on his grave.

Louis-Philippe, the present King of the French, was born on the 6th of October 1773, in the Palais Royal, eldest son of the late Duke, and of Louisa Maria Adelaide, daughter of the Duc de Bourbon Penthièvre, Admiral of France. In infancy his title was Duc de Valois, but in 1782 he assumed that of Duc de Chartres, on the death of his grandfather, the Duke of Orleans, from whom he had been called, his father's name being Louis Philippe Joseph. He had two brothers, the Duc de Montpensier, and the Comte de Beaujolais, who both died of consumption about twenty years ago, and one sister, Adelaide Eugene Louisa, Princess of Orleans, born in 1777.

The education of the Orleans family was for many years in the hands of Madame de Genlis, well known for her novels, her tracts on education, her scribbling at the age of eighty, and her figuring in the scandalous chronicle of Paris. Her system of education was founded on the fanciful absurdities of Rousseau, and the young Duke was to be the *Emilius*. A large part of this was foolish, but some was practical, and all was better than the wretched system of flattery, indolence and vice, in which the children of the French nobles were generally brought up. De Genlis removed the Orleans children from the pestilent habits of Paris to the country, and there gave them the exercise, and in a considerable degree the habits and pursuits of the peasantry. The boys were taught to live on simple food, to run, swim, even to climb trees, and walk on poles, for the purpose of accustoming them to help themselves in any case of personal hazard. The results were, health, handsome proportions and activity; but the Countess taught them more, for in her ideas of life she mingled, like all fools of both sexes, the glories of political bustle, and she took the children to see the fall of the Bastille. Doubtless every man of common sense on earth must have rejoiced at the fall of an infernal prison, in which the caprice of a minister, or the mistress of a minister, or of a clerk in office, or the mistress of a clerk in office, might shut up the most innocent man for life. The Bastille could not exist in any country without degrading the very nature of man, and making every individual, writer or not writer, tremble for every syllable he uttered. Still it was a piece of indecorum and insolence in the governess of infants to lead them to a spectacle, which to their minds could be only one of riot and butchery, and which was at the moment a direct triumph over the unfortunate king and relative of their father. The truth was, Madame volunteered revolutionary displays for the honour of her *friendship* with M. le Duc.



But one display that took place the year before was exempt from those charges. In the French convents, as in all places under the uncontrolled dominion of the popish priesthood, horrible cruelties were practised; sometimes on monks and nuns who happened naturally to get weary of their condition, or disgusted with the cold cruelty of their superiors; sometimes protestants given over to the hands of those horrid persecutors, and sometimes on state prisoners—unfortunate beings who had, for something or for nothing, excited the suspicion of some tyrant governor of the province, or some scoundrel courtier, or some licentious prince. The convent prisons answered the double purpose of paying a compliment to the monks, saving the government the trouble of keeping those wretched people in charge, and securing them till a miserable death ended their sufferings; for no prison was so secure or so secret as the vault of a convent. St. Michael, in Normandy, was one of those pious safeguards; and there was in the bottom of one of its caverns, a place of peculiar confinement for unfortunates whose crimes were obnoxious to the tastes of royalty. Writers were especially criminal in the eyes of the French kings and courtiers, and one of the tenants of this dungeon was the publisher of a Dutch gazette; who, owing no allegiance to Louis XIV., and probably feeling no more admiration than the royal libertine's subjects for him, had excited his displeasure by some remarks in his paper. The publisher was laid hold on, hurried off to the St. Michael, and in the iron cage of this horrible dungeon he lay for fifteen years! Well may Englishmen bless the tongues and swords that rescued them from tender mercies like this! Well may they look with jealousy and indignation on all attempts to bring them to a condition like this, and well may they deserve it if they suffer the slightest inroad on the Press, which is, after all, the only sure guardian of their liberty,—surer and safer than all the formal guards of laws, which may be abrogated in an hour; of a legislature which may be corrupted; or of a cabinet which may dread the light, for the old reason, of the darkness of its deeds! The French ministers knew what was the friend of freedom and the foe of tyranny, and they fastened all the fangs and claws of power upon the Press. Nations have the example—let them be wise by the warning.

In the first efforts of the French Revolution, the public mind was turned on what had been its especial horror for so many centuries, and the secrets of those dreadful places were dragged to light. Among the rest, the Norman peasantry insisted on relieving the monks of St. Michael of the honour of being prison-keepers to the king; and the dungeon was thrown open for public inspection. Louis XVI. was a mild tempered creature, and the fashion at court was astonishment at the thickness of prison walls, the damp of dungeons, and the rusty solidity of bolts and bars. The prisons became a sort of public curiosity; and among the rest, St. Michael was visited by the Count D'Artois, who was electrified at the sight of the iron cage! gave a general command for its demolition, rode off, and left it as he found it. But it seems as if fate had determined that the Duke of Orleans should always finish what Charles X. left undone. The young *élève* of Madame de Genlis not merely commanded its destruction, but stood by till it was completed. The narrative of this transaction, which was the parent of the fall of the Bastille, is interesting.

“The Prior, followed by the monks, two carpenters, and the greater part of the prisoners, who, at our request, were allowed to be present,

accompanied us to the spot containing this horrible cage. In order to reach it, we were obliged to traverse caverns so dark, that we had to use lighted flambeaux; and after having descended many steps, we reached the cavern where stood this abominable cage, which was extremely small, and placed on ground so damp, that we could see the water running under it!

"I entered with a sentiment of horror and indignation, mingled with the pleasant feeling, that, at least, thanks to my pupils, no unfortunate person would in future have to reflect with bitterness within its walls on his own calamities, and the cruelty of men. The young duke, with the most touching expression, and with a force beyond his years, gave the first blow with his axe to the cage (which was of wood, strongly bound with iron). After which the carpenters cut down the door, and removed some of the wood. I never witnessed any thing so interesting as the transports, the acclamations, and the applauses of the prisoners during the demolition. The old Swiss porter alone shewed signs of grief, which the prior explained, by saying he regretted the cage, because he made money by shewing it to strangers. The duke immediately gave him ten louis; saying, that 'for the future, instead of shewing the cage to travellers, he should have to point out the place where it stood, and that surely would be more agreeable to them.'" So says Madame de Genlis, and the anecdote does credit to the feelings and the understanding of her clever pupil.

There are also some traits of good feeling told of him at subsequent periods. When the decree of the National Assembly put an end to the privileges of eldership, the little Duc de Chartres turned round to his brother Montpensier, and declared "his delight that there would be no longer any distinction between them." This was French, and, besides, argued rather too keen a sense of his previous superiority. But the next anecdote is of the country of every honest and high-minded man. At the age of seventeen he was sent for to Paris by his father, and an establishment was given to him. His time of life was a tempting one, and Paris was a tempting place, for such a time. But the boy felt that he had still something to learn, and he still made regular visits, as a pupil, to the family school in the country. He, yet more to his honour, made the resolution of laying by his pocket-money till he was of age, and appropriating it to charitable and public purposes.

The Duc de Chartres was now to mingle in the stirring life of the world. The Jacobins were the chief partizans of his father, and by that father's command he became a member of the Jacobin Club. But he was happily called from the contact of those blasphemers and murderers to scenes where his virtues would not be so hazardous to himself. In 1790 he was sent to join his regiment quartered in Vendome. He found the populace slaying the priests, and his first exploit was to save one of those unfortunate men; his next was to jump into the river to rescue a custom-house officer from drowning. His activity could not have exercised itself on two more obnoxious classes. For the priest he got nothing, but the city of Vendome gave him a civic crown for the exciseman!

In 1792, France offered the finest lesson ever given to the world of a nation trained from its cradle by Popery and its perpetual associate Despotism! It was all in a blaze. Its only creed an abolition of all



belief in a soul, in the principles of truth, honour, or morality, or in a God; its only law the will of a populace of cut-throats inured to make confessions once a quarter, and receive absolution as often, let the iniquity be what it might, the simple condition being the amount of the fee; and its only freedom the liberty to murder every body, and be murdered in their turn:—the delight of the legislature and the populace alike being the general clearance of the prisons, the streets, and the houses by the pike, the grapeshot, and the guillotine; France declaring herself at war with all the world, all the world compelled to war with France; every day a massacre in Paris, or in the provinces, a battle on the frontier, or a new burst of horrible retaliatory rage in La Vendée; The whole aspect of that immense country one cloud of conflagration and slaughter; France bleeding at every pore.

The Duc de Chartres served his first campaign under Biron in 1792, in the army of the north, where he was in several general actions, and commanded a brigade of cavalry. Under Luckner and Dumouriez he fought against the Prussian invasion, and on the famous 6th of November, 1792, the day of Gemappe, he is said to have decided the battle. The French had found the Austrian army strongly intrenched on the heights of Gemappe. But he, as Dumouriez afterwards declared, had no alternative but to attack them, for he had no bread; and he gave one of his columns to the Duc de Chartres, who rushed upon the lines. The Austrians repulsed the first charge, and drove back the column, which had led the centre attack. Dumouriez thought that all was lost, and was galloping across the field to recover the day if possible, when he met an aide-de-camp sent to give him the news of victory. The Duc de Chartres had rallied his young troops, put himself at the head of a regiment, and rushing forward, burst into the Austrian lines. All was now rout; the charge decided the battle, and the battle decided the fate of the Austrian dominion in Flanders. The enemy lost upwards of six thousand in killed, wounded, and prisoners, and Dumouriez instantly overran the whole of Belgium.

But Dumouriez, that fortunate and extraordinary soldier, who first taught the French Republican how to fight, and whose genius was the only one that might have anticipated the splendour of Napoleon's triumphs, was soon forced to acknowledge the uncertainty of military fortune. In February 1793, at the battle of Nerwinde, he was utterly defeated. With the Republic, misfortune was always a crime, and the general was summoned to Paris to give an account of himself. This was notoriously but a summons to have his head cut off. He knew the world, and he contrived to elude the command; while he revolved the idea of overthrowing his masters in their turn. He was said to have then conceived the idea of placing the Duc de Chartres on the throne. But he found that his army would not follow him. Commissioners from Paris arrived to seize the refractory general. By a last instance of dexterity, he turned the tables on the commissioners, cleverly seized them, sent them as an introduction for himself to the Austrian camp, and galloped after them with the young duke at his side. The seizure of these commissioners was of service to more than himself, for they were afterwards exchanged for the Dauphiness, the present Duchess of Angouleme, then in prison in Paris.

The duke had fled, only on knowing that an order for his arrest had been issued from Paris. But though a fugitive by necessity he refused

to serve against France. The Prince of Cobourg, the Austrian general, offered him the command of a division as lieutenant-general. This he declined; and, proscribed by his country, separated from all means of income, and with nothing but his education, his activity, and his honesty, he went to make his way through the world.

Such are the vicissitudes from which at times no rank is exempted. But the duke had more than the ordinary aggravations of a fall from splendid fortune. He was in terror for every member of his family. His father and two brothers were in the dungeons of the Committee of Public Safety, dungeons from which there was scarcely an instance of liberation, and from which his father was taken but to die. His mother and sister had fled from France, and he had no intelligence of them, except that they were separated! He was personally obnoxious to the emigrants, from his Republican services, and the Republicans would have seen him only to send him to the guillotine. In this emergency he made his escape to Switzerland. It seems unfortunate that he did not come to England, where he would have been secure, and highly received. But probably he might have been reluctant to meet the multitude of emigrants here, and, probably too, his proud spirit would have been unwilling, either to appear as a pensioner of the country, or to take the humble means which he must have found necessary for independence.

But in Switzerland he had the satisfaction of finding his sister, whom he placed in the convent of Bremgarten. As soon as his presence was known he was persecuted, and obliged to fly to the Alps from the pursuit of Robespierre. During four months which he passed in this wild country, he and his valet lived on thirty sous, or 1s. 5d. a day. At length, even this failed; he was obliged to dismiss his valet, and assuming the name of M. Corby, he offered himself as teacher of mathematics at the college of the Grisons at Coire. Here he subsisted for eight months. The death of Robespierre, in 1794, made this retirement unnecessary. He received some money from France, and hired a cottage in a Swiss village. He then set out on a tour through the north, and went as far as Lapland.

In an account by Tweddale, the Greek traveller, of his visit to the duke, in Switzerland, he says:—

“The duke is at present determined to proceed to North America, to enjoy that liberty for which he has suffered so much. There, in the midst of forests, he will complete an education so auspiciously commenced by adversity. I doubt not that he will still display that unaffected magnanimity which has hitherto rendered him superior to good and to bad fortune. The same greatness of soul has marked him throughout. A prince, at sixteen, without the least touch of pride; at seventeen, a general rallying his division three times under the fire of Gemappe; a professor of geometry at twenty, as competent as if he had devoted to it long years of study; and in each condition, as if he had been born to fulfil its duties. To conclude, I cannot give you a better idea of the union of strength and moderation in his character, than by a copy of a letter which he wrote a few days ago to an American, who had offered him some waste land to clear.—‘I am heartily disposed to labour for the acquisition of an independence. Misfortune has smitten, but, thank God, it has not prostrated me. More than happy in my misfortunes, that youth prevented the formation of



habits difficult to break through, and that prosperity was snatched from me before I could either use or abuse it."

A new reason was soon added to this manly propensity to struggle for himself in the world. The Directory of France, fearing the return of so popular a branch of the royal family, offered to liberate his brothers on condition of his going to America. He instantly embraced the proposal. The compact was kept by the Directory, and the duke and his two brothers, to whom he was strongly attached, met in Philadelphia, in 1797. After a long tour through the lakes and forests, he passed down the Mississippi, and remained at the Havannah for a year and a half, waiting the King of Spain's permission to return and see his mother. The permission never came. He now visited the Duke of Kent at Halifax, and by his advice sailed for England. Again he sailed for Spain, but was not suffered to land. He returned to England, and was introduced by the Count D'Artois to Louis XVIII. He took a house at Twickenham, where he lost his brother, the Duc de Montpensier, by a consumption. His brother, Beaujolais, was seized with the 'same disease, and the duke took him to Malta for change of climate; but there he, too, died.

The history of this distinguished man almost exceeds the wanderings of romance. In 1809 he went to Sicily, on a visit to the court. Leopold, the king's second son, had entertained the idea of being chosen head of the Spanish nation, in the absence of their king. He sailed with the duke for Gibraltar; but the governor, justly conceiving that a Sicilian prince was not the proper head for a free insurrection, refused to suffer the royal adventurer to land. The design perished on the spot.

On his return to England he found his sister, and they sailed together to meet their mother, who had escaped from Spain, and the French army, to Port Mahon. With them he returned to Sicily, where he married a daughter of the king, Ferdinand IV., in 1809. He remained four years in Sicily, in the midst of hazard and insurrection. The Spaniards offered him a military command in Catalonia, in 1810. But when he arrived there he found that no command was provided. The English general probably thought that the duke's presence might be some impediment to the national objects. He was refused admission at Cadiz, and he returned to Sicily.

On the king's restoration he came to Paris, and was made colonel-general of hussars. On Napoleon's landing, in March 1815, the Duke went to Lyons to act with the Count D'Artois, but the troops revolted and he returned to Paris. He was instantly sent to command in the north, but there too the troops revolted—he instantly made his decision, gave up the command to Mortier, and followed the king in his way through Belgium. In 1816 he returned with his family from England, and resided in Paris, in a state of cool distance with the court, but usefully employing his vast and accumulating revenue, and patronizing public works and literature.

The story of the celebrated days of July is not now to be told. On the 29th the white flag was replaced on the Tuilleries—on the 31st the king abdicated, and on the 17th of August he arrived in England. On the 7th of August the Duke of Orleans had been declared by the Chamber of Deputies, by the style of "Louis Philippe the First, King of the French." To this splendid elevation has reached one of the most perilous, diversified, and manly courses of

life that history records. Every man who loves personal honour, filial duty, and patriotic wisdom, will be in favour of this elevation; and all will indulge the hope that this amiable and able individual has come to the close of his vicissitudes, and that no cloud may darken the brightness of his proud and fortunate day.

The present state of the British ministry may be disposed of in a very few words. It is at this hour trembling in every limb; it feels that the country is totally against it—that London is against it—that the Tories, who can never forgive the treachery of the year 1829, are against it; that the Whigs, whom it has attempted first to cajole for the purpose of division, and next to divide for the purpose of making them at once weak and ridiculous, are against it, and that nothing is for it but that worthy whipper-in, Mr. Holmes, the new police, and the hangers-on about the Horse Guards. In all the elections the Field Marshal has been utterly beaten. The Treasury computation cheers him with the falsehood that he has gained twenty-nine—the true computation beats him down with the truth that he has lost twice that number.

But the point is not the number of votes, but the nature. Of course the Field Marshal will have all the Bathursts, to their last generation; Mr. Arbuthnot is a sure vote, and gentlemen like Mr. Arbuthnot, are sure votes too. But can he suppose that the refuse of the House, if they were ten times the number, can support him against the sense of the House, aye, and more, against the sense of the nation? Then, let him look to the men who are arrayed against his trained bands, and let him look to the mode by which they were chosen, the places for which they were chosen, and still more, the purposes for which they were chosen! Let him look to York, Middlesex, Southwark, Cumberland, and a crowd of other places, returning members on the sole ground that they are sworn to hostility against the Horse-Guards' cabinet. Let him see every thing that bears the despised name of Peel, cast out into weeping and gnashing of teeth, half a dozen of those would-be legislators less ejected than hurled from the representation, in which the whole interest of the Treasury, the pathetic letters of Mr. Planta, and the glowing promises of Sir Robert Blifil Peel, could not keep them an hour longer.

And what is his prospect of defenders in the House of Commons? Are we to have another session of the frigid eloquence of Sir Robert Blifil? Is a house of six hundred and fifty-eight gentlemen, entrusted with the national business, to sit listening to the heavy fictions and ice-bound graces of Sir Robert's eloquence; and listen, while the country is calling upon them to act; while every interest of England at home and abroad is in the deepest perplexity? Listen, while our manufacturers, our currency, our trade, our laws, our popular privileges, and our religious liberties, are calling, trumpet-tongued, to the wisdom of the great national legislative assembly to restore their vigour, and save them at once from the rash tampering of fools, and the sullen designs of those who see nothing but themselves, and think of nothing but the perpetual increase of an obnoxious power? Listen, while Europe is heaving with universal convulsion; while thrones are crumbling down under the tread of the multitude; while France rises before them with a national, self-equipped, self-officered, self-commanded army of a million of men, a force such as



the world never saw before, and which stands in the presence of Europe the herald of the mightiest and most tremendous innovations? While kings are abdicating, constitutions breaking up, and England is met by the spectacle round the horizon, of fierce change, of desperate passions let loose, of the most fearful power on earth, the military power of the populace, wielding the force of government, and making the safety or the subversion of dynasties dependent on their will, and that will dependent on the evil heart or the mad head, the reckless ambition or the malignant spirit of the first demagogue who shall start up among them, and say, "Come, I will lead you to plunder and massacre?"

And to protect us in this crisis of Europe, we have Lord Aberdeen, a Scotch metaphysician, and anonymous critic of ballads and novels. For our finance, which the newspapers describe as falling off by more than a million a quarter, we have Mr. Goulburn! and so forth of the rest. But will the House of Commons listen to such men, or will the nation suffer it to listen to such men?

We must see the session begin with realizing, for the first time, what kings' speeches have promised time out of mind, but what a patriotic House of Commons alone will ever perform. We must have a reform, grave, rational, and total; a reform not for party but for the nation; not a juggle of whigs and radicals, not for a Lord John Russell the more or less, or any similar infinitesimal of the national understanding, in place; not for a young Apsley the more or less, or sucking politician, even of the Wellesley line, fastened upon the people; but an abolition of all the practices that make the country look with jealousy on its ministers and its representatives; of all the election prostitutions and basenesses, the bargainings and borough-mongering—that whole long list of offences which Parliament itself so fiercely denounces on the eve of its dissolution, and so blandly forgets on the commencement of its next seven years.

We must have a purification of public offices, and must know the reason why the nonentity of Lord Bathurst should be paid 13,000*l.* a year out of the earnings of the people? why the Duke of Wellington, after receiving a national donation that would have purchased a German principality—nearly a million of pounds sterling—cannot serve in office for less than 14,000*l.* a year! Why Lord Melville, in addition to his enormous salary of 5,000*l.* a year, and a palace, and all kinds of allowances at the Admiralty, must have a sinecure of 4,000*l.* besides? Why Lord Rosslyn, with his half-sinecure office of privy seal, should have a whole sinecure of 3,000*l.* besides? Why the burthen of all the salaries of all the officers of state, of the household of the court, and of the whole pomp and foolery attached to the court, should not be strictly examined? Why the pension list, that old source of national disgust, should not be overhauled? We must know the reason why, when the land is overrun with pauperism, and every honest man begins to think of flying from the tax-gatherer to any part of the world where there is no field-marshal, no first lord of the treasury, and no pension list; the Lady Aramintas and Isabellas, the daughters of noble lords and haughty countesses, shall be flourishing about the world with our money in their pockets, or on their coach pannels? The inquiry into the list, too, might make deeper discoveries, and we might be instructed in the merits of ladies more renowned for their friendships than for their other qualities. We should place

pensions on other grounds than even my Lady Hester Stanhope's, who has the handsome sum of 1,200*l.* a year for wearing man's clothes in Turkey, living like a Turk, talking like a Turk, and declaring that Mahomet is the true prophet! We should hear the history of many a flower which of late years has blushed unseen, however conspicuous it might have blushed a few years ago.—Our representatives will have enough to occupy them for a while, and we will tell them that if they do not shew themselves in earnest in the matter, the people of England will ask them questions too.

As a specimen of the field that is open to Sir James Graham (an able man, a good speaker, and *sure* to be a powerful man, if he persists as he has begun) and his friends, we select an article lately circulated in the country.

**THE WELLESLEY FAMILY.**—The Tories in Essex, in reply to Mr. Long Wellesley's pledge that he would labour for a "shifting of the load from the really industrious and productive classes to those who amass the fruits of labour without the toil of gathering them," printed the following amounts of the pickings of the Wellesleys from the public:—

<i>Imprimis.</i> —The Duke of Wellington has received from the public purse no less a sum than .....	£700,000
	<i>Per An.</i>
In addition to which the family receive annually, in places and pensions .....	14,000
Lord Maryborough (Mr. L. W.'s papa) receives, as master of the buck-hounds! .....	3,000
Lord Cowley (Mr. L. W.'s uncle) receives.....	12,000
Marquis Wellesley (Mr. L. W.'s uncle) receives.....	4,000
A Sinecure in the Court of Exchequer in Ireland, with reversion to his illegitimate son!!! who now enjoys.....	1,200
The Rev. Gerald Wellesley! (Mr. L. W.'s uncle) receives in church preferments.....	7,000!
Lady Mornington (Mr. L. W.'s grandmamma) receives a pension of..	1,000
Lady Anne Smith (Mr. L. W.'s aunt) receives a pension of .....	800
Her husband (Mr. Smith) a place .....	1,200
Lord Burghersh (Mr. L. W.'s brother-in-law) receives.....	4,000
Sir Charles Bagot (Mr. L. W.'s brother-in-law) receives .....	12,000
Lord Fitzroy Somerset (Mr. L. W.'s brother-in-law) receives .....	2,000

But the Field Marshal himself, the man of humanity, and honour, and politics, and the new police!—we remember his saying that he would rather "die than see the havoc of a war in Ireland!" a war which would finish in a week, as it began, with a speech of Mr. O'Connell—though probably in rather a different location from his favourite Corn-Exchange. But with what infinite pleasantry must the "Indian campaigner" have looked on the gentlemen who huzzaed this scrap of sentimentality! It was even better than Sir George Murray's harangue upon a soldier's saying his prayers. What does fact say to the Grand Duke's tenderness? Let his own letters speak for him. Here is a paragraph, just published, from his letters to Sir Thomas Munro, in 1800:—

"I have taken and destroyed Doondiah's baggage, and six guns, and driven into the Malpurba (WHERE THEY WERE DROWNED) about five thousand people! I stormed Dummull on the 26th of July. Doondiah's followers are quitting him apace, as they do not think the amusement



very gratifying at the present moment. The war, therefore, is nearly at an end ; and another blow, which I am meditating upon him and his Bunjarries, in the Kentoor country, will most probably bring it to a close. \* \* \*

We find no regret for this horrible catastrophe. Not a syllable of common commiseration for a set of poor slaves doing their duty, such as it was, to their chieftain; and fighting for him against what they doubtless considered an invasion of robbers. A fine mess-table flourish on the subject, a *veni-vidi-vici* despatch to his correspondent, may be, in the opinion of "the Honourable House," humanity, and heroism, and sentimentality, and "all that sort of thing," as Mathews says. But Heaven defend us from seeing the time when the feelings and virtues of Englishmen shall have any thing to do with military sentimentality !

Why, when Napoleon, who, however, never boasted of his humanity, put twelve hundred Turks to death at Jaffa, all the world were outrageous about it ! The whole vocabulary of execration was poured on him pell-mell. All the newspapers were pouring down on the "miscreant murderer, man of massacre, blood-drinker," and so forth. Sir Robert Wilson himself could not sleep in his bed without a *night-mare* of Napoleon eating up mankind ! All the sycophants of government strained their virgin fancies to find epithets of abhorrence for the Corsican ; and among the rest, Sir John Stoddart, who is now sent to roast in Malta (by *anticipation*) ; was so peculiarly prolific in the art of calling names, that he obtained a name for himself, and was entitled, thenceforth and for ever, "*Papirius Cursor*." Yet, what had Nap. done ?

The Corsican had to deal with a horde of barbarian Turks, fierce fellows, whom nothing could keep to their word, and who were sure to turn upon him the moment he let them go, and who had already so turned on him. He had *not* to deal with a set of poor shivering devils, whom a rope of straw could bind for life, and who would have asked nothing better than never to hear the sound of a musket for the next thousand years. The Corsican had to deal with a set of desperate cut-throats, whom he had before made prisoners, and who, breaking their promises not to fight against him, fought against him the moment they could get a fresh cartridge.

The Corsican was in the midst of a furious population, hating him and his, like poison, and made implacable by every sense of religious, personal, and national antipathy ; Moslems, the robbers of the desert. He was *not* in the midst of a mob of peasants, poor rogues of rice-eaters, accustomed to see his countrymen walk over their necks whenever it so pleased a warlike governor ; and taking the visitation as tamely as they would a shower of rain. Let the world judge. We are by no means defending the Corsican. He was a murderer ; ferocious, base, and brutal ; and he came to the natural end of ferocity, baseness, and brutality. We say no more.

Again—

"Colonel Montessor has been *very successful* in Bullum ; has **BEAT, BURNT, PLUNDERED, and DESTROYED** in *all parts* of the country. But I am still of opinion that *nothing has been done* which can tend effectually to put an end to the rebellion in Bullum ; and that the near approach of

the rains renders it impossible to do that, which alone, in my opinion, will ever get the better of Kistnapah Naig."

The deuce is in it, if this Colonel Montessoro did not do enough. He *beats, burns, plunders, and destroys, in all parts of the country.* Yet, according to the opinion of the great military authority on the occasion, *nothing has been done!* What more, may we take the liberty of asking, was intended to be done? In our limited fancy, we cannot go much beyond "burning, plundering, and destroying, in all parts of the country." This, to be sure, is pronounced being *very successful!* But what is the grand measure behind—unattainable by bloodshed, robbery, and destruction, through a whole country? We must wait for light from some military authority.

Again—

"My troops are in high health and spirits, and their pockets full of money, THE PRODUCE OF PLUNDER. I still think, however, that a store of rice at Hullihall will do us no harm, and if I should not want it, the expense incurred will *not signify.* \* \* \*

"In the province of Bridnore we employed some of the Rajah's cavalry; with the support of our infantry some thieves were caught: SOME OF THEM WERE HANGED, AND SOME SEVERELY PUNISHED IN DIFFERENT WAYS: the consequence has been, that lately that country has not been visited by them, *and most probably, a similar operation in Soonda would have a similar effect.* I STRONGLY ADVISE YOU NOT TO LET THE MAHRATTA BOUNDARY STOP YOU IN THE PURSUIT OF YOUR GAME, when you will once have started it. *Two or three fair hunts, and cutting up about half-a-dozen, will most probably induce the thieves to prefer some other country to Soonda, as the scene of their operations.*" \* \* \*

Such are Indian wars, grand manœuvres, glory, imperishable honours, and the rest, that make the brilliant paragraphs of a Gazette Extraordinary. Now, what are the maxims laid down in this simple extract?

Let our readers judge for themselves. We are not military enough to see their true beauty. But this we must say—that if the time shall come, when Indians publish "Histories of the late Campaign"—"Recollections of the War"—"Memoirs of a late Field-Marshal," &c., &c., we shall probably understand that fine sentimentality which draws such tears down the cheeks of heroes and the "Honourable House!" But we must also say, that we see no possible reason why Napoleon, "Empereur des Français," should not be wept with. Poor Nap! he was an injured man after all.

The news from the Continent is peculiarly romantic and animated. The innkeepers must be in raptures; there never was such a demand for post-horses; "every vehicle," as our Epsom histories say, "is in full requisition," and kings, and princes, field-m Marshals and privy councillors, are running neck-and-neck upon every highway and byway from one end of Europe to the other. The King of France has at last rested from his labours, and he now takes his natural Bourbon pastime of shooting, confessing, regulating the texture of his hair-shirt, and listening to his chaplain jesuit's assurances of the imperishable attachment of Frenchmen to the Son of Henry the Fourth!

But the bustle is still going on with hourly activity among his



"cousins" abroad. The Saxon King, who began by attempting to dragoon Protestants into Papists, has felt the benefits of a change in his own person, and has *abdicated*, and is going or gone somewhere or anywhere, from the love of his faithful subjects. Our fighting friend, the Duke of Brunswick, who challenged all the kings of the round world, has been pelted out of his *opera box*, burned out of his palace, hunted out of his country, and has now come, with a coachful of pistols, to honour England by his residence, and shew off his heroism.

We shall not be long without tidings of locomotion from that brilliant prince in whose hands are the rights of Portugal, and the keys of its five hundred state prisoners. Ferdinand too will be locomotive in good time, and we should recommend the extension of the Railway System, in a direct line between the capital of every court on the continent, and the nearest harbour in the direction of England; for, in England we shall have them all, until kings are as cheap in our streets as common-councilmen.

Can we be suspected of saying a syllable of this in a love for revolution? Not one syllable. We say it in the most perfect hatred and fear of Revolution. But who are the true makers of the mischiefs that are now threatening to go the round of Europe? They are *not* the people. They are *not* the men who must labour for their bread, who know well that labour is the portion of man, and who know, just as well, that the best happiness, virtue, honour, aye, and luxury of life, are to be found in manly industry. But the true Revolution-makers are the dissolute dependants on Courts, the men who do nothing, *can* do nothing, and are good for nothing; the military coxcombs that throng the foreign courts, the profligate nobles, male and female; the whiskered, simpering, slavish race, who spend their ridiculous and wasteful lives between a court-ball, a gaming-house, and the side scenes of a theatre, with all its abominations. The Kings of the Continent are about to be told, in language such as they *must* feel, that they have been placed at the head of nations, *not* for their own luxury, *not* for lives of alternate indolence and tyranny, vulgar ignorance, and gross licentiousness. We disdain to open the private history of any one of those degraded and corrupt courts. But no man can travel without hearing and seeing circumstances in foreign life, of the highest rank, that can only make him wonder at their being suffered by any people. The whole condition of the Continent would justify the most thorough change. There *is no* liberty on the Continent, except we are to call by that name the present democratic wildness of France. There is not a government under which the subject can feel himself safe in doing any one public act, except by the sufferance or neglect of the government. There is not a people which is not ground to the dust with the expenses of the Court, the enormity of the exactions of the great monastic institutions, and the Popish hierarchy, and, above all, by the maintenance of immense standing armies, totally beyond the necessities or the means of the people, and only objects of mutual jealousy to all the powers; but they supply commissions for the young nobles, commands for the creatures of the court, and amuse the military fondness of the monarch for exhibiting in his own person the successive uniforms of his hulans, yagers, grenadiers, and dragoons. Is it possible that such a system should last? We shall see the taste for abdication turned into an epidemic before long.

## THE GOLDEN CITY.

MR. JOHNSON was a brewer in a small country town, and as the natives were not very well-bred people, he carried on a flourishing trade, and was generally said to be *making* money. He had neither wife nor family, or, as the newspapers, by a happy and polite synonyme, express the same condition, he was "without incumbrance;" and to supply the want of both heirs and partners, he had introduced into his business a distant relative, by name Jonathan Maurice. The young man, or rather boy, who had no better prospects, was highly delighted with an offer so promising, and continued for some years an active and cheerful superintendent of the manufacture of ale. An intimacy with the neighbouring family of a wealthy farmer formed one of his chief pleasures, and no higher ambition disturbed an incipient attachment for his youngest daughter, Juliet.

But in an evil hour, as he was on the point of being constituted a partner in the business, he received a pressing invitation from an old school-fellow; and having obtained a month's furlough, set out to pay the required visit. His friend was one of a family who had risen in the world, and exhibited all its vice and pride, with none of its dignity. The father had, by a happy concurrence of circumstances, made a fortune, and his next step was to make himself a family. While he remained in comparative poverty, he cared little whether he had any ancestors or not, but when wealth poured in upon him, he grew very jealous of the idea of regular procreation, and seemed really apprehensive lest some terrible mistake should be made respecting his origin. As his riches increased, so did his ancestors; when he had one thousand a year, his genealogy extended only to one hundred years, and embraced no names of any eminence; but at two thousand, a noble progenitor was beheaded for high treason; at four thousand, he was connected with royalty; and when he retired from business, there was no question that the founder of his race was a Norman Vagabond, attendant on the Conqueror. In establishing his dignity, he was, however, a little puzzled by the brevity and unimportance of his name, which was, simply, John James; but having observed that it was usual in such cases to double the appellation, he thought it would be still more remarkable to repeat it thrice, and, accordingly, denominated himself "John James James-James, Esq., of Nutbridge-park."

The novelty of his pretensions was not displayed by ordinary vulgarity, but, what was far more insufferable, by excessive politeness and inveterate good breeding. His taste was not indeed aristocratically plain, nor could he refrain from making the footman and footboy, one very tall, and the other as remarkably short, both stand together behind his carriage; but he knew enough of the world to be aware that extravagant show is the last means by which a man of moderate sense would seek to display newly acquired wealth. He insisted that his daughters should dress plainly, though exquisitely; refused his sons permission to drive tandem in a dog-cart; and supplied his groom, whom, by the way, he caused to ride so close behind him as to leave no assignable interval, with a horse much handsomer than his own.

But in spite, or rather in consequence, of much study to be polite and easy, an air of pride and vulgar restraint pervaded the whole family. They were proud of every thing—of their wealth, their taste, their con-



descension, but chiefly of their manners. They always came into company with the air of wild beasts imperfectly tamed, and their father bore so exactly the aspect of a showman, that, when he began to say this is my son John, or my daughter Jane, the guest would not have been surprised, had he proceeded to detail the circumstances of their capture, and the mode of their subsequent discipline. His children themselves lived, like Tantalus, in perpetual dread, fearing lest some breach of good manners should fall on their devoted heads. Of that perfection of art which consists in the concealment of art they had no conception. They were constantly talking of politeness.

Their intention in inviting Maurice, was to overwhelm him with alternate pleasure and mortification, and send him home deeply impressed with his own meanness and their superiority. On the first day he afforded them much entertainment, by his hungry amazement at the delay of dinner. At two o'clock he thought it probable they dined at three, and so on, for several hours; but at six, he felt certain they would not dine at all, and even if they should, he doubted whether he should be alive to partake of the repast. At seven, however, he welcomed the sound of a bell, and learnt it was the signal for dressing, upon which he hurried up stairs, and returning with much precipitation, after the lapse of five minutes, was surprised to find several of the party not yet set out on the errand he had so speedily accomplished.

At dinner he eat enormously of the first course, supposing it to be the only one, and called three times for beer. The forks puzzled him extremely, and he seemed wholly unable to determine which side should be kept uppermost, but he failed to apply them to their most important use, and employed his knife where its principal attribute of cutting was more than needless. His companions were shocked; nor was the subject so disgustingly stale to them, as to check the wit of Alexander, the eldest son, and deter him from inquiring, with great simplicity, whether he had seen the Indian Jugglers, and insidiously leading him to explain their method of thrusting knives down their throats.

In the evening, the young ladies entertained him with Italian music, and would not believe he understood nothing of it. One asked his opinion of Rossini, and another was certain he liked Beethoven; but the greatest mirth was excited by his replying to a question respecting a song he held in his hand, that he could not tell its name, but it was from "*Nozzy die Figaro, by Mozart.*" Then he was entreated to sing himself, and with so much urgency, that he was obliged to yield; fortunately, he selected a comic subject, and though his auditors were too polite to laugh, he had no reason to be dissatisfied with the amusement they exhibited.

He remarked that the song was in a play, and inquired if they had ever seen it performed. They replied in the negative; and fancying himself in one respect at least their superior, he began to relate how exquisitely he had seen it acted by a strolling company in his native town. They heard him gravely till he concluded, and then gave him to understand that they never frequented the theatres in London, and that, in fact, no body ever did; an assertion which much amazed him at first, since he had been informed they were often almost full; but they soon explained themselves more clearly, and abashed him by the conviction that he had introduced a subject of notorious vulgarity.

A disquisition on the metropolis naturally ensued, and here, having

never seen it, he felt himself in very deep shade; and, while they descanted on its charms, he was not a little galled by their commiseration of his ignorance. London seemed the very utopia of their imaginations—the concentration of all that was beautiful to the eye, and delightful to the intellect. It was the seat and source of all merit; other regions shone only by its reflected lustre; they esteemed Nature an architect inferior to Mr. Nash; and could the moon and stars have been “warranted town-made,” they would have liked them better.

Every succeeding day added to the humiliation Maurice already began to experience; and all the divisions of the day had their appropriate annoyances. If he walked out, he detested his boots or his gloves; if he rode, he inwardly cursed his breeches; and at dinner, he was so bothered by French names for the commonest dishes, that he was reduced to the phrases, “I’ll trouble you,” or, “a little of that dish, if you please;” and if he was asked to take any particular wine, he gave a hurried assent, though, for aught he knew of its appellation, it might have been a solution of arsenic.

“And who,” he inquired, “were the persons that caused him this vexatious abasement?” Merely a London merchant, at one time not much richer than himself, content with a plain cypher on his seal, instead of the splendid coat of arms of horned dogs and winged pigs, which now figured on every signet and every possible article of furniture in the house, from the hall-chairs to the buckets used in the stable-yard. One of his sons had been his school-fellow: so far from being in any way his superior, he had ranked far beneath him in attainments, and was flogged once a week for never washing his face. The reflection on the change produced in their relative situations was of such constant and irritating recurrence, that the pleasure of his visit was wholly annihilated, and as soon as he conveniently could, he made some pretext for returning home.

He resumed the duties of his business, but the smell of malt disgusted him. The workmen, whom he had once respected as industrious or clever servants, seemed to him perfect caricatures of humanity; and the huge tubs, which had excited his pride by their immensity, looked so insupportably hideous, that he almost wished they might burst. A *country* brewer!—that phrase comprised all that was odious. Had he been a London brewer, the case would have been completely changed, for then he might have had no more to do with brewing than with astrology, and, at the expense of having his name gibbeted in capitals all over the city, followed by the mysterious word *Entire*, he might have enjoyed an ample income, and sat, with booksellers and linendrapers, an ornament to the senate of his country.

He concluded, therefore, that the principal difference in human conditions depended on living in, or out of, the metropolis; and he began to consider, whether it was not competent to him to attain all the advantages it could confer, and become, like Mr. James-James, the founder of a polite, wealthy, and ancient family. As the idea began to unfold itself, its attractions increased, and he ventured, at length, to communicate his views to Mr. Johnson, who called him a fool, and strove to convince him that he was one; but, failing in the argument, and hoping that love might have more influence than reason, he sent him on a visit to Miss Juliet Manning.

All families have their distinctive foibles, and the reigning one of the



Mannings was a pathetic love of brute pets. The sitting-room, into which Maurice was ushered, contained two old dogs and a puppy, a parrot, a cat without a tail, and a lamb; Juliet was nursing a kitten, and three of her brothers were in tears—William, because his last pigeon was just dead, and John and Thomas, because the tame hawk of the one had slain the tame mouse of the other. In short, it was impossible to walk across the room, much less to approach the fire, without breaking the tail or the leg of some antiquated favourite, and such an accident was certain to call forth so much tenderness of feeling, that the author of it wished he had only murdered all the family. The present spectacle was deeply interesting. Juliet looked pleased, and welcomed her lover: but she could not rise without disturbing the kitten; her brothers sat bemoaning themselves with undiminished grief, and the dogs lay luxuriously on the hearth-rug: but shortly after the scene was wholly changed; the mourners leaped up and dried their tears; the kitten was laid aside in a little bed, and the dogs raised their unwieldy bodies upon their insufficient legs. Maurice did not at first comprehend the reason, but was speedily informed that Mr. Manning had just sounded a horn, to intimate that he was awaiting them at the pond to entertain their tender sensibilities with the diversion of a duck-hunt. He accompanied them, and witnessed the sport, which was highly satisfactory; the duck, indeed, died from exhaustion, but, as it was not a pet, its sufferings excited no commiseration, and its death no sorrow.

In a happier frame of mind, Maurice would have excused the inconsistency and thoughtless cruelty which he witnessed, but he had begun to despise the actors in the scene, and therefore felt little tenderness for their failings. Juliet, in particular, he condemned with unmeasured severity, and contrasted the unbridled gaiety of her demeanour with the calm dignity of the ladies at Nutbridge-park, till he concluded that she was vulgar as well as silly, and combined ill-breeding with a want of sensibility. As he had once erred in exalting her foibles to the rank of virtues, so he now did by exaggerating them to the dignity of crimes.

Hundreds imagine themselves persons of refined taste or excellent morality, when they are, in fact, only ill-tempered; they feel contempt because they are bilious; and when they are overwhelmed with spleen, they dignify their ailments with the idea of conscious superiority, pity their friends, and write satires. Such, at least, was the foundation of the discontent of Maurice. He struggled to conceal the change in his sentiments, but was not so far successful as to avoid wounding the feelings of Juliet; for his attentions were less spontaneous than usual, and his thoughts so abstracted, that when, by way of experiment, she dropped her glove, she was compelled, half-weeping with mortification, to pick it up again with her own hand.

He concluded his visit, little pleased with his friends, and far less with himself; and as he rode home, he wrought himself up to the resolution, that he would without delay seek his fortune in that *El Dorado*, which had raised so far above him persons whom he had once deemed little more than his equals.

Mr. Johnson was a man who had no idea of arguing, and whether right or wrong, he always got into a passion; whence it arose, that the urgency of Maurice in pressing the execution of his plan—a plan, of which he saw the folly more clearly than he could explain it—led to an

inveterate quarrel. The relatives separated in disgust ; and the younger one, with a hundred pounds in his pocket, and an imagination overcharged with ideas of wealth and pleasure, set out on a cold evening in March for the metropolis.

He found only one vacant space left for him on the exterior of the vehicle, and that considerably encroached upon by the persons and goods of others. Two men of extraordinary dimensions, wearing, each, twenty great coats, with as many score of capes, shared the seat, and opposite to him was the guard ; the space destined for his feet was occupied by a hamper of fish, and two umbrellas had right of possession behind him : but these evils were tolerable, when compared with the annoyance of a box so projecting from among the luggage, that it gave to his head one compulsory position, far from pleasing or perpendicular. The long dreariness of a wintry night lay in prospect before him ; he could not sleep ; and once when he attempted it, the sonorous bugle of the guard, covering his head, awoke him with a start ; but it must not be disguised, that he had the satisfaction, not only of seeing and hearing that several of his companions were asleep, but of feeling the fact, by occasional buttings and oscillations, indicative of happy repose. At length morning broke on the white frosty fields in the neighbourhood of the metropolis ; and shortly after he was deposited in Gracechurch-street, with London all before him where to choose.

The appearance of all he had hitherto seen of his terrestrial paradise rather surprised him. The buildings in Whitechapel did not strike him as more splendid than those of his native town, and the atmosphere, compounded of smoke, gas, and steam, seemed scarcely fluid. It had not rained for some time previously, yet every thing was as wet as if the flood had just subsided : but this, though he knew it not, was an advantage to the prospect, for, otherwise, clouds of dust would have blinded him, and prevented his seeing it at all.

Instead of remaining in the City, he proceeded, as he had been recommended, to the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, which, for its undisturbed quiet, and the sweet perfume of stale vegetables, is a very favourite region for hotels. Here he was ushered into a room, which exactly contained a bed, and after surrendering his boots to a man, who gave him in exchange a pair of slippers, which would have fitted a horse as well as a gentleman, he endeavoured to procure a little rest. But, to say nothing of an "Introduction to Entomology," of which it would be improper to speak more particularly, the bed might have proved an excellent antidote to a pound of opium ; and two persons, one whistling, and the other singing, were getting up in adjoining apartments.

Accordingly, he soon rose again, and attempted to wash himself with water, of which the surface was covered with heaven-descended particles, answering the purpose of rouge, except that they were black, while the soap seemed intended, by its size, to exemplify the infinite divisibility of matter, and, by its unchanged endurance of moisture, proved itself a far better material for public buildings than the external plaster of the new treasury, so lately built to contain the national debt. Nor was it very easy to obtain any alleviation of his numerous afflictions, for, though a rope attached to a wire hung from the ceiling, he laboured at it for a long period without success, and had no other reason to suppose he was ringing a bell, than that nobody came to answer it.



When he had prevailed over all the difficulties of the toilette, and taken the meal naturally succeeding to it, his thoughts turned towards a subject of yet greater importance,—the accomplishment of the first step in creating his own fortune. And here he was surprised to discover how indefinite his ideas had hitherto been, and how much they wanted of any approach to practical application. In this perplexity, he had recourse to the advice of a person slightly connected with him by descent, and was fortunate enough to procure a situation as clerk in a merchant's office. The salary, indeed, was exceedingly small, and the labour required bore to it the usual inverse ratio: but it was precisely the occupation he desired, as affording most room for the splendid results he anticipated.

The ostensible head of the mercantile concern to which Maurice was recommended, was Mr. Merivale; but he committed all its cares to one or two accomplices, and took no active part, except that of spending much the largest share of the profits. There once existed a decided line of demarcation between commercial grandeur and the dignity of nobility and hereditary wealth; and the distinction, though founded in pride, and often invidious, was not wholly mischievous in its tendency. But, at the birth of Mr. Merivale, this boundary-line was fast fading away; and the city wall, weakened by the frequent irruptions of needy nobles, and excursive exploits of ambitious traders, was tottering to its foundation.

In conformity with the prevailing idea, that a merchant not only might be, but ought to be, a gentleman, the father of Mr. Merivale sent him to the university, and educated him, in all respects, as a man of hereditary and independent fortune. The natural consequence was, that, at three-and-twenty, he felt no predilection for the city; was irregular in his attendance at his office, and careless in his transactions; and in process of time, after the death of his father, surrendered the whole management of his affairs to partners and clerks. Thenceforth he regarded his merchandize in no other light than as a disgraceful source of profit—the secret profession of a thief, of which nothing must be known—or an Irish estate, an unseen spring of convenient wealth.

As he totally evaded the labours of his business, he ought in fairness to have been moderately indifferent to its returns; but, in point of fact, he was far more rapacious than the active partners; and the mention of storms, embargoes, blockades, or anything that tended to the diminution of his income, exasperated him to madness. Money, however, was with him an evanescent good: he was habitually extravagant, and lest any motive to profusion should be wanting, he selected for his wife the worst of all possible economists—a poor lady of rank. Her expenses and his own frequently reduced the gentleman-merchant to some difficulties; but, on such occasions, he studied not how to reduce his expenditure, but how to increase his income. With this view, he effected at one time a reduction in the salaries of the clerks, and at another, by abolishing their vacations of a week annually, diminished their numbers—measures by which he saved sixty pounds towards the rent of an opera-box.

On an appointed day, Maurice set out for the counting-house of the Russian merchants. It was situated in a lane leading out of Lombard-street, so narrow that broad daylight could never be said to enter it, and, in winter, sunrise and sunset could most easily be ascertained by

the almanack. Ascending the ancient stairs, he entered a large, low room, lighted with gas, which served to exhibit the filthiness of its condition, and the sallow countenances of ten labourers at their desks. In compliance with the directions there given him, he proceeded to an adjoining closet, where, perched on a stool, sat a very short Tyrian prince, by name Sichæus, or, as he was more commonly and corruptly called, Mr. Sikes.

The room was ridiculously small, but into it were crowded, with much ingenuity, a fire-place, a desk, a stool, and Mr. Sikes. Its contracted dimensions seemed, however, to give its tenant no uneasiness; and, indeed, he could do in it what no man could do in a palace; for, as he sat on his stool, he could open the window, shut the door, stir the fire, or kill a spider on the ceiling. He heard the address of Maurice with attention, but soon exhibited his reigning characteristic, which was to be always busy. He had, indeed, a great weight of occupation; but he affected to have yet more, and never was so hurried or precipitate in dismissing a visitor, as when beginning to kick his legs against his stool for want of any other earthly employment. In fact, being busy was with him as mere a trick as taking snuff, or going to church: he was busy eating, busy sleeping, and busy doing nothing; and though he has since found time to die, he was so much hurried that he died suddenly.

He received Maurice with blunt civility, and, after making a few inquiries, set him immediately to work at copying out a long letter of business, relating chiefly to tallow, to Palcoviwitch, Lorobowsky and Palarislay, merchants at St. Petersburg. He was accordingly introduced into the company of his fellow-clerks, and while undergoing much observation and remark, he, in his turn, made several conclusions respecting them. Most of them seemed to have little care of their manners or appearance; but there was one of more refinement, who, while the rest spat openly, like cats in a passion, put his hand beside his mouth to conceal the operation; and, while two of his companions were quarrelling about the shutting of a window, earnestly and politely entreated them not to make d—d fools of themselves. But they had little time to waste, and, excepting some angry interludes and complaints of an unequal division of labour, their whole attention was absorbed by immense books and numberless papers. Maurice found his own share of the labour sufficiently wearisome, and before he had half completed it, he was assailed by a violent head-ache, which gradually increased till the hour of his release arrived. At that wished-for period, he returned to his hotel, with eyes dizzied by the glare of diurnal gas, and spirits depressed by fatigue; and beginning to suspect that, though London was certainly the mart of wealth and grandeur, it was not a scene of pure and unalloyed pleasure.

The day following he occupied in seeking some place of abode more suited to his very limited finances, and finally selected the first floor (as the second floor of a building is generally called) of a house in the suburbs, which adjoined a large open space, full of new bricks and deep pits, whence their materials had been extracted. On the evening of his establishment in these "pleasant and airy lodgings," he returned from his office to a late dinner, much annoyed by a reproof from his superior, and an insult from one of his fellow-clerks. After knocking three times, he was admitted by a little girl; and having proceeded



up stairs in the dark, he, in course of time, succeeded in obtaining a light. In another half-hour, his dinner appeared, consisting of two mutton-chops, embedded in liquescent grease, which seemed eager to claim kindred with the more perfect character of the tallow of the solitary yellow candle. Two enormous potatoes, pleasingly diversified with black spots, and as hard as cannon-balls, completed the course; and the place of wines, in all their absurd variety, was philosophically supplied by a pint of black liquor, compounded of glue, treacle and wormwood, and denominated porter.

The second course was brought in with much ceremony by the child before-mentioned, whom, in default of a bell, he was obliged to summon by her name—Arrier-Beller. The centre-dish, side-dishes, and top and bottom dishes were ingeniously contracted into one, bearing a small piece of cheese that a hungry rat would have scorned, beside a lump of butter, to the authorship of which sheep and pigs had a better claim than cows; and with this the unsophisticated repast concluded.

All men of business, when left to themselves, fall fast asleep immediately after dinner; and Maurice experienced exhaustion and fatigue enough to induce him to adopt the same course, had his inclinations been his only rule. But it happened that there were lodging over him two little children who screamed incessantly, the one taking turns with the other to sleep; while, during one half of the day and night, their parents made twice as much noise in attempting to quiet them. Not, indeed, that the infants were always ill or out of temper; but the only method their tender age had of expressing pain or pleasure, was by an exertion of the lungs, which made them black in the face; and the amusements contrived for them—such as rattling the latch of a door, or galloping on a footstool—were all of a noisy character. Maurice wished he could explain to them that his head ached, and regretted that the mother, in singing her boy to sleep, thought it necessary, vibrating seconds, to stamp sixty times in a minute on the frail floor; but he endeavoured to recollect that the path to eminence is generally toilsome, and, as his evils were of his own choosing, pride furnished him with a resolution, which he chose to call patience.

More than a month passed away in unremitting labour, and Maurice yet saw no prospect of the advancement he anticipated, and had tasted none of the pleasures with which he had always understood London to overflow. His masters were imperious, and reproved him in unmeasured terms for the mistakes into which he was led by entire ignorance of the system of business; but the annoyances he experienced from them were infrequent, compared with those he received from his fellow-labourers. In admitting an idea so novel as the possibility of a mere countryman being in any respect superior to denizens of the largest, most smoky, and most conceited capital in the world, he was, as it became him, modest; and when they ridiculed his dress or his provincialisms, he strove to believe their taste excellent, and their language English.

When Mr. Merivale abolished the vacations of his unfortunate clerks, he deeply regretted that popular opinion compelled him to let them be idle all Sunday; and had he not, on other grounds, been an infidel, he never could have believed that a deity who knew anything of the world would have been so regardless of the interests of commerce as to make fifty-two days in every year unavailable for the purposes of business.

Multiplying fifty-two by ten, he found five hundred and twenty days were lost to him annually. Indeed the general character of the Sunday seemed to afford him some ground for considering it almost useless as a religious institution. Not that he objected to ministerial dinners and private parties on that day; but he thought it intolerable that the lower classes, for whom religion was certainly invented, should neglect the opportunity afforded them. He considered it obtaining a holiday under false pretences.

Sunday, therefore, Maurice had at his own disposal; and though habit sent him to church in the morning, he thought fit, in the afternoon, to amuse himself by walking towards the West. His dress, with which he had taken unusual pains, consisted of top-boots and drab br—ch--s, a red waistcoat striped with black, and a black neckcloth with red spots, the whole surmounted by a snuff-coloured coat, and a hat of prodigious extent: nor had he any reason to be dissatisfied with the attention he excited. After encountering a few trifling accidents, of which the most important were spraining his ankle by slipping off the pavement; losing his handkerchief he knew not how; having his hat blown off by an unexpected gust of wind; and his foot crushed by a person stepping back upon it; and ensuring a tolerable head-ache by coming in contact with a stout fellow who was walking rapidly, and, like himself, looking another way—he at length entered the Park, not a little irritated and fatigued. Presently he came to an oblong sheet of water, and was told it was the Serpentine; but this was too much for his credulity, and he expressed so freely his opinion of his informant's veracity, that he narrowly escaped a hostile engagement.

Continuing to walk forward among stunted trees, he now saw at a distance a long line of vehicles, and concluded, as they seemed to be perfectly stationary, that it was a stand of hackney-coaches; but as he drew nearer, he perceived them to be in very tardy motion, and settled in his own mind that it was the funeral of some distinguished person. At length he learned the true nature of the spectacle; and never did his ideas of London receive a greater shock, than when he was given to understand that this melancholy procession, this tortoise-hunt, formed the most extatic enjoyment of the highest classes, to whom the kindness of fortune had opened all the avenues of pleasure!

In the midst of the crowd he discovered the family of Mr. James, and thinking he could do no less, he approached the carriage, and offered his compliments at the open window, but, to his great astonishment, they did not recognize him, and, with a stare of surprise, drew up the glass. As he returned to the footpath, he encountered a party of young men who were laughing immoderately, and some of their expressions which reached his ear explained to him that he had just undergone a very marked insult, and was consequently the object of general derision. His feelings were not very comfortable; he could almost have wept with vexation, and growing a little weary of pleasure, he put his hand to his watch hoping to find it time to return home, but his endeavour to find the seals was ineffectual; and he was compelled to admit the melancholy conviction, that he had sustained a second loss more serious than the preceding one.

In his way home he encountered the friend by whose kindness he had obtained the situation he held, informed him of his misfortune, and was advised how to act, that is, to do nothing at all. Proceeding to



inquire after the family of his relative, he learnt, to his surprise, that he had not seen them very lately. To his questions respecting his shop, his gig, and his cottage at Highgate, his answers were very sparing; and at the end of a certain street he bade him farewell, nor could any persuasion induce him to extend his walk. Maurice observed a change in him, and wondered at the modesty with which so prosperous and wealthy a tradesman spoke of his possessions; but shortly after, his admiration was removed by learning that he was at that very period enjoying the rules of the Fleet Prison.

The ensuing week afforded him one of those commercial miracles, a holiday, of human institution. The great question among his companions was how to make the most of it; and it was finally decided that a party should be formed to row up the river, and visit one of the theatres in the evening. He consented to share in the excursion; and as all the party professed themselves expert rowers, and scoffed at the idea of steering, he anticipated very great pleasure.

When they were all seated in an eight-oared boat, it was discovered that every oar was in the wrong place, and the act of exchanging produced so much confusion, and so many disasters, that the whole crew were completely out of temper before the voyage was commenced. At length they made way, but they had no idea of keeping time, and perhaps the universe did not afford any thing more ridiculous than the spectacle they exhibited, dipping their oars into the water in regular succession, like the paddles of a steam-packet, and looking all the while exceedingly earnest, and very angry. One accused another of not rowing, but he insisted upon it that he did, and appealed to his profuse perspiration, and hands already nearly flayed. The steersman, however, bore the blame of all that went wrong, and after undergoing vehement censure from all quarters, surrendered his office to another of the party, who was completely exhausted by ten minutes' labour.

But his successor was still more ignorant, or more unfortunate, and the numberless directions given him puzzled him infinitely, because those who gave them sometimes remembered, and sometimes forgot, that their right was his left, and the converse. Once he steered them against a barge, then against a bridge, and, finally, having spoilt a wherry match near the Red House, he was so much irritated by the reproaches showered on him, that he insisted on being put on shore. His request was granted with many sneers and much laughter; but he was not unrevenged, for as his companions were putting off again, a bargeman dashed his enormous pole into the river, and covered them with mud and water, while a rope carried away the hat of one of them; and he could obtain no other satisfaction for the injury than virulent abuse for being a cockney, and intimations that, one day or another, he would meet with a rope productive of more serious consequences.

It had been fixed that the party should re-assemble at the lodgings of one of them in the evening. There, in the intervals of smoking, they were occupied in discussing many subjects of the last importance. It was astonishing to perceive how easily they determined questions in politics and religion, on which other wise men had doubted and disputed for ages. Occasionally they descended to minor topics: praised an actress to whose "benefit" they had received an order; spoke of fashions in dress, which they imagined to exist at the other end of the town; and established doctrines of etiquette they were fortunate enough to overlook in practice.

They now adjourned to the theatre, and reaching it half an hour before the commencement of half-price, spent the interval in a sepulchral gallery, listening to sounds of mysterious import. The companions of Maurice were not, however, unoccupied, for with commendable forethought, they proceeded, like persons preparing for an expedition to the Pole, to lay in stores of provisions, sufficient, if properly economized, to last them a year or two. But ere many minutes had elapsed, their resolution failed them, and first one, and then another, released from his distended pocket an apple, an orange, or a biscuit; and then ensued a scene of great variety, accompanied by sounds which seemed sufficient to maintain the principle of suction against all philosophy.

When the first rage of appetite had subsided, they began to pelt each other with orange-peel, and practise many other witty jokes, far above the capacity of country people. But the greatest mirth was excited by one of them knocking off the hat of his neighbour, from which there fell a handkerchief, a pair of gloves, two oranges, a cigar and a half, a bill of the play, and some biscuits: a feat which the sufferer took very easily; and while he replaced the rest of his possessions, politely offered Maurice one of the biscuits which had been broken by the fall. At length the third act concluded, and the doors being opened, the expectant multitude rushed with useless eagerness towards the crowded pit.

In the midst, however, of the crush and vapour, Maurice perceived a vacant standing-place, and hastily occupying it, looked with an air of triumph at his companions; but, while he was at the height of his self-gratulation, a good-natured person advised him to take off his hat, which, on examination, he found covered with the droppings of a candle placed above. Then one of the gods thought proper to send down a glass bottle on the heads of those below; fortunately it alighted on that man whose comprehensive hat was before mentioned.

Maurice, overpowered perhaps by the odour of gas and the exhalations of human bodies densely crowded together, thought it just such a play as he had seen performed in the country, and though the theatre was huge, and the performers more elegant, the superiority was not so striking as he expected. Nor could he disguise it from himself that there were many points in the representation more vulgar and wicked than he should have supposed so brilliant an assemblage would tolerate, especially as he had been informed of the notable fact, that, a little time before, a celebrated performer had been hissed off the stage, because he had been found guilty of a breach of the seventh commandment—a circumstance which had struck him forcibly, and naturally led him to conclude, that, as known adulterers were not only endured but courted in every other department of public life, the stage must be superior to them in morality and decorum; nor did it then occur to him to consider it as a mark of detestable hypocrisy in the age, and of petty tyranny in a vicious public over those on whom three-and-sixpence gave them the power of censure.

He had not, however, a complete opportunity of judging on the merits of London theatricals, for while he was almost stunned with the applause lately bestowed on a *double entendre*, and now given to a sentiment of preposterous national vanity, his arm was seized by a spectator, who, having lost his handkerchief, charged him with the theft, and committed him to the custody of an officer, thus putting a suitable conclusion to the pleasures of the day.



The next morning, Maurice was brought forward in a public character as a prisoner at a police-office, whither he was conveyed in company with the lowest and most abandoned of his species. But it happened that the prosecutor, having discovered that one of his own friends had taken his handkerchief in jest, did not think proper to appear, and he was accordingly dismissed, with an insolent congratulation from the magistrate on his narrow escape from transportation. But though the spectators considered him the more guilty from his happily escaping all proof of his guilt, our noble and excellent law, generously acknowledging his innocence, fined him for it the sum of one shilling, and with reluctance dismissed him from her close embrace.

When, late in the day, he returned home in considerable discomfort, but with some satisfaction at the prospect of relief, he was surprised to find the house completely closed, and impregnable to his attacks. However, the sound he created drew together some of the neighbours, who talked a great deal, and disputed for an hour whether it was a hanging matter to break open a house. In the end, Maurice himself forced an entrance, and was astonished to find no traces of inhabitants or of furniture, nor even a single relic of his own possessions. It appeared that the tenants had packed up and departed quietly in the night; but the neighbours were too much used to such occurrences to exhibit the smallest surprise or disapprobation; and, with the exception of one man, who loudly execrated their conduct, and carried off two bell ropes, lest they should be stolen by any one else, they all departed in peaceable horror at the idea of interference.

The loss of his wardrobe was of little consequence to Maurice compared with that of his hundred pounds, which he had left, as he thought, perfectly secure in a very curiously constructed drawer of his writing-desk, not at all considering that the desk, drawer and all, might be carried off at one fell swoop. Overwhelmed with distress and perplexity, and knowing of no friend to whom he might apply for counsel, he resolved to have recourse to the advice of his fellow clerks, but on arriving at the office, he found every thing in extreme confusion, and in answer to his oft-repeated inquiries, was informed that one of the partners had left the country without notice, that it was *up* with the concern, and that all connected with it must begin life afresh, each as he could.

This was too much, and Maurice almost sank under a blow, which seemed equivalent to absolute beggary. He advertised in the newspapers, and generally found his half-guinea statement crowded into a supplementary sheet, amidst columns of applications from young men, who seemed to have every possible merit, and yet in many instances were contented with mere nominal salaries, or anxious only for employment. Finding these methods wholly ineffectual, he had recourse to personal applications, but generally met with so much cruelty and ridicule, that he considered himself happy in a civil repulse. At length, however, he was so fortunate as to procure the office of shopman at a haberdasher's, and continued in it for three months, very wretched, and very hard-worked, till being unjustly suspected of secreting a parcel, he was dismissed without payment of his salary, and threatened with the infliction of that admirable English justice, which is always more ready to hang an innocent man, than a known murderer whose name has been misspelt in the indictment.

In this state of things he found, as if by a strange fatality, several situations vacant; but the inquiry as to his character was always fatal.

To return to Mr. Johnson seemed impossible: every succeeding day added to his despair. At length his feelings became intolerable; and he had actually repaired to London Bridge with the fixed determination of committing suicide, when he was kindly accosted by a passer-by, who had observed his agitation and suspected his purpose.

The first words of interest which he had heard for many weeks, deeply affected him; and inquiry easily drew from him the detail of his circumstances. The benevolent stranger listened with attention, and instead of passing on with expressions of pity, seemed bent on befriending him more effectually; gave him a small sum of money for his immediate necessities; and promising, if he found his statement true, to meet him on the ensuing evening, departed.

At the hour and place agreed upon, both kept the appointment.

"I have to congratulate you," said Warren (for that was the stranger's name); "I have called on your late master, and have ascertained the removal of all suspicion against you: the offender was his own son."

"God bless you!" exclaimed Maurice, eagerly; "then I may yet hope?"

"Certainly, if you mean to obtain another situation in London; but I should rather advise you to return to your relative."

"It is impossible: he will refuse to receive me."

"If he does, you are no worse than at present; but he may relent; it is worth the trial."

"But might I not succeed here? Surely there have been instances——"

"Of splendid success? Yes; but, compared with the cases of deplorable failure, they have been as one to infinity. To rise unassisted from a subordinate situation, is a miracle; to remain in it, a better sort of slavery. Take my own case, which is a favourable one: I have been thirty years in a merchant's office; I labour nearly twelve hours in the day, and receive two hundred a year. As to a week's vacation, I might as well resign as ask for it; and probably the mere mention would lead my employers to exercise that power which they know to be despotic over a man with six children, destitute of all other resource."

Maurice expressed his acquiescence.

"Fortunes," continued Warren, "have unquestionably been made suddenly, but generally at an immense risk, and often by disgraceful means."

"It was not the desire of wealth only that made me leave the country; I had heard the pleasures of London extolled."

"The pleasures of London! What pleasures has it which cannot be better enjoyed elsewhere? I leave out of the question those persons who spend a few months of the year in the metropolis, for to them change and the power of choice may give enjoyment; but to those who inhabit it regularly, it is the most miserable place in the creation. Probably, you had heard a great deal of the theatres; but, as far as my own observation extends, there are very few Londoners who visit them twice a year; and, for my own part, I have not done so for a quarter of a century. The only pure pleasures of life are, domestic intercourse, literature, and religion; and what scene can be more unfavourable to either of them, than a noisy mass of crowded buildings?"

"But those buildings are beautiful."

"The beauty of a scene of labour is absolutely nothing to a man's happiness: a gardener is not a whit happier than a collier; what a man



sees every day he thinks nothing of; and millions pass the Monument daily, without more notice than they would bestow on a watch-house."

"I believe you are right; for the inhabitants of London seem to leave it as often as they can. Yet, certainly, all classes of men are richer here than in the country?"

"A very common mistake: London is the poorest place in England, and half the splendour you see is rotten—the pride which goes before destruction. All live up to their income, and thousands beyond it, almost from necessity."

"I will return, certainly, and throw myself on the mercy of Mr. Johnson."

"Do so: own that you have been wrong; and when, in future, you see any one dreaming of wealth and grandeur, and quitting certainty for hope, tell him your own experience: if he has nothing, let him come to London; but if he is provided for at home, advise him to stay there; and assure him that, if here he may find a larger carcase, he will also find a far greater number of eagles."

"I will write to Mr. Johnson immediately," said Maurice.

"By no means," replied Warren. "If you have any favour to seek, always make a personal application; it is much more difficult to refuse than a written one, and it must be answered one way or another."

Maurice took, with much gratitude, the advice so kindly offered him, and the same evening set out for his native town. His pride, which had yielded to arguments enforced by immediate distress, returned as the prospect of humiliation approached more nearly; and when he was set down at the Castle inn, he had almost resolved to return again to the metropolis. But it happened that, in taking up a local newspaper, an advertisement met his eye, which turned his thoughts into another channel. It was one of those extravagant scholastic annunciations which excite at once pity and contempt: the boys were to be taught with miraculous exactness and celerity, and no vacations were given but at the option of the parents. The name of the principal was Merivale; and all doubt as to the identity of the person was removed by his seeing him, shortly afterwards, pass the window, shabbily dressed, and driving before him two or three boys not his superiors in appearance.

It is needless to explain how his feelings were affected by the spectacle of a man, bred up in ease and affluence, reduced to the adoption of a profession than which there was none more laborious, and few for which he could have been more unqualified. He proceeded with humility and alacrity to the house of his relative, freely avowed his circumstances, and met with less severity than he anticipated. The anger of Mr. Johnson could not be very inveterate against a man who came to tell him he was right, and to admit himself a fool in having ever differed from him.

It remained for him to make his peace in another quarter; and when he again saw Juliet, he was enabled, by a more extended knowledge of the world, to do justice to her merits. If she wanted the refinements, she wanted also the vices of the town. She was not elegant nor fashionable; but neither was she affected and vain, or addicted to filthy and tawdry finery; and her appearance had all those graces which peculiarly belong to health and nature. In short, running, as he was wont, into extremes, he began to admire those very defects he had once despised; and having conceived a strong disgust for the Golden City, he consigned it to utter detestation, hated all that reminded him of it, and was really happy in having escaped the fulfilment of his most anxious wish.

EVERY man his own biographer would be the beau ideal of biography. We should have a vast deal of vanity, of course; a vast deal of hypocrisy, and a vast deal of that gentle coloured fiction, which the novelists term white lies—we might have some of a deeper tinge too. But we should have, on the whole, a vast deal of human nature, which is the grand desideratum after all.

One of the phenomena in that most curious of all phenomena—man, is, that in talking of himself, long disguise is impossible. He may have the happiest art of covering the truth in other instances, or the strongest reasons for distorting it in his own, but let the dissembler write half a dozen pages, and we find the truth forcing its way, the true features are seen through the mask, or the paint rubs off by the wear and tear of moments; or he grows tired of the masquerade, flings down his domino, flies out of the artificial light into the real, and gives his natural visage to the inspection of mankind. It is for this reason, that we scorn all Memoirs by a friend—Recollections by a near observer—Sketches by one in the habit of intercourse for many years—and all the other inventions of graceful titles, to tell us that the writer knows nothing of his subject.

But the affair is different in the present instance, and next to a biography from the pen of Lord Byron himself, we should probably wish to see a detail such as Mr. Galt could have furnished, if it had occurred to him at an earlier period to make use of his opportunities. He is well known as a novelist; he is a poet, has been a traveller and writer of travels, and we should conceive from the pleasantness and facility of his present volume, from his quickness in seizing the peculiarities of Byron's wayward character, and his picturesque skill in giving them clearly and gracefully to the world, that he would be as successful in the romance of real life, as in the romance of fiction.

To the actual history of Byron's career, it cannot be supposed that much addition was in Mr. Galt's power. And we are by no means sorry to escape the eternal stories of his boyhood, his friendship and quarrels, his buffetings with Rice-pudding Morgan, and the other brats of his school: combats which Byron used to triumph in, "through many a thrice told tale," with a silly affectation of precocious valour. But the present biographer has given the only traits of those times which can interest the reader, and spiritedly touched on the probable sources of his love for loneliness, his early conception of natural grandeur, and his original reluctance to mingle with the pleasant and intelligent scenes of the lower world. Byron was undoubtedly a little mad. His mother was mad by misfortune, his father by vice, and his uncle by nature. There was a floating lunacy in every propensity of his mind, and when he, at last, entered public life, every event tended to establish the fluctuation into settled frenzy. Of all the poor and unhappy of the earth, the most tormented must be a poor nobleman. Others may take refuge in a profession, he has none but the poorest, the army, open to him, unless he can reconcile himself to the life of a country churchman—curate, tithe-gatherer, christener, buryer, and all—and be prepared to slip out of the world's memory till he slips into his grave; for, with all the vigour of patronage we never heard of a lord rising to a mitre.

\* The Life of Lord Byron, by John Galt, Esq. London: Colburn and Bentley.—No. 1, National Library.



Byron had to struggle with poverty embittered by pride, pride embittered by scorn on his descent, scorn pointed by personal deformity, and personal deformity embittered by an almost female vanity of being distinguished as a beauty; for his ringlets cost him as much trouble as his poetry, and the smallness and whiteness of his hands were his favourite patent of nobility. His entrée into the House of Lords was greeted by the rough ceremony of compelling him to prove that his father was born in wedlock, and his first attempt at literature was plunged in the ice-bath of the Edinburgh Review.

So much for the education of this child of spleen. His first lessons were to shun mankind, his second to hate them, and his third to insult, scorn, and satirize them, and it must be owned that misanthropy never had a more devoted pupil.

Mr. Galt's first meeting with the noble poet was accidental. "It was at Gibraltar that I first fell in with Lord Byron. I had arrived there in the packet from England in indifferent health, on my way to Sicily. I only went a trip, intending to return home after spending a few weeks in Malta, Sicily, and Sardinia; having, before my departure, entered into the Society of Lincoln's-inn, with the design of studying the law.

"At this time, my friend, the late Colonel Wright, was Secretary to the Governor, and during the short stay of the packet at the Rock, he invited me to the hospitalities of his house, and among other civilities, gave me admission to the garrison library.

"The day, I well remember, was exceedingly sultry. The air was sickly, and if it was not a sirocco, it was a withering Levanter, oppressive to the functions of life, and to an invalid, denying all exercise; instead of rambling over the fortifications, I was, in consequence, constrained to spend the hottest part of the day in the library, and, while sitting there, a young man came in, and seated himself opposite to me at the table where I was reading. Something in his appearance attracted my attention. His dress indicated a Londoner of some fashion, partly by its neatness and simplicity, with just so much of a peculiarity of style as served to shew, that though he belonged to the order of metropolitan beaux, he was not altogether a common one.

"I thought his face not unknown to me. I began to conjecture where I could have seen him, and after an unobserved scrutiny, to speculate as to both his character and his vacation. His physiognomy was prepossessing and intelligent, but ever and anon his brows lowered and gathered, a habit, as I then thought, with a degree of affectation in it, probably first assumed for picturesque effect and energetic expression; but which I afterwards discovered, was undoubtedly the occasional scowl of some unpleasant reminiscences: it was certainly disagreeable, forbidding; but still the general cast of his features was impressed with elegance and character."

At dinner, Mr. Galt partially made, by the help of "Tom Sheridan," the discovery of the "mysterious man with the knitted brows." Lord Byron and Mr. Hobhouse were mentioned as having arrived in the packet. Still, however, the problem was incomplete. He had not seen either before, and the grand difficulty was to know which was the true Simon Pure. Nay, he would not be certain but that Mr. Cam Hobhouse, on whose poems he pronounces the fatal verdict of being "*rather respectable in their way*,"—one of the most long-drawn tortures that we can conceive to be inflicted in the cruelty of criticism—that the irritable

writer of those respectable poems might himself be the mysterious man with the scowl. However, the solution was expeditious, and happily complete.

"On the following evening I embarked early, and soon after, the two travellers came on board; in one of whom I recognized the visitor to the library, and he proved to be Lord Byron. In the little bustle and process of embarking their luggage, his lordship affected, as it seemed to me, more aristocracy than befitted his years or the occasion, and I then thought of his scowl, and *suspected* him of pride and irascibility. The impression that evening was not agreeable, but it was interesting, and that forehead-mark, the frown, was calculated to awaken curiosity, and to beget conjectures."

We must do Mr. Galt the justice to say that no man could have made more of a frown. However, the rest is more to our taste.

"Hobhouse, with more of the *commoner* (and Mr. Galt might have added, 'with more of the gentleman'), made himself one of the passengers at once, but Byron held himself aloof, and sat on the rail, leaning on the mizen shrouds, imbibing, as it were, poetical sympathy from the gloomy rock, then dark and stern in the twilight. (Ten to one he was sick.) There was in all about him that evening much waywardness, he spoke petulantly to Fletcher, his valet, and was evidently ill at ease with himself, and fretful towards others. I thought he would turn out an unsatisfactory shipmate, yet there was something redeeming in the tones of his voice," &c.

Byron took three days to come round and look human. "About the third day he relented from his rapt mood, as if he felt it was out of place, and became playful." They then went to shooting at bottles overboard, Byron was "not pre-eminently the best shot." They caught a shark, and had a steak of him broiled for breakfast. Mr. Galt does not tell us how the others liked it, but, for his own part, he considered it "but a cannibal dainty."

There is rather too much of this minuteness in the book; but on the general character of Byron's mind, tastes, life, loves, and poetry, his biographer gives a good deal of new and true remark. In one instance he charges the poet with plagiarism "from Mr. Galt," probably true enough, for he plundered wherever he could, without the slightest ceremony in the appropriation, and, odd as the matter may be, the suspicion is rendered more probable, by his protesting that "Mr. Galt is the last person on earth from whom any one would think of taking anything;"—an impudent and insulting scoff, which the biographer has the heroism, or the simplicity, to give to the world.

The story of the Guiccioli is given; but Mr. Galt should have felt it due to his own character to pronounce this a base and profligate connection, and to stamp with the scorn they deserve the contemptible family who could see one of their number thus living in open adultery with any man. But we take it for granted that the gentlemen got their stipend, and the lady her hire, regularly by the month.

One fragment of character is still worth recording. We hope that it may figure in some historic picture of the new school of feeling. When that miserable man, Shelley, was drowned, the surviving partners of the "Liberal" met to give him a classic burial. The performance was quite poetic: open shore, resounding sea, distant forest, murmuring waves, solemn strand, broad sun-bright waves, the "majesty of nature,"



and so forth, all in full dress. To bury the miserable remains was out of the question; the ceremony must be pagan, and they burned him, like an honest and plain-spoken Pagan as he was. Mr. Galt describes the concluding ceremony as giving a fine finish to the ceremonial.

"Those antique obsequies were undoubtedly affecting; but the return of the mourners from the burning is the most appalling *orgie*, without the horror of crime, of which I have ever heard. When the *duty* was done, and the ashes collected, they *dined* and *drank much*, and bursting together from the calm mastery with which they had repressed their feelings—(fudge, Mr. Galt!)—during the solemnity, gave way to frantic exultation.

"They were *all drunk*; they *sung*, they *shouted*, and their barouche was driven like a whirlwind through the forest. I can conceive nothing descriptive of the demoniac revelry of that flight, but scraps of the dead man's own song of Faust, Mephistophelis, and Ignis-fatuuus, in alternatè chorus."

All this is true, and the biographer talks properly on so odious a subject. We think too his illustration by the rhymes is quite appropriate. As nothing can be a fitter illustration of frenzy in fact than nonsense in rhyme; for example—

"The giant-snouted crags, ho, ho!  
How they snort, and how they blow!

"The way is wide, the way is long;  
But what is that for a Bedlam throng?  
Some on a ram, and some on a prong,  
On poles and on broomsticks we flutter along!

"Honour to her to whom honour is due—  
Old Mother Baubo, honour to you!  
An *able sow*, with old Baubo upon her,  
Is *worthy of glory*, and *worthy of honour*!"

We think this monstrous stuff quite the suitable epitaph, and regret that the bones were burned.

As to the "Liberal," which was projected by Shelley's atheist malignity, Hunt's poverty, and Byron's avarice, the biographer properly pronounces it to have been a most degrading transaction:—

"There is no disputing the fact, that his lordship, in conceiving the plan of the 'Liberal,' was actuated by sordid motives, and of the basest kind, as the popularity of the work was to rest on the art of detraction. Being disappointed in his hopes of profit, he shuffled out of the concern as meanly as any higgler could have done who found himself in a profitless business with a disreputable partner."

All true enough; though even this candour does not reconcile us to Mr. Galt's praises of his lordship's tragedies. The public have already stamped them irrevocably as dull, as having no dramatic power about them, and as greatly tending to that falling-off of fame, of which Byron so keenly complains in his correspondence with his bookseller, and which was clearly the principal cause of driving him to his giddy and Quixotic expedition to Greece. However, the volume is interesting; it gives all that we can expect to know of the poet, or, perhaps, all that could be known without diving into matters that might be better kept concealed. The work begins the "National Library" well, and under the conduct of its popular and intelligent editor, Mr. Gleig, and with its active publishers, we augur very favourably of the enterprise.

## LIGHT AND SHADOW.

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“ All that's bright must fade.”

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ALAS ! that early Love should fly ;  
 That Friendship's self should fade and die,  
 And glad hearts pine with cankering fears,  
 And starry eyes grow dim with tears !  
 For years are sad and withering things,  
 And Sorrow lingers, and Joy has wings ;  
 And Winter steals into sunny bowers,  
 And Time's dull footstep treads on flowers ;  
 And the waters of life flow deep and fast,  
 And they bear to the sorrowful grave at last.

There were two young hearts that were twins in love,  
 As pure as the passion that lives above ;  
 Two flowers were they on a single stem,  
 And the world was the Garden of Eden to them ;  
 And all things looked bright in the morning beam,  
 And life was as sweet as an angel's dream ;—  
 But death has a stern and a pitiless heart,  
 And the nearest and dearest at length must part.

The Dark One came, with his fatal eye,  
 And the fairest faded as he drew nigh ;  
 And her pure soul passed from its dwelling away,  
 And her beauty was changed into mouldering clay.

It was a fearful sight to see  
 The one that was left in his misery,  
 As he gazed with a stedfast eye on the dead,  
 Watching her charms as they faded and fled !  
 For the beauty of death soon passes away,  
 When touched by the withering hand of decay.

First, she looked lovely, as if in sleep ;  
 Then, a rigid and marble look did creep  
 O'er her breathless form with a stealthy pace,  
 And her shrunk limbs lost their languid grace—  
 The placid languor of deep repose,  
 When slumber sinks down after music's close ;  
 And the tender blush her cheek forsook,  
 And her features a stony stiffness took ;  
 And her dim eyes sunk, and their beauty was o'er,  
 And her sweet lips settled, to charm no more.

\* \* \* \*

His dreary life still holds him fast,  
 Like a chain around a prisoner cast ;  
 For those who long to die, live on,  
 When all that made life dear is gone.

J. R. O.



## THE MUSING MUSICIAN.

I BEG leave to present my card, and to solicit the reader's patronage, as a professor of music. Fifty summers and winters have passed over my head. I have not, however, kept time in the orchestra of life—for life may be aptly likened to an orchestra, whose best performance is but an overture, a promise of something to come; a place where the thunder of the drum and the whisper of the flute, the light violin and the heavy violoncello, are by turns uppermost, and whose most complicated harmony may be entirely jarred by the error of one solitary fiddler—a Nero, or a Napoleon;—I have not, I say, taken part in this performance for half a century, without acquiring a certain degree of experience, and picking up a considerable number of axioms which I believe to be incontrovertible. One of these is, that people who go to parties are more unreasonable than the rest of the world; another is, that the man who hath “music in his soul” hath seldom any mercy in it for the musician; a third is, that gentlemen—quadrilles being once started in an assembly—continue dancing for the rest of their lives, until the gout seizes hold of them; and that ladies never do sit down afterwards. Your quadrille, I am perfectly convinced, is your only perpetual motion. Dancing, to women especially, is like a hoop, which they twirl round and round without coming to an end. They seem to imagine that a ball is, in accordance with its designation, globular; and that, having once commenced, there cannot possibly be any termination to it. I never yet met with a female that would acknowledge herself fatigued—if she danced well. They are always ready to go on, and never willing to go home. They have no notion of giving over—they do not know what breaking-up means—they think the chalk looks as fresh on the floor as ever—they wonder what the old gentleman, who generally goes to bed at eleven, means by gaping at six in the morning—they vow, with Juliet, that it is the nightingale and not the lark that sings—they promise to accept you as a partner in the next dance but nine; and they never will, in short, put an end to their sport until they fall fast asleep—and even then they will be apt to make a somnambular movement, and go through the figures with their eyes shut. They dream that they dance.

If this be the case—and it will scarcely be contradicted—with females generally, to what a height must the evil be increased with those in particular who are celebrated, as so many are, for something or other—talents, beauty, a volume of poems, or a rich relation in a banking-establishment. When I enter a room, and find myself surrounded by pretty faces, and figures not too fat, I prepare myself for the worst. But if, in addition to this disastrous display, I discover that there are two or three of them who dance divinely, two or three more tolerably, and another two or three, who, though they cannot dance at all, have inherited such things as ankles;—if I have reason to apprehend that none of the gentlemen are afflicted with the rheumatism or cork legs;—if I see a harp within reach of somebody that has been taught to play, not because she has a taste for music, but because she has a white arm or a diamond-bracelet;—if I find a lady in the room who, happening to have a good set of teeth, happens to have also what is termed a voice—a female professor of science and sentiment, that has all Bayley's ballads by heart;—when I make any one of these dreadful and by no means

unusual discoveries, I feel that I am indeed fixed. There I am, like Prometheus, chained to a mahogany rock stuffed with horse-hair, with the piano-forte preying upon me like a vulture.

These reflections have been forced upon my mind by a circumstance that occurred the other evening. I was engaged professionally to attend a little party where the mistress of the ceremonies was understood to be an advocate for regular hours, and I accordingly entertained strong hopes of getting home by two or three o'clock. When I entered the room, conceive my dismay and disappointment at beholding, ranged before me, not less than a dozen of the most indefatigable and determined torturers of the fantastic toe that ever danced till seven, drank coffee, and danced again. There were many others scattered about; but the dreadful dozen, that formidable twelve—they were the jury by whom my temper was to be tried—the signs of the Zodiac through which I was destined to travel. They were stars that did not think of shining till the morning—planets that would scorn to turn pale till daybreak. I read my doom in their eyes—they had dressed for my destruction. Seeing that there was to be no mercy, I made up my mind for mischief. After bowing to the multitude—like one who is brought forth to suffer some dreadful sentence for the benefit of society—(the parallel will not hold good, for I lacked the necessary nightcap—how I longed for it!)—I took my seat with a smiling face and a desponding heart. I was determined to endure calmly. I was quite patient—the very personification of an angler fishing for philosophic consolation.

Dancing commenced. The company proceeded to take their pleasure in pairs, entering the ark of happiness two and two; each fop with a female—I with my piano. What a partner!—and to have it for life, too, as appeared at length to be my lot. I bore my fate with calmness—nay, with contentment; particularly as they commenced with some shew of moderation, and allowed me nearly a minute and a half between each quadrille. This playing and purring with me, however, was only to enable them to devour me at last with the greater relish. They appeared to regard me as a mouse instead of a musician. At least it never seemed to enter into the imagination of anybody that I was anything but a part of the instrument; a piece of mortal machinery, that, when out of order, might be tuned or wound up with wine and water.

The situation of the frog renowned in fable presented itself to my recollection, and I felt that their rapture was to be my ruin. I relieved my mind in some degree from the pressure of sorrow, by inveighing bitterly against the legislature, that, while it has provided such appropriate punishments for house-breaking, suffers heart-breaking to be practised with impunity.

It was now long past midnight, and they continued to glide and glisten about the room, with as much vigour and brilliancy as if they had only just commenced. I could read in every face at the termination of a dance, “to be continued in our next.” Like authors who are paid by the sheet, a conclusion was with them quite out of the question. They appeared insensible to fatigue, and were evidently disposed to dance on for ever. Life in their philosophy seemed so short, that it was hardly worth while to leave off. A quadrille was their pursuit, their occupation—the object they were born for. There was nothing else in nature in their eyes. People were created but to dance and die. The world itself



had been for ages past performing a minuet with the sun, and appeared at that moment to be waltzing away with the moon!

My fingers and my faculties began to rebel. I continued to play, however, though I could perceive the incipient symptoms of daylight just breaking through the window-curtains. I wished a vast number of things—the principal and most preposterous of which was, that they would give over. I wished that handsome women were prohibited by Act of Parliament, or that boarding-school beauties, in their eighteenth year, were human beings—as in that case some small degree of pity might be expected from them. The lamps and candles were burning low—I fancied they began to burn blue! How I wished that, by some necromantic misfortune, there might be no more oil or long-fours in the house! I ardently longed for the appearance of an apparition or a housebreaker. Jack Sheppard and the Hammersmith ghost came alternately into my mind, and I wished that we had all been born in an earlier era. Hope would not then have been so utterly hopeless. It seemed just possible that the kitchen-chimney might catch fire;—what a relief would that have been to the fever under which I was suffering! I prayed fervently that the mistress of the house might find the fatigue too much for her;—a fainting fit would have administered much consolation to me—particularly if there were no *sal volatile* to be had. I wished most especially that her husband would get cross and sleepy. And then my imagination would settle again upon those lovely but provoking pests—those laughing, persevering plagues, who were the real movers of my misery, and whom I heard every instant proposing some new mode of torturing me and prolonging the time. It was clear that, having the persons, they considered themselves entitled to the privileges of angels, and had consequently mistaken time for eternity. I hoped that their brothers and uncles might be desperately alarmed at their stay; or that Queen Mab might pay a visit to their grandmothers, frightening them with dreams of elopements, and handsome clerks with eighty pounds per annum.

At last, worn out with incessant exertion, and overpowered with sleep down to my fingers'-ends—that continued to touch the keys, though my ears were utterly unconscious of the sounds they produced—I fell into a kind of conscious stupor, a waking vision, a delusion of the senses. A film grew over my mind, and obscured its perceptions. My imagination seemed to have been let on a building lease, and fabrics of a most fantastic architecture were every where springing up on its surface. I could not help fancying that I had been playing there for many years without once leaving off, and that the company had continued dancing for the same length of time. I endeavoured in vain to recollect at what period I had commenced my performance, but I could not divest my mind of a belief that half a century had elapsed since I began. Glancing at a mirror opposite to me, I perceived that I looked alarmingly old—that my whiskers were quite grey, and of more than military dimensions. I observed also that my coat was fearfully unfashionable in its cut, and as shabby as a member of parliament's that has been twice turned. My hat, I conjectured, must be the only part of my apparel that was not worn out. The portion of my dress nearest to the seat, had suffered severely. The very horse-hair was peeping out of the cushion. The dress and appearance of all around me had likewise under-

gone a change for the worse. The long-flounced drapery, and large loose hanging sleeves—the starched cravats and pigeon-tailed dress-coats—gave the figure a most odiously antiquated effect. Seen through the telescope of time, nothing could be more outré and ridiculous. Fancy how the fashions in “*La Belle Assemblée*” will look fifty years hence, and then imagine my amusement in contemplating the scene around me.

I could not account to myself for this singular delusion but by supposing that we had all been so much interested in the festivities, that months had imperceptibly passed on, and we had counted them as minutes. Still, however, they continued dancing: but I consoled myself by reflecting that it could not last much longer, as the charms of the females were rapidly fading away, their cheeks being already pale with age and fatigue—their tresses, whether raven or auburn, requiring the magical and gloss-giving aid of Rowland—and their few remaining teeth beginning to ache—so that, no longer able to “shew off,” they would soon cease to have any reasonable motive for prolonging the dance. As for the other portion of the party, I could easily perceive that they did not caper about with their former ease and alacrity. Their youthful harlequinism had turned into a very Grimaldi-like old age. The gout had done wonders. They limped through the figures like people galloping over burning ploughshares; and, in spite of every effort to disguise it, it was clear that their imaginations were settling very comfortably into easy chairs and velvet caps. They seemed to treat their legs with particular tenderness and indulgence, and were evidently longing to put their feet into wool. I could see very well where the shoe pinched, and how they gilded every twinge with a smile. There was a little girl—one of the musical marvels with which every private family abounds—who had been fondly forced by considerate parents and admiring friends to sing every thing, from the Tyrolese air to Tom Bowling, in the earlier part of the evening; and there to my imagination she stood, in the same spot—ogling what had been an agile young ensign when he entered the room, but who was now probably a corpulent colonel without being at all aware of the change. I could not but smile, amidst all my anxieties and uneasiness, when, reflecting on the gay, airy, tripping step that had distinguished every one on entering, I anticipated a view of their approaching exit, hobbling and humiliated. A feeling of revenge sweetened my regret, as I pictured one of the most youthful of my tormentors, dim and decrepit, leaning for support on the arm of a tender juvenile, who was obliged to send the servant for a stick to sustain him.

In contemplating the changes that had taken place in others, I was not unmindful of myself. And here the first thing that occurred to me was—what would my wife say to me for my long absence! The reflection that followed this was—and I felt the piano tremble beneath the violence occasioned by the overwhelming idea—perhaps she had eloped! This, indeed, appeared the more probable to my apprehension, as fortune had blessed me with a very intimate friend. Perhaps—the thought was succeeded by a strange mixture of sensations—perhaps my poor wife was dead!—and by some extraordinary association of circumstances, I immediately seemed to shake off my years, and to assume something like the semblance of juvenility. I could not help indulging a hope that,



amidst the wreck of my property, my favourite violin had been preserved. I wondered moreover whether my eldest boy's voice had turned out a tenor, and whether the other had left off playing on the jew's-harp.

But my attention was soon called to the state of public affairs, and I began to marvel as to the improvements that had been effected and the changes that had happened during the period of my trance. My first conjecture was—whether the National Debt and the Pimlico Palace were still standing: or had Rothschild paid the one out of his own pocket, as an acknowledgment for the admission of himself and his people into parliament; Nash being condemned to inhabit the other through all eternity, as a punishment for building it. I took some pains to calculate how many new worlds Mr. Buckingham had discovered in the course of his voyage round this; an excursion undertaken with so much regard to the interests of science, and with such manifest indifference and detriment to his own. I wondered also whether there was anybody in existence that recollected who Mr. Milton Montgomery was; or whether the exact extent and duration of a modern immortality had been finally fixed! Had the nation begun to like music, or did they only patronize it! Had Liston really assumed, on his retirement, the honours of the baronetcy (I tried to imagine a Sir John Liston) to which rumour had assigned him the right; and had the mariner-monarch, King William, called Mr. T. P. Cooke to the peerage, as a reward for his talent in the personation of nautical characters, and making the navy popular! I felt a desire to know whether Sir Francis Burdett had ever ascertained the difference between water and prussic-acid; and how many revolutions had taken place in St. Giles's since 1830! Who was Lord Mayor—and were state-carriages drawn by steam! I indulged in a momentary surmise whether steam had been rendered applicable to the purposes of public orations, by bringing one vapour to act upon another; and whether La Porte had introduced it into the Opera to give effect to the chorusses, and to relieve the wind-instruments. Had the works of any more of our popular authors been advertised at half-price! I hoped that the army had recovered from the shock which it sustained in the loss of its mustachios. Had the North-West Passage been discovered!—if so, had Sir Edward Parry, or any navigator in the ocean of human nature, found out—and here my mind rambled over an infinite catalogue of desiderata, comprising the integrity of a stock-jobber, the independence of a state-pensioner, the morality of an actress, the skill of a self-taught curer of consumptions, the enlightenment of his patients, the unimpeachable honour of a representative, the incorruptible honesty of an elector, the diffidence of a counsellor, the disinterestedness of a subscriber to public charities, the meek-heartedness of a judge, the sincerity of a saint, the dignity of a city magistrate, the love of criticism of an artist, the conscience and classic taste of a government architect, the humour of a translator of farces, the anything of a fashionable novelist, the—— But I broke off, as I do now, in the middle; I had stumbled over more improbabilities than the most sagacious expounder of mysteries, the most enthusiastic supporter of the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge, could hope to discover between this and the millenium. A thousand questions started up involuntarily, pressing for answers on all subjects, from poetry to pugilism. Every thing had acquired an interest from time—the most

trivial objects had become hallowed in my absence. How anxiously I longed to see the "Times:" even the advertisements would have been welcome.

From this dream, or whatever it may be called, I was at length aroused by the actual breaking up of the party. They were positively going. I had glimpses at first, and then full views, of hats and cloaks—my dungeon-bolts were withdrawn. Alas! I felt myself in the situation of the "Prisoner of Chillon," so affectingly described by our great poet. I had become so accustomed to my confinement, that I was almost indifferent to release—and at length

"Regained my freedom with a sigh!"

I resembled a person that was so exceedingly hungry that he had lost his appetite. I would as soon stay as go. I had no relish for home—indeed I had almost forgotten the way to it. With some difficulty I succeeded in tracing it out, and reached it in time for breakfast. There, faithful as the eggs and coffee themselves, presided my wife, who, notwithstanding my friend, had never even dreamed of eloping. The girls were as guiltless of marriage, and the boys as innocent of music, as when I left them. One of them was spoiling my favourite violin and a newly-published air at the same moment; and the other was, as usual, playing the jew's-harp to a favourite poodle, who sat shaking his ears over it with all the solemnity of a profoundly fashionable critic at a composition of Handel's. B.

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PARAGRAPHS ON PREJUDICE: BY THE LATE WILLIAM HAZLITT.

It is not an easy matter to distinguish between true and false prejudice; for it is a mistake to suppose that all prejudices are false. Prejudice is properly an opinion or feeling, not for which there is no reason, but of which we cannot render a satisfactory account on the spot. It is not always possible to assign a "reason for the faith that is in us," not even if we take time and summon up all our strength; but it does not therefore follow that our faith is hollow and unfounded. A false impression may be defined to be an effect without a cause, or without any adequate one; but the effect may remain and be true, though the cause is concealed or forgotten. The grounds of our opinions and tastes may be deep, and be scattered over a large surface; they may be various, remote, and complicated; but the result will be sound and true, if they have existed at all, though we may not be able to analyse them into classes, or to recal the particular time, place, and circumstances of each individual case or branch of the evidence. The materials of thought and feeling, the body of facts and experience, are infinite, are constantly going on around us, and acting to produce an impression of good or evil, of assent or dissent to certain inferences; but to require that we should be prepared to retain the whole of this mass of experience in our memory, to resolve it into its component parts, and be able to quote chapter and verse for every conclusion we unavoidably draw from it, or else to discard the whole together as unworthy the attention of a rational being, is to betray an utter ignorance both of the limits and the several uses of the human capacity. The *feeling* of the truth of anything, or



the soundness of the judgment formed upon it from repeated, actual impressions, is one thing; the power of vindicating and enforcing it, by distinctly appealing to or explaining those impressions, is another. The most fluent talkers or most plausible reasoners are not always the justest thinkers.

To deny that we can, in a certain sense, know and be justified in believing anything of which we cannot give the complete demonstration, or the exact *why* and *how*, would only be to deny that the clown, the mechanic (and not even the greatest philosopher), can know the commonest thing; for in this new and dogmatical process of reasoning, the greatest philosopher can trace nothing *above*, nor proceed a single step without taking something for granted;\* and it is well if he does not take more things for granted than the most vulgar and illiterate, and what he knows a great deal less about. A common mechanic can tell how to work an engine better than the mathematician who invented it. A peasant is able to foretell rain from the appearance of the clouds, because (time out of mind) he has seen that appearance followed by that consequence; and shall a pedant catechise him out of a conviction which he has found true in innumerable instances, because he does not understand the composition of the elements, or cannot put his notions into a logical shape? There may also be some collateral circumstance (as the time of day), as well as the appearance of the clouds, which he may forget to state in accounting for his prediction; though, as it has been a part of his familiar experience, it has naturally guided him in forming it, whether he was aware of it or not. This comes under the head of the well-known principle of the *association of ideas*; by which certain impressions, from frequent recurrence, coalesce and act in unison truly and mechanically—that is, without our being conscious of anything but the general and settled result. On this principle it has been well said, that “there is nothing so true as habit;” but it is also blind: we feel and can produce a given effect from numberless repetitions of the same cause; but we neither inquire into the cause, nor advert to the mode. In learning any art or exercise, we are obliged to take lessons, to watch others, to proceed step by step, to attend to the details and means employed; but when we are masters of it, we take all this for granted, and do it without labour and without thought, by a kind of habitual instinct—that is, by the trains of our ideas and volitions having been directed uniformly, and at last flowing of themselves into the proper channel.

We never do any thing well till we cease to think about the manner of doing it. This is the reason why it is so difficult for any but natives to speak a language correctly or idiomatically. They do not succeed in this from knowledge or reflection, but from inveterate custom, which is a cord that cannot be loosed. In fact, in all that we do, feel, or think, there is a leaven of *prejudice* (more or less extensive), *viz.* something implied, of which we do not know or have forgotten the grounds.

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\* Berkely, in his “*Minute Philosopher*,” attacks Dr. Halley, who had objected to faith and mysteries in religion, on this score; and contends that the mathematician, no less than the theologian, is obliged to presume on certain *postulates*, or to resort, before he could establish a single theorem, to a formal definition of those undefinable and hypothetical existences, points, lines, and surfaces; and, according to the ingenious and learned Bishop of Cloyne, *solids* would fare no better than *superficials* in this war of words and captious contradiction.

If I am required to prove the possibility, or demonstrate the mode of whatever I do before I attempt it, I can neither speak, walk, nor see ; nor have the use of my hands, senses, or common understanding. I do not know what muscles I use in walking, nor what organs I employ in speech : those who do, cannot speak or walk better on that account ; nor can they tell how these organs and muscles themselves act. Can I not discover that one object is near, and another at a distance, from the *eye* alone, or from continual impressions of sense and custom concurring to make the distinction, without going through a course of perspective and optics ?—or am I not to be allowed an opinion on the subject, or to act upon it, without being accused of being a very *prejudiced* and obstinate person ? An artist knows that to imitate an object in the horizon, he must use less colour ; and the naturalist knows that this effect is produced by the intervention of a greater quantity of air : but a country fellow, who knows nothing of either circumstance, must not only be ignorant, but a blockhead, if he could be persuaded that a hill ten miles off was close before him, only because he could not state the grounds of his opinion scientifically. Not only must we (if restricted to reason and philosophy) distrust the notices of sense, but we must also dismiss all that mass of knowledge and perception which falls under the head of *common-sense* and *natural feeling*, which is made up of the strong and urgent, but undefined impressions of things upon us, and lies between the two extremes of absolute proof and the grossest ignorance. Many of these pass for instinctive principles and *innate ideas* ; but there is nothing in them “ more than natural.”

Without the aid of prejudice and custom, I should not be able to find my way across the room ; nor know how to conduct myself in any circumstances, nor what to feel in any relation of life. Reason may play the critic, and correct certain errors afterwards ; but if we were to wait for its formal and absolute decisions in the shifting and multifarious combinations of human affairs, the world would stand still. Even men of science, after they have gone over the proofs a number of times, abridge the process, and *jump at a conclusion* :—is it therefore false, because they have always found it to be true ? Science after a certain time becomes presumption ; and learning reposes in ignorance. It has been observed, that women have more *tact* and insight into character than men, that they find out a pedant, a pretender, a blockhead, sooner. The explanation is, that they trust more to the first impressions and natural indications of things, without troubling themselves with a learned theory of them ; whereas men, affecting greater gravity, and thinking themselves bound to justify their opinions, are afraid to form any judgment at all, without the formality of proofs and definitions, and blunt the edge of their understandings, lest they should commit some mistake. They stay for facts, till it is too late to pronounce on the characters. Women are naturally physiognomists, and men phrenologists. The first judge by sensations ; the last by rules. Prejudice is so far then an involuntary and stubborn *association of ideas*, of which we cannot assign the distinct grounds and origin ; and the answer to the question, “ How do we know whether the prejudice is true or false ? ” depends chiefly on that other, whether the first connection between our ideas has been real or imaginary. This again resolves into the inquiry, Whether the subject in dispute falls under the province of our own experience,



feeling, and observation, or is referable to the head of authority, tradition, and fanciful conjecture? Our practical conclusions are in this respect generally right; our speculative opinions are just as likely to be wrong. What we derive from our personal acquaintance with things (however narrow in its scope or imperfectly digested), is, for the most part, built on a solid foundation—that of Nature; it is in trusting to others (who give themselves out for guides and doctors) that we are *all abroad*, and at the mercy of quackery, impudence, and imposture. Any impression, however absurd, or however we may have imbibed it, by being repeated and indulged in, becomes an article of implicit and incorrigible belief. The point to consider is, how we have first taken it up, whether from ourselves or the arbitrary dictation of others. “Thus shall we try the doctrines, whether they be of nature or of man.”

So far then from the charge lying against vulgar and illiterate prejudice as the bane of truth and common sense, the argument turns the other way; for the greatest, the most solemn, and mischievous absurdities that mankind have been the dupes of, they have imbibed from the dogmatism and vanity or hypocrisy of the self-styled wise and learned, who have imposed profitable fictions upon them for self-evident truths, and contrived to enlarge their power with their pretensions to knowledge. Every boor sees that the sun shines above his head; that “the moon is made of green cheese,” is a fable that has been taught him. Defoe says, that there were a hundred thousand stout country-fellows in his time ready to fight to the death against popery, without knowing whether popery was a man or a horse. This, then, was a prejudice that they did not fill up of their own heads. All the great points that men have founded a claim to superiority, wisdom, and illumination upon, that they have embroiled the world with, and made matters of the last importance, are what one age and country differ diametrically with each other about, have been successively and justly exploded, and have been the levers of opinion and the grounds of contention, precisely because as their expounders and believers are equally in the dark about them, they rest wholly on the fluctuations of will and passion, and as they can neither be proved nor disproved, admit of the fiercest opposition or the most bigotted faith. In what “comes home to the business and bosoms of men,” there is less of this uncertainty and presumption; and there, in the little world of our own knowledge and experience, we can hardly do better than attend to the “still, small voice” of our own hearts and feelings, instead of being brow-beat by the effrontery, or puzzled by the sneers and cavils of pedants and sophists, of whatever school or description.

If I take a prejudice against a person from his face, I shall very probably be in the right; if I take a prejudice against a person from hearsay, I shall quite as probably be in the wrong. We have a prejudice in favour of certain books, but it is hardly without knowledge, if we have read them with delight over and over again. Fame itself is a prejudice, though a fine one. Natural affection is a prejudice: for though we have cause to love our nearest connections better than others, we have no reason to think them better than others. The error here is, when that which is properly a dictate of the heart passes out of its sphere, and becomes an overweening decision of the understanding. So in like manner of the love of country; and there is a prejudice in

favour of virtue, genius, liberty, which (though it were possible) it would be a pity to destroy. The passions, such as avarice, ambition, love, &c. are prejudices, that is, amply exaggerated views of certain objects, made up of habit and imagination beyond their real value; but if we ask what is the real value of any object, independently of its connection with the power of habit, or its affording natural scope for the imagination, we shall perhaps be puzzled for an answer. To reduce things to the scale of abstract reason would be to annihilate our interest in them, instead of raising our affections to a higher standard; and by striving to make man rational, we should leave him merely brutish.

Animals are without prejudice: they are not led away by authority or custom, but it is because they are gross, and incapable of being taught. It is however a mistake to imagine that only the vulgar and ignorant, who can give no account of their opinions, are the slaves of bigotry and prejudice; the noisiest declaimers, the most subtle casuists, and most irrefragable doctors, are as far removed from the character of true philosophers, while they strain and pervert all their powers to prove some unintelligible dogma, instilled into their minds by early education, interest, or self-importance; and if we say the peasant or artisan is a Mahometan because he is born in Turkey, or a papist because he is born in Italy, the mufti at Constantinople or the cardinal at Rome is so, for no better reason, in the midst of all his pride and learning. Mr. Hobbes used to say, that if he had read as much as others, he should have been as ignorant as they.

After all, most of our opinions are a mixture of reason and prejudice, experience and authority. We can only judge for ourselves in what concerns ourselves, and in things about us: and even there we must trust continually to established opinion and current report; in higher and more abstruse points we must pin our faith still more on others. If we believe only what we know at first hand, without trusting to authority at all, we shall disbelieve a great many things that really exist; and the suspicious coxcomb is as void of judgment as the credulous fool. My habitual conviction of the existence of such a place as Rome is not strengthened by my having seen it; it might be almost said to be obscured and weakened, as the reality falls short of the imagination. I walk along the streets without fearing that the houses will fall on my head, though I have not examined their foundation; and I believe firmly in the Newtonian system, though I have never read the *Principia*. In the former case, I argue that if the houses were inclined to fall they would not wait for me; and in the latter, I acquiesce in what all who studied the subject, and are capable of understanding it, agree in, having no reason to suspect the contrary. That *the earth turns round* is agreeable to my understanding; though it shocks my sense, which is however too weak to grapple with so vast a question.

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## THE IRISH PRIEST AND HIS NIECE.

THE parish of Ruthbeg, in the west of Ireland, is placed in the centre of a range of ragged hills, as if it had been dropt there by accident. It is a lonely place, dotted over with trees, and ponds, and wide stretches of meadow, and somewhat fantastically intersected with a silver vein of water that takes its source in one of the mountains. The extent of the parish is about twenty miles, and as the population is thin and scattered, the clerical duties of the priest are laborious, it being a part of his business to visit the parishioners at stated times, and give mass on alternate Sundays at the distant stations. But Father Macdermott contrived to make his task as agreeable as, under all circumstances, could be expected. He travelled on horseback; stopped at the Ihcbeen houses for refreshment, which was gratuitously accorded to his Reverence, and which he was never slow to partake of; and, by short stages and merry-makings, he never failed to enjoy himself on the road. He had a word for every body, for he was jocular by nature; and so, between his fun and his functions, he made light of his journey. Imagine him mounted on a well-fed charger, as sleek as himself; and follow him down the sloping bridle-path that leads into the first rent of cabins beyond the bridge: you shall judge of the pleasant life he passes in his retired parish.

"Ha! Mrs. Finnegan, what's upon you this morning, with that *quare* looking bundle under your apron?"

"Troth, your Reverence, it's only a basket of eggs."

"Where there's eggs there must be chickens, Mrs. Finnegan,"

"Never a word of lie in it, your Reverence."

"I wouldn't be put out of my way, Mrs. Finnegan, if one or two of them same chickens were laying their eggs up in my barn; there's a beautiful pool for the creatures there."

"May-be your honour means to do me a good turn this blessed morning?"

"And why not, Mrs. Finnegan? Who's sick?"

"Poor Thady is lyin' under the measles."

"Oh! we'll make a terrible intercession for him."

"The grace of the world go wid you, sir."

"When will the chickens come, Mrs. Finnegan?"

"If I'm a living woman they'll be breaking their hearts laying eggs for your Reverence before they're an hour older."

"You're in the true way, and I'll take care of Thady."

Spurs to his horse, and off he goes to a wake.

The eldest son of the house of Shanahan is dead. He lies on a dingy bed, surrounded by numerous candles and the *élite* of the village. When the priest enters, Michael Shanahan, the father, greets him.

"There he is, your Reverence; sure the world couldn't keep him together when once the last fit came upon him."

"Well," rejoins the priest, "it's one comfort, that, do what you will, you can't bring him back again."

This consolation was followed by dipping a goblet into a gigantic bowl of punch that stood on a table in the middle of the apartment, and drinking off its contents to the "sarvice" of the "ladies and gentlemen."

In the mean time the melancholy revelry went forward, hushed into occasional attention only when some divers-keyed song broke upon the din and clatter of voices; or when some inspired relative of the deceased stood forward, in a sudden frenzy of eloquence, to depict his virtues and bewail his loss.\*

Father Macdermott moved quietly towards a corner, where a middle-aged woman, of the lower class, sat alone. She appeared to be an observer, rather than a partaker of the merriment. But it must not, therefore, be inferred that she was either moody or temperate; for she frequently joined in the loud roar, and never allowed the jorum to pass untasted. Still she did not mingle in the group, but enjoyed it with a sort of solitary recklessness. The priest was soon seated at her side. There was a look of mutual intelligence, checked by strong feelings; but the embarrassment soon wore off, and an undertoned tête-à-tête ensued.

"And is the cratur well?" inquired the woman, in a subdued and uncheerful voice.

"Hearty—hearty!" returned the priest.

"And how is her *sparals*?"†

"Troth, Mrs. Martin, I can't complain. She's as well *as can be expected*." These last words were accompanied by a very intelligent smirk, that conveyed a meaning which could not be mistaken.

"Again?—poor sowl!" and the woman cowered in her corner, and rocked to and fro with an agitated expression of countenance.

The buzz still rang thrillingly through the low room; and but snatches of the conversation were here and there audible.

"Father, avourneen!" exclaimed an old woman, approaching the Priest with great reverence, "how is the niece this blessed night?"

"Thank your axing, she's mighty well," returned his Reverence.

"Ah! then, wasn't it a pity not to bring her along wid you to the wake? Sure never a one of her gets any diversion at all, she's so given up to the books and the chapel."

"True for you," interrupted Mrs. Martin; "but there's *raison* in all things. May-be, it's better as it is."

"What should you mean by that, Mrs. Martin?" inquired the Priest.

"Och! nothing—nothing at all. Only it's a sad sight to see a young thing, the likes of her, shut up morning, noon, and night, all as one as a fairy in a 'baccy-box. If the cratur is like other young sowls—and why shouldn't she, Father Macdermott?"—whispered Mrs. Martin—"you know best—you know best."

"Well, I wonder at you to put such thoughts in her head. Did you ever know of a priest's niece go gadding abroad like other girls. Am I not saving up the penny for her"—and then applying his ear close to her's, he added—"won't you be the better of all I have? You'll be the ruin of her if you don't keep your tongue easy."

"Augh! it's an ugly deed. What's the use of talking?—the heart's

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\* This is a very common occurrence at the wakes of the Irish peasantry. Curran is said to have imbibed his earliest taste for oratory from the impassioned address of an old woman on one of these occasions. There is frequently, in their spontaneous laments, an extraordinary mixture of the pathetic and humorous, with poetry and eloquence.

† *Anglice*, animal spirits.



broke within me!" she answered, smothering her emotions as well as she was able.

"You're a big fool!" was the answer of the Priest, who turned away to the invitation of an awkward, red-haired man, with a jug of fresh-made punch in his hand.

Let us now return to the Priest's house, seated in a comfortable field, at the termination of the valley beyond the village. It is midnight. Mrs. Finnegan's chickens, presented according to promise, are long since gone to roost. Peggy, the priest's niece, alone is up and waking in the lonely domicile. Suppose a picture of the scene were painted by some Irish Wilkie (if such an artist there be, now that Grattan is no more), it would represent the following interior:—

A snug, warmly-carpeted room; on the left, a fire blazing and sparkling with those best of ignitable materials—seasoned logs and good turf; at the back, a well-furnished cupboard, in which glasses and decanters, brightened by constant use, hold a prominent place. A table in the centre, covered with a crimson cloth, upon which stands an oddly-assorted mixture—a whiskey-bottle (corked, we must add, in justice to the lady)—a couple of tumblers and glasses—a work-basket, filled with various-coloured muslins and ribands—*some half-finished baby-linen*—a weekly newspaper—an Italian iron—a dirty pack of cards, scattered about—a pill-box—and some labelled phials, fresh from the apothecary's. There sits Peggy at her solitary employment; her busy fingers plying her nightly task of preparation for a domestic event to come; and her scarcely-audible voice humming, to beguile time, one of the melancholy popular airs of the country. Occasionally she pauses from her sad labours, and looks vacantly at the progress she has made. Her eyes, never beautiful, but peculiarly soft in their expression—are red, perhaps with weeping. Then a low sigh breaks out from her lips, she makes a violent effort to rally, snatches up her work hastily, and resumes the tedious toil with unconscious rapidity. She looks like the victim of circumstances out of which she cannot escape. If she be unhappy, she is fascinated by a charm that will not permit her to murmur. She dare not complain; she would neither be credited nor comforted by the multitude. Even her relatives, those who love her best and most truly, would shrink from her appeal. She is doomed to suffer without hope. Her crime admits of no worldly consolation. The tempter is the dispenser of salvation; and were she to denounce him, fearful would be the punishment inflicted on her, through the agency of her superstition and her ignorance.

It is midnight, and a vulgar outcry at the door announces the return of Father Macdermott. But he does not come alone: he is accompanied by Mrs. Martin. Peggy hastens to admit them, and, in the next moment, she feels the embrace of her despairing mother.

"Is the kettle *schreeching* hot?" demands the Priest.

"It's only boiling its life out, waiting for you these three long hours," answers Peggy.

A silence of a few minutes ensues, during which the Priest, whose celerity in these matters is proverbial, has mixed two tumblers of strong punch, one for Mrs. Martin (nothing loth), and the other for himself.

There sit the group, enjoying their bitter dissipation: the mother of a lost girl—the priestly seducer—and the ruined victim of unholy passion!

"I'm afeard," exclaims Mrs. Martin, "that the Bible people know all about it, Peggy. It was only the other morning that they were axing down at the school whose child it was that the nurse was taking such care of. That would be certain destruction to us all, avourneen!"

"Ah! then, what are you teasing yourself about?" replies Father Macdermott. "Ar'n't the Biblicals our sworn enemies? Sure I'd rather they'd say it than not; for our people wouldn't believe a word of it then. It would be all set down to their spite and malice; and the 'Sociation would take it up and prosecute them for slander, and Peggy would be a *made woman* ever after the world over. Who d'ye think would dare to accuse me of it? Wouldn't I excommunicate them, bell, book, and candlelight, and bring the murrain on the cattle of them? Don't you know very well, with all your foolishness, that it wouldn't be wishing them all their souls and bodies are worth to put such a charge upon me? *Who cares what they think, when I know they dare not speak out one word against their priest!* Take your cordial, Mrs. Martin, and leave the rest to me."

This is the *moral* of our sketch. It is not a picture designed by the imagination. It is drawn from the life. It is an existing statement of facts, but faintly coloured from the original.

The priest's niece is the convenient name of that individual who fills the void of the priest's loneliness; who engrosses the suppressed play of his forbidden affections; who enables him to cheat religion of its austerities; and to enjoy in disguise those endearments of home and its associations which the unnatural bondage of his church pronounces criminal. The system which opposes itself to nature; that, in the name of God, resists the decrees of God as they are declared in our organization, moral and physical; that sets aside the innate and irresistible tendencies of our original being in favour of fictitious, degrading, and impossible obligations; that, under the pretence of purifying the lives of the professors of Christianity, forces them into the guilt of violating Christianity in secret; that makes men hypocrites for the sake of making priests appear immaculate and superhuman; that poisons the springs of thought and feeling, and distorts the whole machinery of human action, for the sake of arrogating to itself the miraculous and fabulous power of suspending the faculties and keeping back the impulses, that are common to mankind, and above and beyond mortal control;—the system that assumes these extravagant and impious prerogatives, is to be censured in chief for the abominations of its ministers. The priest is but a man; but he is a bad man to become the instrument of such monstrous chicanery—of so extensive a fraud upon the credulity of the weak and the bigotted.



## SIR GEORGE MURRAY AND THE SECTARIANS—FATE OF THE COLONIES.\*

WE have repeatedly endeavoured to point out the dangerous consequences of giving way to the dishonest plans and impracticable schemes of that party which is commonly denominated the "Saints;" and the fatal errors which have already been committed by following the advice of irresponsible persons, who are pursuing, at the expense of the nation, wild and visionary measures under the garb of "philanthropy."

We need only allude to our exposure of their measures at Sierra Leone,† and the disgraceful conduct of their agents at Freetown and elsewhere. We think it can easily be demonstrated, that hitherto the only fruits of their interference, have been the waste of some millions of the public money, and the loss of many valuable lives on the African coast, without one of the objects contemplated having been attained, or any one thing having been done for the cause of true humanity. A few individuals have, indeed, enriched themselves at the expense of the nation; and, through the weakness and gullibility of persons in authority, their party, although inimical to the established church, and to the general prosperity of the country (which is mainly dependent upon the colonies), have been able to support and advance their political interests in direct opposition to the government, and on *anti-colonial* principles. Such have, hitherto, been the consequences of adopting the schemes of this party. To affirm that they have, in the slightest degree, advanced the interests of humanity would, we apprehend, be a gross dereliction of the truth. We would ask has Africa benefited by their plans? Is not the slave-trade generally, which they professed to annihilate, still persisted in by foreigners, with undiminished vigour and extended cruelty? Have not all the measures adopted by the suggestion of the "Saints," and carried on at an enormous waste of men, and some eight or nine millions of the public money, utterly failed? Have not their schemes for the civilization of Africa and Africans proved completely abortive? Are not the unfortunate beings, seized from the foreign slave-ships and prematurely liberated, still in a condition far inferior, in every respect, to the meanest of our colonial cultivators? And is there the slightest chance of the improvement of these freed negroes under the *civilization system* of the pseudo-philanthropists? Still, these people, disappointed in all their other measures, persist in their designs for the utter subversion of our colonial establishments in the West Indies; and instead of suggesting sound and equitable *practical* measures, calculated to benefit either the slave or the planter, they adhere to abstract principles, and pursue their nefarious designs by propagating calumnies against the colonists, and by giving currency to the most artful misrepresentations and disingenuous statements to their prejudice!

In the debates during the last session of parliament, ministers, instead of firmly and decisively maintaining the rights of property, and affording that protection to the colonies which their great importance demands, left the colonists open to the assaults of their bitter enemies; and without fairly meeting the mis-statements propagated, seemed to encourage

\* Parliamentary Documents. Fate of the Colonies: a Letter to the Proprietors and Planters of the West Indies resident in the colonies, by R. Alexander, Esq.

† Monthly Mag. for March last, &c.

them by *faint* opposition and *temporizing* explanations. The colonists have thus had to fight an unequal battle, and to undertake duties, for the proper discharge of which, ministers, virtually, became responsible to the country when they accepted of office.

In the late debates on colonial slavery, Sir George Murray, although he expressed himself adverse to the measures of spoliation contemplated by the anti-colonists, namely, to deprive the West Indians of their property without compensation, and although he declared that "the property in a slave is as much property as any other species of possession, and as much under the protection of the law, as any other denomination whatever;" yet he stated other propositions to which we think every sober-minded man must demur, and it is to be regretted that he had not more fully considered the subject. He is said to have asserted that the condition of slavery is injurious both to the master and the slave; and is equally inconsistent with humanity, and the religion we profess; "but it will not do," says he, "to travel into abstract principles." However we may agree with him upon those abstract principles, it is only by practical experience that this question ought or can *now* be properly considered; and when we look at the actual progress which has been made in the religious instruction and civilization of the negroes in the West Indies, under a state of mild coercion, and compare their progressive advancement, with the stationary condition of their savage and brutal ancestors in Africa, and also with that of the negroes liberated and instructed according to the theoretical plans of the abolitionists at Sierra Leone and elsewhere, it will be found that abstract principles and practical experience are widely different; and that by the ameliorated state of slavery now in existence in the West Indies, the negroes are gradually acquiring those habits of industry, and that mental energy, which is absolutely necessary to enable them to sustain all the relative duties of industrious freemen. If this improvement has taken place therefore, in the West Indies, and if every other attempt to improve the negro character has failed, who can with justice affirm that our colonial system is injurious to the slave? Sir George Murray cannot be ignorant of these facts; and if he forbore to state them with a view of conciliating the anti-colonists, he acted unjustly towards the planters, and to those persons throughout the country who look to official quarters for correct information.

His other assertion is equally liable to great misinterpretation. It is true that slavery may be contrary to the *spirit* of the christian religion; but, certainly, although slavery "was a part of the civil constitution of most countries when christianity appeared, yet no passage is to be found in the christian scriptures by which it is condemned and prohibited;"\* on the contrary, a reference to the epistles of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, will shew that the state of slavery was expressly recognized by him; and obedience to masters strictly enjoined as the duties of a slave. In short, "Christianity hath left all temporal governments as it found them, without impeachment of any form or description whatever," and if we thus find a state of bondage expressly sanctioned, must not that individual be at least presumptuous who affirms that slavery is forbidden by christianity?

The best method of conveying religious instruction to the slaves was, for a long period, a *desideratum* in the West Indies. The exertions of

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\* Dr. Paley.



the missionaries, generally, had, in the first instance, a beneficial effect. Latterly, however, many of their members seem to have abandoned that sound discretion which is absolutely necessary in preaching to bondsmen, and by which the efforts of St. Paul, in converting the heathen, were so eminently successful.

If the negroes in any particular quarter of the West Indies became discontented, restless, and disobedient, a missionary was sure to be at the bottom of it; or, if local dissensions occurred, a missionary was certain of having caused or fomented disagreements. If slanderous accusations against the colonists appeared in this country, it was generally traced to some of the sectaries, and was widely circulated by their supporters the Anti-slavery Society. If acts for the amelioration of slavery, passed by the colonial legislatures, happened to be rejected at home, their rejection can generally be traced to sectarian influence, and if to these just grounds of complaint we add the assertions of a Committee of the House of Assembly of Jamaica, namely, that "the missionaries preach and teach sedition from the pulpit, and by misrepresentation and falsehood endeavour to cast odium upon all the public authorities of the island;" and that "the consequences have been abject poverty, loss of comfort, and discontent among the slaves frequenting their chapels, and deterioration of property to their masters," can it be matter of surprise that their ministration should no longer be considered desirable, and that the colonists should prefer giving their zealous support to the sound doctrines, and sober views, of the clergy of the churches of England and Scotland, especially the former, now fully established in the colonies? It is also affirmed, that missionaries (the Moravians alone excepted) have adopted extraordinary modes of depriving the slaves of their little property. By the sale of monthly tickets at tenpence each, and by enforcing contributions with the most persevering and persuasive solicitations, very large sums have been extorted from them. It is stated in a letter from Alexander Barclay, Esq., a gentleman intimately acquainted with the state of society in the West Indies, to Sir George Murray, lately published, that one of these missionaries, by his own confession, collected the comparatively enormous sum of *one thousand* pounds, in the short space of two months, amongst poor negroes and slaves, and that his quarterly sale of tickets produced from £30 to £40!

These tickets are small slips of paper, with a text of scripture written on each, and are, according to the Wesleyans "certificates of membership," but to every one acquainted with the character of the African, and the proneness of the negro to superstitious confidence in *gris-gris*, or charms, it must appear evident that he is more apt to consider these tickets in the light of a defence against evil in this world, and as a passport to the next, than as mere certificates of moral conduct. Be this as it may, however, it is certainly more desirable to have the religious education of the negroes conducted by clergymen of the established church, who are placed above the temptation of having recourse to these artful practices for a livelihood, and who are not necessitated to deprive the negroes of those little comforts and enjoyments derived from the fruits of their voluntary labour, and of that cheerful industry which it is so desirable to encourage by every possible means. Need we say more in explanation of some of the causes of disagreement between the missionaries and the colonists? or, looking at the extensive emoluments of which the sectaries are likely to be deprived, need we be surprised at their strenuous exertions to maintain fast hold of the purse-strings of

the Creoles? The West Indians may expect to be assailed by every weapon that the most inveterate malice of the unscrupulous anti-colonial party can wield against them.\* They and the clergymen of the established church may be prepared for slanderous misrepresentations, and to see their exertions undervalued and derided by this party, who have indeed already gone tolerable lengths. Let the following extract from a recent publication, avowedly by the Anti-Slavery Society, serve as a specimen. After abusing almost every respectable man who has dared to raise his voice in defence of the Colonies, it proceeds thus:—"Look at the island of Jamaica, with Mr. Barret as their organ;—at the Bahamas, with their governor at their head;—at Bermuda; at Nevis; at Grenada. Look, again, at the planters of St. Lucia; of Berbice; of the Mauritius:—nay, look at the collective wisdom of the whole West India body, as exemplified in its writings, which have recently appeared in this very city. And, as if there were no exception to the influence of this contagious infatuation, wherever slavery enters as an element, look, in the last place, to the many excellent men who compose the *governors of the Christian Societies for converting the Negro Slaves, and for propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts*. And we shall see even these venerated individuals, when they come in contact with the Antilles, at once yielding up, to their Creole or Creolized agents, the keeping, as it were, of their consciences, and the guidance and control of their reason; and *ranging themselves, unwittingly, on the side of falsehood, imposture, irreligion, and impiety!!*"—This, our readers will admit, is tolerably well for a beginning.

Although, for the reasons already stated, we object to the domination of missionaries over the negroes, let it not be supposed that we are enemies to the propagation of the gospel, or that we are advocates for the perpetuation of slavery, or are biassed by any other considerations than a native hatred of injustice, and a contempt and disdain of cant and hypocrisy. We repeat that we would wish to see the negro made free the instant he is capable of appreciating the benefits of freedom; but we do not approve of exertions likely to end in the Haitian manner, nor of that feeling which goes to destroy the exercise of christian charity at home, and which takes the bread from our own starving poor, to waste it on fruitless, because indiscreet, experiments upon Africans. "The whole country," says Dr. Channing, "is thrown into excitement, to support missions. The rich are taxed and the poor burdened. We do not say that they are burdened without object; for christianity is so infinite a blessing that we consent to any honest method of sending it abroad. But what is the amount of good effected? A few missionaries, we know not the precise number, are supported, of whom most have hitherto brought little to pass. We fear that the error is spreading of exalting human devices above our natural relations. We have heard that that delicate kindness which once flowed from the more prosperous to the less prosperous members of a large family, and which bound society together by that love which is worth all bonds, is diminished

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\* Although it is evident that the destruction of our West Indian Colonies would deprive this country of a direct revenue of about seven millions per annum, and would add, perhaps, an equal sum to our annual expenditure as a remuneration to the planters for the loss of their property—yet candidates, during the late election, have not scrupled to pledge themselves to abolish slavery and *reduce taxation!* and the sectaries denounced, even from the pulpit, those candidates who refused to pledge themselves to these inconsistencies!



since the last excitement in favour of the heathen. And this we do not wonder at. In truth we rather wonder that any thing is done for the temporal comfort of friends, where the doctrine, on which modern missions chiefly rest, is believed. We refer to the doctrine that the whole heathen world are on the brink of a bottomless and endless hell ; that thousands every day, and millions every year, are sinking into this abyss of torture and woe ; and that nothing can save them but sending them out religion ! We see not how they, who so believe, can give their families or friends a single comfort, much less an ornament of life. They must be strongly tempted, one would think, to stint themselves and their dependents to necessities, and to cast their whole remaining substance into the treasury of missionary societies." In the eagerness of the negroes to contribute to the support of missionaries by the purchase of "salvation" tickets—a desire which has occasionally led them even to commit theft when other means failed—we can trace strong indications of a similar doctrine having been impressed on their minds. Yet, in the face of all these facts, Sir George Murray is said to have affirmed, that it appeared to him "probable that the missionaries, who had been viewed with so much jealousy at Jamaica, may be, in some respects, more successful instruments in teaching the gospel amongst a slave population, than even the ministers of the established church, because," says he, "a little tincture of enthusiasm is necessary, beyond that which would, perhaps, be proper, or desirable, in the ministers of the established church !!!"

Every person in the least acquainted with the state of parties in the West Indies will, at once, perceive that a more unguarded opinion could scarcely have come from the lips of a minister of the crown. Government, for the purpose of instructing the negroes, has wisely chosen the episcopal form, as being best calculated to secure order, uniformity, and moderation, and, at the same time to afford full scope to the most ardent and *well regulated* zeal : but this declaration cannot, we fear, be viewed in any other light than as a direct encouragement to the fanatic, and as tending to paralyze the efforts of the discreet and sober-minded. We are disposed to place every confidence in the good intentions of Sir George Murray, but something more than good intentions are requisite to the due discharge of the important duties of his station ; and we fear that, in more instances than one, he has allowed his own judgment to be biassed by a consideration for the opinions of persons inimical to the colonists, and who are, perhaps, placed too near to him in office :—need we instance the late extraordinary proceedings in Tobago, an island, which having gone greater lengths than most others in complying with the wishes of the British Parliament in regard to slave amelioration, might, on that account, have expected reasonable consideration, or at least *justice*, from the Colonial-office ; but what have they received in return for their dutiful and liberal compliances ? A South American adventurer, who had been clerk to an Edinburgh *writer* (solicitor), and who had not even received the legal education of a common attorney, arrived at a particular moment, and by his subserviency to a former governor, had got himself appointed attorney-general. He was suspended by the present governor, and charges of the most serious nature, such as for taking fees from both sides, and other disgraceful practices, were preferred against him. He came to England—contrived to gain the ear of certain persons about the Colonial-office, and without any opportunity having been afforded to the authorities in Tobago for

making good their charges against him, this *stickit* writer's clerk, this "worm and maggot of the law," was reinstated in his office, and sent back in a manner which cannot be considered otherwise than insulting to the community which had expelled him! What have been the consequences? General Blackwell, a worthy and highly-respected officer, is said to have felt himself deeply insulted by this extraordinary proceeding: the acting chief-justice, the speaker of the assembly, and every member of council, resigned—the magistrates refused to act with him, and the consequences have been general dissatisfaction, much confusion, no courts for the recovery of debts, or to carry on the legal business of the colony; and attempts have been made, since his return, to sow discontent amongst the slave population! "I have often," said Mr. Keith Douglas, "urged this case on my right-honourable friend, and I am sorry to find there are other West India colonies in no better circumstances!" We would fain hope that this mode of treating the colonial authorities will not be persisted in; and that the proceedings, during next session of Parliament, will tend to re-establish that confidence which ought always to be continued between Great Britain and her dependencies. We are not yet, however, disposed, like the writer of the pamphlet before us, to recommend to the colonists to throw off all dependence upon the wisdom and good intentions of the British Government, more especially as we have a monarch on the throne who is, perhaps, better acquainted with colonial affairs than any one of his ministers; and there is now also a disposition evinced to inquire into the depressed colonial property, with a view to affording relief to the suffering colonists.

We are ready to admit that had there been greater union of effort amongst the West Indians at home and abroad, their affairs might now have been in a better condition. "What stand," says Mr. Alexander, "have the West Indians, *as a body*, made against any one of the insidious measures of the last ten years? On what occasion have we seen a dozen, or even half that number, cordially and resolutely united against the minister on any question where your interest and the interest of the colonies generally has been at stake? When the society of Aldermanbury-street send a member to the House of Commons, they invariably select a person who is sure to support them in all their schemes, at all hazards. He may be ministerial on other questions. He may exercise his own discretion where the views of the society are not compromised; but in all questions injurious to you and identified with their projects, the member is invariably found at his post, reading falsehoods from his brief, slandering you per order, voting against you, and holding you up to obloquy and reproach, according to his letter of instructions;" and he recommends that six delegates should be selected and sent to this country to oppose the Anti-colonists. We, however, cannot believe that the steady loyalty evinced by the West Indians, under every provocation, and the great importance of these valuable possessions to the welfare of the mother country, will ever be overlooked by the sober-minded majority of the British nation. Whenever that shall unhappily be the case, we may look for the near approach of great public calamities, and it will then be in the western world, and not here, that the exertions of *delegates* will be required, for the protection of that property which the disappointed sectarians have devoted to destruction.



## SATAN AND HIS SATELLITES.

*Not by Robert Montgomery.*


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“ One from the critics will my name defend,  
And—more abusive—calls himself my friend.”

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POPE.

THE Devil was sitting before a fire,  
That blazed at least ten thousand times higher  
Than thine, oh ! London, that played such tricks  
In sixteen hundred and sixty-six ;  
And whenever the flame began to fail,  
He rose—and stirred it with his tail.

He rang for coffee, and took a cup,  
From the crater whereof kept curling up  
A steam as dark as the densest cloud  
That wraps the moon in a midnight shroud ;  
And then, as he scented the fragrant vapours,  
He called for the morning and evening papers.

And he read the list of cares and crimes  
Spread thickly over a double “ Times,”  
Which he held with his finger and thumb, as though  
The “ Times” were a duodecimo ;  
But rapture burst on all his senses,  
When he came to the “ Accidents and Offences !”

And turning then to the “ List of Books,”  
He read it through with exulting looks ;  
For many there were that he longed to see  
On the shelves of his Family Library.  
And he said “ I’ll subscribe if they’re not too dear—  
They’ll encourage the March of Ignorance here.”

His eyes, like flambeaux in a fog,  
Ran flaming all over the catalogue,  
Till they found a something that made him pause ;  
And he grasped the paper with eager claws,  
As he read, amidst columns of cant and flummery,  
“ Satan, a Poem, by Robert Montgomery.”

The Devil mused—“ ’Tis odd,” quoth he,  
“ Such fools should be throwing their squibs at me !  
Is this the return they mean to shew  
For giving them malice, and wives, and woe,  
And envy and hatred, fresh from hell,  
On which they all feed and flourish so well ?

“ I gave them law, by which they may  
Ruin each other in half a day ;  
And murder and war—still drawing a line—  
That heroes might dazzle, and judges dine ;  
And superstition and strange disease,  
That saints and physicians might earn their fees.

" Yet though I spread such silken lures,  
The rogues will publish their caricatures,  
In poems and plays, and magazines—  
But I'll see what this minstrel-meddler means."  
And giving his tail a graceful shake,  
It rang like that of a rattle-snake.

At the sound of that bell, so justly feared,  
A little footboy-fiend appeared ;  
A dandy-demon, droll to see,  
And he wore the Devil's livery ;  
A small and sulphury imp of ire,  
In a jacket of smoke turned up with fire.

" Mount," said the Devil, " on pinions fleet,  
And fetch me my Life from Newgate-street ;  
Newgate is not far off—so fly !  
You'll find the people you want close by."  
The light-winged imp flew off in a flame,  
And in two or three minutes the volume came.

But ah ! what a fury illumined his face,  
And flashed along that fiery place.  
As he read—what mortal had never done—  
The mangled metaphors, one by one !  
A snake was in each mustachio's hair,  
As he gazed on his portrait painted there.

Fierce was the curl of the lips beneath,  
As he grinned and gnashed his terrible teeth,  
That seemed a huge uneven band,  
Like the piles that now upon Stonehenge stand ;  
And the voice that murmured through them rolled  
Like a sound in St. Paul's when the bell is tolled.

" What a rebel is this, to libel us,  
His natural, lawful Inheritor, thus !  
A fellow moreover who boldly began  
His career in my service by libelling man !  
I'll buy up the unsold copies, and try  
If they'll make enough fire to roast him by.

" I smile at those who describe my ' Walk,'  
Teaching the world how I think and talk ;  
But the daring conceit these pages shew  
Transcends all impudence left below ;  
Hypocrisy, too, is so plainly displayed,  
It almost makes one ashamed of one's trade.

" Yet the poem will serve as an instrument  
Of torture, when other devices are spent"—  
And he called to one who was writhing about,  
And told him to read the poetry out ;  
But the imp declared that he'd rather dash  
Through blaze and brimstone, than read such trash.

Among the devils the feeling passed—  
They clung to their gridirons far and fast ;  
And every fiend of taste preferred  
His draught of sulphur to reading a word.  
All were disgusted—protesting flat  
That *boiling* lead was better than that.



Now the Devil began to ponder hard  
 For a fine revenge on the libellous bard ;  
 " Though ignorant now," he was heard to cry,  
 " He'll know me better by and by."  
 Then over his face there came a smile,  
 That widened his mouth almost a mile.

He smiled to remember that, during his flight  
 Through earth, he had stumbled against a wight,  
 A critic obscure, whom he viewed with scorn,  
 Yet one that seemed for absurdities born ;  
 A dreary drudge, upon whom some *dark* son  
 Of malice inflicted the name of C——n.

This scribbler, as sparks are struck from flint,  
 Had forced a few paragraphs into print ;  
 And flourished his Latin, with fierce intent,  
 Till he almost fancied he knew what it meant ;  
 But he had, above every earthly thing,  
 A glorious talent for blundering.

And the Devil knew well, if he could but hook  
 Such a personage in to puff the book,  
 To praise the poet, and liken his line  
 To Milton's, 'twould be a revenge divine !  
 And he said, " I'll throw my spells about,  
 And spur him to bring a pamphlet out !"

Right joyously then did he chuckle and sing,  
 When he found how his schemes were triumphing—  
 When he saw such a critic sit down to puff  
 A bard who could never be puffed enough ;  
 And the frog-like poet, at every word,  
 Grew more inflated and more absurd !

And he felt, when he heard how the laughter ran,  
 No longer an ill-used gentleman ;  
 " For," said he, "'tis a kind of infernal bliss  
 To ruin one's foe with a friend like this ;  
 If as lights of the world they affect to shine,  
 We shall see how they like the lights of mine.

Then he thought that if fools should multiply thus,  
 'Twould be well to establish an Omnibus,  
 To run to the earth ; but he felt rather shocked  
 Lest his kingdom should soon be overstocked ;  
 And he sent Mr. Malthus a warm invitation  
 To come and survey the increased Population.

" Though editors now are by no means few,"  
 He said " I'll become an Editor too,  
 I'll start such a work as hath seldom been seen,  
 For I'll call it ' The Gunpowder Magazine !'  
 And blow up the earth till I leave not an ember—  
 No. I. to appear on the fifth of November."

## FATHER MURPHY'S DREAM.

I AM tempted, by the publication of a work entitled "The Divines of the Church of England," to undertake "The Priests of the Papist Church of Ireland." My materials are voluminous, and of a nature quite new and strange to religious readers. I am satisfied that the originality would be altogether on my side. What is Bishop Sherlock in comparison with Bishop Doyle? Will Atterbury bear comparison with Keogh? Will not Hurd and Paley sink into insignificance before O'Gallagher and Mullowney? We have euphony as well as theology in our favour. When Clarke, the celebrated linguist, discovered in "Genesis" that the serpent was condemned, as a punishment for his primeval crime, to "creep upon his belly," he very naturally concluded that he must have originally walked upon his tail: so we, seeing that it has been thought necessary to collect the works of the English Divines, in order that the public may be put in possession of them, concluded that the public must have hitherto known nothing about them. Now the works of the Irish Priests have never been collected, which we take to be a satisfactory proof, agreeably to this mode of reasoning, that the public are intimately acquainted with their beauties. This consideration leads us to think, that a selection of picked excellences, by way of a pocket compendium of priestly divinity, would be more useful than an elaborate edition of the whole. People who will not read encyclopedias are sometimes induced to peep into anthologies. The man who wants courage to scale Mount Olympus may, if he be in a sunny mood, ascend the little hill in Greenwich Park, to have a peep at the sky through the pensioner's telescope. Our divine scraps, therefore, shall be of this accessible kind. They shall not present the difficulties of the encyclopedia, or the toils of Olympus:—they shall be brief, and easy of attainment.

As the old French priesthood declined, in consequence of the encouragement given to the home-breed by the establishment of Maynooth College, the appearance of what is for convenience called a *gentleman* became a great rarity amongst the Irish Catholic divines. Any set of people who are determined to make the most of an evil which they cannot avert, will readily find an excuse for putting up with it, or of even sophisticating themselves into a belief that it is a positive good. So the Catholics, even of the better order, console themselves for the vulgarity and *mauvaise honte* of their priesthood, by the reflection that their kingdom is not of this world, and that their deficiencies in the mere ceremonials of society are caused by their devotion to their religious duties. This kind of apology for secular deformities, is but an ingenious assumption of superior clerical perfections; while it skilfully involves a sly satire upon the Protestant clergy, who, it must be presumed, cannot be very spiritual, since they are gentlemen in their temporal intercourse. Indeed, to affect the gentleman would be a dangerous experiment for a priest. He would lose caste by it. His influence in the next world would cease if he attempted to act with any deference towards the refinements of this. There are certainly some few awkward Pelham-like persons in the priesthood; but they are either pronounced to be good-natured and harmless, or they are tolerated for the sake of young ladies, who may, it is supposed, "commit flirtation" with a beau of that innocent description with impunity. But even amongst these solitary exceptions to the general mass of illiterateness and coarseness, the more ele-



gant accomplishments of life are utterly unknown. The utmost they aspire to is a meretricious finery—a mincing gallantry—a lisp in speaking—an air of heedlessness—and some little ambition in dress. I have known many priests, and never met but one who pretended to possess any acquaintance with English literature (bad Latin is their vernacular). He, poor fellow, used to quote Milton, and even defended the sublimities of *Don Juan*. But he was sadly out in his judgment. His criticisms were enthusiastic, but faulty, and even contradictory in principle. He has paid the penalty of seeking for the springs of delight beyond the dark confines of dogmatic theology. His brethren declared him insane, and unfit for his ministry. That was, of course, to preserve the pulpit from the pollution of a taste chastened by cultivation. He is now wasting an imagination run to seed in the gloomy chambers of a lunatic asylum!

There are two distinct classes of priests—the country and the town priests. The former are richer in all the materials of Hibernicism than their more aspiring fellows, who live in cities and mix with people who move in the world. They generally speak the Irish language fluently, are accustomed to the habits of the peasantry, and make their knowledge of low life subservient to the improvement of their local influence. Thus the sermons of these pastors are familiar to the capacity of their congregations; and are generally found to illustrate the truths of Christianity, and the doctrines of the Roman creed, by images drawn from the occupations, and adapted to the mental condition of the people. We will conclude this article with a specimen of one of these addresses, in which the priest, by an adroit admixture of the simple and the mysterious, endeavours to enforce the heavenly origin and immaculate purity of his religion. It may be entitled,

#### THE PRIEST'S DREAM.

DON'T be making such a noise over there, shutting and opening that door, while I'm preaching. It's hard for the word of God to be spread amongst ye when it's chewing tobacco and spoiling your mouths ye are, instead of listening to me.—Shut your teeth, Jemmy Finn, or the flies will get down your throat, and bother your stomach entirely.—Now, can any of ye tell me what's the reason that, when you've nothing to eat,—which, God help you, is no fault of your own,—you don't die for want of nourishment?—There's a puzzler for you, Jem Neale, big as you are!

Now just turn that problem in your heads while I'm seeing whether the water is drying out of my new coat;—sure enough it's the only one I have.

[A pause of wonder in the chapel, while the priest descends from the altar to see after his coat. It is evident, from the confusion visible in the faces of the audience, that the problem is a poser. The priest returns.]

Well, there's never a one among ye can find out the reason of the life that's in ye, in spite of the starvation. Sure, that's the use of the priest, to shew you what you can't see of yourselves. Did you ever hear of the moving bog? It walked over Cavan and Armagh, dripping rain the whole way, and sorrow a clod of turf on it but belonged to the Orangemen. The cause of that is as plain as the blossoms on Pat Duggan's ugly nose. You never knew of a moving bog of real Catholic turf.

No such thing. And that's the reason why the starvation doesn't kill ye. But just try your hands upon the Bible—turn over to the Methodists—and then see how a mouthful of cold wind will do you for your breakfasts. Once you think of fasting and turning Protestants, you're done for as neat and clean as if Ould Nick was drilling you through and through with a red-hot poker. Doesn't that expound to you the source of the eating and gormandizing of the Brunswickers? They eat and drink hearty, you see, because they know well enough, the spalpeens, although they won't acknowledge it, that the true faith isn't in them, and that if they didn't feed like crammed fowl six times a day, and double as much on a Sunday, they'd pine away into the clay under their feet. But that isn't the way with the true church. The faith keeps you up. Didn't the *Savour* of the world starve himself forty days and nights to shew you the way to glory? and sure there's many a one of you didn't pass bite or sup for months upon months together, and the never a worse are you for it in the end. There's nothing can kill a Catholic but his own bad works. The soul of me doesn't know but you'd all live for ever, only for something or other that happens to ye just as you're nearly perfect, and whips you off with a flea in your ear. Och! then, if you could only mend yourselves, what a beautiful race of blackguards ye'd be; that would want neither the meat nor the butter-milk, and that'd be as ould as the hills every morning ye'd see the grass growing. There ye'd all be on the day of judgment as hearty as a hive of bees, with your grey hair twisted down into breeches and top-boots to cover your dirty hides. Shame upon ye, that won't be Methuselahs every one, when you know you could live if you liked it until there wouldn't be a living soul in the world but Alderman Bradley King, cocked up on the back of an ass to direct you on the road to Purgatory. Think o' that, and pay your dues, and there's no fear o' you.

You remember, the other day, that the Biblemen challenged us to come to the fore in regard to the Scriptures. They wanted, you see, to prove as clear as mud that the notes were written with the wrong end of a pen, and that they had as much right to the Old and New Testament, as we that had them from the beginning, and that only lent them out o' charity to the Protestants, just as Molly Kiernan would lend her pitcher to Kitty Nowlan, expecting she'd return it when she'd done with it. But the Protestants made a bad use of the loan, and got other Scriptures made from the pattern, just as you would get false keys made to pick a lock: so now they trump up their spurious books to us, that have the real books of our own, and that never had any other. It's no wonder we are careful of them, for we were treated so badly when we lent them in pure friendship, that it would be no sin in us to burn 'em altogether, for fear we'd make such born fools of ourselves again.

You know I didn't go to the meeting, boys; and may be you thought it mighty odd that I staid at home, and let Father Audy go in my place. But I'll soon shew you the meaning o' that; although one priest at a time is enough for a regiment of saints, and Father Audy is no bad fist at a controversy. Indeed, Father Audy, you needn't look down at your shoes as if the strings wanted tying; for it's a vicar you ought to be, and I a bishop, if every body had his rights.

It was a dream I had that kept me from going. Now when a priest condescends to dream, you may be sure there's something going to happen. The ass doesn't bray unless there's to be rain; the corns on



your little toe pinch you for rain too : and the ducks wander about as if they were after swallowing love-powders, when the weather's going to be uncommon hot. And just like that is a priest's dream, only with this difference—that the wonder o' the world, instead of a paltry puddle of a shower, or a splitting heat, is coming upon you. A priest wouldn't waste his time dreaming for rain, hail, or snow, or fine weather, or any thing o' the kind ; for he can get them at any time for the bare asking o' them :—no, he dreams for a vortex or a cornucopia ; and them are mysteries that you know nothing at all about.

The night before the meeting—that was last Tuesday—(how is your head now, Father Audy ?)—we were sitting, Father Audy and myself, settling all the points that were to be unravelled the next day. I don't know how it was, but for the soul of me I couldn't persuade myself but that there was a drop of Protestant poison in the whiskey—you know they stop at nothing—so I was resolved to see it out, and then, if I found that they poisoned me, to work a miracle upon myself that would frighten them out of their wits. With this pious resolution, Father Audy and myself penetrated to the very bottom of the only two or three bottles we had ; and then, as well as we could, considering the poison, went to sleep. You may be sure I was determined that if I awoke and found myself dead, not to lose a minute until I'd bring myself to life again, extract the poison, and send it in a letter to Dr. Doyle.

I wasn't over an hour in bed, when I thought I heard somebody calling, " Father Murphy."—" That's me," says I ; " who wants me ?"—" Only a friend of your's, Father Tom," says the voice.—" It's lucky you're come," says I, thinking it was daylight ; " for if you'd been five minutes later, you might be groping for me at the fair of Athy."

With that, I thought I sat up in my arm-chair, for I had no notion that I was fast asleep in bed ; and who do you think it was that was standing beside me ? You may save yourselves the trouble of guessing, for you couldn't guess who it was if you were to get a new set of eyes, and think until you were stone-blind. It was a beautiful young angel, spick and span out of heaven ; and such an angel as I, that have seen bushels of them, never saw before.

" The top o' the morning to you, ma'am !" says I, for she was a lady, one of the ould sort—" it's welcome you are to me this blessed day."

" Father Tom," says she, shaking me by the hand as friendly as if she knew me all her life, " I want you to come out and take a walk with me."

" And what'll you take, ma'am," says I, " before you go ?" for as I was beholden to her for her goodness, I was bound to treat her respectfully.

Never a word she said to that, but putting her finger, that was as white as a shaving, and as taper as sparrow-grass, upon her little mouth, she shook her head, and walked on before me. There she went without making the least noise, just as if her feet—for, like yourselves, the angels never wear shoes—were made of velvet. Well, I thought, I'd follow her in the same manner ; but, as if there was an evil eye over me, the first step I took I tripped up an old basket that was lying on the ground, and the angel turning one look at me, as much as to say, " What's coming over you, that you're making such a clatter, Father Tom ?" shook her pretty little hand at me, and then, with a beautiful laugh all over her face, walked on again as if nothing at all had happened.

I needn't tell you what strange places we went through. It isn't for you to be losing your senses, thinking of green fields, where every daisy was a two-and-sixpenny bit, and the cowslips were all gold guineas. It isn't for such as the likes o' ye to be thrusting your dirty faces into the parlours, and the pantries, and the barns, all slated with loaf-bread, and the floors all washed clean with Cork whiskey (it was so plenty in the place), nor to come axing my leave to taste the shins of beef and the bull turkies that were waiting to be eat up on the tables, that the angel and I saw as we went along. But where do ye think we got to at last? Now I'll hold a noggin of melted butter to a farthing candle that you think we went down to Tim Murphy's, to spend the day playing nine-pins. There ye're out; the angel wouldn't offer to cross the threshold of the door, for fear of soiling her Spanish leather dancing-pumps that she carried in her hand, in the regard that she wouldn't spoil their shapes on her feet. As to nine-pins, the angels never play anything but backgammon and the five-fingers;\* and it's themselves that'd give you the whole pack of cards, and beat you as hollow as St. Patrick beat the sea-serpent off the rock of Cashel.

It is wonderful how murdering fast the same angels can walk. I couldn't see a *strin* of light for the hurry I was in following her. The trees, and the topazes, and the brick houses danced up and down in my eyes as I whirled along after her; not but that I often wanted to stop and draw my breath, when she'd turn sudden on me, and with one whistle through her little finger, bring me up again, just as if I was a greyhound, and couldn't help myself for the bare life.

At last we came to a dark place, where there was nothing but trees, and a big bank covered over with ribbed grass and potatoe-blossoms: "Stop there," says she, "say nothing, but make the sign of the cross, and look, and you shall see."

Whoo! away flew the trees and the bank, just as if they were birds, and in a minute more I saw, at a great distance, two gentlemen coming towards me down the lane. I thought they were gentlemen when they were far off; but as they got near me, I found out that one of them was Ould Nick himself, and the other was St. Peter. Sure I might have known them both by the smell; for the devil smelt strong of sulphur, and St. Peter had a breath coming out of his nose that was as like the smell of burned turf as the steam that comes out of Mrs. Larkin's whiskey-boiler. The devil was dressed, as became him, like a Peeler,† with a terrible sword by his side, and a club-foot sticking up behind like a bull's-horn. And may-be he hadn't a Bible under his arm, and a bundle of tracts in his hand. But St. Peter, who hasn't the least pride, was just dressed as I am in broadcloth, and looked for all the world like a parish-priest. And a well-looking saint he is—a fine, comely man as you'd meet in a day's walk. I don't know any saint in the calendar equal to him for manners and gentility, except St. Patrick. To be sure our own patron-saint is at the top of the list. All he wants is a bunch of keys to make him complete.

Just as they were coming down upon me, as I thought, St. Peter stopped suddenly, and, putting his hand on the devil's arm, cried out—

"Now, if you please, we'll just talk that little matter over that we

\* A popular game of cards amongst the Irish, known also by the name of Five and ten.

† A policeman.



were speaking of last night. This is a convenient place, and there's nobody to hear us, unless Father Tom that I appointed to meet us."

"It's all the same to me," replied Ould Nick, with as much impudence as if he was a member of Parliament.

"Then, first of all," said St. Peter, "put down the book and the tracts, and answer me one question."

"Twenty, if you like," answered the devil, putting the book upon the ground, and the tracts one by one over it.

"What religion *are you?*" said St. Peter, looking him full in the face, as if he'd read the soul that was inside of him. But the ould boy didn't seem to like that question, and was for shuffling it off, when St. Peter put it to him again in such a manner as he was forced to answer it, whether he would or not.

"I'm a Protestant, to be sure," replied the devil at last; and he coloured scarlet up to the very eyes as he spoke it, as if he was ashamed of owning it to St. Peter.

"That's all I wanted to have from your own lips," said St. Peter, "because as I often heard that the devil can quote Scripture for his own purposes, I was determined to find out where he got the learning. Now, sit down here beside me quiet and easy, and tell me a little more that I want to hear from you."

Down they both sat upon the sod, the devil looking as if he didn't half like it; but being afraid to disoblige St. Peter, on account of the great power he has over him through the means of the church.

"How is Martin Luther?" said St. Peter, after a little.

"Indeed, he's no worse than he was," replied the devil; "he has as much Newcastle coal over him as I can spare."—[You know, boys, the coal is dear at this season of the year.]

"I think it's almost time to tell the poor Catholics," said St. Peter, "how that fellow betrayed them, and how it was that the Reformation was only a *ruction*\* of King Henry the Eighth's, in the regard of his wife, that the good Pope wouldn't allow him to put her away; for you know very well that it's all your doings, Mr. Nicholas [you see St. Peter spoke civil to him, for peace and quietness], to make the Bible people go about slandering the Holy Church."

"Then what would you have me do, St. Peter?" answered the devil; "sure if it wasn't for the Bible people I wouldn't have a born creature to keep me company, and all the brimstone would be burnt out for nothing. It isn't for me to go to confession and get absolution, now that I'm thriving upon the lies for upwards of a million of years."

"True for you," says St. Peter; "only as I'm a real Catholic, and an Irishman into the bargain, I can't stand by and see such murder going on under my very eyes. Now, here's Father Tom, as decent a man as any in all Ireland,—and that's saying more than if I was to search all over the earth for the likes of him;—he hasn't as much to live upon as Sir Harcourt Lees feeds one of his horses with; the people, you see, don't take it to heart, but pretend to be very poor, because the Bible-men make them pay tithes; and then, when Easter and Christmas come round, they've always the ready excuse that the proctor took their pigs, and their poultry, and their firkins of butter. If Father Tom had his deservings, he'd have all the tithes to himself, and be rolling in his car-

\* A row, or fight.

riage. Instead of that, he has hardly a drop to wet his lips ; and many's the fast-day he's obliged to eat a rasher of bacon for dinner, because he can't get a bit of fish or a whisp of cabbage for love or money. Now tell the honest truth, and no shame to you—isn't this meeting that's to take place to-morrow entirely instigated by yourself, that the Bible people may get a heap of money out of the pockets of the poor Catholics?"

"I'll tell no lie about it," said Ould Nick, "it's entirely a child of my own."

"Mind that, Father Tom," said St. Peter, in a whisper, winking over silyly at me. "And tell me also, Mr. Nicholas," said he, "didn't they put some ugly drops into Father Tom's little cruiskeen, that they might prevent him from going to the meeting-house to expose them?"

"You're too hard upon me," said the devil, scratching his head, as if he didn't know what to say ; "but if I was to speak the truth, I don't think there's one amongst them but would poison the priests, root and branch."

"And wouldn't it be the sin of the world for Father Tom to waste his time making speeches, and argufying with them, when it's of no manner of use at all ; and when you know very well, that the more he'd talk to them, the worse they'd be after ; and that all they'd do would be to pick up the knowledge that would fall from him as plentiful as blackberries in summer, and then go about the country passing it off as their own?"

"I'll have no more to do with you," said the devil, getting into a great passion, and taking up the Bible and the tracts ; "you wouldn't leave me a skreed to put on me, if you could : so I'll follow my own way, and go home and write advertisements for another meeting somewhere else."

"Then I'd advise you," said St. Peter, "never to have a meeting in Father Tom's neighbourhood again ; for you see you're defeated this time, and will be as long as your head is hot."

With that St. Peter put up his finger to his nose, and after nodding his head at me, got up on horseback on a horse that was waiting for him, and rode off, leaving the devil in a dolderum behind him. Just at that moment there was a roar like an earthquake,—every thing seemed as if it was swimming round and round, and I couldn't see the devil or any one else for the smoke—and, with a terrible start, as if I got a blow on the head, I awoke out of my sleep ; and there was Shanus, the cook, shaking me as if he thought I was in a trance.

"Get up, Father Tom," says he, "if you're alive ; you're asleep since last sight, and that's nearly two days ago. The Bible-men are all gone off to Limerick, and there's not a soul in the place but's breaking all the windows of the Orange justices of the peace."

"Fie upon you, Shanus!" says I ; "and is that the way you come to spoil my beautiful dream?"

Isn't my dream out now, boys?—and is it any wonder, after the warning I had from St. Peter, that I didn't think of going to the meeting? Sorrow a Bible-man you'll ever see in the spot again, mark my words ; and that's better than all the palaver of speeches you'll hear from this day forward till the hour of your deaths. *Amen.*



## THE NETHERLANDS.\*

WE are no great admirers of the abridgments which have lately become so common, and which, in nine instances out of ten, are but contrivances for preserving the husks of literature, while they reject all its substance and soundness. But there are topics which fairly allow of being thrown into this shape; and histories of Holland and Belgium are among the fittest for the operation. The historians of the Netherlands have hitherto made their subject unpopular, and, in consequence, useless, by their enormity of amplification. The exploits of every burgher, the finance of every village, and the quarrels, compacts, riots, and regulations of every town, have found a historian to send them down—not to fame, but to oblivion—not to give their example for the benefit of mankind, but to teach all mankind the peril of touching a Belgian volume, and the misery of being buried, alive or dead, by the ponderous sepulture of a Flemish historian.

Mr. Grattan's work, allowing for a few obvious faults in arrangement, and a little too sudden an admiration of the powers that be—a fault, considerably the reverse of what we had expected from his previous style of opinions—is a very clever condensation, written with good sense, knowledge, and spirit, and will answer all the purposes of the general reader, who wishes to know as much about the Netherlands as is worth knowing.

But as we are *Utilitarians* in those matters, and value a book only for its use to the present time, we shall leave the early stories of this amphibious people to the curious in ichthyology. Let who will tell for us at what time a Dutchman ceased to be a fish, and emerged from the ooze of the Zuydersee to the ooze of Brabant; when he deposited his fins and took to his feet; and when, rising from his secondary state of merman-ism, and feeding upon sea-weed and bulrushes, he perpendicularized himself into man, lived upon his kindred herrings, and invented sour krout. We leave his Brabant exploits to the novelists, in the full assurance that Mrs. Bray and the Count de Barante will deliver them down with due honour to the generations to come. Our purpose is to tell in what condition the Netherlands now are, by whom brought into that condition, and how England may be the better or the worse for them.

For all the purposes of stirring the world, there are two nations, and but two—England and France: England, for the outlying kingdoms, for the islands, the colonies, the whole loose and diversified circle of power touched by the ocean; France, for the Continent. Every change that has been wrought in the frame of Europe for the last five centuries has, in some way, direct or indirect, been the work of France; and what has been, is as likely to be in the present hour of agitation, as in any hour since a Henry the Fourth, or a Louis the Fourteenth, sat upon the throne of that ambitious, volatile, and mighty nation.

The philosophers of France, such as they were—a herd of impudent pretenders to all knowledge, and, among the rest, to the knowledge of governing—had made a convert of Joseph the Second; a *cold* enthusiast, frigid in theory, violent in practice, proclaiming his love for free choice in every man, and exhibiting his love by fresh impositions, sullen

\* The History of the Netherlands, by Thomas Colley Grattan. (Cabinet Cyclopædia.)

ordinances, and the Imperial arguments of horse, foot, and dragoons. The French doctrines pleased him, and he published them to his subjects; but their application by his subjects had not entered into his plans, and he put the practical reformers under arrest, sent furious governors among them, and assisted the popular understanding by the bayonet.

His first operations on the Belgians were specious enough. He proclaimed—Toleration to the Protestants, clerical freedom from the papacy, and a total change in the style of theological instruction.

Nothing could be better, under other circumstances. But the Belgians refused to receive instruction with this wholesale rapidity. The Emperor felt himself insulted, and issued angry proclamations; the people retorted them still more angrily. Joseph carried on the controversy in the Imperial manner, by ordering the disputants to be shot—the people adopted the argument, and fired on the Imperialists. Reform was now in the field against Bigotry, both equally rash, groundless, and extravagant. Proclamations, and villages on fire, flying governors and civil massacre, succeeded each other with natural rapidity; and Joseph at length, wearied of being beaten in reform by the Belgians, in war by the Turks, in policy by the Russians, and in common sense by all mankind, died; leaving his brother Leopold to reverse all his plans, and his nephew, Francis the Second, to lose all his provinces.

France had in the mean time been busy with Holland. The Dutch were fantastic enough to believe their French instructors, when they told them that the liberty of the seas depended on the Dutch fleet! They threw themselves into the lion's jaws, and had the natural fate of such enterprises; England tore away their colonies, hunted their fleet into its harbours, or destroyed them in sight of its shore; stripped Holland of her commerce, and left her on the eve of bankruptcy to meditate on the wisdom of French philosophers. The peace of 1784 finished the naval struggles of the States.

France was now to act for herself. Philosophy had laid the train for blowing up the whole ancient fabric of royalty in all lands, and her armies rushed out to finish the work of her wits, orators, and political economists. The first explosion blew the Belgian government into a million of fragments. Dumouriez, the true representative of all republican generals, an intriguer, a lover of blood, a daring soldier, and as reckless a robber as ever swept the treasury of a land of opulent poltroons, threw himself on Belgium, fraternized with every body, panegyricized every body, and robbed every body. Sixty thousand Frenchmen, wild as tigers, and mad for plunder and the rights of man, burst upon the thirty thousand grave Austrians who stood drawn up in parade order upon the memorable plain of Gemappe. The Austrian hero was made by the strappado, the French hero by the human passions, vanity, lust, robbery, and revenge. The contest was over at once. The French plunged on the Austrians, square, line, and column, cast them into flight as if an inundation had burst upon them, swept them from the field, and in three short hours extinguished the glory of the strappado, the cane, the picket, and the cat-o'-nine tails. The old components of heroism were no more.

But Dumouriez was too much a republican not to be a knave, and



before a year was over, he had lost his army, his conquests, and when on the point of deservedly losing his head, made his escape to the enemy. The French again poured into the Netherlands in 1793, again beat the Austrians, were beaten by the English under the Duke of York, again poured in their enormous population, hunted the allies from river to river, and from ditch to ditch, till they cleared the land of Englishman, Austrian, Russian, and German, dukes, counts, and governors; and then sat down tranquilly to the second part of republican prowess,—universal robbery.

The first fraternal demand of France upon her new relative in liberty, Holland, was one hundred millions of florins! In return, she gave her a new constitution, with permission to hang all emigrants, Orangists, and pensioners of the old government. Holland had three constitutions in as many years, and tried the successive wisdom of a States General, a National Assembly, and a Directory. But, to qualify these varieties of freedom, she saw her fleet shattered into fragments by the English at Camperdown, in 1797, and her territory the scene of a succession of ravage and battle between her old allies and her new; Englishmen and Frenchmen slaughtering each other, and each and all living on the Dutchman. But the consummation of the fraternal system was reserved for one greater than all the Dumouriez. Napoleon sent his commands to regenerated Holland, that she should thenceforth be exalted into the nobler name of France; that she should be bankrupt for three-fourths of her national debt; that the Berlin and Milan decrees should shut up her warehouses, burn her merchandize, and consign her ships to rot in her harbours, and that she should have the conscription, and contribute one half of her population of the age of twenty, every year, or as much oftener as might be expedient, to the armies of France!

But the Dutch had still other causes to remember Napoleon. That keen inquirer into the hearts of men knew that the people bore his arrangements sulkily; and to prevent disturbance, he adopted the Turkish contrivance of hostages. The sons of all the leading families were instantly ordered to equip themselves as dragoons, and follow the emperor to the field. No profession, pursuit, or taste was suffered to stand in the way of the sovereign will. The doctor, the lawyer, the clergyman, the manufacturer, the merchant, found themselves, to their astonishment, galloping side by side, under the orders of a French marshal, riding into the mouths of cannon, and squares of bayonets, and charging every thing from the Pyrenees to the Pole.

Napoleon's finance was as vigorous as his tactics. Every foot of Dutch land paid twenty-five per cent. of the actual rent, and every house thirty per cent. to the Imperial treasury. All things else, moveable and immoveable, were loaded with taxation. Holland was beggared, starved, in rags, but glorious. The population was thinned by the thousand; they could not emigrate, for on one side was the English fleet, and on the other the French bayonet; but they died. The Seven Provinces were one vast mass of pauperism, where the only place of secure food was a prison or a barrack. All was disease, discontent, and "looped and windowed nakedness;" but in recompense, they learned French, and had the Code Napoleon.

Belgium followed, step by step, with the United States, down the slope of universal beggary. The taxes tore away the coat from the

limbs, the conscription tore away the limbs themselves. The nobles lived on French pay, the people on the air. But Napoleon fell at last. He had done his work, and scourged the profligacy of the continent. The scourge was now to be thrown away. He was undone at Moscow; the rest of his career was only the struggle of the wild beast against his hunters, while a hundred arrows are drinking his life's blood. He had received his mortal wound in the Russian snows. He was now driven to his lair, and dragged from it in chains for the sport of mankind.

In 1813 the French troops took their leave of Holland. The Dutch recalled their Stadtholder. But the fashion of the times had changed. Republics were on the wane, royalty was in the ascendant. Kings were becoming popular once more; such are the miracles of time, or the caprices of fortune. On the 1st of December, 1813, the prince announced himself as having come to settle all disputes on the subject of government.

"The *uncertainty* which formerly existed as to the *executive power*, shall no longer paralyze your efforts. It is not William the Sixth Stadtholder, whom the nation recalls, without knowing what to hope or expect from him. It is William the *First*, who offers himself as *sovereign prince* of this free country."

The Netherlands were cleared of the French armies at the same time. The Treaty of Paris (30th of May, 1814) disposed of their government. By the sixth article it was declared that "Holland, placed under the sovereignty of the House of Orange, should receive an increase of territory." The Treaty of London, in the month after, settled the forms. "Holland and the Netherlands shall be one United State. The Allies and the Sovereign covenant that—The Union shall be complete, governed in conformity with the fundamental laws of Holland. That religious liberty, and the equal right of all citizens to fill the employments of the State shall be maintained. That the Belgian provinces shall be fairly represented in the States General, and the Sessions of the States held, in time of peace, alternately in Belgium and Holland. That the commercial privileges shall be common to the citizens at large. That the Dutch colonies shall be considered as equally belonging to Belgium. And finally, that the public debt of both countries, shall be borne in common."

The Prince of Orange, under the title of Governor-General of the Netherlands, arrived at Brussels in August 1814; and, in February 1815, a commission of twenty-seven members was formed to give effect to the union. The commission resulted, as was intended, in declaring that a king was necessary for the Netherlands, and that William the First was to be that king. Sources of disunion, not to be dried up by royal commissions, continued to shed the waters of bitterness on the two countries. Holland, Protestant, of small territory, and strictly commercial, was alarmed by the immediate connection with a country rigidly Roman Catholic, of preponderant territory, and wholly agricultural and manufacturing.

Belgium was still more startled. The higher classes, attached to Austria, as a popish state, as the distributor of honours and emoluments, and as favouring the exclusive possession of place by the well-born, felt all their aristocratic interests in danger. The manufacturers saw ruin in their exclusion from the marts of France. The populace liked the



French gaiety, the French brandies, the French pay spent among them, and the sound of the French glory, when the conscription was over. The whole nation, more rationally, trembled at the Dutch debt. Popular discontents arose, which would have speedily baffled the wisdom of King William, and the skill of the British ambassador, Lord Clancarty, the best of sheep-feeders and of men, but the heaviest of all diplomats, living or dead: but the lowering of the atmosphere was cleared by a storm. Napoleon came in thunder over the land. War suffers no intermixture of petty politicians or petty grievances. Its eloquence is the cannon; and men can think but little of prospective wrongs when they may be shot within the hour. Grape and ball, the cuirassier and the lancer, cured the Belgians of their political fever; and the day of Waterloo was the first true date of the union. No time was now to be given for the new generation of grievances. A commission settled all questions within one month—the shortest period, perhaps, in which a government commission, whose salary depended on the length of its labours, ever settled anything. But the military example had not been lost even upon Dutch gravity and Belgian pride. The constitution was settled at the *pas de charge*. On the 21st of September, the king was inaugurated at Brussels in the presence of the States-General; and the Netherlands, from north to south, were in one roar of exultation.

Time has thrown up its usual harvest of thistles again. The Belgians complain that they cannot learn Dutch; and the Dutch call the Flemish a jargon unworthy of their own polished commonwealth. The Belgians long for glory, ribbons of the Legion of Honour, and pensions from any court under heaven. The Dutch call them idlers and aristocrats. The Belgians call the Dutch shopkeepers curers of herrings, and dwellers in a soil which is neither earth, water, nor mud. To prove themselves in earnest, they have burst out into insurrection; turned out chief justices, tenacious of place under half a century of governments, and whom nothing but a general insurrection could have induced to loose their hold; burned police-boxes; and arrayed themselves as liberators of their country. The Dutch have put on their uniforms, taken up their muskets, and petitioned only for leave to march, and make a national impression on the Belgic understanding. But the disturbance was trifling and local, and seems to have sunk down. The Brussels patriots are already tired of carrying muskets, and keeping guard in the dews of autumn and the fogs of Brabant. The first frost will send them by whole battalions to their homes; and their patriotism will be, like their provisions, hung up in the sight of their stoves, to keep till spring.

Their whole insurrection was gratuitous, and therefore contemptible—a paltry imitation of the French one, which was necessary, justifiable, and therefore triumphant. The conduct of the Prince of Orange is the only thing which can now keep this impudent piece of coxcombry alive. When the deputies from Brussels dared to come into his presence with their rabble cockade, he ought to have ordered them to be treated as rebels—and very impudent rebels they were! The cockade was the badge of insurrection; and his answer should have been an arrest. But blood at least has been spared; and it depends on the wholesome activity of the king to shew whether he is placed at the head of Belgium to have his beard plucked by every mob-leader, or is worthy to sit upon the throne.

The news from Brussels within the last few days has been alarming. The city has been declared in a *state of siege*, and the populace seem to be completely its masters. "Civic" troops are roving the country, and fighting the Dutch. Every one must dread these horrors; the Belgians are in the wrong; but such is the result of the crime of Charles the Tenth, and the triumph which in his folly he forced upon the people.

The Polignac ministry are formally impeached by the Chamber of Deputies; they can scarcely escape being found guilty; but we must hope that they will not suffer further. The Revolution is complete, so far as Bourbons are concerned. Its merit is, to have been guided by a spirit of moderation; and the stain of blood, after this victory, would be an infinite degradation to the name and cause of Freedom.

#### BALLAD A LA BAYLY.

I HAVE nor laughed nor smiled for years,  
 Since first I learnt to know,  
 That smiles are channels for our tears,  
 That very watery woe—  
 That odd compound of sodas, salts,  
 Which forms the home-made rain,  
 With which we mourn our friends or faults,  
 Our penury or pain.

Age steals on all—dolts, dustmen, dukes,  
 Rakes, men who say their prayers,  
 And men who keep their youthful looks  
 The longest—even on players!  
 Grimaldi's star too soon has set;—  
 That satellite, his son,  
 May round his orbit pirouette,  
 But not reflect his fun.

Dick Jones, as frisky as a fly,  
 Mercutio of the day,  
 (Time writes his truths too legibly!)  
 May yet grow grave and grey.  
 Poor Liston's a wet-Baptist grown,  
 Some say he has been dipped;  
 Joe Munden's laugh is now a groan,  
 And even Harley's hypped.

Yes—five-and-twenty years will make  
 A change in mortal things:  
 I've seen it some strange freedoms take  
 With very decent kings.  
 A quarter-century, when o'er,  
 Appears by no means recent;  
 It made a saint of naughty Moore,  
 And Broad-Grin Colman decent.



Ye nine-and-twenty years! I could  
Apostrophize your flight  
In strains would make great Matthew Wood  
Put out his little light.  
But ye are gone—and where's the use  
Of metrical regret?  
Or tears, to render my dry muse  
Uncomfortably wet?

The pump which now at Aldgate stands  
Had the same handle *then*;  
'Tis handled now by other hands,  
Another race of men!  
Phil. Potts was then a serving-lad,  
A big-boy sort of man;—  
“The boy is father to the dad”—  
He's now a publican!

Jack Skrimshaw kept his horse and chaise  
And rolled in port and pelf:  
Now Jack, in these degenerate days,  
Can barely keep himself!  
Wilks, Wilkins, Wilkinson, and Wicks,  
Brown, Buggins, Biggs, and Bate,  
Hogg, Huggins, Higgins, and Hicks,  
Are all in the same state!

There's Thrift, who lent his thousands out,  
And dined on two polonies,  
Now phaetonizes town about  
With two black-spotted ponies;  
And Grasp, who ground the poor to dust,  
Hard-hearted as a target,  
Has left Bread-Ward his marble bust,  
And feeds the world at Margate!

The Dobbsses, who then cut a dash,  
And led the *ton* of Aldgate,  
Grew out of vogue when out of cash,  
And sank to Norton-Falgate;  
The Hobbsses, once in Dobbs's case,  
Proud when a Dobbs would lighten  
The darkness of their dwelling-place,  
Now cut them dead at Brighton.

Thus runs the world, thus ran the world,  
And thus it still shall run,  
Till into atoms it is hurled,  
And quenched are moon and sun!  
Who shall recount the ups and downs,  
The laughter and the tears,  
The kicks and cuffs, the smiles and frowns,  
Of five-and-twenty years!

C. W.

## FRANCE AND MILADI MORGAN.

WE are very much tired of *Lady Morgan*; and, ungallant as *Miladi* must conceive the confession, the announcement of a volume from her pen, on politics, metaphysics, theology, the art of war, and the art of love, on all of which she writes *en masse*, and with equal skill, alarms us in the most serious degree. But we are fortunately not compelled, in the present instance, to the heavy task of looking for her ideas; as a correspondent in Paris has furnished us with those of the respectable portion of the literary class in that capital; with whom, we are sorry to say, her republican ladyship did not mingle much; and we can do nothing more acceptable to ourselves than to leave her in his hands.

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“ TO THE EDITOR.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

*Paris, September, 1830.*

“ If you have ever been in Paris, you must know that, in this most charming of all capitals, a wet day is not—death, but a much worse thing, blue devils to the last degree. But, as I have nothing to do till dinner but look out of the window and count the cabriolets, I shall give you some notes on the “*France, by Lady Morgan*,” which I have been turning over in my night-gown.

“ In the first place I can assure you, French as I am, I have feeling enough for England to regret that she should not have some law, or contrivance, for her own sake, to prevent such personages as this *Miladi Morgan* from making the name of your great country ridiculous wherever she goes. The French have an unlucky habit of thinking that every thing said in print in England has some sort of public sanction. I have done my best to inform my friends here that *Miladi* has no sort of sanction from the respectable and intelligent portion of your people; that she is laughed at, and utterly rejected by every thing distinguished among your men of literature; and that your ladies of condition shrink from her as a frivolous, silly, and extremely presuming little personage. But her own nonsense settled the question for her, when she was here lately. She was the very model of ‘*common-place mediocrity, and pushing pretension*.’ Her own works, her own wonders, her own *celebrity*, her own persecutions, were her boast, ridiculous as the very idea of such a boast must be. Her own *manners, looks, and graces*, Heaven protect us! were her only topics, and they were fled from in all directions.

“ We set her down as the most ridiculous exhibition of pert vanity and frisky decrepitude that was to be found, even in Paris, where the combination is more frequent than in any other part of the known world. But *her society, her preux chevaliers, her men of genius, her organs of public opinion*, are all the most contemptible affectation. You must know that we have in Paris a race of minor *littérateurs* with nothing on earth to do but to ramble from coffee-house to coffee-house, and from coterie to coterie. If their names have reached England, I am satisfied none of their works have; for, even here, they die within the week: one of them pilfers some little story, or writes a copy of newspaper rhymes, or translates some farce from the German, or recites some plundered essay at some of our obscure lecture-rooms, and, from that time forth, he looks upon himself as making a part of the literary glory of the land.

“ Those fellows swarm among us, and they are the perfect nuisance



of all society here, though they no sooner puff or push themselves into good company than they are ejected from it, and are seen there no more: in short, they are a sort of he-Miladi Morgans, low, silly, and self-sufficient, giving their opinions of their own *fame*, their own *talents*, and, what is at once most burlesque and disgusting, their influence on the morals and public feelings of the age. Some of them, too, who have gone under the hands of the law for works too scandalous even for the *liberal* ideas of France, make a merit of their punishment, and talk of their 'persecutions.' They are patriots and martyrs for life.

"Of such miserable creatures Paris, in its lower circles, is full; for this is the 'march-of-mind age' among us too. Any stranger, who will give them a cup of coffee, will have them all crowding in, and if he keeps a 'visiting book,' (Miladi's eternal boast, in the quintessence of vulgarity), it will never want names enough, three-fourths of which are, undeniably, those of the most contemptible race that ever made literature contemptible.

"But, as to Lafayette, Iernaux, Rothschild, and persons of that class, the charm that makes its way with them is puffery. The man, woman, or child, who promises to make a book, and give them a niche in it, is sure of a reception. Lafayette's whole career has been this miserable craving for popularity. To be talked of by any body, any where, and at any price, is the only principle that this old man ever honoured in the keeping, and he knows it to be the sole secret of his power. Miladi Morgan writes books, puffs herself as an organ of European opinion; puffs every body who lends her his arm up a staircase, or hands her a cup of coffee, or endures for five minutes her abominable French, her countenance, and her other infirmities; and Lafayette suffers her to push her vulgar way among the mob who flatter the old Jacobin. The others are tradesmen, who look to those *receptions* as part of their trade.

"The dames who figure in her *visiting book*, or in her pages, are in general ladies perfectly unknown to society in Paris; some of them totally obscure, and some better left in obscurity than brought into the light after the long oblivion fittest for their characters. Any Miladi hiring a hackney coach, and running about the hotels in the Fauxbourg, dropping tickets at every fourth and fifth story, may have a "visiting book" full of prodigiously fine titles, to which the Miladies in question have as much right as their husbands, when they had any, might possess to their children.

"The fact is that Paris consists of circles of all kinds, and that any little, bustling, frisky pretender to literature, fashion or philosophy, can have, at an hour's notice, a crowd of the ragged *élite* of the male scribblers of this country, and the female charmers of the last; the poor retainers of the lowest of the muses, the *chansonniers*, the *refreshers* of old dramas, and the patchers of new, are ready for the call, and to meet them are perfectly ready the Mesdames, the wrinkled representatives of the *Villettes*, *Du Chatelets*, *Ninons*, and all those combiners of science with more earthly raptures, who love gossip still. So much for the select society, which any maker of books on France may make the stock of her scandalous chronicle, the delight of her mornings, and the boast of her evenings, if she will—but you shall have a 'morning' of Miladi; the consummation of she-coxcombry and egotism.

"I happened one night to mention, at General Lafayette's, that I

should remain at home on the following morning to sit for a medal to David! and the information brought in a numerous class of morning visitors. From twelve till four my little salon was a congress, composed of the representatives of every vocation of arts, letters, science, bon-ton, and philosophy.' This congress of all the genius of France, come to do homage to Miladi! she tells us was so crowded, that, 'as in the opera boxes of Italy,' the comers and goers pushed on each other, the first being absolutely obliged to take their departure before their followers in this *levée* could make their way in!

"But what are the names of this brilliant coterie? M. Pigault le Brun! an old wretch of nearly eighty, author of a long file of the most licentious novels; M. Mignet, who has compiled two little volumes on that original subject, the Revolution; M. Merrimee, who has written some feeble attempts at plays, which have never been played, and M. Beyle, who calls himself Count de Stendhal, and writes epithalamiums and epitaphs, which might be easily changed for each other, and all kinds of trumpery and foolery, under all kinds of titles—and those are the stars of Miladi Morgan's horizon. To every one of them, of course, she gives a panegyric as misplaced and cloying as she expects in return. Pigault is all wit and humour; Mignet—honest and fearless, with a style which is at once mathematics, epigrams and philosophy!—a valuable mixture. Merrimee is, of course, 'simple, natural, animated,' and as like his own dramas as possible.

"Here the epithets are a little run out, and Beyle is only—brilliant. But I am tired of her fulsome stuff. We have, however, a dash of diplomacy, a Mr. B—— of the American embassy, a Portuguese *attaché*, an *attaché* from Chili, &c. &c. But you lose the true burlesque of this mélange, by not being on the spot. You should see the ragged regiment who fill the ranks of diplomacy here, to judge of her ladyship's *vogue*. And all this while, to consummate the feast of reason, while M. David was modelling that countenance, which is to go down to posterity as the shrine of Miladi's genius, and make medals valuable; a piano was kept tinkling away in the room, where the 'music of Rossini was sung' in snatches, the only mode indicative of feeling, genius, &c., 'by one whose young fresh tones, and sweet expression, Rossini himself had deigned to approve!' Bravo! What an Armida, in her palace of pleasure, what a combination of the loves and graces, to be gathered alone round the celebrity of Miladi Morgan!

"But I can assure you, lightly as you in England may think of our ideas on matters of morals or religion, we are by no means better pleased with her theories on those points than her taste in company. She tells us, for instance, that she thinks the martyrs of christianity afford no example half so fine as, or, in her own words, 'nothing comparable to, the self-immolation of Charlotte Corday.'

"Now, all the world, but this antique little philosopher on assassination, know that Charlotte Corday was a half-mad poor creature, who drove a knife into Marat's heart: a very profitable action for the country, I admit, but a mere affair of frenzy and blood on the lady's part. And yet this melancholy and sanguinary frenzy is to put her above the innocence, and holy intrepidity of beings who died for the highest interests of mankind. She also calls the decent observance of the Sabbath in your country, '*pharisaical*, a narrow and odious view of the divine attributes;' and further declares that the attempts to sustain this



observance, are actually grounded on a prevalent disdain of the people, and a total want of sympathy with humanity! Concluding, by her profound opinion, 'That the English church is no longer confounded with the church of Christianity.' On which subjects she of course considers herself a very competent authority.

"The fact, with respect to the mode of passing the Sabbath in France, is, that from its ravenous pursuit of every low indulgence, the humbler ranks have suffered their chief corruption; all the low places of refreshment, the drinking-houses, the dancing-booths, the gaming-houses where one may stake from sous to Napoleons, and worse haunts, if possible, than the gaming-houses, are in full glory on the day which you in England give to attendance in church, or innocent family meetings at home when the church service is done. In my residence in your country, I saw nothing more pharisaical in the Sabbath than that your men generally went to church, which here they scarcely ever do, and that after it they walked about with their wives and children. The shops, 'tis true, were not open; nor the theatres; which I conceived added to the natural enjoyment of the day of rest, by relieving the keepers of the shops, and the persons who belong to those theatres, from their labour, and sending them out to enjoy the fresh air, the use of their limbs, and the meeting with their friends.

"Without pretending to be wiser or better than the rest of the world, I thought I saw great benevolence in the original designation of one day in the week, if it were merely a day for the labourer to say that he would take his rest, to relieve the working cattle, and to refresh the general mind by a relaxation of the perpetual anxieties and toils of their being. I say nothing of its importance to higher feelings, of its being a lasting monument to mankind of the hand of the Creator, a sacred interval devoted to sacred recollections, and a period to bring back the thoughts of dignity and virtue that make all the true strength and value of human nature.

"In France, on the contrary, in its peculiarly crowded theatres, its giddy foolery, and its reckless dissipation on the Sunday, I saw nothing indeed pharisaical, but a vast deal that was gross, scandalous, and corrupting. I think that I could, without much difficulty, trace to it three-fourths of that ferocious rage for gaming among the men, and that wretched disregard of character among the women, which make the melancholy distinction of my country.

"But to give you a more favourable impression of our taste in authors and authorship, than I am inclined to think you have, take the opinion of one of the most eminent names of French literature, who has just seen her book on my table.

"'Ah,' said he, 'Miladi Morgan again—and FRANCE, too! Pray is not this a bookselling *ruse*? for she has written about nothing outside the barrier, and Paris is not yet France. Why does she not scribble nonsense on her own country, and let ours alone? I have seen her here, and she is of all bores the bore *par excellence*. She is sixty years old. What can be the use of her staying in this world?—she has long since gone through the whole course allotted to her highest hopes. She has toadied and gossiped, till her toadyism of the great, and her gossip of the little, were as well known and as wearisome here as her London wig and rouge. She has read bad novels and praised them in print; she has written bad novels, and puffed them in all kinds of

ways ; she has thrust herself, by all miserable contrivances into society, till she has sickened it ; she has travelled, and scribbled her ‘travels,’ Heaven defend us !—she has been pilloried in criticism, which nothing but her own virulence could have provoked ; she has answered the criticism by a display of miserable venom ; she has attempted to laugh at it, and in laughing betrayed her agony in every fibre, under a lash as well deserved as ever was inflicted upon dulness.

“ ‘She has set up for an Irish *politician*, and for a patriot all round the world ; while she knows no more of politics, than that an Irish rebel wears a green ribbon, nor of patriotism, than to bore the world with nonsense on the virtue of Italian quacks and French harlequins. What more can she expect in this life ? Or, must she go on for ever, plunging deeper and deeper in the mire of mediocrity, making her ignorance more palpable, her folly more tiresome, and her effrontery more ridiculous. Bah.—*Miladi Morgan* !’

“ I ventured to interpose a word in favour of the *pauvre Miladi*. ‘There must be some admission for involuntary ignorance, for the petty conceit of a woman, by some accident or other led to believe that she has some kind of literary influence.’ But he would hear nothing.

“ ‘Look there,’ said he, and he pointed to a long tirade upon *Ninon de l’Enclos*. ‘If your moral sense is not enlightened on that ancient profligate, read her tender tale there. The fact is, that this silly person’s writings on France offend all my nationality. Is it from the wretched club of coxcombs that such a woman can gather round her, that an idea of literary France is to be given to foreigners ? But even this I could forgive to her ignorance. But what feeling is due to this trifler, ranking herself among the ‘*célébrités*,’ standing on tiptoe to make a figure among mankind, and protesting herself the natural representative of genius, the true surviving compound of *De Stael* and *Voltaire* ? Bah ! *Miladi Morgan* !’ ”

“ He flung down the book and left the room.”

#### APHORISMS ON MAN, BY THE LATE WILLIAM HAZLITT, ESQ.

##### I.

Servility is a sort of bastard envy. We heap our whole stock of involuntary adulation on a single prominent figure, to have an excuse for withdrawing our notice from all other claims (perhaps juster and more galling ones), and in the hope of sharing a part of the applause as train-bearers.

##### II.

Admiration is catching by a certain sympathy. The vain admire the vain ; the morose are pleased with the morose ; nay, the selfish and cunning are charmed with the tricks and meanness of which they are witnesses, and may be in turn the dupes.

##### III.

Vanity is no proof of conceit. A vain man often accepts of praise as a cheap substitute for his own good opinion. He may think more highly of another, though he would be wounded to the quick if his own circle thought so. He knows the worthlessness and hollowness of the flattery to which he is accustomed, but his ear is tickled with the



sound; and the effeminate in this way can no more live without the incense of applause, than the effeminate in another can live without perfumes or any other customary indulgence of the senses. Such people would rather have the applause of fools than the approbation of the wise. It is a low and shallow ambition.

## IV.

It was said of some one who had contrived to make himself popular abroad by getting into *hot water*, but who proved very troublesome and ungrateful when he came home—"We thought him a very persecuted man in India"—the proper answer to which is, that there are some people who are good for nothing else but to be persecuted. They want some check to keep them in order.

## V.

It is a sort of gratuitous error in high life, that the poor are naturally thieves and beggars, just as the latter conceive that the rich are naturally proud and hard-hearted. Give a man who is starving a thousand a-year, and he will be no longer under a temptation to get himself hanged by stealing a leg of mutton for his dinner; he may still spend it in gaming, drinking, and the other vices of a gentleman, and not in *charity*, about which he before made such an outcry.

## VI.

Do not confer benefits in the expectation of meeting with gratitude; and do not cease to confer them because you find those whom you have served ungrateful. Do what you think fit and right to please yourself; the generosity is not the less real, because it does not meet with a correspondent return. A man should study to get through the world as he gets through St. Giles's—with as little annoyance and interruption as possible from the shabbiness around him.

## VII.

*Common-place* advisers and men of the world, are always pestering you to conform to their maxims and modes, just like the *barkers* in Monmouth-street, who stop the passengers by entreating them to turn in and *refit* at their second-hand repositories.

## VIII.

The word *gentility* is constantly in the mouths of vulgar people; as quacks and pretenders are always talking of *genius*. Those who possess any real excellence, think and say the least about it.

## IX.

Taste is often envy in disguise: it turns into the art of reducing excellence within the smallest possible compass, or of finding out the *minimum* of pleasure. Some people admire only what is new and fashionable—the work of the day, of some popular author—the last and frothiest bubble that glitters on the surface of fashion. All the rest is gone by, "in the deep bosom of the ocean buried;" to allude to it is Gothic, to insist upon it odious. We have only to wait a week to be relieved of the hot-pressed page, of the vignette-title; and in the interim can look with sovereign contempt on the wide range of science, learning, art, and on those musty old writers who lived before the present age of novels. Peace be with their *manes*! There are others, on the contrary, to whom all the modern publications are

anathema, a by-word—they get rid of this idle literature “at one fell swoop”—disqualify the present race from all pretensions whatever, get into a corner with an obscure writer, and devour the cobwebs and the page together, and pick out in the quaintest production, the quaintest passages, the merest *choke-pear*, which they think nobody can swallow but themselves.

## X.

The source of the love of nature or of the country has never been explained so well as it might. The truth is this. Natural or inanimate objects please merely as objects of sense or contemplation, and we ask no return of the passion or admiration from them, so that we cannot be disappointed or distracted in our choice. If we are delighted with a flower or a tree, we are pleased with it *for its own sake*; nothing more is required to make our satisfaction complete; we do not ask the flower or tree whether it likes us again; and, therefore, wherever we can meet with the same or a similar object, we may reckon upon a recurrence of the same soothing emotion. Nature is the only mistress that smiles on us still the same; and does not repay admiration with scorn, love with hatred. She is faithful to us, as long as we are faithful to ourselves. Whereas, in regard to the human species, we have not so much to consider our own dispositions towards others, as theirs towards us; a thousand caprices, interests, and opinions, may intervene before the good understanding can be mutual; we not only cannot infer of one individual from another, but the same individual may change to-morrow: so that in our intercourse with the world, there is nothing but littleness, uncertainty, suspicion, and mortification, instead of the grandeur and repose of nature.

## XI.

It has been objected to the soothing power of Nature, that it cannot take away the sharp pang of vehement distress, but rather barbs the dart, and seems to smile in mockery of our anguish. But the same might be said of music, poetry, and friendship, which only tantalize and torment us by offering to divert our grief in its keenest paroxysms; but yet cannot be denied to be enviable resources and consolations of the human mind, when the bitterness of the moment has passed over.

## MARRIAGE A LA MODE.

SHE loved him—just as modern ladies love;  
Admired his figure on a rainy day,  
And suffered him to reach her fallen glove:  
She liked him, present; if he stayed away  
She did not miss him. “Men were meant to rove,”  
Was still her theme! “To honour, and obey,”  
She had no thought of; but she looked on marriage  
As something requisite to keep a carriage!

And he liked her—as much as creatures can  
Who live at balls, and vegetate by night;  
Not useless, since they serve to hold a fan;  
Whose heads are heavy, while their heels are light;  
Who, wanting other titles, are called—Man!  
Yet ladies liked him, he was *so* polite;  
’Twas strange how favour from mammas he won;  
And yet *not* strange;—he was an eldest son.



He met her first at some prodigious rout,  
 Where all the world was voting it a bore ;  
 She was a beauty, having just come out—  
 That is, she had rehearsed her part before,  
 And now performed it, with great skill no doubt.  
 She knew her points, and that the dress she wore  
 Set off her figure ; thanks to prints and pins,  
 Padding conceals a multitude of sins !

Ball followed ball ; they often danced together,  
 And though they said but little to each other,  
 Talking of novels, music, and the weather,  
 And such ball-themes, he called upon her mother—  
 Who heard him make proposals in “ high feather,”  
 And introduced him to her son, his brother  
 That was to be—and all were quite elate ;  
 For he'd a title and a good estate !

The fair betrothed then sought thy street, Long Acre,  
 To choose the shape and colour of her carriage :  
 I know not why, but somehow a coachmaker  
 Appears to me, in my loose view of marriage,  
 A kind of matrimonial undertaker.  
 By this I've no intention to disparage  
 That blessed state, which many a damsel enters  
 Not knowing why—our mothers are such Mentors.

The day was fixed, the déjeûné was spread,  
 While bride's-maids simpered in their Brussels lace ;  
 The bride shed tears at first, then bowed her head,  
 And thought how great a change would soon take place  
 (From a small French to a large four-post bed) ;  
 Though none might read her thoughts upon her face.  
 Indeed her feelings were not quite intelligible ;  
 One thing she felt—her husband was quite “ eligible !”

The marriage-service soon was blundered o'er ;  
 Congratulations round the room were pealing ;  
 The travelling-chariot waited at the door—  
 But first the bride must do a “ bit of feeling ;”  
 And so she gently sank upon the floor,  
 In a position such as players deal in :  
 A graceful attitude for loveliness,  
 And so contrived, as not to spoil her dress !

At length they started, he and his fair prize—  
 A Prize !—she proved a Blank. Sad, stern reality  
 Makes happiest things seem hideous : they grew wise—  
 He cured of love, and she of her morality.  
 So, throwing off the troublesome disguise,  
 She ran away—like other folks of quality ;  
 Leaving her lord (she left him not a jewel)  
 A drive to Doctors'-Commons—and a duel !

M. L. M.

## NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

It is said that the Neapolitan Court, moved by the petitions of some scores of English dilettanti, lords and commoners, have serious thoughts of requesting His Highness of Algiers to remove to Leghorn, or go back to the sunny shores of the Land of Lions. Since he has arrived, the persons of those noble absentees have appeared beggarly, their dresses contemptible, and their moustachios not to be named as the product of the human visage. The splendid Moor gives a *sequin* for every *paul* of theirs, which is in the exact proportion of a guinea Moorish to a shilling British; his white chintz turban, his crimson velvet caftan, his green silk trowsers, his diamond-studded dagger, his gold-hilted scymetar, his rings, bracelets, pipe, and girdle, each of them worth half the rent-roll of our best finished dandy; and above all, his beard, sleek, rich, and perfumed—a grand national product, of which all the coaxing, combing, and curling of all the valets in Naples cannot produce the remotest similitude—have thrown the whole race of those delicate creatures into unutterable despair. The moment the magnificent Moor appears abroad, the countesses fly after him, the duchesses desert the foreign ambassadors, and the “*principessas*” will not waste a smile upon an English lord, even with three months’ allowance in M. Falconet’s hands.

To pistol or sabre the infidel, would be the obvious English mode; but he is reckoned one of the best shots on the earth, his scymetar could cut through a turban, and the experimentalist would run a fair chance of being sliced into fragments before he had made three passes. Poison would be the natural Neapolitan mode, as the stiletto would be the Italian, in general. But he is so surrounded with guards as to be completely inaccessible; and, between his valets and his double-barrelled and gold-mounted pistols, the thing is beyond the calibre of the most desperate dandy.

In the mean time His Highness carries on the African administration within his Palazzo in very superior style.

“One of his servants had been guilty of some act of disobedience, and was sentenced to death for it. The Neapolitan porter was directed to procure a cart to carry away a corpse; he asked if any body in the house was dead, and received for answer that the execution would take place in a few hours. On this he ran to fetch a Commissary of Police, who gave the Dey to understand that he was not to take justice into his own hands at Naples, but must leave it to the government. When the Dey received the news of the events in France, he exclaimed, ‘God is great! He drove me from my throne—now his people have driven him away.’”

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The French are already beginning a coinage for the new dynasty.

“The French money is to bear the head of the new sovereign, surrounded by the legend, ‘*Louis Philippe I. King of the French.*’ The reverse will present a crown formed of a branch of olive and laurel, in the interior of which the date of the year and the value of the piece will be inscribed.”

All this is doubtless perfectly right, as nothing can sooner efface an old king from the bosoms of a loving people, than their having no remembrance of him in their pockets. There was palpable impolicy,



as well as vulgar negligence in the allowance of Napoleon's "image and superscription on the coin," by the late king and his brother. The law of nature, as well as of custom is, "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsars," and if we take his coin, we owe him service, at least by implication.

But we have now matters nearer home to talk of. What is the expense of the English mint? How much does it cost the country in its officers? How much has it cost in buildings and machinery? And, above all, why should it cost *five thousand pounds a year* to have a master of the mint? The gentleman employed at this handsome salary may know no more about making a coin than he does about making a steam-engine. We have had him at one time Lord Wallace, a worthy talker on trade; after him Lord Maryborough, an excellent master of the stag-hounds; and after him, for a week or two, Mr. Tierney, than whom no man could make a more cutting joke; and after him Mr. Herries, not peculiarly renowned for any thing; though we admit that if making a singularly rapid fortune in a singularly unknown way, entitle this luckiest of clerks to the superintendence of the general money-making of the country, Mr. Herries is peculiarly entitled to the charge. But still, we ask, why is the sum for his trouble, or his no-trouble, for his little knowledge, or his total ignorance, to be *five thousand pounds a year*? We will undertake to say that his whole expenditure of time and intellect upon the matter, would be amply repaid by a fifth part of the sum, and that there would be five hundred candidates for the place at the fifth part to-morrow, and every one of the five hundred to the full as well qualified for it as Mr. Herries. Or, is this but a sinecure, to pay a cabinet minister? Let John Bull look to this, and let him roar!

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"And in the lowest depths a lower depth." The gradations of etiquette are innumerable and delightful. Theatres have them, almost as exquisitely absurd as a court birth-day, or a city-ball. We know the contempt with which a heroine of tragedy looks down upon a heroine of comedy, and the difficulty with which the comic heroine acknowledges the existence of the *soubrette*; but yet we had thought that the dignity of a clown in a pantomime could not be easily hurt. We were, however, mistaken. At "Bartlemy," the other day, as the following statement of grievance will shew—

"One Connor issued a posting-bill, advertising a ball which was to take place during the fair, and he announced F. Hartland, of Sadler's Wells' Theatre, and formerly clown and harlequin of Drury-lane Theatre, as the *master of the ceremonies* at the tag-rag and bobtail concern. Poor Hartland is with sufficient reason highly incensed; he says that 'Bartlemy fair may be very well for a make shift, when the aspirant for theatrical honours commences his career; but it is rather hard for a man, who has passed the ordeal of a London audience, to find his name mixed up with any low mummer that may choose to use it for his own benefit.'"

This is excellent. The clown of Drury-lane despises the clown of Bartlemy. The jumpers and tumblers of the Winter-theatre are of a different species from those of the Summer-booth men. Drury-lane is a different element from Smithfield. The caperings are of a more classic kind, the chalk on the clown's face is scraped with superior elegance, and the tufts on his cap are altogether a more accomplished exhibition.

"It is hard," as Mr. Hartland observes, that "after a man has passed the ordeal of a patent theatre," he should be liable to be conceived guilty of the degradation of shewing his head or heels any where else; or that after having once enjoyed the dignity of being beaten, broiled, kicked, and thrust into a cannon, at a theatre built of brick, and holding a thousand persons, he should be suspected of humbling himself to an appearance in a theatre of lath and linen, and holding but five hundred. Distinctions are every thing in this world!

The Queen, who is a sensible and domestic woman, has very properly commenced her reforms at home, and set the fashions for housemaids through the empire.

"Her Majesty had the housemaids before her at Windsor Castle the other day, and said to them, 'I wish you to understand that I will have no silk gowns worn here; and,' the Queen added, 'you must wear aprons.'"

There is both good sense and good feeling in this, for without being of the Leigh Richmond, or the Irving school, nor hating either cheerfulness or cherry-coloured ribbons among the young rustics, the true female temptation of our day is a taste for finery. Mischievous as it may be among their betters, it is ruin among the lower ranks, and beggary is infinitely the least evil of this propensity. More profligacy has owed its parentage to the love for silks and laces, than to all the other sources of evil put together; and the eagerness for expensive dress, and the vanity of eclipsing their fellow-servants, will, in nine instances out of ten, be found to have been the direct cause of the guilt and misery that scandalize the public eye in the streets of London.

The papers announce Miss Paton's engagement at the Haymarket, where we presume she will appear before these observations reach the public, and we can have no wish to disturb her reception. But it is only due to truth to say, that all the declamations of the papers on "the audience having nothing to do" with the characters of the persons who come before them, must go for nothing. The audience have a vast deal to do with their characters, and it is so much the better for the stage that they should; for what would be the public respect for a profession in which personal conduct was to be altogether out of view—in which the basest treachery, the vilest dishonesty, the most abject infamy was not to lower the character of the individuals? What would this be but to pronounce the whole profession infamous at once—to plunge every well-behaved actor, or virtuous actress, in the same mire of abomination, and make the name of the stage synonymous with vileness?

But there is another consideration—with what impressions must wives, daughters and sons, look upon a stage in which the objects of such license are before the eye? Without alluding to the unfortunate case of Miss Paton, let us take any of the instances that may be so easily found, of some actress who has become a public scandal;—whose profligacy has made its way into every newspaper—whose crime has been bruited about in every shape of publicity, so that there is scarcely a human being in the country who is not fully acquainted with it.—The woman has been acknowledged a notorious profligate, a vile and degraded wretch, seeking the basest lucre by the basest means, a disgust to the sense of public decency, and a disgrace to the name of woman. Is it fitting that such



a creature should be paraded before the public eye, that the chaste wife, and the delicate mind of youth, should be *forced* to recollect her story by seeing her figuring before them on the stage, and not merely suffered there, but applauded and panegyricized in every instrument of public opinion, for beauty, talent, and so forth, daring public censure with impunity, and flourishing in fame and fortune?

How many must the exhibition disgust; how many may it lead to think that there is no actual distinction between purity and impurity; how many of the weak may it tempt, and how many of the wicked must it sanction and encourage?

But then we are told we suffer others just as culpable to appear. True, and the public does itself and the stage dishonour by suffering them. But there is still a distinction. Their fall has not been so recently before the public that their name cannot be mentioned without a revival of their story. Their vice has past away *sub silentio*. We hear and see Mrs. A. B. or C. without thinking any further of them than as good or bad actresses. Our tolerance of them on the stage as actresses no longer implies tolerance of them as profligates, and the evil of their example has been partially worn away.

But with any profligate who comes before us fresh from guilt, with the notoriety of her vileness forcing itself upon us in every channel of observation, with no broken spirit, but with the dashing effrontery of impudent vice, the public sanction is a public crime, an encouragement to future as well as to present iniquity, and a disgrace at once to the stage and the country.

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They may say what they please of an Irishman's being in two places at once, but commend us to some of the English parsons, for multiplication of person.

"CAMBRIDGE.—Rev. J. Griffith, prebendary of Rochester, to the rectory of Llangynhafel, Denbigh.—Rev. W. M. Mayers, to a stall in the cathedral of St. Patrick's, with the rectory of Malhelburt (a non cure)."

Here we have an honest cleric contriving to do his duty at once in Rochester and Denbigh, and no doubt with equal good to mankind, and comfort to himself in both; as for the second worthy gentleman, his preferment is a *non cure*, and as he can receive his salary by post, he may take his wings and rove to China, without a crime against the laws of residence. We wish both the gentlemen joy of their pleasant prospects; nor shall we hurt their feelings by asking on what labours in their profession fortune has thus smiled? We are afraid their names do not figure in the list of authors, sacred or classic, that the scriptures have not been deeply indebted to their elucidation, nor the church to their eloquence! But they can at least write receipts for their salary, and that is the true accomplishment, after all!

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Old Talleyrand's appointment to the British Embassy is decidedly the most curious among the problems of a problematical time. It is not his first experiment here, however; he was among us forty years ago, first to get a little money for himself, as a fugitive from that loving and fraternal government which freed so many people by taking off their heads; next to get a little for his French employers; and thirdly, to get a little from the fears or the folly of America. We must not call an ambassador a rogue, but old Talleyrand has been for upwards of seventy

long years the most dexterous of statesmen, senators, and Frenchmen ; the man who could keep his head under Robespierre, his money under Barras, his place under Buonaparte, his pension under the Bourbons, and his conscience, his smile, his hotel, and his wife, under them all, is no common man for the episcopal bench ; setting apart his wit, of which he has kept live specimens under every change of dynasty in France since the days of Danton !

But why has he come ? Is it that the citizen king is afraid that Talleyrand might imbibe ambition in his old days, and sigh to change the mitre for the crown ? Or that he dreads to have the courtier of Charles X. turned into the partizan ? Or that he wishes to have a watch upon Wellington ? Or that he is simply tired of him, and prefers the society of the very crack-brained Duc de Broglie, or of that not less crack-brained lecturer on metaphysics, now metamorphosed into a minister, M. Guizot ? a pair of statesmen, who, before three months are over, will give the citizen king a sufficient lesson of the wisdom of expecting visionaries to be fit for anything under heaven, but to write essays in reviews, and set their readers asleep. Or is he come, to quiz Charles X. into giving up the Duke of Bourdeaux ? Or is it that old Talleyrand, wise in his generation, already sees the signs of the times, and wishes to get out of the way till the next overthrow is quiet ? One thing we hope ; that some of our stirring publishers will lay hold on him, tempt his avarice with a handsome sum, and make him write his memoirs. They would be the most curious things in Europe. They would tell more state secrets, turn more high characters into ridicule, cover more hypocrites with shame, strip more kings, queens, princesses, and prime ministers of their public honours, account for more pensions and places, give the history of more coronets and orders, more country-houses, curricles, and cavalry colonelcies, than any developments of human knavery that ever came from the pen of Frenchman. This he might do, if he would but tell the truth, and that we suppose he might be induced to tell—for the due value.

His countrymen have a pleasant idea of him. “ For fifty years,” says *Le Voleur*, “ whilst so many systems have succeeded each other, take the *Moniteur* from the commencement of these governments, and you will find this phrase, which seems a fundamental one for the *Moniteur* of the time :—‘ To-day M. de Talleyrand had the honour to pay his respects to the king—or to the emperor—or to the consul—or to the director’—in fact, to *power*.” We remember reading the reply of the English Ambassador at the Hague, during the protectorate and after the restoration, to one who remarked how easily he changed his politics, “ *Je suis le très-humble serviteur des événemens !*” There are pupils of the same school in England.

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The horrid accident which put an end to Mr. Huskisson’s life, has been too much before the public to allow of any recapitulation of ours ; even if the subject were not so painful to ourselves. But we must observe, as to the coroner’s inquest, that we should have preferred a much less railway-jury. Not a syllable is said in the coroner’s charge, of the mismanagement of the machines, of the want of preparation in the carriages, nor of the extraordinary fact that the machines were allowed to run upon each other without notice of any kind. According to the details of the accident, scarcely had half a dozen gentlemen got out of one of the



carriages, when one of those tremendous machines was close upon them, flying at the rate of sixteen miles an hour, and with so little notice, that nothing but the Duke of Wellington's quick eye, and his crying out, could have prevented its crashing over the whole group. All they could do was to run in all directions for their lives! Mr. Calcraft and Prince Esterhazy one way, others in another. Mr. Holmes could escape only by clinging to the car, which unfortunately Mr. Huskisson attempted, but was not in time to get out of the way of the flying engine; which does not appear to have stopped for any of them.

Now, undoubtedly, there was some mismanagement, or extreme negligence in all this, which ought to have attracted the notice of the coroner. Then we are told that when the attempt was made to get into the car there were no means, the steps were not there; in fact, that there was no more provision for accident than there would be in a ship which put to sea without boats. Yet on such a state of preparation we are quite satisfied that a jury might have made some remarks in their verdict. Of course, the directors and machine-people are nervous on the subject, and wish the world to believe the accident to have been quite inevitable. Yet it seems to us to have been no more inevitable than any other mischief, from a stage-coach in the hands of a rash driver, or from an over-drove ox, or a horse left loose in the streets to gallop over whom he likes. We should have desired to know why the engineer of the Rocket—if that was the name of the pursuing engine—did not instantly stop, or at least moderate its speed, when he saw the road covered with persons. According to the account, it seems to have dashed on without stop or stay; and we have to return him no thanks for its not having crushed the whole half dozen or dozen to powder. All this, we think, would have drawn a question from us, if we had been on the jury.

But it is to be hoped that the directors, though they may have been warned by no *deodand*, will have the wisdom to provide against the recurrence of those horrid accidents. The expedient of *feelers*, or wheels in front, has been proposed, to prepare them to stop when any object may lie in their way. Something of the kind must be contrived. The danger is the velocity. What human speed could get out of the way of a velocity of thirty-three miles an hour, or of the half of thirty-three? or what force could stand against it? We might as well stand against a thunderbolt. The invention is admirable; and it may be made an inexhaustible source of public benefit. But unless the directors wish to baffle their own labour, and make this great invention an object of public terror, they will look to the prevention of every thing that can endanger the public safety.

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St. John Long's miraculous cures have set the whole faculty in a flame; and unless it shall go hard with him at the Old Bailey, we have no doubt that before a year is over we shall see him in his coach and four. He is a quack by common consent, and in all ages such have thriven; for in all ages medicine has been a problem; the regular physician little more than an experimentalist after all; and the question has merely lain between the experimentalist who writes the worst Latin on earth, and the experimentalist who can write no language whatever.

In this race the charlatan must often win, for in the first place he runs light: he has no character for science to lose, no solemn authority

to dread, no books to puzzle him, and, if he can escape the constable and the coroner, he fears not the face of man. In the next, the charlatan generally starts with some actual novelty of knowledge, some real secret of nature in his possession ; he has either invented or remembered some of those nostrums of which old women were once the established practitioners, and the wives of parsons and old baronets the legitimate dispensers. He is not, like the physician, sent into the world licensed to kill, and trading in mortality only on the stock of his bookcase. It is the possession of some secret that has turned the mind of the universal genius to curing the headache, the heartache, the nightmare, and all the natural ills that flesh is heir to, while otherwise he might have benefited society as a tailor, or a tinker, or a common-councilman, or a member for Southwark, or a recruiting officer, or a radical, and triply eclipsed the glories of Sir Robert Wilson himself. As to St. John Long's curing the Countess of Buckingham's back, or Mrs. Trelawney's toe, expelling the incubus that has disturbed Lady Harriet Butler's dreams, curing Sir Francis Burdett of his love of popularity, or cooling that sentimental looking personage, Sir Alexander Johnson, of his mortal vision of personal beauty, we have all the necessary faith, and believe that he did good service to the state. The truth is, that if he had kept his practice to those who have nothing in life to do but to kill Time, till that fortunate period when Time revenges himself, and comforts the community, the twaddlers and swaddlers, the haunters of club-rooms, the daily visitors of bazaars, the fat and ancient dowagers whose love for humanity is shown in bloated poodles, parrots, and familiar generations of cats ; the old retired Indians, with curry complexions, eternal complaints of the climate, and querulous longings for the full pay and "allowances," the Batta and the Bungalow, all of which they cursed from the bottom of their cups every day of their enjoyment of them ; men whose talk is of Tippoo Saib, and who settle the world in Hanover-square, Hooka in hand ; if St. John Long had built his tent among this phthysical tribe, he must have at once done good to society and himself, to the one by clearing them of their superfluous sovereigns, and to the other by putting them in his own pocket. No doubt he could cure an imaginary complaint, as well as any Halford or Heberden in existence.

But we should be sorry to see him suffered to go beyond this class, and we hope that if he shall be found embroccating any human being who may be worth keeping alive, he may be sent where he can cure nothing but crocodiles or kangaroos.

But Mr. Surgeon Brodie's part of the affair is the most curious of all. He is called in to *save* the unfortunate patient, Miss Cashin, who was brought by her foolish mother, to make her "better than well." He sees the poor girl in agony. He declares her in a dangerous state ; that nothing but the most active help can recover her. And, after all, for the souls of us, we cannot see that he did any thing that might not be done by St. John Long himself. He looks, shakes his professional head, writes a prescription, and walks away, and the poor girl dies. If the surgeon put himself to any trouble, we cannot find it in the evidence. Perhaps he did not like to interfere with a brother man of *science* ! But of Mr. Brodie we hear no more !

General Sharpe's and Sir Anthony Carlisle's correspondence is capital. A pair of geese, plucking each other's last surviving feathers for the amusement of the public. The old general evidently enjoys the jest



prodigiously, and as evidently feels his chief grievance in the cruelty of the reporters, who, as he says, have not given any idea of the pleasantry of his style of cross-examining the *jury*, and every body. Sir Anthony, on the other hand, is very pleasant too, and very impudent to the old general, whom he accuses of "squinting," of not knowing the distinction between a doctor of physic and a doctor of laws, music, or horse-medicine, and of being a little out of practice in his grammar.

The true secret is, the old general's expecting the knight's advice *without a fee!* Sir Anthony was of course too *professional* to suffer the general to get any thing to the purpose out of him; and talking nonsense, *à propos*, he left the old Scotchman and old soldier (as tough and money-loving a combination as any under the sun), to make the most of his *gratis* opinion. All the world knew already the value of "physic, and law for nothing," and we suppose the general, who writes gaily (for a man married a second time), has now got experience enough to make him think a guinea saved not worth a coroner's inquest, for the rest of his days.

At the same time, the regular professors may take some hints from St. John Long. His practice of drawing inflammation from one part of the frame, where it is dangerous, to another part where it may be comparatively harmless, is one of those old practices which modern science has foolishly forgotten. Yet there can be nothing more undoubted than the advantages often to be derived from it. By-exciting disease in a limb it has often been withdrawn from a vital part, as the gout excited in the toe prevents it from being the disease of the heart. Another of the blunders of modern science is that of conceiving that inflammation constitutes the cause of decay in consumptive habits. This is error the first in the case. And that this inflammation is, like the inflammation of a drunkard's veins, to be cured by exhausting the patient. This is error the second. The fact resulting from the whole of this fine theory is, that the patient slips from the doctor's fingers into the sexton's, and is troubled, and troubles no more. He dies under the operation of cure. Theory triumphs in the fulfilment of its duty, the doctor writes it down in his journal as a new case of sound practice, and consumption is decreed to be an incurable disease for a century to come. But our wise men must now look again to their theory. St. John Long's grand panacea is the due application of beef and mutton. With the beef-steak and the cutlet he faces the enemy, throws potion and pill to the dogs, and bids the delicate grow plump as fast as they can, and the given-over walk in the face of day, call on their physicians in defiance, and either challenge them to a meeting in Hyde-Park, or laugh them out of the regions of the fashionable. To this it must come at last, and soon too. For our part, we would not trust any thing to the reputation of a doctor in a difficult case. For, to the disgrace of medicine, the whole of it, in the higher branches, is what we call theory in the man who has taken out his diploma, and what we call charlatanery in the man who has never stepped within college walls. But let our doctors try the beef-steak system. The inhaling gas goes for nothing with us, though it obviously goes a great way to mystify the baronets, M.P.'s, and other old ladies who are to be operated upon. The embrocation, with aquafortis, oil of vitriol, or corrosive sublimate, does not altogether suit the delicacy of our particular cuticle, and we leave it to the taste of those who may have an enjoyment in excoriations a yard and a half long. But of the

beef-steak regimen we cordially approve, and fully agree in the wisdom of living as long as we can, and growing fat to keep ourselves warm in the frosts of age !

A paragraph in a Scotch newspaper, in some fierce controversy about roasting coffee, gives a capital conception for the improvement of newspapers.

“ Let a boiler be well filled with a due proportion of high pressure puffs, poems, paragraphs, parliamentary speeches, politics, intrigues, despatches, deaths, births, marriages, disasters at sea, &c. &c. ; these being well stirred together, after the manner of the Witches in Macbeth, as soon as the steam is up, a crane is turned with much dexterity and ingenuity on a pipe like the water-conductor of a fire-engine, when, squirt, out flies high-pressure type by the thousand yards, which, being skilfully directed first against one sheet, then against another, a whole publication comes spouting to light in no time.”

There might be some difficulty in managing the “ political articles,” those ponderous affairs called the leaders, which require such perpetual shifting of opinion, which make the newspaper of to-day a satire on the newspaper from the same press and pen of a week before. But, on all other points, the mechanical system is admirable. For instance, it might be applied to all county meetings for fifty years to come, without the change of a letter ; to the oratory of the Miltons, the Bells, and Beaumonts of the north, the Lethbridges, and other trimmers and blockheads of the south, and the Wilsons, Whitbreads, Byngs, and Lord John Russels of the Middlesex and Southwark portion of the national eloquence. The speeches of every one of those orators might have been stereotyped for the last twenty years. We have the same pompous pretences to national feeling, the same abject evasions, the same rapturous delight at the view of their constituents eating, drinking, voting, and rioting, and the same solemn pledges to “ Liberty all over the World !”

The same note of scorn might be added to every one of their harangues ; and the same indignation at the perpetual contrast between bloated promise and empty performance. The minister’s *exposé*, called the King’s Speech, might be trusted with equal security to the machine ; for in our memory it has never altered, above half-a-dozen phrases ; and their substitutes were as closely as possible identified with the old. In those matters the finances are always in a prosperous state, the country quiet, the foreign powers loading us with assurances of perpetual peace ; commerce flourishing beyond all example ; reduction the order of the day ; and economy, rigid economy, the principle of his Majesty’s ministers. Their mode of fulfilling those fine promises, might very safely be stereotyped too, with only the additions of a dozen or two of sinecures, for the public comfort, a couple of millions down in the customs, and another £500,000 for painting and papering, for bandy-legged statues and architectural blunders, in the new palace.

All the minor matters of speeches of the common-council Ciceros, the presentations of snuff-boxes to the Peels, “ rats and mice, and such small deer ;” the harangues of barristers at election-dinners, the African, Anti-African, the Camberwell Society for Washing Blackamoors White, the Wilberforcian, Muggletonian, Owenian, Cosmopolitan meetings in chapels, floor-cloth manufactories, dock-yards, and taverns,



might all be safely trusted to the imagination of the machine, which we have no doubt would do its duty, and transmit to the laughing universe the whole eloquence of those flying philosophers, without losing the slightest *effluvium* of its original genius, intelligence, utility, or wisdom.

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Poor Lord Ellenborough's misfortunes are not over yet. We acknowledge that he bears them with the best face of insensibility, of any unlucky husband in town; and when his hat is on, what with his ringlets, and his roses, he contrives to look a gay youth of fifty. But Miss Digby, the portentous Miss Digby, has started again for fame, and divides with his lordship the admiration of the lower classes.

"THE FAIR JANETTE.—We have heard that Miss Digby (late Lady Ellenborough) has recently purchased a cottage *ornée* in the neighbourhood of the Regent's-park. The fair divorcee may continually be seen thereabouts. She is attired in deep mourning, and accompanied by a beautiful little boy of about five years of age, whom she has adopted as a solace in her retirement. A 'good-natured friend,' on mentioning this circumstance to 'the tame elephant,' begged his lordship to console himself, for that wherever *he* resided he was sure to have a cottage *hornée* of his own."

Such is the remark of the newspapers, inspired by the spirit of Rogers, or Alvanly, or some of the standards of pleasantry in our vivacious world. The lady has returned, to new conquests, of course; and her card is now—the sentimental. The mourning, the orphan protégée, the deep melancholy, the cottage, exquisitely simple, with a sensitive-plant in front, a cage with a turtle-dove mourning for its mate, a guitar hanging in sight, and the fair undone herself, the victim of a too ardent sensibility, the modern Eloise, sad as night, and dark as the hopes of buried love; the drooping flower, that perishes before the eye, and is dying under the cruel aspersions of an ungenerous generation; Heavens! how irresistible must Miss Digby be under all this weight of woe! We caution that notorious sentimentalist, Lord Hertford, from walking round his own grounds, for fear of being suddenly captivated—"shot i' the heart," as Mercutio says, "by a white wench's black eye." He might have added—in a black veil and bonnet, which must make the wound mortal.

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It must be allowed that the French do showy things in the most showy style of any nation of Europe. One of their old merits was the patronage of Literature. From Louis the Fourteenth down to Napoleon, they had the honourable ambition of struggling for the precedence in every class of literary fame; and the allowable dexterity of flattering the leading writers of all countries into a regard for France. They gave little distinctions, little medals, little pensions, and little titles to the little men of academies in all lands, and reaped the full harvest of those donations in praise.

The Russians, always imitators of the *Grande Nation*, and extremely anxious to play the same part on the continent, whether with the pen or the pike, the cannon or the *cordon rouge*; have been for some years trying the same plan, and giving rings, like thimbles, set with diamonds that certainly have a villainous likeness to Bristol stones; but those rings were given to all sorts of people for all sorts of things: for a new

pattern of a joint-stool, for a five-shilling compilation of barbarous poetry, for a pair of breeches cut out of the living bear, for a tetotum on a new and infallible construction, "warranted to spin," for a print of the features of some grim Slavonic ancestor, some Count of Wolfania, or Duke of Sabreland, taken from the original carving in the Church of our Holy Mother of Kasan, or for a quarto of Travels through Russia, with all the anecdotes, from the newspapers, all the discoveries, from the road-books, all the history, from the tables d'hôte, and all the "vignettes, views, inscriptions," original,—from the print-shops.

On those brilliant productions even the thimbles of the Czar Nicholas were thrown away; and the imperial liberality being fairly exhausted some time since, and finding that no European fame redounded to it from the labours of "illustrious men," (unknown in any country but their own, and there known only to be laughed at), has prohibited "All men by these presents," in future to dedicate book, or send print, or transmit sleeve-button, and above all, to insult it with poetry. The Russian ambassador has received strict orders, on pain of the knout, not to transmit any further beggar's petition of this kind to his Imperial Majesty; and notice has been given to contributors in general that, though Siberia is but a month's journey from St. Petersburg, the Czar is about locating a new settlement for their benefit within sight of the Pole.

Louis Philippe, however, is beginning on a better plan, much more useful to the world, and which will repay France much more steadily in praise (to this we have no objection) than money lavished on such slippery personages as the mob of authorship. We are informed that "The King of the French has given instructions to a distinguished *littérateur* to obtain for him a correct list of all the literary and scientific bodies in Europe, with a precise account of their charitable institutions, in order that he may subscribe to those which he considers the most deserving of support. It is stated that at present the king bestows nearly one million of francs per annum, directly, or indirectly, in the encouragement of literature and science; and that he insists upon each of his children patronising works of art to an extent justified by the pecuniary means which he has placed at their disposal." This is manly, and kingly too.

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The true name for the nineteenth century is the "Age of Puffery;" and the following is as pretty an instance of the practice as we have lately seen. One of the newspapers publishes this *annonce* :—

*Bishop (!) Luscombe*.—"It is generally thought that this worthy divine, who bears the christian name of Bishop, is one of the highest dignitaries of the church—such is not the case. Bishop Luscombe has, for years, been Chaplain at the English Embassy in Paris, where his humane and religious pursuits have ensured him the esteem of all those who have the pleasure of his acquaintance. He has always shewn himself the philanthropist; and many poor English mechanics, who have been obliged to leave France in consequence of false hopes having been held out to them, have never failed meeting with relief from him when applied to. When his present Majesty, then Duke of Clarence, was at Dieppe, *he was introduced* to his Royal Highness, who kindly invited him, whenever he came over to this country, to pay him a visit. He *lately arrived at Brighton*, where he had the honour of preaching before their Majesties."



Another of the papers correcting the ludicrous blunder of making the man's christian name "*Bishop*," gives him a "mission connected with France," and says, "he administers to the spiritual comforts of his church in that kingdom."

Neither the *Globe*, in which the paragraph appeared, nor the *Age*, which made the comment, can be charged with a propensity of puffing, and yet the paragraph thus imposed on them is a puff direct. The truth of the matter is this. The reverend person is an American, who, liking to make his way in Europe, and thinking that though the gates of preferment were shut upon him in England and Scotland, there was something to be got in France, made a tour, chiefly among the English, and returned to England with the formidable discovery that they were all going the way of ruin, and that the only hope of averting it, was by subjecting them all to the rite of confirmation. For this apostolical service the American volunteered himself. But confirmation is a rite reserved to bishops, and he, therefore, requested the Archbishop of Canterbury to consecrate him forthwith. But the archbishop had no idea of doing any thing of the kind, and the would-be bishop was forced to look to some less refractory quarter. Luckily there remains in Scotland a little congregation which calls its pastors bishops, and to them the Doctor applied. They were only too much delighted at the opportunity of sending a bishop of their own making afloat in *partes infidelium*, and they accordingly consecrated the Doctor. He then went forth, confirming the sons and daughters of our travellers in his journeys through France, a good deal to the offence of the French people, who naturally enough asked what empowered a foreigner to go preaching and laying on hands in this bustling style through their country? However, at last, whether to stop his peregrinations, which were undoubtedly a source of dissatisfaction to the French government; or to reward his apostolical zeal, the Doctor got the British chaplaincy in Paris, where he now figures in his lawn sleeves. We see that he "happened" to be at Dieppe, when the successor to the throne was there for a day or two, and that he now "happens" to be at Brighton, and "happens" to preach before that successor, now that he is king; and we will undertake to say that the whole three "happened" with just the same degree of *accident*. We are not yet prepared, however, for seeing him in an English cathedral, nor are we much delighted with even seeing him in an English chaplaincy. The Americans are excellent fellows sometimes, but we think the less they have to do with English affairs on the Continent, the better for the affairs. Let an Englishman be appointed to the chapel of the embassy. We wish Bishop Luscombe a safe voyage to New York, and a happy meeting with his friend Bishop Hobart, that impudent and ungrateful coxcomb, who, after receiving our hospitality, had no sooner set his sanctified foot in Yankey-land, than he published a foul and vulgar attack upon the whole Church of England.

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The Times applauds the new French style of abolishing "My Lord," in the address to peers and ministers.

"It will be perceived that the new government of France have introduced a new mode of address among the peers of France, and even among the great functionaries of state. There are to be no more 'My Lords' among them—no longer Monseigneur, but M. le Ministre. Now there is no country in Europe in which the distinction between

peer and commoner is so marked as in England ; and that owing to the existence of those absurd and even profane addresses ' My Lord,' as applied to the former ; and ' your Lordship,' ' your Grace,' and ' noble Lords.' *Foreigners are disgusted with us on this account ; and think that, with the freest institutions, we are the basest people, to suffer such a distinction to exist in daily practice.*"

The Standard scoffs at the republicanism of the idea, and ridicules the learning ; saying, that in every nation in Europe titles are more in use than in England, which is true, as every body must know, from the rabble of Barons, Dukes, and Princes, that make their sojourn among us now and then ; and also that Don, Monsieur, Mynheer, Mein Herr, alike mean my Lord, while the common Spanish address of Usted, means " your Excellence."

To this the Morning Chronicle rejoins, that those titles, whatever they might once have meant, now mean but the simplest acknowledgment of respect, or, in fact, mean nothing. But to this must be objected, that if they mean nothing now, it is from their having been first made common. There are villages in Spain where every one is connected with some prince, and where prince is the title of fellows that lead your horse to the stable, or set out your dinner. All the peasantry of Guipuscoa, and most of the Biscayans, look upon themselves as actual nobles. The commonness of the distinction has made it worthless, but the plurality of titles is, of course, only the more obvious. The Morning Chronicle would have it, on the contrary, that the commonness of a title extinguishes the title itself ; which, we fear is a rather hasty conclusion. If it had said that commonness diminishes the value, or the power, or the pleasure of a title, we should, of course, agree with it. The fact is, that the taste of foreigners for giving titles is so great, that they have long ago supped full of the indulgence ; they have now run out their stock, and have left themselves nothing untouched by the vulgar hand, but king and deity. It is no fault of theirs if the language of titles is limited, and that, when they come up to prince they must stop. Certainly, so far as they may use those marks of honour they have used them to their heart's content ; and in Italy, and Germany, princes are as thick as mulberries, and by no means so valuable to the community.

Foreigners then have no right " to call the English the basest people, with the freest institutions ;" for the difference between a title in England, and one on the Continent, is no more than that the English one is a demand upon public respect, because our titles are comparatively so few, while the foreign is seldom a demand upon any body's respect, because foreigners have been in the habit of giving them to so many.

But there is no necessity for all this wrath at a practice which has grown out of the necessities of society. There must be in all kingdoms rewards for eminent merit, in war, politics, legislation, and the other leading forms of public service. There can be but two ways of reward—money or honours. What would society gain by making money the sole reward ? An enormous expense would be the first result—the next would be to infect the nation with a mercenary spirit, by making money the standard of merit. But if the state had the power to pour out the whole treasury in rewards, the result would still be inadequate. The object is to give some exclusive mark by which the individual is elevated above the general classes of the community, for his services ; but money will



not do this. If the state were to give ten thousand pounds a year to its man of merit, there are ten thousand grocers and cheesemongers who make ten thousand pounds a year ; give him a hundred thousand, a rogue of a stockbroker, or a grinding government-contractor, clears the sum in a week or a day. The point is, to give a reward which shall be inaccessible to the lower and more commonplace pursuits of life, and that reward can alone be in some mark of honour proceeding from the throne ; an order, higher still, a title ; and higher still, a title which confers nobility not merely on its first receiver, but on all his descendants. A title has the peculiar advantages—of being congenial to the spirit of honour, which is the spirit of all that is truly eminent in public life, and which it should be the first object of the state to excite and sustain.—Next it is the least costly of all rewards to the state, a matter of no trivial importance ;—and next, it is exclusive and unattainable but by the will of the state or sovereign, which is not the case with money.

At the same time we allow that titles may grow too common, even here ; that a title without wealth to support its rank is an abuse, and that a poor peerage must be at once an object of public scorn and of political danger. A pensioned pauper, though a peer, must be a slave, and in the present strides to grasp at the whole power of the country, patriotic men cannot watch too carefully the composition of the House of Lords. The project of creating peers for life only, has been proposed, but the obvious result would be to crowd the House with creatures of the minister on any emergency, as he would feel that in a few years his creation would be got rid of by death, and the peerage no more crowded than before. It would also give him a formidable patronage ; for every death would allow him, at least, the opportunity of filling up the vacancy, if he so pleased, and he would have candidates in multitudes for the honour. It would also make two classes of peers, and would tend to violent schisms in the House. But the true remedy for the disease is a *qualification*. As in the Commons no man can sit for a borough, who has not 300*l.* a year landed property, or for a county who has not 600*l.* ; so, let no peer hereafter created be capable of sitting in parliament without a freehold estate of 20,000*l.* a year, the very least sum on which a peer of England can sustain his rank with fitting dignity ; and let no peer be created who cannot settle on his son, and the descendants of that son, his 20,000*l.* a year. This would give the peerage a dignity in the public eye, which will never be given to the poor nobleman. It will give them a power of preserving their independence of corruption, and place-mongering for themselves and their sons, without which a House of Peers must become a public peril. Let our next Parliament bestir itself in the matter, and make us at last proud of our Legislature !

Among the overflow of Family Libraries, &c., we have been struck peculiarly with one set of volumes, which contains more knowledge of life, more interesting anecdote, and more actual history, than three-fourths of the heap. We speak of the collection of "Auto-Biographies," now amounting to about thirty very convenient *boudoir* volumes, published by Whittaker. It proposes to contain every memoir to be found in the modern languages, in which the writer has been his own historian. We thus have Gibbon, Kotzebue, Voltaire, Hume, Gifford, Creighton, Prince Eugene, Ferguson, Whitefield, and a whole host of others ;

all curious, all eccentric, and what is more important, all true. We have been more interested by the work than by any biographical collection we have ever seen.

We give the following specimen of politics in poetry, on a Shut-up Country Church, from a country paper, whose correspondent recommends its insertion, as a specimen of "native talent," and calls upon all the friends of British genius to propagate its fame, "in the hope of exciting other bards to rivalry." The lines, we admit, are of different lengths; but much must be allowed for genius, and it will be found that the long and the short are equally charming.

*The Deserted Church.*

Neither Parson, Clerk, Sexton. is here to be found  
 The Church quit neglected. while I till my ground.  
 one fourth of my produce, deducting Expences  
 Is paid to the Parson, Heaven save all our senses.  
 Is not this tiranicle. I ask you by passers  
 From the other three forths. I pay Rent and Taxes  
 The Church being shut up. and our Prayers neglected  
 No Tithe for no Duty is what. I reasonably expected  
 But reason says the Parson. has nothing to do with my Claim  
 I insist on my Tithes. if nothing you gain.  
 I will be Lord of this Parish. and if I cant have my way  
 I will take up my Tithes, without further delay.  
 I will stop the repairs of the Church. and oppose all the People  
 I will take off the roof, and if possible the Steeple,  
 Altho Times are so bad, I will load you with Expences  
 No reduction in my tithes, because of offences  
 The tithes of the Clergy, is the cause of much derision  
 And a Subject of course. that stands in need of revision.  
 The *sistum* is bad. the emolument too much.  
 I call forth the attention. of all that think such  
 To remedy the evile. it is my opinion  
 Somthing should be said, about a beginning  
 By calling a County Meeting, a Petition to send  
 To Parliamt praying. the *Tithe Laws* to mend.  
 If some Gentlemen of Independence, would step forward in this Cause  
 They would have the support of the County, and meet great applause.

At the Annual General Meeting of the West India body, at the City of London Tavern, in August, a Report of great interest was read. We have not now further space than to say, that in a very temperate, but very decided manner, it announced the hopelessness of getting any thing like good out of the brains of the present sages of Downing-street. All their proposals for relieving the pressures of this greatest of all our commercial interests, have been met by civil speeches, promises of relief, and practical negation of every thing in the shape of relief. But what can be expected from the best of Quarter-Masters, and the most stubborn, and puzzled of Chancellors of the Exchequer?

The results of this puzzledom will be practical, however. The West Indians will not suffer themselves to be bankrupt for the blunders of any one. Some of them are already speculating on a safer outlay of their property in America; to which, when half-a-dozen planters are once fairly removed, as many hundreds, who now merely wait to see the result of the experiment, will instantly follow. The project of cultivating East India sugar, to the prejudice of West India interests, will not be suffered



in silence ; the nonsense of meddling with the slaves will be equally felt, and the consequences may be of a much deeper class than the craft of all the quarter-masters general, and the calculations of the Cabinet of Clerks, may be able to cure. If America should take it into her head to pay her debts, as usual, by breaking out with a declaration of war, we then may have fruits of our legislation in the West Indies, palpable enough to catch the eyes even of a Cabinet with Mr. Goulburn for its financier.

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“ *Bronze Colossal Elephant : Paris.*—The enormous bronze elephant, which was originally intended to be placed as a fountain on the site of the Bastille in Paris, is at last, it seems, to be fixed on a pedestal, in a vacant space in the *Champs Elysées* ; M. A. Malavoiné, the architect, having obtained from the city of Paris for eighty years, the grant of the land in question, without rent, on condition of its reverting with the statue to the city, so as to become a national monument. The pedestal will be about 50 feet in height, and the castle on the back of the elephant will be at an elevation of 100 feet from the ground. Staircases to ascend to the castle will be made in the legs of the elephant, and the body will be fitted up elegantly as a saloon : persons entering the elephant to pay one franc for each admission. From this fee the architect expects to derive a large income.”

Every city must have its Elephant, and ours is to be a colossal cemetery. For this, three plans are already before the public, and if the public please, it may have twenty. But we are not yet French enough to relish a *Père la Chaise*—“weeping seats,” and artificial garlands for tombs, are not to be the English taste. We shall never be refined enough to turn a church-yard into a display of weekly sentimentality ; and promenade among the graves of those whom we loved and lament, with our white handkerchiefs to our eyes for the benefit of the lookers on, and a quadrille step for the display of our own graces. The cemetery plans are uniformly unsuitable to the habits and the feelings of this country. They are besides extravagantly expensive, in a matter already loaded with expense ; and they will be and ought to be resisted by every man who thinks that the place of the dead ought to be one of silence, sacredness, and solitude.

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A clever pamphlet, “What has the Ministry gained by the Elections?” is laying on our table. We have not room to take any further notice of it, than by saying that the writer’s views are just, his information is accurate enough, and his style pleasant, and often forcible.

If this be enough, we fully recommend it to our readers.

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## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

*De L'Orme*, 3 vols. 12mo., by the Author of *Darnley*, &c. This is a manly and masterly production, skilfully conceived, and executed with more than the writer's usual spirit, and shews him familiar with the scenes and times and characters he describes. He has taken a just measure of the style and taste in which the intelligence of the day requires such matters to be handled. His outlines are clear and definite, and the fillings up not over-crowded; he is not circumstantial enough to be perplexing, nor is his propensity to dialoguing indulged to babbling—all tends closely and directly to the point before him, and every line—and this is a distinguishing quality—may be read.

The story is auto-biographical. The hero is a Bearnois, and the son of a seigneur of the province, a noble of diminished rights, but undiminished pretensions. The youth is a little ardent in temperament, and precipitate in conduct—secluded from society, but panting for sensation, and not finding opportunities for action, speedily makes them. His adventures begin early. Returning from the college at Pau, he gets into a tilting match with a certain marquis, notorious for not sticking about the means of gratifying his passions:—in particular, he was said to have killed the Count d'Bagnoles and got possession of his estates. Nobody doubted he would take his revenge; and a neighbour, about whom there was a good deal of mystery, urged upon his parents the prudence of removing him out of the way for a time, and being himself on the point of starting for Saragossa, takes him under his own wing. At Saragossa he quickly gets into a singular scrape, and loses the friendship of his protector by a little misunderstanding arising out of the said scrape. Compelled to quit Saragossa, and finding also the apprehended storm blown over, he ventures home again. While idling there—his mother meanwhile soliciting a commission from the Count de Soissons—he falls in love with a beautiful girl, his mother's protégée, and while in the act of expressing his admiration, is suddenly pounced upon by her brother, and forced to fire in his own defence. Thinking he had killed the lad, absconding becomes imperative; and he luckily falls in with the chief of a band of smugglers, and accompanies the party across the Pyrenees. Approaching Ilerida, he separates from his conductor, who was going to Lorida with a resolution to rescue an imprisoned comrade, and turns off towards Barcelona—meaning to get to Paris, solicit his pardon, and

pay his respects, on the strength of his mother's communication, to the Count de Soissons. Before, however, he reaches Barcelona, he gets involved in the sudden rebellion of the Catalonians—escapes through the influence of his friend the smuggler, who proves to be one of the rebel chiefs—is taken for an agent of Richelieu's, and, finally, to his great delight, is commissioned to carry despatches to the cardinal. No time is lost in obtaining an interview; and a long conversation follows, not about the Catalonian rebels, but, such was the cardinal's taste, about Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and he is dismissed with an assurance that he would shortly hear from him. Weeks, however, pass away without any notice, when he is visited by De Retz, then young, but already a busy plotter, who, as he knew every body's affairs, also knows all about De L'Orme's. After a little characteristic manœuvring on the part of De Retz, De L'Orme is finally engaged to join the Count de Soissons at Sedan—who was then collecting forces to oppose, in open conflict, the cardinal; and the whole, down to the battle of Marfee, in which the Count was killed, is well and distinctly told. De L'Orme falls into the hands of Richelieu, is recognized, and death seems inevitable. He is, however, rescued by his old friend of the Pyrenees, who had before reappeared on several critical occasions, and now turns out to be a man of importance—the Comte de Bagnols, in short, and father of De L'Orme's mother's beautiful protégée. He has also the good fortune to serve his noble friend in return—he again encounters the revengeful marquis—fights with and kills him, and recovers important papers which enable De Bagnols to recover his estates. Throughout there is an air of life and reality, and the scenes where historical characters figure, are exhibited in excellent taste. The author has chosen well: his materials have the freshness of novelty in them.

*Lord Byron's Cain, with Notes, &c., by Harding Grant, Author of "Chancery Practice."*—There is no readily characterizing this singular work—so entirely out of the common beat is it of any thing we have ever met with. It is a kind of running commentary upon Lord Byron's "*Cain*"—the author taking the piece not as a drama, the literary production of Lord Byron, but as the actual dialogue of real personages, whose sentiments he sifts and discusses and "values," sedulously avoiding involving Lord Byron in the participation of certain offen-



sive sentiments, and even charitably giving him credit for others of an opposite character. The writer's acquaintance with theological topics, and theological discussion is obvious; and he handles his logical tools with skill and address. He is thoroughly orthodox, but also thoroughly good-humoured, and willing to give the devil himself his due. With those who really think there is any offence in "Cain,"—beyond, we mean, what the world is used to in Milton, for instance, and scores of other exhibitions of "evil"—the tone of the volume before us will be most convincing and consolatory. The bane and antidote are both before us:—the evil, if evil there be, is neutralized; and the good, too, some will perhaps add.

*The Barony*, 3 vols. 12mo., by Miss M. A. Porter.—If it were not for its appalling length, we should say Miss Porter's new novel was at once respectable and readable; but her three volumes are equal to any body else's six. Would we could have whispered in her ear, compress, when she was indulging in the fatal act of expanding. Miss Porter writes, as she wrote twenty years ago, when domestic details and young ladies' dialogues were borne with to an extent that never can again be tolerated. Rapidity of narrative must now be pursued by all who wish to catch the tone and can measure the wants of the times—sketchings, rather than finishings, are in request. Intricacy and entangling and Flemish-painting no longer tell:—modern readers require little more than hints; while Miss Porter seems more than half-inclined to bring them back to the profound prolixities of the remorseless Richardson. The "Barony" will, however, still find readers, though chiefly among the lingerers of the old school. Her characters are, some of them, vigorously conceived—especially the old, unbendable knight, and one of the young ladies, whose vivacity agreeably relieves the eternal whining of her friend.

Miss Porter's scene is laid in Cornwall in the days of Charles the Second and those of his jesuit brother; and the subject springs from the contentions of two neighbouring families, each claiming an ancient barony by descent. The original right mounts upwards two or three centuries to a maternal ancestor, one only of whose two daughters was legitimate, and the question, in the absence of specific documents was, which of the competitors was the *legitimate* descendant. One, of course, fails; and he unluckily was the one who piqued himself most upon family purity. He gained nothing but an annoying blot upon his scutcheon; and, withdrawing from all

intercourse with his triumphant neighbour, spent his days in poring over musty records, in the fond hope of still establishing his claim. He has a son and daughter, and his competitor also has family connections; but the young people do not, as usual in similar circumstances, perversely fall in love with each other—though an intimacy, some how or other generated between the females, proves equally vexatious. The old mortified knight is a zealous royalist, while the son, left very much to himself, with none of the advantages arising from public education, and intercourse with those of his own class, entertains divers odd notions, and at last stiffens into a political protestant, and mingles with the party who attempt to exclude James from the succession, to the great horror of the old gentleman. While he is from home, a cousin, a very crafty fellow, contrives to give all his actions an unfavourable twist to the father; and successively represents him as assisting Argyle in his escape—as refusing to attend the coronation, and assert the family claim to a silver spur—as joining the Duke of Monmouth in the west; and, to crown the climax of delinquency, as marrying the bastard daughter of the bastard duke. These are all crimes of the first magnitude, and nothing but an act of disheritage can soothe the paternal indignation. The daughter, advocating her brother's interests, is treated with harshness, till at last she and her friend of the hostile family, make sundry discoveries of the cousin's treachery; and volumes (of the common size) are occupied in unravelling the complexities of his scheming career, as volumes had been in weaving them. The scoundrel is thoroughly exposed, and comes to a violent end; and the noble youth, against whom he had practised, emerges from the clouds that had so long obscured him. All terminates happily, and even the old knight's claim to the contested barony is made as clear as the day by a malicious discovery on the part of his competitors' sister, who had been resisted in some favorite object, and thus amiably wreaked her revenge.

*Memoir, written by General Sir Hew Dalrymple, Bart., of his Proceedings as connected with the Affairs of Spain, and the Commencement of the Peninsular War.*—Never was man more abruptly and roughly judged than poor Sir Hew Dalrymple—upon a mere rumour of the convention, by which Junot and the French troops were to be conveyed to France, the ministers condemned him, and encouraged the ignorant clamour of the public press. General Wellesley's troops changed their commander three times in four and twenty hours. Sir

Harry Burrard joined them while the battle of Vimiera was fighting, and Sir Hew Dalrymple a few hours after. Lord Castlereagh, in communicating the event of the battle, invidiously with respect to Sir Hew Dalrymple, applauded the generosity of Sir Harry Burrard for declining to take the immediate command, when, in fact, he did not decline. The convention was reported to have been concluded against the consent and even remonstrance of General Wellesley, when, in fact, he recommended it, and his opinion it was, as of one possessed of the fullest information, that was deferred to. Admiral Sir Charles Cotton was commended for opposing what, in fact, was adopted partly on his very suggestion; and, finally, the king's ministers, in the king's name, announced to Sir Hew a severe censure, though the Court of Inquiry approved of his conduct.

The truth seems to be, Sir Hew, coming upon the field after the battle had been fought, and a stranger to the scene of action, was driven, perhaps, to the extremities of caution. Decision is naturally looked for in a commander-in-chief, and under common circumstances there is no reason to suppose he would have been deficient in this respect; but peculiarly situated as he plainly was, the risk of presumption and precipitation was to be carefully guarded against. The mistake was in taking too many advisers—he should have been content with General Wellesley, who of necessity was in the best condition to advise; nor should he have lost time in seeking the sanction of Admiral Cotton, who surely had no co-ordinate authority.

But the act for which Sir Hew blames himself, and which was the source of all the mischief, was his communicating to Friere, the Portuguese general, a copy of the *provisional* agreement—which agreement, together with a commentary founded on some articles which were not finally confirmed, and others which were not even included in the provisional agreement, were despatched in haste to the Portuguese ambassador in London, and by him communicated to Downing-street, before the conclusive convention reached the government. Upon this perhaps treacherous communication, the government hastily gave expression to their disapprobation, and excited a cry against the unhappy commander as precipitate as it was cruel.

Sir Hew has written a calm and clear narrative of his whole conduct, which at once exculpates himself from any serious error, and throws back upon the vacillations and divisions of the ministry, where they justly belong, the sources of whatever blunders were committed. Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning could not draw together, and acted

without consulting each other. They deserved impeachment if ever men did, both of them. The narrative was drawn up by the calumniated general as a family record, but destined by him at last to be printed in consequence of Lord Londonderry's book, in which he is treated with great negligence, not to say cavalierly, and with deficiencies of information, not very creditable to one who was at the time, officially, as under secretary of state, in correspondence with him. Sir Hew died before he carried his purpose of printing into effect, and the narrative is now published by his son.

*The Death of Ugolino, a Tragedy, by George William Featherstonhaugh, Esq., of Philadelphia.*—The horrible subject

of this tragedy is the death of Ugolino by raging hunger; but the starvation-scene could not of course be protracted to any considerable length; and the body of the piece is occupied by what immediately led to Ruggieri's act of diabolical revenge. The archbishop was at the head of the government. Ten thousand Pisans were still prisoners at Genoa, and an embassy had recently been despatched to treat for their ransom, and the expences of their maintenance for four years. Ostensibly the archbishop had concurred in the sending of this embassy, but privately he set his own agents at work to throw impediments in the way of the treaty—for he had no desire to see these ten thousand citizens return, who were all of the opposite faction. His efforts, however, were not so successful as he had hoped for; and hearing, in the meanwhile, that a new governor, under the auspices of the Emperor, was coming, he grew alarmed. He wanted money—his old enemy Ugolino was still in prison—he resolved, therefore, to offer him liberty in exchange for his “gold,” meaning, after getting his gold, to sacrifice him still. His thirst for revenge was as insatiable as that for gold—Ugolino had murdered his son. Ugolino, however, spurns the condition, and the Archbishop throws the keys of his dungeon into the river, and leaves him and his children to perish. Some days elapse and the children die, when the Archbishop's opponents get the mastery, and Ugolino is drawn up from the dungeon, only, however, to breathe his last dying words.

The tragedy is the production of Mr. Featherstonhaugh, of Philadelphia, written in the vain hope of recalling some of the long-lost admiration for the higher branches of the drama. “The stage here,” he observes, in a private communication, “is at the lowest ebb, and offers nothing but a re-chaufer of the hack-nied horrors of the too-tragical millers,



farmers, shoemakers, &c. that the English borrow from their melo-dramatic neighbours the French." Mr. Featherstonhaugh's performance must of course be regarded as a poem, and we have no space for close examination. There is a good deal of vigour in some of the scenes; but the attention is too much engaged at the beginning with a business which does not strictly connect with the end—with what the author proposes as the main object of interest. The plot has nothing to do with Ugolino's death. We quote a few lines—a fair specimen.

Ugolino, looking at his children and clasping his hands—

God!

Are thy just eyes then turned away from us,  
Or, in the depths of thine own counsel, thus  
Dost preparation make for some great good,  
Beyond the scope and view of our weak minds?  
I dare not speak to them! 'tis the fourth day  
Since we have looked on food. All hope is fled.  
Excuse and consolation—all alike  
Exhausted. One short word can comprehend  
All that the tyrant priest will send us now—  
And that is death—death, that I've looked upon  
Too oft perhaps, and dealt too largely in—  
With him, too—and the turn is come, when he  
And fate may think to square accounts with me.  
But here I diet ten thousand deaths each day.  
There's not a pang of these dear innocents,  
But stretches me upon the rack. My soul,  
And body too, are tortured by this fiend.  
This is not retribution.—Oh, my God,  
Let fall thy wrath on me, but spare my babes!  
I am not heard! Famine alone reigns here.  
I am grown hoarse with bellowing aloud  
For help. I am forsaken—God and man  
Have barred the doors of mercy on me. What!  
Shall this most foul, most horrible of deaths  
Pass, without gracing of a dear revenge?  
Thou monstrous, murderous priest!

[Gnaws his hand in rage. Children run to him.

ANSELMUCCIO.

Oh, father dear,

I pray thee do not this—thou clothedst us  
With this most miserable flesh—and now  
Do thou, to stay thy hunger, eat of this.

[Averts his head, and offers his arm.

*Family Library. Vol. XV. History of British India.*—Though entitled a History of the British Empire in India, the greater part of this first volume is occupied with the general history of the country from the earliest historical notices to the death of Shah Aulum in 1788. The Hindoos themselves were not the autochthones of the country, for though occupying the upper regions of India—north of the Nurbudda, that is—from periods antecedent to all records, and almost all tradition, they did not penetrate beyond that river till about the second century before Christ, and vast regions in the Deccan were never at all occupied by them. There, among the fastnesses of Gandwana, there still exist barbarous tribes, the relics, if

not the aboriginal inhabitants, at least of such as preceded the Hindoos. They have no institution of castes—they worship tutelary deities unknown among the people of the plains—they do not regard the cow as sacred, nor follow any acknowledged Hindoo customs—while both complexion and features, at the same time, point them out as a race distinct from both Hindoos and Mussulmans. The Hindoos themselves, come from where they may—though every thing points to the north and north-west—were early broken in upon from those quarters by Scythians, who brought with them similar religious tenets and practices, so much so, as to go far to show Hindoos and Scythians were scions of a common stock.

The invasion of Darius reached to a small extent, and the more sweeping irruptions of Alexander and Seleucus were transient, and left no lasting impressions. Nor were the Hindoos permanently disturbed by foreigners till about the close of the tenth century. Then it was that the Turkish slave, Subuctagec, in the spirit of the early Mahometan conquerors, turned his arms against the worshippers of Brahma, and paved the way for his successors. His son Mahmood swept over the greater part of Hindostan, the region, that is, bounded by the Bahramputra on the east, and the Nurbudda on the south; and his successors, designated as the Ghiznives, established their power for nearly two centuries. About another century the dynasty of the Ghoors prevailed, in whose days burst in, in successive, but merely predatory irruptions, the Moguls, under the successors of Ghengis Khan. The Ghoors were followed by the Afgauns, the first Mahometan chiefs who crossed the Nurbudda. With fresh bodies of Moguls, Timour (or Tamerlane) spread his devastations over India, at the end of the fourteenth century; but it was not till the early part of the sixteenth century that his descendant, Baber (the tiger), confirmed the permanent reign of the Moguls.

But though finally the Mahometan powers poured over the whole of India—excepting particular districts which were never subdued by Hindoo or Mogul—they appear to have interfered but little with the political arrangements of the Hindoos. The village system—the characteristic of Hindoo government—traceable through every division of society up to the supreme authorities, seems, in all essential points, to have been recognized as effective, and protected accordingly. We English have blundered miserably in this matter, and have actually governed by the Koran, where Mahometans themselves never thought of enforcing its authority.

Mr. Gleig has examined his subject as far as books—Mills's excellent history especially—enabled him, thoroughly; and he is perhaps better acquainted with the story and manners of the country than many who have lived longest among the people, and studied the subject on the spot. Nevertheless the story might be better, because it might be more distinctly, told—with less appearance of confusion; but, in truth, so complicated, so extensive, and so varied is the subject, that it cannot easily be grasped; and epitomes of this kind, for it is no more, require more previous knowledge than is at present possessed by the readers into whose hands the Family Library will chiefly fall. It will, at all events, initiate numbers, who have hitherto never turned to the subject. The detached sketch of the Mahrattah history is perhaps the best portion of the volume; but the introductory part also, relative to the form of Hindoo government and their civil institutes, is drawn up with care and competent knowledge.

*Derwentwater, a Tale of 1715.* 2 vols. 12mo.—The historical point of the story is the rebellion of 1715, so far as the county of Northumberland was concerned; and the writer, evidently acquainted with the county, as to its surface, scenery, and family history, has executed his purpose in good taste, and in a manner calculated to illustrate the subject, and stamp more distinct impressions on the reader than any general history can do.

Lord Derwentwater is the hero of the rebel party—not of the novel. That is a young gentleman, the only son of a whig baronet of the county, who accidentally meets with a charming girl, the daughter of a tory country squire, of the same county too. The young gentleman has a maternal uncle, also a tory, and just about the time when reports of an approaching rebellion were whispered about, he pays this uncle a visit, solely in the hope of encountering the lovely girl, with whose father his uncle, he knows, is well acquainted, and lives in his neighbourhood. By this uncle, a stupid and imbecile sort of a country gentleman, he is taken to Lord Derwentwater's—the very head-quarters of the jacobites—where he comes plump upon a large party of tories assembled to discuss and consolidate their plans over a sumptuous dinner. Here, however, with the Countess, he encounters the beautiful girl he is in pursuit of, who is herself an enthusiastic little jacobite, but fails of entrapping her admirer to enrol himself among the partizans of James the Third. His presence at the dinner, of course, known as he is to be the son of a most envenomed whig, surprises

the party, and exasperates some, but he escapes without incurring any personal offence. Circumstances, however, speedily occur, which throw a suspicion of treachery upon the youth, and give him the air of having acted as a spy upon their proceedings; and on the very morning on which the party first assumed a hostile appearance, falling accidentally in their way, he is arrested and detained, though treated with kindness by Lord Derwentwater, who is prepossessed in his favour, and discredits the general suspicions against him. After a detention of a few days he is released, and the better to approve his loyalty to the Brunswicks, he joins Carpenter's army as a volunteer, and at the surrender of Preston, has the good fortune to assist the escape of his charmer's papa—loyalty giving way, as usual, to the interests of his affection.

Speeding afterwards to London, he is honoured with the last confidences of the unhappy Derwentwater; and the commissions with which he is entrusted give him new opportunities of coming in contact with the young lady, who resides with the Countess, and is in her confidence. He is himself a handsome young fellow—spirited and intelligent—and of course, independently of his rank, makes the due impression; and after the miserable execution of his friend, and the departure of the Countess for the continent, and the removal of sundry obstructions, especially those which arise from his father, who comes to a miserable end, and who would never have consented to his marriage in a tory family—the usual satisfactory arrangements follow.

Though extending only to two volumes, the great fault is its prosiness—there is a want of incident and activity, and too much indulgence in political discussion. The Northumberland dialect—as far as spelling can convey the atrocious cacophonies—is something fresh in novels, but as deserving of being recorded as the Scotch, with which we have been deluged of late years.

In the confiscations consequent upon the rebellion, Lord Derwentwater's large domains were assigned to Greenwich Hospital, the managers of which pulled down the noble castle.

*Southennan.* 3 vols. 12mo. By J. Galt, Esq.—Mr. Galt is stepping out of his peculiar department—the delineation of Scottish character in the half-educated classes of life, upon which he has cast a shrewd and vigilant glance; but personal observation has narrow limits, and Mr. Galt has read as well as observed; and it is but common policy, when a man becomes manufacturer-general of books, to bring, in succession, all his re-



sources and acquisitions to account. To turn history into romance is now a common resource, and Mr. Galt is surely as well qualified for doing the same, as many who have met with brilliant success. The reign of Mary is fertile in exciting incidents; the characters, too, of the chief actors have been well sifted; and it is comparatively easy to adopt sentiments to patterns distinctly drawn and coloured.

The hero, Southennan, is but a connecting link of a few well known but detached incidents—a young man of family, who goes to court to pay his respects to the queen on her arrival from France, and push his fortune. The main subjects of the story are the fates of Chatelard and Rizzio. Chatelard—who, historically, in the words of Scott, was “half poet, half courtier, and entire madman”—appears in the novel as a youth of elegant accomplishments, and occupying the office of the queen’s private secretary—while Rizzio holds a subordinate appointment in the same department. Mary listens to Chatelard’s performances on the lute with pleasure, and treats him with distinction. Chatelard cannot conceal his delighted feelings—his admiration of the beautiful queen is obvious to his companions; and Rizzio especially, who has his own views, feeds the youth’s vanity, and eggs him on to acts of indiscretion, which occupy a large space in the tale. In the meanwhile, Southennan falls in love with Adelaide, the queen’s favourite attendant, the adopted daughter of Dufroy, a French nobleman, and the queen’s chamberlain. Her father is an outlaw, for an act of violence committed against her noble protector. Accidentally Southennan becomes acquainted with Adelaide’s outlawed father, and from his regard for the daughter, though she is attached to Chatelard, is induced to exert all his interest to procure his pardon. He exhausts all his resources in vain. The chancellor judges a pardon impolitic, and Mary refuses to listen to further solicitation. Southennan consults Rizzio, and Rizzio suggests an application to Chatelard, with the insidious view of plunging the vain youth into new indiscretions. Chatelard falls into the snare; he throws himself at the queen’s feet, and at a moment when she is wearied with the importunities of others on the same subject. To get rid of it, she abruptly consents; and Chatelard has the credit of obtaining what the noblest had urged in vain. Rizzio had secretly spread a report of the queen’s fondness for Chatelard, and this invidious favour could but confirm the report. Scotch jealousy was up in arms; Dufroy threw up his office; and Mary herself, on reflection, displeased with the youth’s presumption, dismissed

him, and ordered him to quit the country instantly. Rizzio, not yet satisfied, though he was immediately appointed secretary in his place, prompted Chatelard to attempt a private interview with the queen, and Chatelard, accordingly, found means to conceal himself in the royal bed-chamber, where he was detected, hurried off to prison, tried, convicted of treason, and executed.

Rizzio, thus triumphing, makes rapid advances in the queen’s confidence. He brings Darnley to court, meaning to make the silly monarch the tool of his own power; but he overshoots his mark. The nobles revolt at his growing arrogance, and the king’s jealousy is easily excited. Meanwhile the king takes a fancy to Adelaide, and attempts to have her carried off. Rizzio assists Southennan in baffling the atrocious attempt, and the whole concludes with Rizzio’s assassination. Wherever Mary figures, the scenes are excellent; and Rizzio’s career is an exquisite piece of Machiavellism.

*Perkin Warbeck.* 3 vols. 12mo. — Which Perkin? Mr. Newman’s—not Colburn and Bentley’s; and though we have not seen the latter—Mrs. Shelley’s, we believe—so little confidence have we that a tolerable story, merely historical, concerning persons actuated by the common feelings and aspirations of mortals, can come from her hands, that we have no hesitation in matching this before us with it. Mr. Newman has only to publish in a more imposing form. Though no pretender to metaphysics, no searcher into the finer sources of action, Mr. Alexander Campbell is a faithful painter of the external and the obvious. He has seized truly and firmly the characters of the times he has chosen to delineate; and told his story distinctly, and with particulars, which in no material respect contradict the best authorities of the period. The romantic James, who took up the cause of Perkin, forms the main figure of the piece; and the spirit of the man is well exhibited in a scene or two of private adventure, in which the monarch delighted to indulge. Perkin’s story commences with his arrival in Scotland, and is confined to the liberal reception given him by James at his court—his marriage with the beautiful Catherine Gordon—and his impotent invasion of England. From that point historical facts are abandoned. James and Perkin are together reconnoitering, when they are surprised by the English—James escapes, but Perkin falls into the hands of Henry’s troopers, through the agency of one of his own confidants, and is whipped off to London. Catherine overtakes him. She visits him in his prison, where he

confesses to her his imposture; but her devotion survives the discovery, and is comforted by his subsequent assurance that, though illegitimate, he is really the son of Edward, and her own conviction that noble blood must flow in the veins of one who could play the prince with so much elegance and majesty.

*Waverley Novels. Vol. XV. and XVI. Legend of Montrose and Ivanhoe*—The Legend of Montrose was written, it seems, chiefly to exhibit the melancholy fate of Lord Kilpont, and the singular circumstances attending the birth and history of Stewart of Ardvairlich, by whose hand the unfortunate nobleman fell. The young lord, with Ardvairlich, who shared his closest confidence, joined Montrose just before the battle of Tippermuir, and within a few days of that decisive conflict was stabbed by his pretended friend, who then fled to the Covenanters, and was employed by them. Bishop Guthrie states, as the cause of this villainous action, that Kilpont refused to concur in a scheme of Stewart's for assassinating Montrose. Ardvairlich, it seems, is still in the occupation of Stewart's descendants, and a son of the present proprietor, with a very natural desire to rescue his ancestor's memory from unmerited infamy, has lately written to Sir Walter Scott, descriptive of the family tradition relative to Lord Kilpont's death—which, if it be true, wholly takes the sting of villainy out of the case. From this account, it appears, that one Macdonald, at the head of a band of Irishman, had recently joined Montrose, and on his way had committed ravages on Stewart's lands, of which Stewart loudly complained to Montrose. Receiving, however, no satisfaction from his commander, he challenged to single combat the depredator; but before the hostile meeting took place, both parties were put under arrest, on the information, it was supposed, of Lord Kilpont. Montrose forced Macdonald and his challenger to shake hands, when Stewart, a man of powerful muscle, gave Macdonald such a grip, as to make the blood start from his fingers' ends. The reconciliation was of course anything but sincere. After the battle of Tippermuir, Stewart, still brooding over the quarrel, was drinking with Lord Kilpont, and suddenly upbraided his friend for his interference. One hasty word begot another, till blows followed, and Kilpont was killed on the spot. The necessity of flight was imperative, and Stewart had no refuge, apparently, but in throwing himself into the arms of the opposite faction. Sir Walter makes the amende honorable by printing Mr. Stewart's letter, and cautiously adding—"the publication of a statement so particular, and

probably so correct, is a debt due to the memory of James Stewart—the victim, it would seem, of his own violent passions, but perhaps incapable of an act of premeditated treachery." This is one of the evils of introducing historical characters into romances—the tale writer necessarily consults effect before fact.

The preface to *Ivanhoe* accounts for the author's changing the scene of his imaginations—he was apprehensive of glutting the market with *Scotch* stories, and of incurring the risk and charge of mannerism, and desirous also of trying how far he could naturalize in new regions. No matter for the motive—the change was welcome, and the attempt successful.

*An Essay on the Creation of the Universe, &c., by Charles Doayne Sillery, Author of "Vallory," "Eldred of Erin," &c.*—A splendid burst of declamation—we will not call it rant, for much of it may deservedly class with the brilliant but vague effusions of Dr. Chalmers, to whom the author dedicates, in grateful acknowledgment for delight experienced in the perusal of his *Astronomical Discourses*. With numbers, the devotional spirit of the writer will redeem the want of facts in his discoveries, and of sobriety in his conclusions. Regarding analogies as certainties, Mr. Sillery *proves*, with the greatest facility, and equal confidence, that the sun which Newton represents as a globe of devouring fire, and the comets which Whiston supposed was the abode of the damned, are all as cool as cucumbers, and fully capable of being inhabited by beings similar, in every respect, to ourselves. Planets, near or remote, are not, as astronomers absurdly suppose, hot or cold in any ratio of their distances from the sun, for these qualities depend upon the density of their atmospheres—the rarer, the cooler—the denser, the hotter—and, therefore, all that can be required to make these bodies of the same temperature, is a proportionate change in the atmosphere. The planets have their days and nights, summer and winter, sun and moons, and, consequently, inhabitants. The comets, also, without doubt, are worlds inhabited by men and women, precisely like ourselves, and growing, specifically, "*similar vegetables*;" for planets—and our earth is one—are nothing but adult or aged comets, and comets sucking planets, and the whole but crystallizations, or condensations of an ethereal medium once co-extensive with universal space.

The author himself must be as singular a phenomenon as any astronomical one he records—"My childhood," says he, "was spent in the study of the sci-



ences, and my whole soul devoted, at that time, to these my favourite pursuits. Often have I sat upon the green slope of a sunny bank, apart from my playful schoolfellows, by the side of the silver-flowing Tweed, pondering on the works of Newton, Ferguson, Franklin, Bacon, and Paley—many and many a quiet night have I stood, in the solitude of my own soul, watching the apparent motion of the stars, when the heavens seemed sweeping over the slumbering country; and thinking, with tear-brimmed eyes, of the mighty philosophers who had once lived in this little world before me, till I had poetically fancied them the spirits of the stars that shone so brilliantly above me.”—And again, “The day was spent in ascertaining, by actual experiment, the elementary, or first principles of which bodies are composed. The night was *entirely* devoted to study. Often have I plied my unwearied task by the midnight oil. Often has day-light shone through my blind, dimming the light of my lamp, and I have withdrawn it to gaze enraptured on the rising sun. Often have I gone to school wearied and worn out with my contemplations during the night, yet returning in the afternoon with refreshed delight to renew my studies,” &c.

At this period—his childhood—he finished an astronomical work of 700 closely written folio pages, and then commenced a series of philosophical letters, on every thing which the word can be made to comprise—both of which, by the way—prick up your ears, ye publishers!—he now offers to any one of you. After these performances, he went, it seems, to sea, and this, by some process not very usual, made a poet of him; and on his return he made and published divers poems, of which we never heard before. Subsequently, Dr. Chalmers’ Discourses set him astronomizing again, and he now prints expressly—the only sound reason for printing at all—because he has news to communicate.—“All I have stated regarding the atmospheres of the comets—the heat of the planets being alike on all—the hourly creation of new worlds in the depths of space—with many other observations on the economy of the universe, *are entirely my own*, and have never been advanced nor published before.”

*The Northern Tourist, or Stranger’s Guide to the North and North West of Ireland, &c., by P. D. Hardy, Esq.*—This is a Dublin production, and in every respect is creditable to the Irish press. In paper, type, and workmanship, it is of the most respectable character; the engravings, ten in number, besides a good map, are not surpassed, either in beauty of design, or delicacy of execu-

tion, by the very best of the English Annuals; and as to its literary merits, it would be an insult to compare it with any thing of the kind among us, for all the guide-books along the English coasts are proverbially of the most contemptible description. Not one in a score of them is got up by any body of any taste, sense, or knowledge. The beautiful volume before us is confined to the north and north-west coasts of Ireland, embracing Belfast, and the Giant’s Causeway, and whatever is remarkable along the entire line of that coast. Every source of information appears to have been consulted, and the writer’s local acquaintance with the scene is obvious. The writer observes—of the district he has thus visited, described, and illustrated—“I consider it to be fully equal, in every point of view, to the same extent of country in any other division of his majesty’s dominions, not only as to its general aspect, the numerous natural curiosities, and monuments of antiquity, with which it abounds, and the richness and variety of its scenery—but, what is of still greater importance in the estimate of a benevolent mind, as regards the appearance, mode of life, and manners of its numerous inhabitants.” It is of the north of Ireland this is said—would it could be predicated of the south and west!

*Poems, by Charles Crocker.*—Here is another volume of verses by a maker of shoes, whom the advice of foolish friends and friendly fools have absurdly precipitated into print, under the notion, forsooth, of the “publication being productive of profit and advantage to him.” Have these advisers guaranteed the cost of publication? If not, they are as equitably liable, or even as legally, as those are who venture to recommend insolvent customers. This Charles Crocker, it seems, learned to read, write, and cypher at a free-school at Chichester—at nineteen he had served an apprenticeship of seven years in shoemaking, and by hook or by crook made some acquaintances with Milton, Cowper, Goldsmith, Collins, &c., and now, at thirty-three, has made lots of verses, and a family of children. He tells his own tale simply enough; but what has the world to do with so simple a tale? If making verses be a miracle at Chichester, let the good folks enjoy the wonder and the fruits—they have a Gazette or a Chronicle, we suppose, and that is the proper receptacle. Crocker seems to derive enjoyment from the stringing of syllables, and we hope nothing we say—nay, we are sure it will not—will prevent his proceeding as long as he finds pleasure in the manufacture; only let him not print again. The verses have

polish, but no thought—no subtle, no fresh thought: and without this what is poetry? and without new phrases and fancies, what is the use of mere verses? They are the tasteless fruits of mere imitation, and only help to shew how insignificant the talent, or rather the art of verse-making has become.

*Military Reminiscences, extracted from a Journal of Active Service in the East Indies, by Colonel James Welsh, of the Madras Establishment. 2 vols. 8vo.*—After an active life, spent in the Company's service, into which he entered at fifteen, and quitted it at the end of forty years, without reaching the higher honours of his profession, Colonel James Welsh finally returns to enjoy the otium of his native land, and communicate the pith of his journals, kept, apparently, through the whole of his lengthened career. All cannot be first; in the conflicts of claim and pretension some must come short of their real deserts, and such seems long to have been Colonel Welsh's case, till Sir Thomas Munro was made governor of Madras, when his merits, or his interest, secured him honourable and profitable appointments. The Reminiscences, so far as they are merely military, cannot be very attractive, except to professional men, consisting as they do, for the most part, of his personal, and, subaltern as he was, of course limited experience—incidents detached from every thing relative to the policy of the governments, in the conduct of the commanders. When relating his campaigns against Scindiah, he says of himself—"Having never troubled my head with the intricacy of state affairs, I have never learned the real cause of the war"—very different from his friend and patron Munro, who commenced political speculating with his first campaign, and was as ready to decide upon the merits of his commanders, as a cadet, as when he was president of Madras. But though no statesman, Colonel Welsh was, apparently, what is better, a man of good sense, integrity and humanity. He execrates tyranny, and approves of gentleness, and so far as his personal influence went, and doubtless as far as his power extended, carried his conciliatory views into execution. The volumes abound with topographical details—anecdotes of his comrades—sketches of the country, manners, customs, characters, and especially sporting feats—the whole described with simplicity, without any effort at embellishing in matter or manner. The views of the towns, and particularly of the hill-forts, are very numerous, and acceptable. There is no getting adequate conceptions of these matters from verbal description.

M.M. New Series.—VOL. X. No. 58.

Masulipatam must be a charming residence.—

Having remained at Point de Galle for three years, early in 1799 it was my unhappy lot to be appointed Fort-Adjutant and Postmaster at Masulipatam, a place far exceeding Calcutta in heat, without any of its counterbalancing advantages. Of all the semi-infernal stations in the East Indies, the interior of this fort is the most trying to an European constitution. Erected on a low sandy swamp, and having one face washed by a branch of the Kistnah river, it is exactly ten degrees and a half more to the northward than Point de Galle, and three more than Madras. The vicinity to the sea might also have been expected to do something towards cooling the air, but the nature of the soil completely counteracts its balmy effects, and the inhabitants, both inside and out, are in a continual stew from one end of the year to the other. The soldier's usual description is, indeed, extremely apposite—that "there is only a sheet of brown paper between it and Pandemonium!"

His details relative to the Southern Poligars are of considerable interest: but little is known of that war. While declining to decide upon the justice or policy of the severity with which they were treated, and to which Colonel Welsh attributes the subsequent explosion, he ventures to express an opinion that liberality and kindness would have been the best way of securing their allegiance. He was then (1801) both a staff and regimental officer, and having thus, he says, the means of obtaining accurate information, he enters more into detail, because, he adds, "I do not believe that any account of this service has ever been given to the public; and it was customary, while gallant fellows were falling, covered with glorious wounds, to put down the casualty in our newspapers, as if they had died in their beds, thus—Deaths: lately, to the southward, Captain —, or Lieutenant —," &c. &c.

Co-operating with the Company's army were still some of the Poligars. One of them, mortally wounded, desired that he might be immediately carried to Major Macauley, who was at the time surrounded by his English officers. The old man, who was placed upright in a chair, then said, with a firm voice—"I have come to shew the English how a Poligar can die." He twisted his whiskers with both hands as he spoke, and in that attitude expired.

In the Mahrattah war, the Pettah of Ahmednugger, a well fortified place, was carried at once by assault. The fort—the strongest Colonel Welsh ever saw on a plain—quickly surrendered. It was, however, a matter of little wonder, he observes, when our ally, Gokliah, a Mahrattah chief residing in our camp, with a body of horse, wrote thus



to his friends at Poonah:—"These English are a strange people, and their general a wonderful man; they came here in the morning, looked at the Pet-tah wall, walked over it, killed all the garrison, and returned to breakfast! What can withstand them?"

Colonel Welsh records the surprise of a native at a small water-mill erected for grinding corn, and adds, "it was indeed fully equal to that of the Bengalee, who, upon being questioned respecting an English gentleman, who had recently erected a wind-mill, exclaimed—'What kind of man this Englishman? Catch horse and make work! catch bullock and make work! and catch wind and make work!'"

At the siege of Elitchpoor, a story of some *naïveté* is told of Colonel Wallace—

We had been one night working very hard at a battery half way up the hill, and afterwards cleared a road up to it, but no power we possessed could move our iron battering guns above a few hundred yards from the bottom, so steep and rugged was the ascent. I was just relieved from working by a fresh party, and enjoying a few moments' rest on some clean straw, when the officer commanding the working party came up to Colonel Wallace, and reported that it was impossible to get the heavy guns up to the battery. The Colonel, who was Brigadier of the trenches, exclaimed—"Impossible! hoot mon! it must be done! I've got the order in my pocket!" These words, although they failed to transport the guns into the battery, fully illustrated the true character of this noble and devoted soldier.

Crossing a ferry once at Chowhaut, he saw a boy of fourteen or fifteen row a boat across the river with one of his feet, while sitting on the stern, and actually make it move with several people in it, as fast as the one on which Colonel Welsh was standing.

Here was a resource of unsophisticated nature displayed to advantage; and it recalls to my mind a feat somewhat similar, which I once witnessed when out snipe-shooting at Pallameottah: a nallah was full from bank to bank, and I observed a naked native child, five or six years old, go up to a buffalo, and, with a small switch, drive it into the stream, and no sooner had the tractable animal taken to the water, than the infant driver, laying hold of his tail, kept himself above water till they reached the opposite bank, when they parted company. I have even my doubts whether they were not perfect strangers before this so-cialable *rencontre*.

Speaking of Vellore (1823), he describes the condition of the King of Candy—

The King of Candy is, I believe, still alive in the same place; he has many attendants, is liberally supplied, and permitted to go about the fort in the day-time, with considerable state. Being an uncommonly large and corpulent man, with horrid features, and excessively dark, he has such an idea of the consequence attached to corpulency,

that he actually stuffs his garments in front with a large pillow, every time he goes out in an open palanquin. He is reported to have lost his kingdom by violence and oppression, his own subjects having joined the English in his overthrow; and even now, when a state prisoner, without a shadow of power, he at times gets into the most indecent and violent fits of rage, and makes the whole fort of Vellore resound with his voice, in terms of reproach or abuse of his attendants. This monster is too well used; a remark not generally applicable to the situation of state prisoners.

Colonel Welsh's account of the Syrian College, for the education of Christian priests, at Cotyam, in Travancore, is of some interest. We do not remember meeting with similar details anywhere.

*O'Donoghue, a Poem, by Hannah Maria Bourke.*—A long metrical tale of a Prince of Killarney, in seven cantos, inscribed, successively, with the words Chase, Prophecy, Feast, Combat, Spell, Midnight Hour, Departure, without any other key to the contents, or any thing in the shape of epitome, to give the reader a hint of the subject before he begins, or direct him to particular passages. If this be intended to entrap him into the perusal of the whole, the scheme will fail of its object. A tale in verse, in its very announcement, is an alarming—a repulsive thing. Why?—simply, we suppose, because nothing new, or more strictly, nothing fresh, is anticipated by any body of any experience in modern books. The machineries, if not the materials of poetry, are worn to rags; every body uses the same language, and metaphors, and allusions—the same turns, tones, and cadences. The common-places of versification, in short, are become too common to be longer tolerated. Besides, a tale of any complexity is not for verse, and its shackles, at all—the days when such things were wonderful are for ever gone by. Prose is more polished than it used to be—has become more susceptible of all the charms variety and flexibility can give—can more readily shake off the customary suits of fashionable dress, and certainly convey the conceptions of the brain and the heart more directly and distinctly than verse at any length, in the ablest hands, ever could accomplish. Short pieces, prompted by simple topics—single incidents—flights of fancy, unelaborated—excited feelings—touches of emotion, or workings of passion—these, in their effects, rather than their causes or occasions, are all that can be now listened to as poetry. To read metrical tales is a labour, when at the best; what must it be when mediocrity handles threadbare topics? Place two tales, both unknown, one in verse the other in prose, before twenty cultivated persons, and we doubt if, in twenty trials, one will

be found to take the poem. Out of some hundreds, perhaps two or three younglings might be duped.

Not quite to overlook Hannah Maria Bourke, we will take a specimen—no matter where—

And now beneath the sable lash  
Of his bright eye there shot the flash  
Of kindled wrath, as when lightnings fly,  
Through night's dark gloom, across the sky :  
Thus, like to that electric fire,  
Sparkled the flashes of his ire ;  
For now a wild and shrilly shout  
Proclaimed the hunters on their route,  
And that the stag had left his lair  
Beside the Mucruss inland Mere :  
And now upon the dark blue tide  
A small black speck was seen to glide,  
Like as upon Ganges' stream,  
At sunset, flits the solar beam ;  
As quick as light then glided o'er  
A chieftain's curragh (a leather boat) to the shore ;

The monarch blew a blast, to guide  
The frail skiff to the island's side ;  
And saw, with pleasure, flutter light,  
The pendant of the Darlo knight  
Waving, like Sappho's plumage fair,  
O'er the clear surface of the Mere.

That, we think, will do ; those who like it know where to find more of the same quality, while those who can see that all is said by rote, will feel there can be no thought, and to go on must be lost labour.

*An Historical Sketch of the Danmonii, the Ancient Inhabitants of Devonshire and Cornwall, &c., by Joseph Chattaway.*—We expected, from the preface, in a small compass, to get at the cream of the story, antiquities and tradition of British Cornwall ; and we have found nothing but a dry outline of fabulous or unauthenticated events from the days of Brutus, the great, great grandson of Æneas, and his companion Corineus, the kinsman of Æneas, the killer of the giant Gog-magog at Plymouth, and first king of the Danmonii, in the year 1148 B.C., down to the deposition of Condor, by William the Conqueror—with scarcely a grain of common sense from beginning to end. Mr. Chattaway considers the monkish historians (though obviously he knows nothing of them but from scraps at second hand) as worthy of all credit, save only where they are manifestly endeavouring to aggrandize their own establishment ; and, accordingly, with a corresponding faith, we suppose, and a becoming gravity, he relates, on their authority, how the “primitive inhabitants of Britain were giants, the offspring of the thirty-one daughters of Dioclesian, king of Syria, who having assassinated their husbands on their nuptial night, by the persuasion of their elder sister, Albina, their father commanded them to be put into a ship with-

out either rudder, sails, or pilot, when after enduring incredible hardships, they were cast on this island (to which Albina gave her name, calling it Albion), and by demons became the mothers of the aboriginal Britons.”

Mr. Chattaway's familiarity with the common chronology of historical facts is very striking, and fully settles the question of competency for his undertaking. “Pythias,” he says, “in the reign of Alexander the Great, sailed from Marseilles to the 68th degree of north latitude, and made such reports as, though they gained him the credit of being a notorious liar, led to a new expedition in search of the Tin Islands, in the year 350 B.C.”—that is fourteen years before Alexander's reign began.—During the reign of Claudius, and in the year 49 A.D., the Britons, it seems, *rebelled from the Romans*, in which rebellion the Danmonii took the lead, because they were burdened with taxes, and harassed by the pride and insolence of the soldiers—that is long before the Romans visited the West.—The Romans, again, are represented as withdrawing their troops from Britain, in the year 410 ; that is, forty years before the fact, according to the usual accounts, and Mr. Chattaway gives no reason for changing the date.

A Cornish vocabulary closes the volume. Dolly Pentreath, a fish-woman of Mount's Bay, was, it seems, the last who spoke the language as her mother tongue, she being above twenty before she could speak English. She died in 1788, at the age of 102, and was buried in the church-yard of her native parish, St. Paul's, near Penzance, where a monument was erected to her memory, on which was an epitaph in Cornish and English. So says Mr. Chattaway's text ; but, in his notes, it appears that neither monument nor epitaph can be found, nor can the place of her burial be identified.

*Memoirs of the Life and Works of George Romney, &c., by the Rev. John Romney, B.D., formerly Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge.*—A new biography, in these biographical times, of this eminent painter, by some competent authority, was not, it seems, at all superfluous. Cumberland's is but a sketch, and Hayley's, notwithstanding his long intimacy with the artist, neither correct nor friendly. The only man living in possession of the requisite materials was his son, and certainly the only one sufficiently interested to correct mistakes, and remove misapprehensions. Romney was of the class of the self-taught—came late into the profession—was little connected with artists—was no R.A., and did not wish to be—was a man of



a sensitive temperament and retired habits—was misunderstood, and made enemies. Hayley had a good deal of levity in him, and was as likely, with not half the smartness, to say things for mere effect as Cumberland, and, which was not Cumberland's case, for want of thought. According to the present biographer, Hayley gave unfavourable turns to matters that would well bear a better construction. "His friendship," the author says, "was grounded on selfishness, and the means by which he maintained it was flattery. By this art he obtained a great ascendancy over the mind of Romney, and knew well how to avail himself of it for selfish purposes. He was able, also, by a canting kind of hypocrisy, to confound the distinctions between vice and virtue, and to give a colouring to conduct that might, and probably did, mislead Romney on some occasions. He drew him, likewise, too much from general society, and almost monopolized him, and thus narrowed the circle of his acquaintance and friends. By having intimated an intention of writing Romney's life, he made him afraid of doing anything that might give offence. There was a wrong-headedness in the general conduct of Hayley, arising from the influence of powerful passions, that disqualified him for being a judicious and prudent adviser; yet he was always interfering in Romney's affairs and volunteering his advice, and I have too much reason to believe, that whatever errors Mr. Romney may have committed, they were mainly owing to the counsel or instigation of Hayley." This may be just, but is severe, and the same tone pervades the whole book. The biographer will not suffer any one to utter a word unfavourably of his father. Fuseli said, pithily, Romney was made for the times, and the times for him, by which he meant, that the public wanted nothing but portraits, and Romney could paint nothing else. The biographer says,—*"Fuseli would have painted portraits too, if he could have done them as well as Romney."* Cumberland ventured to say Romney had no dislike for money—for which the biographer twits him with his own poverty, and a loan which he received from Romney. Garrick once quizzed a stiff family picture he saw in Romney's studio—"but how," observes the biographer, "could candour be expected from the intimate friend of Reynolds?" Reynolds's jealousy of Romney, indeed, perfectly haunts the biographer—he detects it at every turn, and on occasions where surely nobody else could discern it.

Romney was born near Dalton, in Lancashire, the son of a carpenter and

joiner, and employed with his father till twenty-one, when his bent for painting becoming more decided, he bound himself to an itinerant portrait-painter for five years, but before the period expired he released himself, and set up on his own account, in the neighbourhood of his native place. After a year or two's residence—having probably exhausted the sitters among the natives—he repaired to London in 1762, where he worked hard till 1773, advancing his prices from time to time to twelve guineas. He then visited Rome; and on his return, in 1776, on the strength of his foreign studies, took a house in Cavendish-square, raised his prices, got quickly into repute, pushed Reynolds from his stool, and for the next twenty years was unrivalled as the fashionable portrait-painter of the day. In 1796, he had attacks of paralysis, and in his last days sunk into absolute idiocy, dying in 1802, at the age of 68. He had married early. When he went to London he left his wife behind, and never saw her but twice afterwards. The son calls this a resolution to forego the endearments of domestic life for the noble purpose of providing for the future welfare of his family—while Hayley ascribes it to a settled design of abandoning her from the first. An elaborate apology follows—much of it quite unintelligible—but finally, the estrangement is laid upon the shoulders of the calumniating Hayley.

The chief point of interest for the world is the artist's works. These, exclusive of his endless portraits, though numerous, are little known. They were never, save a very few of them, exhibited; and many of them the biographer is apprehensive will be confounded with Reynolds's, and he have the credit of them—though the two styles, we believe, are sufficiently distinguishable. The anecdotes connected with some of them are interesting. Lady Hamilton, while under Charles Greville's protection, sat habitually to Romney. Twenty-three pictures are enumerated for which she assumed different characters; and, according to the author, it was in Romney's studio she practised the attitudes for which she was afterwards so celebrated.

*Tales of Other Days, by J. Y. A., with Illustrations by George Cruikshank.*—We mean to throw no reflection upon Mr. Cruikshank's morals, when we say that he seems to be, beyond all comparison, better acquainted with the Devil than any artist that ever lived. He is not like one who has obtained an occasional and unsatisfactory glimpse of him in a dream, a grotesque vision of the night, after having supped full of horrors, ac-

cording to Fuseli's recipe. But he appears to have had better opportunities of taking his notes and making sketches. He has evidently been on a more familiar footing than the rest of his brethren; he seems to have so much knowledge of the stage-business of the infernal theatre, as almost to justify a conclusion that he has been admitted behind the scenes. The best of it all is, that he can turn our terrors and twinges to "quips and cranks and mirthful wiles." He has made the Devil the principal comic actor of his time; he has endeared him to us by the drolleries with which he has surrounded him. He has made his horns more ludicrous than Falstaff's with the buck's head: and the glass slipper of Cinderella, gives place, in beauty, to the fascinations of his cloven foot. The volume before us presents us with some additional marvels of this kind. The frontispiece awakens a mixed sensation—we know not whether we are to laugh or be agitated. The dark figure with his hands resting on his knees, is the herald of much mystery, and the white dots that form his eyes are overpoweringly expressive. There are six

or seven of these illustrations, engraved in a most masterly style by Thompson and Williams. They carry the art to its height, and we may almost defy it to advance farther. The tales, of which there are twelve, have appeared before, but they are well entitled to this reappearance. The style of them is quaint and pleasant enough, and the subjects are sufficiently varied. There is an air of antiquity about them that is in keeping with the design, and the habits and costume of the dramatis personæ have been carefully attended to. We like Roger Clevelly, the Magic Phial, and Friar Rush, especially. The Fifth of November wants an illustration; we would have given much to have seen Cruikshank's notion of Guy Fawkes. The illustration of the Three Sutors is exquisitely beautiful—the tale is not so complete. One of the best, is that in which the fiend has disarmed his antagonist, by curling his sword, so that it is left hanging on his own. The volume is not only an elegant but an amusing one, and will be found a rare prize on a winter's evening.

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#### FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS.

*Portrait of His Majesty King William.*—Popularity is a fine thing, for it reconciles us to very indifferent portraits, and makes us find an interest where, but for the charm that hangs about the subject, there would be very little. Influenced by this feeling, we look upon certain bad portraits of our present monarch, with more satisfaction than would be excited by the finest resemblances of some kings that we could name. The engraving before us, is the best that we have seen, and will be an acceptable offering, at this loyal moment, to all classes of His Majesty's subjects. It is a mezzotint, somewhat over-finished, by Dawe. The composition is not remarkable for grace, nor will the engraving be renowned as a likeness; yet it is, as we have said, the best that we have hitherto seen.

The portrait of *Adelaide, Lady Ribblesdale*, which is now before us, forms the seventieth contribution to the "Portrait Gallery of the Female Nobility," published in *La Belle Assemblée*, and is in every way worthy to be admitted into such a collection of graces. It is remarkable for the extreme softness and feminine beauty of its expression, a modest elegance and unaffected simplicity, that realizes every thing we could desire in the portrait of a truly English lady. The picture is by Mrs. Carpenter; and the taste and purity of the composition,

in the execution of the head especially, has been skilfully caught and appreciated by the engraver.

We have been delighted by a glance at the first specimen of *Views in the East, comprising India, Canton, and the Shores of the Red Sea*. This first part contains three engravings: viz. "The Tomb of Humaioon—Delhi," from a drawing of Purser's, by Miller; "Taj Mahal Agra," a most lovely and liquid view from the pencil of Prout, finely engraved by Wallis; and "Tiger Island—Canton," executed by Goodall, from a design by Stanfield; the whole being copied from original sketches by Capt. Robert Elliot, R.N. What these original sketches may be, we know not, but the genius of the several artists is distinguishable in every touch and outline. They have made them their own, but not, we hope, to the sacrifice of fidelity and correctness. It would be a pity, were they to destroy or lose sight of nature, while they are clothing it in poetry. Capt. Elliot, who must himself be the best judge, should place a gentle check upon the imaginations of his improvers; for it must be very difficult to colour and heighten a scene from the conceptions of another, without resorting sometimes to poetical invention. The view by Prout is perfectly Indian in its character; the white columns and cupolas, contrasted with the dark view



in the fore-ground, look like a hall of enchantment. We almost envy the happy negro, standing in the smooth water filling his jars, as if he had never heard of Abolition. But the succeeding view of Tiger Island, forms a striking set-off to the placidity of its predecessor. The boats seem struggling in the water. It is an admirable engraving. The historical and traditionary accounts of the country and its productions, combine information with brevity; and the entire work, published in monthly parts, will form a series of illustrations of Heber's, Monro's, and other works relating to the East.—We desire no better or more beautiful illustrations than this first number contains.

A very different but scarcely less lovely set of landscapes, is presented to us in the fifth part of the *Illustrations of the Waverley Novels*. It contains from the Abbot, "St. Mary's," by Prout; from the Heart of Mid Lothian, "Holy Loch," by Harding; from Old Mortality, "Bothwell Castle," by Reinagle; and from Peveril of the Peak, "Peel Castle," by Gastineau. We say much, when we express our conviction that they will not disappoint the expectations which the excellence of the preceding views has excited.

The three portraits forming the seventeenth Number of the *National Portrait Gallery*, are those of Sir Abraham Hume, extremely well engraved, but not strikingly like; the Archbishop of Canterbury, from a painting of Owen's, by Holl, an engraving of great merit; and the gallant Sir Thomas Picton, from a picture by Sir W. Beechy, of the soldierly or intellectual dignity of which, we can say but little.

*Panorama of Switzerland, from the Summit of Mont Rigli, with a Circular View of the Country.*—For this useful, and we may add, entertaining production, we are indebted to Mr. Leigh, whose list of topographical attractions of a similar kind is already so extensive. We obtain by a single glance along this unprecedented fly-leaf, an adequate notion of the whole extent of the country which it embraces; and as the eye travels on from lake to lake, and from summit to summit, we gather more information than could be gleaned from whole pages of description, or from any thing indeed, short of an actual visit to the country. Those who do, and those who do not visit Switzerland, should possess this panoramic view of it; in the account of its various remarkable objects, they will find, in a compact form, all the information they will require upon the subject.

We mention the publication of the first part of *The History and Topography of the United States of North America*,

edited by John Howard Hilton, A.M., and illustrated with a series of views, with the purpose of returning to it at a future time, when the plan of it shall be more clearly developed, and when we shall be better enabled to decide upon its pretensions. The present number affords promise of a work of great utility and interest. The series of views will exhibit "the most splendid and majestic scenery that nature ever produced, and some of the most elegant and chaste specimens of civic architecture that any nation can boast. Here," say the projectors, "our path is wholly untrodden." We shall accompany them upon it with pleasure, and hope to see an infinite variety of the same neatly executed and interesting plates that decorate the number before us. The work is dedicated to Washington Irving.

One of the finest engravings that we have for some time seen, is now upon our table—a *Portrait of Earl Grey*, by Cousins. It is from the likeness by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and forms a picture which any nobleman might be proud to be the subject of. The attitude is easy, simple, and natural; one of those, in which the painter always succeeded in turning the common-place to elegance. The expression is a fine one; the intellect is brought out, and the *hauteur* kept in the back-ground; there is something of an aristocratic tinge in its character—but the artist has skillfully thrown over it a *suaviter in modo* that entirely redeems it. The plate is executed in the first style of art. No painter could have found a more efficient and faithful interpreter of his design, than Mr. Cousins has proved himself to be, in transferring the softness and brilliancy of Lawrence to the print before us.

We are compelled to regard the appearance of the "Annuals" as an announcement that winter is at hand. Here are the plates of the *Winter's Wreath* for the ensuing year already before us, spreading a chillness over our senses. But their beauty atone for this unwelcome announcement; never did ill-news find fairer messengers. The *Winter's Wreath* is first in the field; and if we are to judge of the volume by the splendour of its embellishments, it bids fair, notwithstanding the increased number of its competitors, to come in for a slice of the golden apple for which the race is run. The plates are twelve in number, besides a decorated page for inscriptions. Of these we particularly admire "St. Cecilia, the English Flower, Dove Dale, the Cottage Farm-yard, A Pass of the Abruzzi, and Cologne on the Rhine;" the remaining six are scarcely inferior to them, and all are

executed in a style that cannot fail to enchant all who purchase them, and to make all who do not, envy those who do. Many of these plates are by first-rate artists, and they do honour to the names that are attached to them.

*Portrait of the Princess Victoria.*—This is a beautiful engraving, of an oval form, by Golding, from a picture by Fowler; and affords us a better idea of the youthful grace and beauty of this little princess than any engraving previously published. The head is sweetly executed, and the expression is simple and characteristic. We could not at first sight very easily make out whether the principal object in the foreground is a spaniel, or a hat, with a plume of feathers appended to it. The ornament is a little too conspicuously introduced; but the whole picture is light, delicate, and tasteful, and is worthy of its illustrious and promising subject.

#### FINE ARTS.

*Monument to Shakspeare.*—A committee comprising some highly respectable

names has been formed, for the purpose of raising a monumental trophy to the memory of Shakspeare. All that surprises us in this, is, that it should have been delayed so long. The trophy is to be erected by public subscription—no individual contribution to exceed £3—an amount which it would be far better to increase to £10. The trophy is to be worthy of the progress of the arts and the grandeur of the empire; it is to be placed in a conspicuous part of the metropolis, “which from its being the scene of his glory and the resort of men of every nation, is pre-eminently entitled to be hallowed by so classical a distinction, more especially as this first act of universal homage to a British poet will be paid to the “chiefest” and most comprehensive genius the world ever saw.” We would suggest that the managers of the national theatres, should give a benefit in aid of the subscription; and we trust that there is not a literary man in the kingdom whose name will be found wanting in a list which will do honour to all who are enrolled in it.

### WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

#### WORKS IN PREPARATION.

A New Edition is preparing of Major Rennell's Geography of Herodotus, printed from the Author's revised Copy.

Waldensian Researches; during a Second Visit to the Waldenses of the Valleys of Piedmont. By the Rev. S. Gilly: with Illustrations.

Patroni Ecclesiarum; or, a List of the Patrons of the Dignities and Livings of the United Church of England and Ireland.

Tales of a Grandfather; being Stories taken from the History of France. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart., are in preparation.

Also, by the Author of Waverley, Robert of Paris, a Romance of the Lower Empire.

Fragments of Voyages and Travels. By Captain Basil Hall, R.N.

Destiny; a Tale. By the Author of “The Inheritance.”

The Author of The Fall of Nineveh is engaged on The Sea-Kings in England; a Historical Romance of the Time of Alfred.

The Church-yard Lyrist, consisting of five hundred original Inscriptions for Tombs.

Thos. Haynes Bayly, Esq. announces a Poem on the French Revolution of 1830, with Wood-cuts, from Designs by George Cruikshank.

The British Herald, or Cabinet of Armorial Bearings of the Nobility and Gentry of Great Britain is preparing, by Thomas Robson.

Captain T. R. H. de Bourdieu announces Instructions on the subject of Military Positions, with Plates.

We understand that a new daily evening paper will shortly make its appearance, called The Albion, for the purpose of giving a liberal support to the ministry of the Duke of Wellington.

The French Revolution of 1830, the Events which produced it, and the Scenes by which it was accompanied, by D. Turnbull, is soon to appear.

Rosamond, a Tragedy, from the German of Theodore Korner.

The Rev. Mr. Grant promises a Volume on the Character of a Christian Family, entitled “The Rectory of Valehead.”

A Popular System of Architecture, with Engravings, and References to well-known Structures, is preparing. By Wm. Hosking.

The Rev. J. Brown announces a work, entitled Christus in Cælo.

The Fallacies of Dr. Wayte's “Anti-Phrenology” Exposed, in a Critical Review of his Observations on the Modern Doctrine of the Mind, is to be shortly published.

Elements of Surgery. By Robert Liston, Surgeon to the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh.

The Father's Eye is announced by Mrs. Sherwood, together with the Two Paths; or, the Lofty and the Lowly Way; and the Mountain Oak.

Gwllan y Bardd, (the Bardic Vineyard,) being the Welsh Poetical Works of the Rev. Daniel Evans.

A Collection of Psalms and Hymns, in the Welsh Language. By the Rev. Daniel Rees.



The Talba, or Moor of Portugal, a Romance, is announced by Mrs. Bray, Author of *De Foix*.

On the Proceedings of the Royal Society, as connected with the Decline of Science, with Arguments proving that before the Society can regain respect and confidence, a Reform of its Conduct, and a remodelling of its Charter are indispensable, is promised by Sir James South.

Robert Vaughan, Author of "The Life and Opinions of Wycliffe," is preparing Memorials of the Stuart Dynasty.

The Winter's Wreath for 1831, illustrated with 13 Engravings, will speedily appear.

"Wilson's American Ornithology," with the continuation by Charles Lucien Bonaparte, will contain upwards of 100 Engravings, with an enumeration of the newly discovered species. By Sir William Jardine, Bart., Author of Illustrations of Ornithology.

Professor Jameson is preparing for Constable's Miscellany, an edition of Wilson's great work on American Ornithology.

The Lyre and the Laurel, two volumes of the Fugitive Poetry of the XIXth Century, is announced.

A Manual of the Land and Fresh-water Shells hitherto discovered in Great Britain, is preparing from the most perfect Specimens in the Cabinet of the Author, W. Turton.

Mr. Kennedy, the Author of Fitful Fancies, announces *The Arrow* and *The Rose*, with other Poems.

A work on "Australia and Emigration" is preparing. By Robert Dawson, Esq.

Poems entitled, "Lays from the East" are announced. By Captain C. Campbell.

A work on the Celtic Manners of the Highlanders, &c., from the pen of Mr. Logan, will shortly appear.

The Proprietors of the Friendship's Offering announce a Comic Offering, under the Superintendence of Miss L. H. Sheridan.

Mrs. J. S. Prouse has a volume of Miscellaneous Poems in the press.

The Nature and Cure of Consumption is preparing. By James Kennedy, M.C.S.

The Brazen Serpent is announced. By Thomas Erskine, Esq. Advocate.

A History of the Covenanters, from the Reformation to the Revolution in 1688, will shortly appear.

Lives of Captain Hugh Clapperton and Dr. Oudney are preparing.

Scripture the Test of Character. An Address to the Influential Classes of Society. Dedicated to the Queen.

A Memoir of the late Rev. Dr. William Ritchie, Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh.

Major Leith Hay is preparing a Narrative of the Peninsular Campaigns, extending over a period of nearly six years' service in Spain and Portugal, from 1808 to 1814.

The French Keepsake, embellished with 18 Engravings on Steel, will appear at the usual period.

Elements of Greek Accentuation. Translated from the German of Goettling.

Elements of Greek Prosody. Translated from the German of Dr. Franz Spitzner.

A New Volume of the Transactions of the King and Queen's College of Physicians in Ireland. Illustrated with Engravings.

The forthcoming Volumes of Lardner's Cyclopædia are the Military Memoirs of Arthur, Duke of Wellington, and the Life and Reign of George the Fourth.

The Romantic Annals of France, from the time of Charlemagne to the reign of Louis XIV., will form the New Series of "The Romance of History." By Leitch Ritchie.

The Lives of the Italian Poets. By the Rev. Henry Stebbing, with various medallion Portraits, will appear immediately.

Chartley, the Fatalist, a Novel, is to be published in a few days.

Mr. Britton is engaged on the Histories and Illustrations of Hereford and Worcester Cathedrals.

## LIST OF NEW WORKS.

### BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Memoirs of Madame Du Barri, Mistress of Louis XV. of France. Vol. III. 3s. 6d.

Musical Memoirs. By W. T. Parke. In 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.

Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. X., being the History of the Netherlands, by T. C. Grattan, Esq. 6s.

Sir Hew Dalrymple's Memoirs of the Peninsular War. 8vo. 9s.

Newnham's Views of Antiquities of Ireland. In 2 vols. 4to. £7. 7s.

### FINE ARTS.

Sir Joseph Reynolds' Works, containing 312 Engravings. In 4 vols. folio. £42. proofs, £63.

Fuseli's Lectures on Painting. Second Series. 4to. 21s.

A Dictionary of the Architecture and Archaeology of the Middle Ages; including the Words used by Old and Modern Authors in treating of Architectural and other Antiquities: with Etymology, Definition, Description, and Historical Elucidation. Illustrated by numerous Engravings. By John Britton, F.S.A. Part I. royal 8vo. 12s.; medium 4to. 24s.; imperial 4to. £1. 11s. 6d.

Robinson's Designs for Farm Building, royal 4to, £2. 2s.

Robinson's Villa Architecture, royal 4to. £1. 11s. 6d.

Wetten's Designs for Villas, royal 4to. £1. 16s.

### LAW.

The Law relating to Highways, Turnpike-Roads, &c.; with Precedents of Indictments, &c., for Nuisances to the same.

By John Egremont, Esq. Vol. II. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Chapman's Practice of the Superior Courts at Westminster. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

Williams's Abstracts of the Acts for 1829-30. 8vo. 8s.

Rumsey's Wycombe Corporation Case. 8vo. 12s.

Greenwood's New Forgery Act Statutes. 12mo. 8s.

#### MEDICAL.

On the Formation of Tumors, and the Peculiarities that are met with in the Structure of those that have become Cancerous. By Sir Everard Home, Bart. 8vo. with plates, 5s.

Practical Remarks on the Nature and Effects of the Expressed Oil of the Croton Tiglium; with Cases illustrative of its Efficacy in the Cure of various Diseases. By Michael John Short, M.D. 8vo. 5s.

On the Recent Improvements in the Art of Distinguishing the various Diseases of the Heart. By John Elliotson, M. D. folio. 21s.

Laurence on the Venereal Diseases of the Eye. 8vo. 12s.

Dublin Medical Transactions. New Series. Vol. I. post 8vo. 15s.

Gannell on the Use of Chlorine in Consumption. 8vo. 4s.

A Rationale of the Laws of Cerebral Vision; comprising the Laws of Single and of Erect Vision. By John Fearn, Esq. 8vo. 6s.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Economy of the Mouth and Teeth. 18mo. 4s.

Whole Art of Dress. 18mo. 5s.

Smart's New Literal Translation of Horace. 12mo. 5s.

Campbell's (Lieut. E. N. S.) Dictionary of Military Science. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Gunter's Confectioner's Manuel, 12mo. 6s. 6d.

Woodward's Synoptical Tables of British Organic Remains. 8vo. 5s.

Northeote's Conversations. By William Hazlitt. post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

White's Natural History of Selborne. New Edition. By Sir W. Jardine. 12mo. 6s. 6d.

Anthologie Francaise; or, Specimens of French Poetry, with Notes, &c. 12mo. 6s. 6d.

Murray's Family Library. Vol. XV. Contents—History of British India. (3 vols.) Vol. I., by the Rev. G. R. Gleig. Vol. XVI. Demonology and Witchcraft. By Sir W. Scott, Bart.

Family Classical Library. No. IX. Virgil, vol. II. 18mo. 4s. 6d.

Obedience. By Mrs. Sherwood. 18mo. 1s. 6d.

The Useful Little Girl, and the Little Girl who was of No Use at all. 6d.

The Result of the General Election; or, What has the Duke of Wellington gained by the Dissolution? 2s.

M.M. New Series.—Vol. X. No. 58.

Lindley's Natural System of Botany. 8vo. 12s.

The Child's Own Book. square 18mo. 7s. 6d.

Hansard's Parliamentary Debates. Vol. XXIII. royal 8vo. £1. 10s.

Biographical Sketches and Authentic Anecdotes of Horses, and the Allied Species. Illustrated by Portraits. By Captain Thomas Brown. 12mo. 9s.

France in 1829-30. By Lady Morgan. In 2 vols. 8vo. £1. 11s. 6d.

#### NOVELS AND TALES.

The Alexandrians. An Egyptian Tale of the Fourth Century. In 2 vols. 12mo. 15s.

Camden. A Tale of the South. In 3 vols. 16s. 6d.

Basil Barrington and his Times. A Novel. In 3 vols. £1. 11s. 6d.

St. James. A Novel. By G. Best. In 2 vols. 21s.

Legendary Tales, in Verse and Prose. By H. Fox Talbot, Esq. 8s. 6d.

Tales of the Stanley Family. 12mo. 5s. 6d.

Frascati's; or, Scenes in Paris. In 3 vols. 27s.

Agatha and Eveline; or, Traits of Character. By Eliza Vincent Stinton. 2s.

#### POETRY.

Italy. By Samuel Rogers. 8vo. with 56 engravings. 21s.; proofs, £2. 2s.

Woman, a Satire, and Other Poems. By Wadham Pembroke. 5s.

Antediluvian Sketches and Other Poems. By Richard Howett. 12mo. 5s.

The Poetical Works of the late F. Sayers, M.D., with a Life. By W. Taylor, Norwich. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Original Poems. By T. McBean, Esq. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

#### RELIGION, MORALS, &c.

Sermons, intended to shew a sober Application of Scripture Principles to the Realities of Life, by the Rev. John Millar, M.A. 8vo. 12s.

A brief Outline of the Evidences of the Christian Religion. By Archibald Alexander, D.D., of the Presbyterian Church, America. royal 18mo. 2s. 6d.

Remains of the Right Rev. Daniel Sandford, D.D., consisting of Extracts from his Diary, Correspondence, &c. &c., with a Memoir of his Life. By the Rev. John Sandford. In 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.

A Manual of Prayers in Easy Language, for Every Day in the Week. By the Rev. J. Topham. 1s. 6d.

An Essay on the Creation of the Universe; and Evidences of the Existence of God. By Charles Doyne Sillery, Esq. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

Sermons. By the Rev. J. Horden. 8vo. 5s.

The True Dignity of Human Nature; or, Man viewed in relation to Immortality. By the Rev. W. Davies, Hastings. 12mo. 5s.



## PATENTS FOR MECHANICAL AND CHEMICAL INVENTIONS.

*New Patents sealed in August, 1830.*

To William Mason, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, Middlesex, axletree maker, for his improvements on axletrees, and also the boxes applicable thereto.—24th August; 6 months.

To Thomas Barratt, St. Mary Cray, Kent, paper-maker, for his improvements on machinery for making paper.—31st August; 6 months.

To Augustus Applegarth, Crayford, Kent, printer, for his improvements in printing machines.—31st August; 6 months.

To William Losh, Esq., Benton-house, Northumberland, for his improvements in the construction of wheels for carriages to be used on railways.—31st August; 6 months.

To Edwin Budding, of the Thrupp, Stroud, Gloucester, machinist, for his inventing a new combination and application of machinery, for the purpose of cropping or shearing the vegetable surface of lawns, grass-plats of pleasure-grounds, &c. constituting a machine which may be used with advantage, instead of a scythe, for that purpose.—31st August; 2 months.

To John Hanson, Huddersfield, York, plumber and brazier, for his improvements on locomotive carriages.—31st August; 6 months.

To Edwin Clayton, Bridleshim-gate, Nottingham, baker, for an improved mode of manufacturing dough or paste, for the purpose of baking into bread.—31st August; 2 months.

To Thomas Thacher, Birmingham, Warwick, sadler, for an elastic, self-adapting saddle.—7th September; 6 months.

To Peter Williams, Hollywell, Flint, surgeon, for an apparatus or contrivance for preventing accidents in carriages, gigs, and other vehicles, by instantly and effectually liberating horses or other animals from the same, when in danger or otherwise, and for locking and securing the wheels thereof, in cases of danger, emergency, or otherwise.—7th September; 6 months.

To Charles Blacker Vignoles, Furnival's-inn, London, and John Ericson, Brook-street, Fitzroy-square, Middle-

sex, civil engineer, for certain additions to the engines commonly called locomotive engines.—7th September; 6 months.

To William Cook, Redcross-square, Cripplegate, London, fine-worker, for his improvements on cocks for supplying kitchen-ranges or cooking apparatus with water, and for other purposes—to be called fountain cocks.—7th September; 6 months.

To Henry George Pearce, Liverpool, master-mariner, Richard Gardner, and Joseph Gardner, of the same place, for an improved fid.—7th September; 6 months.

To James Chadley, Gloucester-street, Queen-square, surveyor, for his improvements in forming bricks, tiles, and chimney-bars, applicable to the building of the flues of chimnies.—13th September; 6 months.

To Seth Smith, Wilton-crescent, St. George, Hanover-square, Middlesex, builder, for his improvements in chimnies for dwelling and other houses and buildings.—14th September; 2 months.

To Francis Molyneaux, Hampstead, Middlesex, gentleman, and William Bundy, Kentish Town, machinist, for improvements in machinery for spinning and twisting silk and wool, and for roving, spinning, and twisting cotton, flax, hemp, and other fibrous substances.—21st September; six months.

To William Chard, of Haywood-house, Bordsley-green, Warwick, gentleman, for his improvements in the construction of boats and other vessels, a part of which improvements are applicable to the construction of carriages.—21st September; six months.

*List of Patents, which having been granted in the month of October 1816, expire in the present month of October 1830.*

14. Joseph Kirkman, London, for his improved method of applying an octave stop to pianofortes.

25. Louis Fauche Borel, London, for his method of making shoes and boots without sewing, so as to keep out the wet.

— Lewis Granholm, London, for his method of rendering articles made of hemp or flax more durable.

## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

WILLIAM HUSKISSON, ESQ., M.P.

Certainly we are not amongst those who regarded Mr. Huskisson as one of the greatest men of the age. His free-trade system, which he probably imbibed from the late Earl of Liverpool, has been, and will yet be, productive of the most ruinous consequences; and he was one of those who sanctioned and promoted the breaking-up of the British Constitution, by the passing of the Popery Bill. However, though we may think lightly of him as a politician, or as a statesman, he was amiable as a man; and it is impossible to contemplate the melancholy circumstances of his fate, without feeling the deepest commiseration for him, and for his bereaved widow.

Mr. Huskisson was born about the year 1769. His mother was sister to Dr. Gerund, physician to the English embassy to Paris, and the intimate friend of Hebratus and Franklin. Dr. Gerund left his niece a considerable property. At the breaking out of the French revolution, he is said to have been in apprenticeship, as a surgeon, at Paris; and it is further alleged, that he became an active and violent member of the Jacobin Club, and subsequently, of the London Corresponding Society. This may be all calumny.

It is understood to have been at Paris, that Mr. Huskisson was first seen and noticed by the Marquess of Stafford; and, finding him to be well acquainted with French affairs, of which the English ministry of that period were notoriously ignorant, his lordship regarded him as a person whose services might be useful to Mr. Pitt. To Mr. Pitt, and to Mr. Dundas, he accordingly introduced him; and he became private secretary to the latter. By his talents and assiduity, he gave great satisfaction; he was placed in the home department, under Mr. Dundas; and soon afterwards, he was elected M. P. for the borough of Morpeth, with the present Earl of Carlisle. He married, in 1799, a daughter of the late Admiral Milbanke. On his marriage, Mr. Dundas procured for him a grant of a pension to his wife of £600 a year, the payment of which was to take place at his death, or on his retirement from office. In 1802, he offered himself for Dover, with Mr. Trevannion and Mr. Spencer Smith, but was unsuccessful. In 1804, on the death of Lord Eliot, he stood for Liskeard: the return was double, but Mr. Huskisson was declared duly elected. At a later period he was returned for Chichester, through the influence of the Duke of Richmond. In the House he frequently spoke upon financial affairs, on which his information was extensive, if not profound.

Mr. Huskisson was, in succession, appointed Receiver-General of the Duchy of

Lancaster, and a Commissioner of the Board of Trade. When Mr. Pitt retired from office, previously to the formation of Mr. Addington's ministry, he procured from his Majesty a sign manual, granting to Mr. Huskisson a pension of £1,200 a year. When Mr. Pitt returned to power, Mr. Huskisson became chief Secretary to the Treasury. He retired from office on the formation of Mr. Fox's cabinet, but returned with Mr. Perceval, and resumed the secretaryship. In 1809, when the duel occurred between Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning, in consequence of differences which arose out of the ill-fated Walcheren expedition, Mr. Huskisson accompanied the latter in his retirement from the administration. He was afterwards President of the Board of Trade; and, under the ministry of his friend, Mr. Canning, whom he succeeded as member for Liverpool, he was appointed Secretary for the Colonial Department.

Excepting upon one occasion, we are not aware that Mr. Huskisson ever appeared in print. He was the author of a pamphlet entitled "The Question concerning the Depreciation of our Currency stated and examined."

His accession to the Wellington cabinet, and subsequent dismissal by the military Duke, must be yet full in the recollection of the reader. From the feeble and unsettled state of the administration, however, the friends of the ex-secretary had been for some time loud in their report that he was speedily to be recalled to place. Whether the report were well-founded is unknown, but it seems not improbable, as we have had proof sufficient that the premier is not over nice in his measures. Howsoever it might be, death has prematurely put an end to the speculation.

It was on Wednesday, the 15th of September, as had been previously arranged, that the ceremony of opening the new Liverpool and Manchester railway took place. The Duke of Wellington, Prince Esterhazy, Earl Wilton, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Huskisson, and several other persons of consideration, who had been invited on the occasion, left Liverpool, in the splendid car of the Northumbrian, in grand procession. The procession stopped at Parkside, near Newton, to take in fuel and water for the engines, eight or nine of which were present. Here it was that the lamentable accident occurred which deprived Mr. Huskisson of life, and cast a gloom over the proceedings of the day. The parties had, contrary to the request of the proprietors, alighted, and had been engaged in desultory conversation. The rapid approach of the Rocket, another of the engines, formed the signal for them to resume their stations on



the car. Only an instant before, Mr. Huskisson had turned from a gentleman, exclaiming—"Well, I must go and shake hands with the Duke of Wellington on this day at any rate." He did shake hands with him very cordially. The rapid approach of the car placed several persons in jeopardy; amongst them, Mr. Huskisson, who, from the narrowness of the way, was apprehensive of being crushed between the two machines. There were no steps by which to ascend the car; and, in the consequent confusion, Mr. Huskisson, in a second attempt to climb over the side, seized hold of the door, which gave way, and he was precipitated into the road, his right leg doubled up and getting across the rail-road of the Rocket, which instantaneously passed over the leg and thigh in that position. From its velocity, it had been impossible to stop the Rocket in time. Lord Wilton and others rushed to the spot; the door of one of the Company's adjacent hovels was procured; and, having placed the sufferer upon it, they obtained the instant aid of Dr. Brandreth of Liverpool, and Dr. Huhter of Edinburgh, who happened to be in the procession. A temporary tourniquet having been applied to the thigh, he was immediately conveyed, upon one of the engines, to the house of the Rev. Mr. Blackburne, at Eccles. There he was laid upon a couch; but it was found unsafe to attempt amputation; and, as no favourable rallying of the system occurred, his sufferings were terminated by death at nine in the evening. He had previously made some alteration in his will, and had received the sacrament, evincing the utmost fortitude and resignation. As soon as it was ascertained that he was dead, Mrs. Huskisson, who had witnessed the fatal accident, and had never for a moment left his side, was removed, almost by force, into another apartment. On the following morning an inquest was held upon the body; a proceeding which perfectly exonerated the conductors of the Rocket from all imputation of blame.

Under the dreadful circumstances of the case, the Duke of Wellington most properly declined attendance at the splendid dinner, which had been provided in honour of his visit at Liverpool.

On Saturday, the body was privately conveyed from Eccles to Liverpool; and it was subsequently arranged that it should be interred in the new cemetery there, at the expense of the town. A subscription was opened for defraying the expenses of the funeral, and for raising a monument to the memory of the deceased. To those arrangements, Mrs. Huskisson was with difficulty prevailed on to assent. The funeral took place on Friday, the 24th of September, and we extract the following account of it from the *Liverpool Mercury*.

"The funeral, which has just terminated, was one of the most extraordinary public

spectacles ever witnessed in this country; and, indeed, we heard some gentlemen who have attended a Royal funeral at Windsor, declare, that of our deceased member was a more imposing sight of the two. The number of spectators sets all calculation at defiance. The windows of every house in the long line of the procession, and the roofs of many of them, were filled with spectators. In St. Peter's church-yard the Blue-coat Hospital children were stationed, while the church windows were crowded. The belfry, and the steeple also, contained as many as it could hold. Each lamp-post had its occupant, and the trees in front of the Lyceum, and in St. Mark's church-yard, were bowed down with persons clinging to every branch.

"The procession itself, which swelled as it proceeded, has been calculated, by a competent judge, to amount to upwards of sixteen hundred gentlemen in mourning. Outside of the railings, within which this procession moved, it has been calculated that there were upwards of sixty thousand spectators between the Exchange and the Cemetery. We shall not guess at the number of persons within the Cemetery. Every place where there was standing-room was occupied, and it is supposed that there were from twenty to thirty thousand persons looking on or endeavouring to get a sight of the ceremony. The procession set out from the Town-hall, at about a quarter past ten o'clock, and reached its destination in about an hour.

"One signal gun was fired when the body was put into the hearse, and another when the corpse entered the gates of the Cemetery.

"All the arrangements, which we can only glance at *en passant*, were admirable, and reflect equal credit upon the managing committee, the police, the undertaker, and upon the great body of the people, who behaved in the most orderly and becoming manner.

"When the procession arrived at the Cemetery, the great majority of the gentlemen who formed it descended through the arch into the lower ground, where they took their stand on the gravel walks, whilst about one hundred and fifty of the party, including the committee, clergymen, and some of the gentlemen connected with the press, entered with the hearse into the Grecian Chapel, where the funeral ceremony was performed with great solemnity and effect by the Rev. Jonathan Brooks.

"The reading of the burial service occupied about twelve minutes, after which the committee, clergy, and those who were admitted into the chapel, moved slowly out, and descending the stone archway, repaired slowly and solemnly to the burying-ground below, in the centre lawn. The sight from this place, looking upwards, was peculiarly striking. When the Rev. Mr.

Brooks commenced that part of the funeral service which is delivered at the grave, the hats of thousands of the spectators were instantly removed, and all eyes were bent with intense interest towards the spot where the mutilated remains of their late esteemed representative were about to be consigned to their last home.

"Those who were stationed near the grave were evidently much affected by the closing scene; and one of the chief mourners (General Huskisson,) bedewed the grave of his lamented brother with tears, which never ceased to flow from the commencement to the close of this painful scene.

"At the conclusion of the melancholy and imposing ceremony a gun was fired; the procession then left the ground, and the assembled thousands around dispersed after paying the last tribute of respect to the memory of the deceased. We omitted to mention in the proper place that the shops, public offices, &c. were closed until the termination of the ceremony, and that the church bells were tolled during the day."

On the day preceding the fatal accident, Mr. Huskisson visited the Liverpool Exchange. As he passed through the rooms he was greeted with enthusiastic cheers; and afterwards addressed the assembly in a speech, of which the following is an extract:—

"Gentlemen,—This loyal town is about to receive the visit of a distinguished individual of the highest station and influence in the affairs of this great country. I rejoice that he is coming among you. I am sure that what he has already seen in this county, and what he will see here, will not fail to make a great impression on his mind. After this visit he will be better enabled to estimate the value and importance of Liverpool in the general scale of the great interests of this country. He will see what can be effected by patient and persevering industry, by enterprise, and good sense, unaided by monopoly or exclusive privileges, and in spite of their existence elsewhere. Gentlemen, he will, I hope, find that if you are not friendly to monopoly in other places, it is not because you require or want it for yourselves. He will see that you know how to thrive and prosper without it; that all you expect from government is encouragement, protection, facility, and freedom in your several pursuits and avocations, either of manufacturing industry or commerce. I have heard, with just satisfaction, and from many concurrent quarters, that every thing connected with these interests is in a more healthy and promising state than it was last year. I rejoice at the change for the better. I hope and believe it will be permanent. But do not let us be supine, and think that the energies under which difficulties are diminishing, may relieve us from the necessity of unremitting exertion. In foreign coun-

tries you have powerful rivals to encounter; and you can only hope to continue your superiority over them by incessantly labouring to lighten the pressure upon the industry of our own people, and by promoting every measure which is calculated to give increased vigour, fresh life, and greater facility to the powers which create, and to the hands which distribute the almost boundless productions of this great country. I trust, gentlemen, that by a steady adherence to these views and principles, I shall most faithfully represent your wishes and feelings in parliament. So long as we are in unison upon these points, I shall be most happy and proud to continue to be your representative, under the sanction of your confidence, and as long as health and strength shall be vouchsafed to me to fulfil the duties of the station which I now hold, as one of your members in the House of Commons. I am persuaded, Gentlemen, that by this course I shall best consult your prosperity; and that whatever advances the general interests of this great mart of commerce, will but advance all the other great interests of the country; and first and foremost, that interest which is the oldest and the greatest of all—the landed interest, upon which, as the example of this country so well demonstrates, industry and commerce have already conferred so many benefits."

#### WILLIAM HAZLITT.

Mr. William Hazlitt, from whose vigorous but eccentric pen the reader will find two papers in the present number of the *Monthly Magazine*,\* and who has, since their reception, paid the great debt of nature, was the son of a dissenting minister. He was originally intended for a painter, and through life he seems to have entertained an intense love for the fine arts. Some copies of his, from pictures in the Louvre, by Titian and Raphael, have been spoken of as very spirited and beautiful. His own feeling, with reference to the beauties of nature and of art, especially in their relationship to each other, may be inferred from this brief passage in one of his papers:—"One of the most delightful parts of my life was one fine summer, when I used to walk out of an evening, to catch the last light of the sun, gemming the green slopes of the russet lawns and gilding tower or tree, while the blue sky, gradually turning to purple and gold, or skirted with dusky grey, hung its broad marble pavement over all, as we see it in the great master of Italian landscape. But to come to a more particular explanation of the subject:—The first head I ever tried to paint was an old woman with the upper part of the face shaded by her bonnet, and I certainly laboured at it with great perseverance. It took me numberless sittings to do it. I have it by me still, and sometimes look at

\* See pages 409 and 445.



it with surprise; to think how much pains were thrown away to little purpose—yet not altogether in vain, if it taught me to see good in every thing, and to know that there is nothing vulgar in nature, seen with the eyes of science or of true art. Refinement creates beauty everywhere: it is the grossness of the spectator that discovers nothing but grossness in the object.”

From some cause with which we are unacquainted, Mr. Hazlitt was induced to relinquish the pencil for the pen: instead of painting pictures, it became his delight to criticise them; and it must be allowed that in his critical strictures, when his strong and violent prejudices stood not in the way of justice, he was one of the most judicious, able, and powerful writers of his time. “His early education,” as a cotemporary has observed, “qualified him to judge with technical understanding, and his fine sense of the grand and of the beautiful, enabled him duly to appreciate the merits and deficiencies of works of art, and to regulate the enthusiasm with which he contemplated their beauties.”

Mr. Hazlitt's first acknowledged literary production was “An Essay on the Principles of Human Action,” in which much metaphysical acuteness is said to have been displayed. His “Characters of Shakspeare's Plays,” though inferior in depth of observation and soundness of criticism, to the strictures of Schlegel on the productions of our great bard, attracted much notice, and obtained much credit for the writer. Mr. Hazlitt delivered, at the Surrey Institution, a Course of Lectures (afterwards published) on the English Poets. For a time, he was the theatrical critic of the *Morning Chronicle*, and in that paper, when Kean first came before a metropolitan audience, he was one of his most strenuous and cordial supporters. During a long period, he wrote political and critical articles in the *Examiner*; and he has been an extensive contributor, at times, to our own Magazine, and other periodicals. Amongst the most popular of his writings are several volumes collected from periodical works, under the titles of “Table Talk,” “The Spirit of the Age,” and “The Plain Speaker.” His “Round Table,” a series of Essays which he wrote in conjunction with Leigh Hunt, for the *Examiner*, was regarded as a failure.

Mr. Hazlitt's largest and most elaborate performance is “The Life of Napoleon,” which is in four volumes. In this, though tinged with party feeling, the writer displays much deep philosophical remark. Mr. H. was one of the writers in the Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; he has also published “Political Essays and Sketches of Public Characters,” a “View of the British Stage,” an account of “British Galleries of Art,” “A Letter to William Gifford, Esq.,”

“Lectures on the English Comic Writers, delivered at the Surrey Institution,” “The Literature of the Elizabethan Age,” and “The Modern Pygmalion.” As far as we can charge our memory with a recollection of this production, it formed the history of one of the author's amours—a most extraordinary one—with his own veritable love-letters, and other documents equally delectable and *recherchée*.

Mr. Hazlitt recently published a volume of “Notes on a Journey through France and Italy.” At the very moment, as it were, of his death, his last labour issued from the press in an exceedingly pleasant and amusing volume, entitled, “Conversations of James Northcote, Esq., R.A., by William Hazlitt.” For the matter of the volume, however, as may be inferred from its title, Mr. Northcote seems to be chiefly answerable. Many, if not all of the “Conversations,” had previously appeared, as detached papers, in periodical publications of the day.

Notwithstanding his inaccuracies of style, and his love of paradox, Hazlitt was a man of genius. In politics he was rather a radical than a whig; he opposed, with all the bitterness of sarcasm, the existing state of things; his animosities were unqualified—his hatred was rancorous.

Mr. Hazlitt had, we believe, been twice married. He died in Frith-street, Soho, on the 18th of September. His death was occasioned by organic disease of the stomach, of many years' standing. He retained the entire possession of his faculties to the latest moment of his life; and, almost free from bodily pain, he died with perfect calmness of mind. His funeral, at St. Anne's, Soho, on the 25th, was strictly private. The report that he died in a state of destitution is happily incorrect. He had, within two or three months, received considerable sums from a great publishing house, for his “Conversations of James Northcote,” and other works; and also various other sums, of consequence in the aggregate, for his writings in periodical works. For the future support of his son, the only person dependant on him, it is too probable that he had been unable to make any provision.

#### MR. BARRYMORE.

MR. BARRYMORE, who died at Edinburgh, on the 14th of July last, at the age of 72, will be remembered by many of our old play-going friends, as a very useful third-rate performer—chiefly in tragedy—at the theaters of Drury-lane and the Haymarket. His real name, we have heard, was Blewit. His father was a hair-dresser at Taunton, in Somersetshire. Young Blewit—or Barrymore—was placed in the counting-house of Mr. Ladbroke, in London; but, possessing a convivial turn, he at once fell into expensive habits, and imbibed a taste for theatrical pursuits. For

these, his genteel appearance, and somewhat pompous address—which he always retained—were considerably in his favour. His *entrée* on the stage was made in the west of England; but—no unusual case—so slight were his emoluments, that they scarcely afforded him the means of subsistence. At length, he was seen at Brighton, by the late George Colman. There, contrasted with his brother actors, he appeared to the modern Terence possessed of powers that might be useful in London, and he was accordingly engaged by him for the Haymarket Theatre. Mr. Colman, however, who, strange as it may seem, had selected our hero for his vocal powers, soon repented his bargain; and Barrymore was dismissed with a pecuniary compensation in lieu of performance. Fortunately for the adventurer, Mr. Du Bellamy about this time retired from the London stage; and, in the hour of distress, the proprietor of Drury-lane Theatre engaged him as his successor, or rather substitute, until a performer of higher merit could be found. He made his *début* as *Young Meadows*, in *Love in a Village*; but his reception was not of the most flattering nature. For several years he remained upon an insignificant salary, appearing occasionally in tragedy, comedy, opera, farce, &c. until a favourable opening occurred by the removal of Mr. Farren, who went to Covent-garden Theatre. Mr. Barrymore was immediately invested with most of his parts, which were not inconsiderable. By his spirited performance of *Carlos*, in *Isabella*, he first made a favourable impression on the public. Soon after this, Mr. Bannister, jun., *alias* “Jack Bannister”—now, as we have recently heard him called, “old Mr. Bannister,”—happening to be indisposed at a time when he should have personated *Charles Oakley*, in *The Jealous Wife*, Barrymore offered to read that part, at a very short notice. He accordingly commenced, with the book in his hand; but, putting it into his pocket, in the second act, and proceeding with great spirit, he was rewarded with the most flattering applause, and soon afterwards, he obtained a considerable increase of salary. The death

of Mr. Brereton, and the desertion of Mr. Palmer—old John Palmer, who went to ruin himself and others at the Royalty Theatre—concurred still further to his advancement; and, at length he succeeded in establishing himself in public favour. For many seasons he was a leading actor at the Haymarket. The most effective part, however, that we recollect having seen him perform, was that of *Osmond*, in Monk Lewis’s melo-dramatic play of *The Castle Spectre*.

Barrymore’s figure and face were unexceptionable; his voice was clear and strong; but his action and deportment were constrained; and, in his conception of character, there was little of intellectual discrimination—in his performance, little of the electric fire of genius.

Mr. Barrymore had several years retired from the stage. His son is considered skilful in the arrangement of pantomime and spectacle; and has, we believe, been engaged in the management of many of the minor theatres.

#### EDWARD FERRERS, ESQ.

In August, at his seat, Baddesley Clinton, Warwickshire, died Edward Ferrers, Esq. This gentleman entered, in 1809, into the Warwickshire Militia, in which, at the period of his decease, he held the rank of major. He contracted, in 1813, a matrimonial alliance with the Lady Henrietta-Anne, second daughter of the Marquess Townshend. In a man of Mr. Ferrers’s good sense, adventitious circumstances, the gifts of fortune, and a genealogy exhibiting a long line of illustrious ancestry, produced only the most salutary influence; for, while he traced, as emblazoned on the windows of his ancient hall, a direct descent from the heroes of the Norman conquest, and intermarriages with not a few of the highest families of England, these accessories served not to foster a sickly vanity, but to kindle in his breast an ambition of embodying in their representative, so far as might be, an unimpaired, yet perfectly unostentatious pattern, of the *vera nobilitas*.



## MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE same variable weather, characteristic of the whole past season, continues; perpetual and quick alternations of wet and dry, heat and cold. The quality of the corn will necessarily partake of this variety in the season. Corn, fortunately dried in the fields, will be a fine sample; but the greater part, it is to be feared, has not shared that good fortune. Nor ought blame to be cast too hastily on the farmer for clearing his lands on the first appearance of fair weather, the corn being in a questionable state; since, aware of the variable character of the season, he made choice of, in his judgment, the minor evil, dreading most a repetition of moisture. Thus far, the accounts of superabundance, particularly in the wheat crop, are fully maintained, and that part which has been saved in good condition will prove a heavy and fine sample. The present year has run counter to an old saw. We always said, after our grandfathers—"a dry summer for the wheat crop." Now, our farming sages attribute the weight and goodness of the wheat to the fertilizing quality of the rains, an effect which they have indubitably had upon poor, sandy, and arid lands; and the uncommon large produce of such inferior soils has helped, in a material degree, to augment the national stock. The great wonder is, how lands, loaded and exhausted as our's almost universally are, could, possibly, in such a state, bear so abundant a produce. As there is scarcely ever a benefit without its countervailing evil, may we not apprehend that such an anomaly will have the unfortunate effect on the minds of our farmers, as to persuade them that clearing land is labour and expense cast to the winds. It would seem, however, that few of them need any persuasion to such effect. The continent, according to recent accounts, has not shared our good fortune. In Russia, and the northern parts of Germany, the crops have failed. The government of France has forbidden exportation; and as the crops have also failed to the southward, there will be a considerable demand for exportation to the Mediterranean. This will cheer our farmers by its necessary effect of preventing prices from suffering that great reduction which has so long been expected in our markets. They have not, indeed, hitherto been overstocked with new wheat, little of which has been offered in a fit condition for grinding. It will be to the interest of the landlords to be as forbearing as possible in the collection of their Christmas rents, that their tenantry may be enabled to hold their corn for an improvement of its condition and for a market.

Harvest will be protracted to a still later period than we stated in our last report: according to our latest letters from the northern extremities of the country, there is corn, particularly oats, which has not yet assumed the harvest yellow—such will not be cut until nearly the middle of next month. Wheat sowing will be necessarily late this year, during the whole of which, harvest operations, instead of following in usual and regular succession, have run one into the other. The low clay lands, foul as they are, will work badly, and being so sodden with wet, it will be almost impracticable to draw any manure upon them. Both oats and barley, though failing upon many parts of the poor soils, it is supposed, will be generally large crops; but of the latter, fine malting samples, which begin already to be inquired for, will not be abundant. Where oats have succeeded, they are said to be the largest crop within memory, both in corn and straw. Lattamath turnips, on some favoured soils, are spoken well of, and are said on others to have made a poor progress. The turnips, though they escaped the fly, are very backward in the bulb. The seeds have not greatly improved from want of a genial summer warmth, and the young clovers have been pinched, and even mildewed, and the potatoe haulm blacked by the severity of the night air. Quantity, not quality, will be the characteristic of the meadow clover, and sainfoin hays of the present year. A decisive opinion of the bean crop is not yet given, but there seems little apprehension of a failure; as to pease, they are estimated at half a crop. Of potatoes the supply will be satisfactory, both in quantity and quality. Of hops no hope exists of any thing like a crop. As to fruit, as well as other produce, we sages have most happily enacted the Comedy of Errors; instead of the predicted scarcity, or almost fruit famine, we hear of so great abundance in some parts of the country, Suffolk particularly, that the growers scarcely know what to do with it; and Covent-garden Market exhibits such plenty and variety of every species, that as a spectacle it is most pleasant and exhilarating. The plenty of all culinary vegetables is most ample.

On the whole our accounts from the country are by no means of that despairing tone which so generally prevailed a few months past. With some exceptions, we look upon them as rather consolatory and promising. We lately noticed a favourable change in the sentiments of our Berkshire friends, who had previously been amongst the loudest complainants; as to those of Herts they had never despaired, and are now declaiming in heroics on the immense productions of the present season, and the goodness of the times, wondering at, and even doubting the just grounds of complaint in other districts; like a certain class of doctors, who, blessed with a robust constitution themselves, prescribe the strongest remedies to all patients alike. Herts is a fine, light and profitable country to farm in, and profits much by the culture of kitchen vegetables. From Lincolnshire also, the accounts are favourable, and the harvest described as the most successful and pleasant both to farmer and labourer.

From the cattle and horse markets, little of novelty presents. Pigs, it seems, have

taken a start, and are determined to be once more worth breeding. All the great marts and fairs have been, as usual, overstocked with cattle, and a difficulty experienced of converting any but of prime quality, into money; in the meantime, the breeders complain they are too cheap, whilst the purchasing graziers insist they are too dear. It remains for the consumers to prove them both in the wrong. Sheep are most in request, as the rot must, in some degree, have diminished their numbers. Of horses, the story is one already ten times told. Wool, dead and brined so long, has not only encountered resurrection, but is making a start to grace and cheer every succeeding report.

Now for our *memorabilia*. Our letters yet continue to question strongly the presumed great benefits of mangold, in the usual cumbersome phraseology, called mangel-wurzel; and to assert the superiority (undoubtedly so in *quality*) of rutabaga, or the Swedish turnip. Of Cobbett's corn, maize, *actum est*, it has fallen a second time, very probably, to rise no more. He should have known that experiment was made of it in Arthur Young's early days, when it was weighed in the experimental balance, and found wanting. But Cobbett is a man of first impressions, with which he generally scorns to enter into any arguments on insignificant topics of right and wrong. We have lately been favoured with a long scientific article from the north, on the fly, and on drugs for the prevention of diseases in corn, chiefly the mildew. Knowledge of the remedies, it seems, has been lately imported from Flanders, to wit, verdigrease, blue vitriol, arsenic, and the nostrums of certain druggists, the composition of which is not to be divulged. Now, the aforesaid drugs, with a long additional list, were tried in this country, more than half a century past, as preventives of smut, but soon laid aside, on a preference of the old remedy of simply brining and liming. There has long been a party, particularly in Scotland, who assign all the maladies of corn to a seminal origin exclusively, or to the operations of insects; in the latter case, allowing the insects their share in the mischief, the figure of *hysteron proteron*, or setting the cart before the horse, is palpably obvious; for no man ever saw *original* blight insects upon sound and unblighted corn. The transformed fly, indeed, or *aphis*, may be seen upon the corn, but so far as we have hitherto observed, without evidence of any damage; the Scotch fly may, peradventure, be of a more voracious and dangerous character; surely so, indeed, since it is said in the present season to have trespassed on the wheats, to the serious amount of one quarter per acre.

We are far from disputing the possibility of a seminal origin, and the power of infection in impure seed, although formerly we did question the probability of it in the case of smut, on the strength of our own, and the experience of others, and most particularly on the apparently decisive experiments of Sir John Call, and the known fact that harvests, in which smut and all the varieties of malady in corn had prevailed, and, of course, much impure seed had been sown, were immediately succeeded by others, in which the corn was harvested in its usual purity. Neither do we pretend to deny the possible use of preventive remedies, one case only being excepted, which is, their being opposed by a blighting season, when their utmost power will be of no avail; for although they may have destroyed the seminal infection, they are utterly powerless when opposed to the infection of the atmosphere. This view need not be styled theoretical, since the actual facts are open and obvious to all who will take the pains to make use of their eyesight and assiduity, pains which we imposed upon ourselves formerly during nearly twenty years, we may venture to say, almost daily. Wheat shall be in the most blooming and glossy state of health, colour and luxuriance, a blighting wind shall arise, attended with cold and moisture, continuing for several days: the first symptoms of blight is a loss of colour and gloss or burnish, next a roughness of the surface of the leaf is superinduced; should a timely and favourable change succeed, the symptoms of early blight soon vanish, and the previous luxuriance returns; but should the atmospheric rigour continue to the length of time required to mature vegetable disease, happily not often the case in our climate, it proceeds in due course through all its varieties, well known by the terms mildew, rust, brand, and smut. What countryman can have been unobservant of such effects in a blighting season, and of the opposite in a genial one? Our seminal critics may, indeed, pass scurvy jests upon the wind, as did their predecessors in Gil Blas, on another occasion; but the former will be found in an equal dilemma with the latter. A cold and damp wind, particularly from the east and north, is the prime agent in all vegetable maladies. Nevertheless, we have some few unfortunate lands in this country which, from the coldness and dampness of the soil and of the surrounding atmosphere, seldom fail to produce diseased grain, even in the most genial seasons.

Erratum in our last report—*chilled* for *drilled*.

*Smithfield*—Beef 2s. 6d. to 3s. 8d.—Mutton, 2s. 8d. to 4s. 2d.—Veal, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 8d.—Pork, 4s. to 5s. dairy.—Lamb, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 2d.—Rough fat, 2s. 4d. per stone.

*Corn Exchange*.—Wheat, 48s. to 78s.—Barley, (grinding) 26s. to 38s.—Oats, 20s. to 33s.—London 4 lb. Loaf, 10d.—Hay, 42s. to 105s. per load.—Clover, ditto, 70s. to 115s.—Straw, 30s. to 42s.

Coals in the Pool, 28s. 7d. to 36s. per chaldron.

*Middlesex, September 20.*

*M.M. New Series.*—VOL. X. No. 56.

3 Q



## MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

**SUGAR.**—The market was rather dull last week, but prices were well supported; the sales were estimated at 2,500 hogsheads and tierces. The deliveries of West India last week were very large, 4,075 hogsheads and tierces, being 483 less than last year; and of Mauritius, 4,996 bags, being 1,337 bags more than the corresponding week of last year. Goods suitable for home supply are but small, but the demand lately has been limited; the refined is very dull; Molasses 1s. lower, and dull. Havannah sugar consists of a rather large parcel of white by private contract, at a reduction of 1s., 30s., and 41s.; some brown, 20s. and 22s. 6d.; and some yellow, 24s. and 26s. 6d. There were no sales of Brazil sugar. About 4,000 bags of Mauritius sold last week at rather higher rates. Bengal sugar of the late sale, 1s. 6d. profit. At a late public sale 3,374 bags of Mauritius sugar; the whole went off heavily at a reduction of 6d. to 1s. per cwt. — *West India Molasses.* It is reported a sale has been affected at 1s. reduction; 350 puncheons new St. Vincents, 22s. 6d.; Trinidad, 22s.

**COFFEE.**—St. Domingo coffee sold good ordinary at 34s. By public sale about 250 casks of Jamaica sold freely, maintaining the late advance, chiefly fine ordinary to fine fine ordinary, 43s. and 50s.; large parcels of Demerara and Berbice, 42s. and 48s. At public sales 244 casks, 451 bags, British plantation, 1,307 bags St. Domingo; the latter ordinary and fair ordinary, for which there were no offers made above 28s. 6d.; the Jamaica heavily at a reduction of 1s. and 2s. The Colonial markets are dull.

**RUM, BRANDY, HOLLANDS.**—The sales of proof Leewards, about 19, have been considerable; the market looks firm; several contracts for Jamaica are also reported, 2s. 10d., and 3s. 2d. The purchases of Brandy have been more extensive than usual; first marks 4s. 8d. and 4s. 9d., and yesterday 5s. was paid. In Geneva there is no alteration.

**HEMP, FLAX, AND TALLOW.**—The Tallow market is dull. The ships passing the Sound are more numerous than was expected; the prices of Tallow are in consequence rather lower, and the market is dull. Flax is without variation; Hemp rather lower.

*Course of Foreign Exchange.*—Amsterdam, 12. 5½.—Rotterdam, 12. 6.—Antwerp, 12. 5.—Hamburg, 13. 14.—Altona, 00. 00.—Paris, 25. 55.—Bordeaux, 25. 85.—Berlin, 0.—Frankfort-on-the-Main, 153. 0.—Petersburg, 10. 0.—Vienna, 10. 12.—Trieste, 00. 00.—Madrid, 36. 0.—Cadiz, 36. 0½.—Bilboa, 36. 0.—Barcelona, 36. 0.—Seville, 36. 0½.—Gibraltar, 47. 0½.—Leghorn, 48. 0.—Genoa, 25. 70.—Venice, 46. 0.—Malta, 48. 0½.—Naples, 39. 0½.—Palermo, 118. 0½.—Lisbon, 44½.—Oporto, 44. 0½.—Rio Janeiro, 22. 0.—Bahia, 28. 0.—Dublin, 1. 0½.—Cork, 1. 0½.

*Bullion per Oz.*—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars, £3. 17s. 10½d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s. 0d.—New Dollars, £0. 4s. 9½d.—Silver in Bars (standard), £0. 4s. 11¾d.

*Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham CANAL, (¼ sh.) 292½.—Coventry, 850½.—Ellesmere and Chester, 90½.—Grand Junction, 270½.—Kennet and Avon, 00½.—Leeds and Liverpool, 455½.—Oxford, 635½.—Regent's, 24½.—Trent and Mersey, (¼ sh.) 750½.—Warwick and Birmingham, 280½.—London DOCKS (Stock), 77¾½.—West India (Stock), 190½.—East London WATER WORKS, 126½.—Grand Junction, 61½.—West Middlesex, 80½.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 9¼½.—Globe, 154¾½.—Guardian, 28¾½.—Hope Life, 6¾½.—Imperial Fire, 118½.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster, chartered Company, 60½.—City, 191½.—British, 1½ dis.—Leeds, 195½.

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

*Announced from August 23d, to September 23d, 1830, in the London Gazette.*

## BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

J. English, Strand, hosier  
J. Barker, High Holborn, straw-hat-manufacturer  
S. Grovenor, Wood-street, silk-hat-manufacturer  
J. Hutchison, Liverpool, merchant  
M. Whitaker, Esholt, worsted-stuff-manufacturer  
Berncastle, Nathan Solomon, and Solomon, Samuel, Brighton and Lewes, jewellers.

## BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month 82.]

*Solicitors' Names are in Parentheses.*

Ashton, J., Liverpool, wine-merchant. (Black-stock and Co., Temple  
Aschersleben, F. K., Austin-friars, merchant.  
(Hoppe, Sun-court  
Bell, J., Liverpool, master-mariner. (Norris and Co., John-street

- Bryan, T., Mincing-lane, wine-broker. (Jones, Princes-street)
- Bullock, J., Featherstone-street, ironmonger. (Sharpe and Co., Old Jewry)
- Burton, J., Nottingham, stone-mason. (Willett and Co., Essex-street; Fox, Nottingham)
- Bunn, C., Birmingham, gilt-toy-maker. (Austen and Co., Gray's-inn; Arnold and Co., Birmingham)
- Briarly, A., Kirton-in-Lindsey, innkeeper. (Browne, Mitre-chambers; Thorpe and Co., Kirton-in-Lindsey)
- Battersby, A., Liverpool, builder. (Smith, Chancery-lane; Bristow, Liverpool)
- Barrow, A., Kirkland, innkeeper. (Thompson, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Wilson, Kendal)
- Brattan, E., Northwich, upholsterer. (Roarke, Furnival's-inn; Barker and Son, Northwich)
- Baley, T., Giltspur-street, baker. (Hill, Aldermanbury)
- Bradley, G., Leeds, brass-founder. (Smith, Son, and Co., New-inn; Dunning, Leeds)
- Barnett, J., Carrickfergus, merchant. (Lowe, Southampton-buildings; Hurry, jun., Liverpool)
- Chase, J., Chiswell-street, apothecary. (Hindmarsh and Son, Cripplegate)
- Cleaver, S., Hungerford-market, cement-maker. (Brooks, Furnival's-inn)
- Cox, H., Sheffield, grocer. (Capes, Gray's inn; Copeland, Sheffield)
- Cunningham, J., Bristol, shopkeeper. (Evans and Co., Gray's-inn; Haberfield, Bristol)
- Comley, G., and G. Jones, and T. Hathaway, Uley, clothiers. (Tanner, New Basinghall-street)
- Chater, E., jun., Lambeth, coal-merchant. (Madox, Austin-friars)
- Clegg, B., Oldham, victualler. (Bower, Chancery-lane; Radley and Co., Oldham)
- Clark, J., Keynsham, basket-maker. (Ivimey, Harpur-street)
- Davies, R., Lisle-street, coal-merchant. (George, Doctors'-commons)
- Drake, G. P., Stepney-green, carpenter. (Williams, Cophal-court)
- Dry, T., Tottenham-court-road, linen-draper. (Sole, Aldermanbury)
- Drake, W. W., Snow-hill, feather-merchant. (Soames, Great Winchester-street)
- Edge, M., Stockport, shopkeeper. (Fyler, Temple; Hunt and Co., Stockport)
- Elliott, T., jun., Goswell-street, tool-maker. (Aston, Old Bond-street)
- Flacke, N. B., Lambeth, livery-stable-keeper. (Rogers, Manchester-buildings)
- Gregson, J. S., Manchester, bookseller. (Few and Co., Henrietta-street; Mousley and Co., Derby)
- Gillgrass, J., Morley, woollen-cloth-manufacturer. (Spence and Co., Size-lane; Schölefield and Co., Leeds)
- Gray, J., (late of Calais), Islington, banker. (Sharpe and Co., Old Jewry)
- Guyenette, F. J., and S. Geary, Liverpool-street, and S. Geary, Weston-street, builders. (Smith, Cannon-street)
- Gorton, T., jun., Pimlico, bookseller. (Druce and Sons, Billiter-square)
- Garnett, J., Shap, innkeeper. (Addison, Gray's-inn)
- Hedge, N., Colchester, jeweller. (Stephens and Co., London; Sparling, Colchester)
- Handley, W., Birmingham, saddler. (Norton and Co., Gray's-inn; Hawkins and Co., Birmingham)
- Jay, J., Broad-street, upholsterer. (Hamilton and Co., Berwick-street)
- Jarrett, J., and P. T. Tadman, Fenchurch-street, merchants. (Dicas, Basinghall-street)
- Johnson, C., Leeds, victualler. (Chell, Clement's-inn; Bean, Leeds)
- Kay, W., Ripon, saddler. (Lawrence, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Wyche, Ripon)
- Keymer, T., Colchester, woollen-draper. (Big-nold and Co., Bridge-street; Serjeant and Co., Colchester)
- Kerfoot, R., Manchester, builder. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Morris, Wigan)
- Lanza, G., St. Pancras, publisher of music. (Duncan, Lincoln's-inn-fields)
- Lloyd, J., Peckham-Rye, victualler. (Murphy, Royal Exchange)
- Liddell, J., Kensington, merchant. (Shephard and Co., Cloak-lane)
- Marsden, G. B., and T. Mather, Manchester, upholsterers. (Bossor and Son, Gray's-inn place; Warren, Market-Drayton)
- Moore, G. C., Blakeney, grocer. (King, Serjeant's-inn; Shadborn, Newnham)
- M'Ghie, Eliza, and Wakefield, Anne, Manchester, milliners. (Appleby and Co., Gray's-inn; Monk, Manchester)
- Mitchell, R., Crayford, farmer. (Young and Co., Blackman-street)
- Matarol, W. G., late of Pancras-lane, dealer and chapman. (Whiting, Southwark)
- Neve, A., Portsea, linen-draper. (Ivimey, Harpur-street; Low, Portsea)
- Powell, J. C., Chiswell-street, surgeon. (Hindmarsh and Son, Crescent)
- Parris, J. F., Maida Hill, brick-maker. (Davies, Devonshire-square)
- Paylor, W., Knaresborough, confectioner. (Blackstock and Co., Temple; Bardswell, Liverpool)
- Poole, T., Fore-street, linen draper. (Fisher, Walbrook)
- Parker, J., Oxford-street, linen-draper. (Jones, Size lane)
- Robottom, J., James-street, coffee-housekeeper. (Yates and Co., St. Mary Axe)
- Ridley, W., Wreckenton, miller. (Bell and Co., Bow church-yard; Dawson, Newcastle-upon-Tyne)
- Robson, E., South Shields, boat-builder. (Burn, Doctors'-commons; Bowas, Newcastle-upon-Tyne)
- Reed, R., Birmingham, gun-maker. (Alexander and Son, Carey-street; Lee and Co., Birmingham)
- Richards, T., Manchester, corn-merchant. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Wood, Manchester)
- Roeke, C. A., Tenbury, horse-dealer. (Williams, Gray's-inn-road)
- Skinner, W., Wilmington-square, apothecary &c. (Walker and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields)
- Shoyer, W., Westin-super-mare, grocer. (Brittan, Basinghall-street; Bevan and Co., Bristol)
- Symmons, G., Atherstone, bookseller. (Wright, Alie-street)
- Seruton, W., St. George's, East, victualler. (Marson, Newington, Surrey)
- Smith, J., Winchester, miller. (Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court; Lee, Winchester)
- Simons, H., Blackmore, grocer. (Clark and Co., Old Bailey)
- Smallbone, J., Titchborne-street, picture-dealer. (Lomat, Great Marylebone-street)
- Scott, J., Bread-street, shawl-warehouseman. (Wingfield and Co., Great Marlborough-street)
- Taylor, G., Manchester, steam-engine-manufacturer. (Norris and Co., John-street; Raymer and Co., Manchester)
- Tomlinson, J. H., Halsted, money-scrivener. (Wiglesworth and Co., Gray's-inn; Wyche, Ripon)
- Turner, F. G., Bermondsey, leather-seller. (Wilkinson and Co., Bucklersbury)
- Thomas, J., Abercane, grocer. (Poole and Co., Gray's-inn; Cornish and Son, Bristol)
- Taylor, J., jun., Halifax, dealer. (Addlington and Co., Bedford-row; Boardman, Bolton)
- Wilson, T., Manchester, commission-agent. (Appleby and Co., Gray's-inn; Monk, Manchester)
- Wright, L. W., London-road, engineer. (Rixon and Son, Jewry-street)
- Welford, J., Oxford-street, auctioneer. (Loaden, Great James-street)
- Woodrow, W., West Coker, draper. (Vizard and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Gregory and Co., Bristol)
- Worts, C., Wapping High-street, ship-chandler. (Clabon and Co., Mark-lane)
- Wilson, R., Bishopgate-street, woollen-draper. (Wild and Co., College-hill)



## ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. J. Swainson, to the perpetual Curacy of Walton-le-Dale, Lancashire.—Rev. W. F. Drake, to be Chaplain to Bishop of Norwich.—Rev. H. M. Wagner, and Rev. E. Everard, to be Chaplains to the King.—Rev. H. H. Dodd, to the Vicarage of Arlington, Sussex.—Rev. H. Moore, to the Vicarage of Willingdon, Sussex.—Rev. E. M. Hall, to the perpetual Curacy of Idle, York.—Rev. E. S. C. B. Cave, to the perpetual Curacy of St. Peter, Morley, York.—Rev. J. P. Vowles, to be Chaplain to Marquis of Northampton.—Rev. J. Griffith, to the Rectory of Llangynhafel, Denbigh.—Rev. W. M. Mayers, to a Stall in Cathedral Church of St. Patrick, Dublin.—

Rev. J. Darby, to the Rectory of Skenfretth, Monmouth.—Rev. C. Birch, to the Vicarage of Happisburgh, Norfolk.—Rev. G. R. Gray, to the Vicarage of Inkberrow, Worcester.—Rev. F. F. Clark, to the perpetual Curacy of Christ Church, Coseley, Stafford.—Rev. I. Hughes, to the perpetual Curacy of Llangynfelin, Cardigan.—Rev. A. Creighton, to the Vicarage of Stallingborough, Lincoln.—Rev. W. Robinson, to the perpetual Curacy of Wood Enderby, near Horncastle.—Rev. J. Hand, to the Rectory of Hansworth, York.—Rev. T. G. Mouldsdales, to the perpetual Curacy of Hope, Flint.

## CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

## CHRONOLOGY.

August 2. Parliament prorogued from September 14 to October 26, to be then held and to sit for the despatch of divers urgent and important affairs.

24. Meeting of the West India planters at City of London Tavern, Marquis of Chandos in the chair; the annual report of their committee was read and adopted.

25. This day Gen. Baudrand, on a special mission from the King of the French, had a private audience, to deliver letters to His Majesty; to which audience he was introduced by the Earl of Aberdeen, His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and conducted by Sir Robert Chester, Knt., Master of the ceremonies.—*Gazette*.

25. Revolution broke out in Belgium, when some of the ministers' houses were broken open, robbed, and set fire to.

Sept. 13. Extraordinary meeting of the Netherlands' States-General, convoked by the King at the Hague, "by the pressure of afflicting events."

14. Duke of Brunswick arrived at Dover, after a narrow escape he had made from the metropolis of his dominions, an insurrection having there taken place; his palace being burnt to the ground, and himself obliged to run away to save his life. No one was killed or wounded, nor any private property disturbed: the military refused to fire upon the people.

16. Sessions commenced at Old Bailey.

17. His Majesty signified his consent to become Patron of the Horticultural Society of London.

18. Sapwell, a convict condemned at the Old Bailey for the murder of Long, one of the police, executed at the Old Bailey.

22. News arrived of disturbances in the kingdom of Saxony; the burghers of Dresden rose, overpowered the military, plun-

dered the Town Hall, and destroyed all the public records, and the hotel of the minister, who fled. The King has abdicated and appointed his son Regent, and granted him the succession.

Sept. 24. Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 18 prisoners received sentence of death, and 117 of transportation at various periods.

— Prince Talleyrand, *ci-devant* Bishop of Autun, arrived as Ambassador from the King of the French.

## MARRIAGES.

T. H. S. Bucknall Estcourt, M. P., to Lucy Sarah, daughter of Admiral Sotherton, M. P., Notts.—Earl of Roscommon, to Charlotte, daughter of the late J. Talbot, esq., and niece of the Earl of Shrewsbury.—At Wortley, Hon. J. C. Talbot, third son of Earl Talbot, to Hon. Caroline Jane Stuart Wortley, daughter of Lord Wharncliffe.—Captain E. C. Fletcher, (1st L. G.), to Hon. Ellen Mary Shore, daughter of Lord Teignmouth.—E. Hopkins, esq., to Eliza Susannah, daughter of Vice-Admiral Giffard.—Sir Edward Blunt, bart., to Mary Frances, eldest daughter of Edward Blunt, esq., M. P.—Hon. J. St. Clair, eldest son of Lord St. Clair, to Miss Jane Little.—Lieut.-Col. J. P. St. Clair, to Susan, daughter of Sir T. Turton, bart.

## DEATHS.

Harriet Mary, Countess of Malmesbury, 70, mother of the present Earl of Malmesbury.—Mary, wife of Rev. Rowland Hill, 84.—Frances, the lady of Baron Ducie, daughter of Earl of Carnarvon.—Lady Robinson, wife of Rt. Hon. Sir Christopher Robinson.—Rear-Admiral Hunter, 98.—At Bath, Mr. N. T. Carrington, 53, late of Devonport, Author of "Dartmoor," "The Banks of Tamar," "My Native Village," and other Poems; he had lingered

four years in a consumption.—At Easton, Earl of Rochford, 77.—At Aldenham Abbey, Admiral Sir Charles Morrice Pole, bart.—In Portland-place, Lady Boston.—At Sacombe Park, Countess of Athlone.—In Regent's Park, J. Wilson, esq., late M. P. for city of York.—Lady Isabella Douglas, aunt to Earl of Selkirk.—Lady Augusta Mary de Grey, daughter of late Lord Walsingham.—Hon. Mrs. J. Stapleton, daughter of late Lord Southampton.—Right Hon. W. Huskisson, M. P., Liverpool.—Sophia, wife of Vice-Admiral Sir Henry Bayntun.

#### DEATHS ABROAD.

At Albano, near Rome, Sarah Emerson, wife of Lieut.-Col. Manley, of the Roman Dragoon Guards.—At St. Leu, near Paris, the Prince de Condé, 75, late Duc de

Bourbon, and father of the Duc d'Enghien, so basely murdered by the particular order of Napoleon Buonaparte, who had previously ordered his grave to be dug for his reception!!!—Count de Segur.—Duke Ferdinand of Anhalt Coethen.—At Naples, in perfect possession of every sense, Donna Rosario Pangallo, aged 132!!!—At Naples, General J. E. Acton, 92, brother to the late Sir J. Acton, bart., Prime Minister of that kingdom.—At Paris, Capt. Knight. This lamented gentleman, whose distinguished bravery in the late French Revolution obtained for him the thanks of Lafayette, and the appointment in the National Guard, which he lived so brief a time to enjoy, was a relative of T. A. Knight, esq., of Downton Castle. His exertions in the late glorious struggle are supposed to have hastened his death.—(*Worcester Herald.*)

#### MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

**NORTHUMBERLAND.**—At the latter end of last week, an inquest was held at Morpeth, on the body of an Italian named Baptiste Bernard, one of the attendants on the elephant now performing at the theatre-royal here. This man, in a state of intoxication, three years ago, stabbed the trunk of the noble beast with a pitchfork, and otherwise ill-used her, and there has never been any cordiality between them since; she always regarded him with cross looks, but had never a fair opportunity of taking her revenge until they passed through Morpeth, when he happening to be alone with her, she grasped him round the waist with her trunk, broke his ribs, and crushed him so much that he vomited blood, and died two days afterwards. The verdict was accidental death, with a deodand of 5s. Having gratified her long cherished revenge, she appears to have resumed her good temper.—*Newcastle Courant*, Sept. 4.

A meeting was lately held at Newcastle in the Guildhall (presided by the mayor), "to attest the sympathy of Englishmen with the cause of liberty in France," when resolutions were unanimously passed to that effect, one of them stating, "the French people deserve the gratitude of all Europe, and of this country in particular."—(A similar meeting was also lately held a little farther north (Glasgow, presided by the Lord Provost) to the same effect; at the termination of which four huzzas were given for the French cause, and three for King William!)

**LANCASHIRE.**—The opening of the Liverpool railway took place Sept. 15, and the number of persons congregated was immense. The Duke of Wellington, with the Austrian and Russian Ambassadors, and a long train of noble personages, assembled on the occasion in the respective

carriages, which were of every variety and form, amounting to 28, and affording accommodation to nearly 800 persons—forming a spectacle of an interest unparalleled, and calling forth sublime conceptions of the mind and energies of man. The ceremony passed off in the most complete manner until it was awfully signalized by the most distressing and singular catastrophe of the death of Mr. Huskisson, the celebrated and Right Hon. representative of Liverpool; who, in endeavouring to re-ascend the car, missed his footing and fell, and was ridden over by another car (the Rocket), which crushed his leg and thigh, and fractured them in so dreadful a manner as to cause his death in the course of the evening of the same day. This melancholy event threw a gloom over the whole of the intended rejoicings for this magnificent undertaking.

On Sunday, August 22, great indignation was created by the refusal of the Vicar of Dean, near Bolton-le-Moors, to bury a corpse—when the body was conveyed to the Independent Methodist's chapel, in Bolton, (a distance of two miles!) where it was interred, and the service performed by one of the "unpaid" ministers of that body!!!—About 1000 people were assembled!—A riot was expected, but all was very peaceable; a county magistrate (Capt. Kerdy) however, remained on the ground the whole of the time!!!—*Lincoln and Stamford Mercury*, Sept. 3.

A meeting of the projectors of the Sheffield and Manchester Railway was held at Liverpool, Aug. 26, when a prospectus of the proposed undertaking was read, and a committee appointed for the purpose of taking the necessary measures for carrying the object of the meeting into effect. The prospectus has since been made public. Proposed capital £600,000, in £100 shares.



At the Summer Assizes held at Lancaster, 18 prisoners were recorded for death; 4 were transported, and 20 imprisoned for various periods.

A grand dinner has been given at Manchester by the principal inhabitants in honour of the Duke of Wellington, as "victor of Waterloo." His Grace was attended by Earl Wilton, who regretted that public opinion was moving with rapid strides in a course which he dreaded to think of; there was not that hereditary affection for the aristocracy, and of loyalty and affection to the throne, there used to be!!!

**YORKSHIRE.**—The new church of St. Peter's, Morley, has recently been consecrated; it is built in the gothic style of the thirteenth century, and contains accommodation for 1000 sittings, 478 of which are free seats. The villages on the occasion evinced a lively interest; for, previous to its opening, they had to go a distance of five miles to attend church!—The Holy Trinity church at Idle has also been consecrated; it is a substantial and neat structure, built in the early gothic style of architecture, with pointed windows. It stands on a hill which commands a beautiful view for some miles along the vale of the Aire, and contains accommodation for 1020 persons, of which 360 are free, and underneath the church is a number of vaults or catacombs for burying places. The new churches at Paddock, Golcar Lindley, Lockwood, Netherthong, and South Crosland have likewise been consecrated, and have a similar proportion of sittings.

In clearing away the rubbish from the interior of the organ screen at York Minster, the workmen came to the foundation of the walls of an ancient choir. These walls are 6 feet 8 inches thick, and run from east to west, passing the pillars of the lantern tower; a portion of them have been cut away to admit the bases of those pillars. They are composed of rough granite and coarse sand-stone. More of the walls have been discovered, tending eastward; they have been traced to a considerable distance, and have been found to return in a cross or transept form to the north and south. The returns are of perfect ashlar, and adorned with bases, columns, and capitals, of the Norman style of architecture.

**NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.**—By the recent report of the governors and subscribers to the Northampton General Infirmary, it appears that 83,640 persons have been cured, and 3,928 relieved, since the foundation of this county hospital.

**WORCESTERSHIRE.**—A most disgraceful riot took place at Kidderminster, Aug. 24, occasioned by the interference of the "Society of Workmen" on the pretence of regulations for higher wages. Several houses were attacked and the windows destroyed, and property carried away

to a very considerable amount. Troops were sent for to Birmingham, and luckily arriving the next morning at six o'clock, patrolled the streets, and prevented any further outrages, but the shops were kept shut, and scarcely any business was transacted. In the afternoon a meeting of the most respectable inhabitants was convened by the magistrates, at the Guildhall, when a resolution was passed, that an application be made to the Secretary of State for a *permanent* military force to preserve the peace of the town. Several of the rioters have been committed to prison.

The fifth show of the Worcester Horticultural Society for the present year, took place this day at the Town Hall, and was fully and fashionably attended. There was a splendid display of flowers, particularly Dahlias; and the exhibition of fruit was unusually fine and abundant.—*Worcester Herald*, Sept. 11.

The collection at the doors of Worcester Cathedral at the recent music-meeting, amounted to £1005. 13s. 6d., independent of the receipts by tickets at the concerts.

**WARWICKSHIRE.**—At the last Warwick Sessions, there were 120 prisoners for trial; 62 were under 21 years of age! The chairman declared his conviction that the means hitherto adopted for checking the growth of crime—particularly in populous manufacturing towns—have been quite ineffectual. The amelioration and simplification of the criminal law—the classification of prisoners in gaol, and the due apportionment of punishment—the improved system of police—the boasted enlightenment of the age—and the almost universal diffusion of education—all seemed unequal to stem the swelling torrent of juvenile criminality!!!

At a meeting at the Royal Hotel on Thursday last, composed almost exclusively of members of the "Political Union," an Address was voted to the King, which was directed to be signed by Mr. Thomas Attwood, the chairman, "in the name and on behalf of the inhabitants"—so says the resolution. A vote of censure was passed upon the high bailiff for refusing to convene the meeting.—*Birmingham Gaz.*, Sept. 20.

**HANTS.**—The inhabitants of Brading, (Isle of Wight) supported by a number of respectable friends from other parts of the island, have recently celebrated the late momentous achievement in France. After dinner the health of William IV. was first proposed, and followed by that of Queen Adelaide, both of which toasts were preceded by ardent and sincere expressions. Philippe the First, King of the French, was next given, upon which occasion the chairman, after adverting to the general object of their association, dilated with emphatic force and eloquence upon the unparalleled triumph of personal patriotism, private valour, and public virtue, which the heroic population of Paris had recently displayed

in subduing the machinations and violence of bigotry and unrelenting despotism. Tricoloured flags waved from the windows of the tavern, and every one present ornamented himself with a cockade.

**LINCOLNSHIRE.**—By the 41st annual Report of the Horncastle Public Dispensary, it appears that the total number of patients admitted since its opening to Sept. 29, 1830, amounts to 13,073; and that last year there were 509. Of course the expenses have been heavy to do so much good; and, in order to extend its benefits farther, the friends to this benevolent institution solicit contributions for its aid and support.

**SUSSEX.**—The inhabitants of Brighton, in honour of the King's arrival for residing there, regaled 3,950 children belonging to that town with a good dinner of roast beef and plum pudding, and other etceteras. The King, Queen, and part of the Royal Family, assisted on the occasion.—Such an interesting scene is worth more than choirs of *Te Deums*, sung after a sanguinary battle for destroying mankind, or, what was called, a glorious victory!!

**CHESHIRE.**—These assizes commenced Aug. 30, before the Hon. Thomas Jervis, who came this circuit for the last time in the capacity of Justice of Chester. The grand jury addressed him on the occasion, and Lord Belgrave, being foreman, read the address, which complimented him for the steadiness and impartiality which had guided his conduct in the administration of the civil and criminal judicature of the county. Mr. Justice Jervis was evidently much affected by this flattering testimonial, and returned thanks with considerable emotion.—Thirteen prisoners were recorded for death, 3 were transported, and a few imprisoned.

**GLOUCESTERSHIRE.**—At these assizes Mr. Justice Bosanquet thus addressed the grand jury:—"There is one circumstance which I must remark with considerable satisfaction; and that is, that the number of very young offenders is less than I have observed formerly; and I am happy to say, that I have remarked the same circumstance at other places during this circuit. In some counties it is the practice to mark upon the Calendar how many of the different prisoners have been taught to read and write; and that enables one to form some judgment of the moral effect and influence of education. That practice, therefore, appears to me to be a very useful one. I have not the same means of forming a judgment now; but being very fully convinced that the best and most effectual check to the increase of crime, is the education of the poor in the principles of morality and religion, I hope and trust, that all those who have hitherto contributed either their personal exertions or their pecuniary assistance towards that most laudable object, will con-

tinue their utmost endeavours with a view to improving the condition of the poor, which I am sure must redound to the benefit of the public in the prevention of crime."—Twenty-six prisoners were recorded for death; 8 were transported, and 18 were imprisoned for various periods.

The county expenses last year amounted to £18,000—nearly £4000 of which were for county bridges, sundries, &c.—the rest for jails, bridewells, and law contingencies.

**MONMOUTHSHIRE.**—Mr. Justice Park, at these assizes, complimented the Grand Jury on the very admirable accommodation they had provided for the administration of justice, remarking, "That as nothing is of so much importance to society as the due administration of justice; so, to render it effectual, it is necessary to provide proper accommodation for the Judges, the Members of the legal profession, and the Public. That has been done, so that the public are in a situation in which they can now see and hear the proceedings according to the constitution of the country."

The Calendar exhibited a list of 18 prisoners, who were disposed of as follows, viz. judgment of death was recorded against two, two were sentenced to transportation for seven years, six to be imprisoned, six were acquitted, and against two no bills were found.

**DEVONSHIRE.**—On the occasion of the Anniversary (Aug. 31) of the Foundation of the Devon and Exeter Hospital, the Archdeacon (who preached at the Cathedral on the occasion), said: "Among all the institutions which we possess, there is none more successful than the ancient corporation whose cause we are now assembled to celebrate—the Devon and Exeter Hospital. It has, indeed, during the space of 89 years in which it has been established in this country, been most bountifully supported, and it has amply recompensed that support by relieving the afflicted. Since its commencement no less than 93,000 persons have partaken of the benefits of this institution, and of these the far greater portion have been sufferers under acute disorders, and most of them relieved. Last year there were 1,400 patients, of whom nearly 1000 were inmates of the house."

**BUCKS.**—A meeting of the manufacturers of this county, Northampton, and Bedford, and others interested in the Pillow Lace trade, has been held at Stony Stratford, when it was resolved to petition Her Majesty to patronize and introduce the use of Pillow Lace. The petition has been since presented to the Queen by the Duke of Buckingham; and their Majesties have promised "to pay every attention in their power to the interests of so large a portion of the industrious population of this country." The petition stated that 150,000 persons are dependent on this trade for



their daily bread ; and that their earnings have lately dreadfully failed, and reduced them to seek parochial aid, owing to Pillow Lace not being worn by the nobility, and having become unfashionable.

**OXFORDSHIRE.**—Many very serious acts of riot and devastation having during the last week taken place on the Otmoor enclosures, the magistrates came to the resolution of calling in a military force to the aid of the civil power, and on Saturday a detachment of Yeomanry Cavalry marched into Islip. On Sunday, appearances becoming alarming, application was made by the civil authorities for a reinforcement, and a considerable body of the same regiment was marched during the day to that neighbourhood. The same night the whole force, commanded by Lord Churchill, and under the orders of the High Sheriff, accompanied by some of the neighbouring magistrates, patrolled Otmoor till daylight. A few hours later, reports were received that a large assemblage of people were actually engaged in destroying the fences, &c. The regiment was immediately marched to the spot ; and the Riot Act having been read, they succeeded in capturing a considerable number of the rioters, who were sent off to Oxford by the magistrates, under an escort of yeomanry, but were rescued by a desperate attack of the mob on their way to the castle. Some of them who had escaped have been since recaptured, and tranquillity has been established.—*Oxford Paper*, Sept. 11.

**SCOTLAND.**—In the weaving trade work is very plentiful, and the looms are generally taken up ; but in no former period were the prices ever known to continue so long in such a depressed state. Coloured work of all sorts, much of which is for the home-market, predominates now over all others, and is the only branch in the trade in which there may be said to be much life. —When compared with the October prices of 1827, the rate of paying is found to have suffered a large reduction ; and a very slight glance at the prices shews evidently the tremendous effort necessary to earn even a bare subsistence. The most expert tradesman in the prime of life will scarce exceed on an average 10s. a week ; and even then, from morning till night, he must be almost as constant and durable as the machine he has to compete with. From that downwards to half-a-crown a week may be stated as the usual run of weavers' wages ; and the average, after deducting loom-rent and other items, may fairly be struck at 5s. a week. Within these three months, coloured work has risen from eight to ten per cent., while in the light way there has been no advance. A number of the light weavers have for some time been making their own work in preference to taking out work from the regular warehouses, and after purchas-

ing materials at a poor market, are making better prices.—*Glasgow Chronicle*.

**IRELAND.**—A meeting has been recently held in Dublin for congratulating the citizens of Paris on the late Revolution, when several resolutions were entered into for that purpose ; the Earl of Westmeath was in the chair.

The elections have terminated. There has been more change in the representatives than has occurred at any election since the union. In Leinster, which returns 32 members, there are 12 new men. Munster returns 20 members, of whom 6 are strangers. Connaught returns 12 representatives, amongst whom 4 are new. Ulster, 26, including 10 new members. There are, therefore, 32 new members — more than one-third of the entire. The new members, generally speaking, are ultra-Liberals, or ultra-Tories. Eight Catholics have been returned for counties, and one for the city of Cork. Among them the most singular was the return of Mr. Wyse for Tipperary. The old candidates had been both advocates of Emancipation, and Mr. Hutchinson is the representative and heir to the titles of the late Lord Donoughmore, who for 20 years almost was chosen by the Catholics of Ireland to present their petitions to the House of Lords. Yet has he been thrown out, though his uncle, the present Earl, holds large possessions in the county, is a man of immense wealth, and very liberal politics. It was not so much against the late member the constituents pointed their hostility, as against the aristocracy and squirearchy of the county by whom he was supported : the people being resolved to make them feel their importance ; in short, a revolution is going on in Ireland—silently but surely. The upper ranks are losing their influence rapidly. The democracy having learned the secret of their strength, are resolved to profit by the knowledge they have acquired, and to meet at the next election the aristocracy foot to foot. As to the absentees, their influence is entirely gone. — At Antrim, when the burgesses were about to leave the room, three cheers were vociferously given for the French Revolution !!!

O'Connell has commenced a Series of Letters to the People of Ireland, the purpose of which is the Repeal of the Union ; Roman Catholic Emancipation being, in his estimation, only a preliminary measure to the objects contemplated by him and his associated spirits ! “ In the history of mankind,” he says, “ there seldom has been exhibited such a pure, fearless, disinterested, and animated spirit of patriotism, as has shone forth in Ireland of late years, and in particular during the late elections .... I do affirm, that the conduct of the Irish electors exceeds in patriotism that of the French, considering that they (the French !) had the protection of the ballot !”







*Her Majesty Maria Amelia, Consort of*  
**LOUIS PHILIPPE,**  
*King of the French.*  
*Engraved by DEAN from a Painting by F. GERARD.*

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ENGLAND AND EUROPE IN OCTOBER 1830.

THOSE who conceived that the close of the French war was the close of the convulsions of Europe, were false prophets. That war closed nothing but the career of Napoleon—a mighty man, and a ferocious master of power ; but only a man after all, and perishing by the common course of all conquerors and kings. The impulses of nations are of a higher birth ; they continue long after their apparent authors have passed away ; and Europe will have yet to feel through all her depths, and for many a year, the blows given to her solid frame by the French Revolution.

The first session of the British Parliament will have opened while these observations are passing through the press ; and its deliberations will be probably among the most interesting and characteristic that have occurred since the war. The Duke of Wellington will grasp power with all the activity and keenness of his ambition ; and the struggle will be between him and the new generation whom the people have returned on exclusively popular principles. In commanding the whole enormous patronage of Government, he commands a political strength with which no party can compete on the old terms of party ; while the contest lay between Whig and Tory, both dubious of their success, and both wavering in their original creed, the Minister was sure to be triumphant. With place open for the reception of every fugitive, he must have found his ranks recruited with all that could be faithful in party duplicity, and active in zeal that laboured for its hire. No man knows better that in the Commissariat lies the strength of the army, and that the well-fed always have fortune on their side. Opposition starving in its trenches, must soon have been thinned of every man who preferred good quarters to barren Quixotism ; and excepting a few leaders, who dared not go over, through mere shame, or had been too keenly lacerated to be able to suppress their recollections, the Minister must have had, in a short period, the whole muster-roll of the enemy.

But he has now to contend with adversaries of another species. A new class and character of hostility is starting up in his front ; and the question will be brought to decision, not between the obsolete and for-



mal parties of the House, but between the Treasury Bench and the delegates of the people—that people itself assuming a new character, and commissioning its representatives to Parliament with a voice of authority, and a jealous and rigid determination to see that their duty is done, unexampled in British history.

This spirit we applaud. To this spirit we look for the support of the liberties, the invaluable liberties of England; and by this spirit alone will the decaying vitality of the Constitution be restored. We are well known to be no Republicans, to see nothing good in the changes wrought by popular passion, by the vulgar artifice of vulgar haranguers, by the itinerant inflammation of beggar patriotism. But we see in this public feeling no republicanism, no appeal to the atheist, to the democrat, to the baseness of the plunderer, or the fury of the assassin. We see in it but the natural expression of honourable minds, disdaining to look upon injustice and extortion, however sanctioned by time; sick of the venality of public men; insulted by the open spoil which the sinecurist commits upon the honest gains of society; doubtful of the necessity of that strangling burthen of taxes which makes industry as poor as idleness; more than doubtful of their appropriation; and utterly shrinking from the view of their fatal effect on the freedom of England. With the extravagance of political mountebanks we have no connection. But not the wild hater of all government, nor the sullen conspirator against the peace of mankind, are the appellants here; but the father of the industrious family, the man of secluded piety, the man of accomplished literature, the man of genius, honesty, and virtue, are those who now feel themselves compelled to come from their willing obscurity into the front rank of public care, to raise up their voices till now never heard beyond the study or the fireside, and demand that the British Parliament shall at last throw off its fetters, scorn the indolence, meanness, and venality of party, and know no impulse but its duty, no patronage but that of public gratitude, and no party but its country. Those feelings are so just, that they have become universal, and so universal, that they have become irresistible. The minister must yield to them, or he instantly descends from his power. But from that power he will not descend, while it is to be secured by the most eager retention, or even by the most signal sacrifices. It is now announced, that, unable to oppose the current, he will suffer himself to be borne along it. So much the better. Every sacrifice wrested from his ambition, or rendered up as the price of his safety, will be so much gained. The nation will be made strong as the power of purchase is made weak; and the candidates for public distinction will be compelled at last to discover, that the most prudent choice, not less than the most manly, generous, and principled, is to side with the country.

It is rumoured that the Premier intends to propose, among his earliest measures, the extension of suffrage to Manchester, Birmingham, and other of the great towns. So far has been long demanded, and it will be wise in him to concede. But the rights of representation are but a barren victory. If Manchester returned fifty members instead of two, it would not extinguish the sinecures, clear the government of obnoxious patronage, destroy, down to the roots, the whole boroughmongering system; rend away every superfluous expense of the public service; reduce the enormous salaries of the ministers, the household, the feeders on the civil list; expunge the annuities to ministerial aunts, cousins,

and connections of more dubious kinds, on the pension list; and thus, by disburthening the nation of unnecessary taxes, enable the Englishman to live by the labour of his hands. If these things may be done by the change in the elective franchise of the manufacturing towns, it will be only by a circuitous process. But England has no time to wait. What must be done at last, cannot be done too speedily. The truth is, that the nation is disgusted with the insolent extravagance of the public expenditure. It hears on all hands the most zealous declarations of economy, diminution of salaries, and withdrawal of taxes;—but it finds itself practically unrelieved of a single tax. It sees a Chancellor of the Exchequer start up, and sweep away an impost; yet by some unaccountable fatality, it never feels that it is a shilling the richer. The tax-gatherer makes his appearance armed with increasing demands; the necessities of life increase in price as they decrease in excellence; every thing that man eats, drinks, or wears, loads him with an additional tax; and in spite of the oratorical economy of the government, he is poorer every day that he rises from his pillow.

There must be something wrong where industry cannot make a man rich, nor prudence keep him so; and this wrong the Representatives of the British people must set right, or the people will have formidable reason to complain. The public expenditure *must* be diminished. Vigorous and honest economy *must* supersede the kind of economy that leaves the nation poor; and public men, whether soldiers or civilians, must learn that lucre is not to be the sole stimulant of the Official mind.

But, to come to detail. Sir James Graham has stated, in the hearing of the House, and the country, that one hundred and fifteen of the Privy Council live on the public money: and they have no great reason to complain of the penury of their treatment, for the aggregate sum is upwards of £600,000! This must be inquired into, in all its bearings. We must hear no more of the defence of hereditary sinecures. No man has a right to receive public money without public work; and the simple ground of having an ancestor in the way to commit a public plunder, and availing himself of his opportunity, must not stop the course of justice. The sinecures must go. Many of those are in the law courts, and act as encumbrances on the course of justice, by increasing the expenses of every step in obtaining it. The sinecure clerkships held by noble lords, the prothonotaryships; the Pells, the hundred other unintelligible titles for pensioning individuals who know no more of the duty than the man in the moon, must be abolished.

Doctors' Commons will make a fine subject for revision; the heavy sinecures of the Prerogative Courts, the registrarships, the notaryships—will richly reward investigation. We must demand some account of that £10,000 a year which was claimed by the late primate. The sinecures of all kinds must go.

Then come the extravagancies of actual office. Sir James Graham must look to the public boards. Why should each have half-a-dozen commissioners at enormous salaries, when a couple actually do all the duty? Why are we to have a dozen boards, all inflicting so heavy an expense? Next, why is a secretary of state to receive the inordinate salary of six thousand pounds a year? Is the rank nothing, the honour of the office nothing, the actual power nothing, the opportunity of being a benefactor to one's country and mankind nothing, unless it can be recompensed with a salary that would maintain a hundred families of



the English yeomanry? Three such salaries as Sir Robert Peel enjoys at this day, would relieve the parish of St. Giles of poor-rates. Let it not then be said, that the extinction of those salaries would make no saving. The salaries of the ten men who sit ciphers round his Grace of Wellington's cabinet-table, would pay the poor-rates of Marylebone twice over. Would this be no relief to the people, or would it not be instantaneously felt by the people? We must see the salary system altogether revised, and cut down Sir Robert to the stinted allowance of his own twenty thousand a year.

Next come the public branches of service. The enormous multitude of the standing army ought to have been reduced long since. England's true force is the Navy. An army is more unnecessary to her than to any country on the globe.

The only ground for maintaining any army is defence. But what enemy could invade England, without her having notice in full time for the amplest preparation? Fleets must be gathered, flotillas must be formed, sea-fights must be fought, months and years must be passed, before, by mere possibility, an enemy's soldier could set foot upon her shore. Yet what is the sum which we are at this moment paying for a standing army? Seven millions of pounds sterling a year! and this overwhelming sum we have been paying for fifteen years of the most profound peace; with the Crown every Session declaring the most perfect harmony among European sovereigns! We have thus paid one hundred millions of pounds sterling for parade.

If we are to be answered, "Oh, all this is gone by; 'tis true we were fools for keeping up this enormous waste of men and money during fifteen years of peace; yet we now cannot help ourselves, for the whole world seems to be thinking of war, and England must have an army ready."

To this the obvious reply is, that England's true force is her Navy; that if there shall arise any necessity for her sending an army to the Continent—the very last thing that can be required—she will always have time to raise one; that six months will be enough at any time: and that the saving of their present expense for any six months before, would give the nation three millions of pounds in hand to raise them, and that the saving for a year would give us seven millions, which would raise and equip an army of *five hundred thousand men*! It is to be further remembered, that England *cannot* be taken by surprise while she has the Sea round her. However, we will allow that one necessity for a standing army exists now, which did not exist two years ago; Ireland is the name that solves the riddle. Ireland is in a state which will yet require twice the standing army of England. Ireland is in that happy condition which every one predicted, but his Majesty's ministers, and for which we have to thank the "healing measure" of his Majesty's ministers. But of this more anon. We cannot *now* reduce the army. Ireland wants it; and the Horse Guards' administration, glorious in their staff, their epaulettes, their feathers, and their forage-money, will still have something heroic to do.

Now, to give the Englishman some idea of what he has to meet in the shape of the tax-gatherer, we shall give him a list of the national expenses for a single year.

The Budget of last Session thus gives the account from the 5th of April, 1829, to the 5th of April, 1830:—

Army .....	£7,769,178
Navy.....	5,878,794
Ordnance.....	1,728,908
Miscellaneous.....	2,067,973
Civil List .....	2,200,000 !
Naval and Military Pensions .....	585,740

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£20,230,593

Such are what may be called the government expenses of the country, of which those for the Navy are the only ones which the nation is content to pay. The naval and military pensions are, of course, included as matters of actual debt and duty. But what is to be said of a Civil List of two millions two hundred thousand pounds sterling? Of this only 30,000*l.* goes to the Judges, and all the rest, enormous as it is, goes in salaries to Ambassadors, who are little better than bloated sinecurists, at from two to 12,000*l.* a year down ; to Officers of the Household, of whose use we must beg leave to doubt, until we shall know what is the use of Lord Maryborough riding about in green and gold, with a salary of 3,000*l.* a year and a fine house, for his trouble in galloping after the king's dogs ; or what is the use of the equerries, gentlemen of the bed-chamber, lords in waiting, grooms of the stole, gold keys, white rods, and all the trumpery of the palace. Yet for those fine things, is yearly tost to the winds a million and a half of money. On the lace and coxcombrty of those silly and slavish people goes in a year as much money as would build three bridges over the Thames, or dig a canal from London to Portsmouth. Let Sir James Graham look to this. He will find the Civil List an incomparable field for the exercise of his patriotic labours.

As to the King's personal expenditure no man in this country will desire to see him curtailed of a single shilling that can make him happier, fitter to exercise the duties of his high station, or more able to enjoy his sovereignty. We desire to see the King what a King of England should be—opulent, splendid, and on a par with any sovereign living. But the Civil List has consumers who have nothing to do with the King or his comforts ; and to the Civil List we again invite the eye of every honest member of the first parliament of his Majesty William the Fourth.

The interest of the national debt must be paid. The nation is pledged to it by the bond of public faith, so that the matter admits of no question. No nation ever profited by an act of knavery ; and the attempt to sponge the debt would have the nature of both knavery and folly. It must be religiously paid. Yet the sum is terrible. The interest, *exclusive* of the Sinking Fund, is 27,053,000*l.* The interest on the Exchequer Bills is 850,000*l.* : the whole yearly sum of the government taxation amounting to the overwhelming sum of 48,133,593*l.* But to this must be added the enormous local taxation, and then we may well ask how an Englishman can live?

On a general view of English Finance, we find the statement as follows :

The national debt .....	£800,000,000
The (average) sinking-fund .....	2,300,000
The public taxation, amounting in the whole to about .....	50,000,000
The local taxation, <i>viz.</i> poor-rates, tythes, church-rates, highway-rates, county-rates, &c. ....	20,000,000



The whole annually amounting to—.....	£ 70,000,000
Of which Ireland, having no poor-rates, pays about.....	7,000,000
Scotland, having neither poor-rates nor tythes, pays about .....	7,000,000
England thus pays .....	56,000,000
which, among her twelve millions of people, is equal to five pounds a head.	

The taxation of America, estimating her population at twelve millions, is *nine shillings and three-pence* a head!!!

It is then in the government taxation and the local taxation that the reforms must be made. They amount to forty millions! The interest of the debt must be untouched; but on the two classes of taxation there can be no doubt that a vast reduction might be made. By reducing the enormous expenses of ambassadors, commissioners, public servants, sinecurists, &c., it is unquestionable that ten millions a year might be taken off the burthens of the country; of which a portion might be remitted at once, and the rest applied to the diminution of the national debt—thus permanently relieving the country of a weight which severely oppresses even the mighty strength of England.

Court financiers will pretend to doubt that we can be thus relieved. The Chancellor of the Exchequer would never recover from his astonishment if he were told that the operation was about to be tried. But it *must* be tried. If the unhappy tamperings which have excited the insolence of the popish demagogues only to more hazardous insolence, compel us to keep up an army to the war establishment in Ireland, yet much may be done on this side of the water. We must have a supervision of the pension-list, and of the salaries of the household; we must know the use of those *seventy* places which the Queen has to give away. We must be told the use of that troop of idle people who hang on the court employments; from Lord Chamberlain, and Master of the Horse, down to a private of the band of gentlemen pensioners, or of that well-fed regiment, of which George Colman, junior, is the banner-bearer. Every beef-eater of them all must be brought into inquiry. The whole court-lumber of the tribe who fill Windsor, Kew, Hampton-court, the Pavilion, and St. James's, with their sinecure importance, must shew, for what national purpose they draw the national money. For the King and Queen we have loyal respect. For the due decorums of Royalty we have every consideration. But we have yet to learn the national necessity of a Lord Steward, or a Master of the Robes, or a Master of the Buck-hounds, or any of the Maryborough generation, or a Ranger of this or that park, which means no more than a fine house and demesne, with a pension, besides, at the expense of the people.

We allow that none of these things may be new, but they may all be useless, and we who must pay for them have a perfect right to know why they are to be paid for? The time for those extravagancies is gone by. We honour the King as the head of the state, and we value him as an estimable and popular monarch; but the man who will do him the best service, and will give him a popularity, worth all the triumphal arches of Brighton, will divest his government of all frippery, strike away all the costly absurdities of the court, reduce the public expense within the bounds of actual utility, and give him the high honour of being a patriot as well as a king. The sinecures, the mock places, the undeserved pensions, the bed-chamber tribe, the noble rever-

sionaries—all must go ; and then an Englishman may be able to live in his country.

From England we glance at the sister country.—The Emerald Isle of the two grand pacificators, the Duke of Wellington, and Daniel O'Connell, by the grace of the Pope, chief nuncio of the Catholic empire in that fortunate and pacific realm. Must we repeat our predictions of the result of the virtuous measure which those two great statesmen generated between them in the month of April, 1829 ? The measure of Catholic Emancipation will conciliate the Papists, said the Duke.—It will not conciliate a man of them, said the Protestant, but it will turn petitioners into threateners, subjects into rebels, and Papists into the tyrants of Ireland.—It will satisfy all the Popish demands, said the Duke.—It will satisfy nothing, said the Protestant ; but it will stimulate every thing. It will tell the Papist that the more he asks the more he will get ; the more he riots, the more certain he is of bringing the country to his terms ; and the more he defies the wrath of the cabinet, or insults the feelings of the country, the more he may rely on carrying his favourite Repeal of the Union.—He will do nothing, said the Duke, but steal into Parliament, make a foolish speech once a session, and be forgotten. He will demand a Parliament for himself, said the Protestant, and he will have it ; he will rouse the Papist population into fury until you have no resource but violence. He will have a separate legislature, which will give him a separate kingdom.—He has pledged himself to respect the King and the Church, said the Duke. He will value his pledges just as if he had been in the cabinet of 1829, said the Protestant. He will overthrow the Church. He will extinguish the British connection. He will persecute the Protestant ; and when he has frightened every man of loyalty or fortune from the island, and cut asunder every bond of interest, affection, or patriotism, he will have his choice of an alliance with republican France or despotic Spain. And this result will not delay. Before two years are over you will see the beginning of the business, and the first demand will be the Repeal of the Union !

We were wondered at for saying this ; and now, in the first year after the sublime measure that was to reconcile every body, Ireland sees the summons to a Catholic Parliament—sees the proclamation of a Lord-Lieutenant declaring its meetings traitorous—a proclamation from the Popish leaders, calling for a general levy by the name of Volunteers, with their badges of the old time, when Ireland in arms boasted that she had terrified England into all kinds of concessions, and with the motto “ *Resurgam* ” on their caps. These are to be the Regenerators—these *resurrection-men* are to carry the measure ; by what means, we are in no doubt whatever. And at this moment Ireland is in the most likely condition of any spot on earth, except Belgium or Paris, to reap the benefit of the new school of volunteer legislation. *Nous verrons*. Now, to other lands.

France is convulsed with faction. The populace are masters ; the Legislature is a burlesque ; the King is a cipher. The mob, in their sovereign will, command the realm. The first fruits of the reign of peace are a levy of 110,000 soldiers. The National Guards are to be increased from one million to three. The ministry are quarrelling with each other. The parliament is unpopular. The generals are sending in their resignations. The priests are refusing to pray for the King. The English who made the chief revenue of the hotels and shops of Paris are flying the country. Trade of every kind is at a stand. Insolvency is making its rapid way through the manufactories and warehouses.



The bank is drawing in its discounts: and while night after night some levy of the mob threatens to throw the whole government into the Seine, and the National Guard are compelled to be under arms by 50,000 at a time, no man can tell at what moment there may not be an explosion which will wrap France in ruin.

Belgium has accomplished its separation from Holland: another triumph of the populace. Prince Frederic of Orange has been beaten at the head of an army, by waiters at taverns, hair-dressers, fiddlers, and tailors; and to make the matter worse, all of them Flemings besides. Neither the Dutch cannon nor the Dutch eloquence, could make the Burghers of Brussels give them any thing in return, but potsherds, pikes, quick lime, and showers of oil of vitriol from windows, roofs, and chimney-tops. The Dutch, after three days of this salutation, measured back their steps, and now the Prince of Orange is walking about the streets of Antwerp, "guarded only by the love of the citizens," who will, in all probability, soon send him back to his royal father, as an encumbrance to liberty.

Prussia is in terror. A squabble between four tailors, a week or two since, brought out the whole garrison of Berlin. The princes rode at the head of the troops through the streets, and the turbulent tailors were ordered to keep their hands from public quarrel in future. But the tailors *will* quarrel again; and before they have done, may provide the military monarch with a costume of the French republican pattern.

Austria is in terror. She is sending jailers to Italy by the hundred thousand. All her Italian fortresses, prisons, palaces, and galleys, every spot which can keep out an enemy, or keep in a subject, are undergoing a thorough repair. Her time will come. We shall see the Archdukes in arms, and the black eagle with fifty heads instead of two.

Russia is in terror. The Czar never sets foot in St. Petersburg, without recollecting his adventures in Moscow; rebellion is "scotched but not killed." Poland's memory is not extinguished yet. "Kosciusko" is still a watchword. But unless the Czar be grasped by his own courtiers as his father was, or be overwhelmed by a general rising of the troops, as his brother Alexander had so nearly been, he may be safer from immediate disturbance than any continental king. But he will have no objection to see the dogs of war let slip in Europe. Turkey is still before him: a fortnight's march would seat him in Constantinople. He would now find no messenger of Metternich to check his Cossacks; no brother of that patient Scot, Lord Aberdeen, to say to his cuirassiers, thus far shall ye go and no farther; no Frenchman to grimace him out of his conquest, and deprive the new Attila of the plunder, living and dead, of the Seraglio. These are stirring times. At this hour there is not a Sovereign of Europe, from the solemn Emperor of Austria, to the expatriated Duke of Brunswick, who is not in hourly dread of some formidable change in his diadem. One exception alone there is, and we say it in no flattery—the King of England! William the Fourth has done more to make the people interested about him than any King of Europe! From the day on which he ascended the throne, he had shewn so good-natured, and unsophisticated a wish to do every thing to please the nation, that he has perfectly succeeded; and let whatever change come, he is secure. His Queen is conducting herself like an English gentlewoman of the highest order; and both the royal persons may rely upon it, that they have taken the true way at once to do their duty, and to establish their throne!

## MY FIRST LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

THE old proverb says, "Once a man—twice a child." I have no objection to urge against the truth of the maxim—none to the sage Sancho who in his wisdom indited it; but I must frankly confess that, if this rule in mortal man's existence be invariable, some villain destiny has brought the two extremes (the two childhoods) of *my* particular life together, and I am afraid, intends to defraud me entirely of the middle term: for (shall I confess it?) I am at forty in some respects as great a child as I was at ten. Wordsworth has very truly said, after Dryden,\* that

"The child is father to the man;"

and it is only to be regretted that the child-father cannot keep the man his son under more subjection in his riper years. Indeed, it would be well for us if our pursuits as men were as innocent as our pursuits as children—our crimes would then be as venial, and their punishment as merciful.

I love childish shows—those "trivial, fond records"—and my Lord Mayor's Show usually finds me a gaping observer of the wonder of the 9th of November. But, out alas! if there is one honour more than another which illustrates the short-livedness of all honours, it is this preparatory pageant to a whole year of honour. There is something more or less melancholy in all grandeur, and more or less ridiculous in the most serious exhibition of it: if these sad deductions of sad experience are remarkable in one solemnity more than another, it is in "My Lord Mayor's Show." The whole design of the pageant is so incongruous, from the mixture of barbaric pomp (its men in armour) with modern refinement (its men in broad cloth)—so cheerless, from the season and its sure circumstances of fog, frost, or drenching rain, under one or more of which it yearly takes place, that, instead of being a gratification to the eye, or pleasing to our sense of the outward glory of public homage, it passes before us like the mockery and not the majesty of pomp, which should have somewhat of the poetry of pageantry, or else it is duller than a twice-told tale. Yet for this brief glory, good men, and therefore good citizens, have struggled "through evil report and good report," and having enjoyed it, have sat down contented for the rest of their lives. There are much worse ambitions; and it is well, perhaps, that this is so short-lived: the best governors of Rome were her consuls for a year.

My first "Lord Mayor's Show" occurred in that happy period of life, boyhood, when we are soonest "pleased with a feather." To be sure, a dense and thoroughly English fog, one "native and to the manner born,"—one of unadulterated Essex home-manufacture, did, both on its going forth and on its return, make "darkness visible," obscured the glories of the day, and, accompanied with a sleety sort of drizzle, rendered the paths of honour as slippery as the sledge at Schaffhausen. But what to me, then, were these accidental drawbacks upon the great occasion! True, I had seen what I went out to see as "through a glass darkly;" but that which I saw not, my imagination exhibited—all the rest was "leather and prunella." The obscured

\* "The priest continues what the nurse began,  
And thus the child imposes on the man."



glories of that day still "haunt me like a vision;" and I have assisted at no Lord Mayor's Show since, without an undefinable sense of something to be seen which I had somehow not seen.

I shall not soon forget that first illusion, which, if I had not studied the programme, I might now suspect I had not beheld with these eyes, but, in its stead, a gayer sort of funeral. Yet that foreknowing of the *dram. pers.* of that dullest of all the dolorous dramas represented on this stage, the world; that bitter fruit of knowledge, which I had intended as an olive of preparation to the wine of delight, did too well inform me that I had seen the veritable Lord Mayor's Show of November's sober seriousness, and not the Lord Mayor's pageant of my April imagination. It was an epoch in my life; for it was the first of its many deceits in which I was undeceived. The show of my preconceiving was indeed a sight to have seen; but I saw the real Simon Pure, and felt that all glory here is but "a naught, a thought, a pageant, and a dream." First impressions are last impressions.

It was, of course, a dull, dirty November day. The rains which at that season usually drench one half the world, leaving the other half parching with thirst, had first washed the city, and then left it one weltering kennel of mud. However, on the morning of the day big with the fate of Watson or of Staines (I forget which), the clouds contented themselves with a sleety sort of drizzle, a kind of confectionery rain, which, under pretence of powdering you all over with a sort of candy of ice, soaked your broadcloth through and through. At ten, the thick air, instead of melting into "thin air," grew "palpable to feeling as to sight:" it was sullenly stationary at eleven, and there was not the sixteenth of a hope that it would clear off. The "clink of hammers accomplishing the knights" (who needed it), and "closing their rivets up," gave note of preparation. In a few minutes more a foggy, half-suffocated cry was heard, "a wandering voice," from one end of Milk-street to the other—"They come! they come!" "Where? where?" was the response; and the glorious vision that I was to have seen passed unbeheld away, with all its banners, bannerets, bandy drummers, footmen, knights, coaches, carts, common-councilmen, tumbrels, and common stage-waggons, through an admiring mob, equally imperceptible. The darkness swallowed all.

Having by some mysterious instinct, with which nature, when she located that people of Britain called cockneys, on the northern shore of the Thames, must have abundantly gifted them, found their unseen way to Blackfriars, the Right Honourable and his retinue took water, and felt out their way by the piles standing along the shore, to Westminster, where landing "all well," the common-serjeant, with an instinct natural to a lawyer, *made* Westminster Hall, and led "the splendid annual" within its legal gates. Certain mummeries being gone through, as well as the official labours of a hearty refection, the "corporative capacity" of London paddled its way patiently from Westminster, clearing the small craft with a nautical skill never sufficiently to be wondered at and admired; and miraculously weathered Blackfriars-bridge, in total safety, thanks to the skill of the pilot at the helm of city-admiralty affairs, to whom the dark dangers of both shores were as familiar as posts and corners to a blind man.

Here the day, as if it relented in its spiteful intention of damping the general joy and the corporative glory, smiled a momentary smile;

and the fog dissipating, within the circumference of fifty yards, it was perceived that the brave pageant was again marshalled; and Solomon, in all his glory, for some moments seemed something less than Staines. It was but in mockery of the hopes of man; for ere the word "forward!" could be given, the Sun, who had been struggling in vain to get a glance into the city, all at once gave it up as hopeless, and retired to Thetis' lap, in the afternoon, instead of the evening.

And now all was "dark as Erebus, and black as night." Genius, what a gift is thine! Some more enlightened citizen, darkling without, but bright within, suggested the bare possibility of procuring a dozen or two of links, and like a gallant soldier adventuring with a forlorn hope, himself led the way to the nearest oilman's. The "ineffectual fire" was procured; and never was it more necessary, for thicker rolled the fog, dimmer and more dubious grew the way, and more and more like night became the day. "Forward!" was again the cry, and the procession moved through the mud and mob, in a manner truly moving.

And first came, beating out the way, to keep the press at peace, the city peace-officers, breaking it all the way they went. After these followed a number of matronly old gentlemen called bachelors, in blue gowns, and in woollen night-caps of blue and white, carrying themselves under the weight of years and beer with great difficulty, but their flagging banners with more. Three times the word to halt ran along the line; but these venerables were either so deaf that they did not hear the command, or hearing it, mistook its tenor, and thought it but superfluous idleness to bid those to halt who already halted. Next to these "most potent, grave, and reverend" seniors, came the under city-marshal on horseback—an attendant picking out the way for him. Then a band of musicians, when their asthmas would permit them, playing very pathetically (as if in mockery of those who could see nothing) "See, the conquering hero comes!" Two trumpeters now tried to rend the air, and between them a kettle-drum sounded, as if muffled, for both catgut and parchment had relaxed under the moist fingers of the morn, and their mimic thunder was now mute.

After these came a juvenile as an ancient herald, bare-headed; and then a standard-bearer, in half-armour, which was no doubt exceedingly sparkling and burnished in the morning, but now, like Satan, had lost its "original brightness," and looked "like glory for awhile obscured." Certain half-famished squires dogged his heels, their upper halves perspiring to parboiling under the warmth of flannel-lined armour, but their lower man sitting as cold in their saddles as Charles at Charing-cross. Next came an ancient knight in a suit of scale-armour, looking like an amphibious fish on horseback, and just as wet as one; and two other trumpeters, exploding something like the choke-damp of mines out of their trumpets, in "strains it was a misery to hear." And now, another knight, in the iron armour of King Harry, came toppling along, to shew the admiring age how much the strength of man was decreased since the days of sack and Shakspeare: for now he bent on this side, and now on the other, like a reed shaken by the wind. You might have thought him the most courteous of knights, and these deviations from the perpendicular but knightly recognitions of the damsels he would have tilted for, if need were, in the listed field. His



trumpeters tore the air to tatters about him, and he passed away, like the shadow of the strength and the youth of chivalry.

*Eureka ! eureka !* The crushing car of the Juggernaut of the show now rolled along, kneading the mud under its golden wheels. The mobility darted inquiring looks in at the open windows, which the mace-bearer and sword-bearer completely filled, and saw they could not see the Mayor for the mist, which enveloped him as with an extra civic garment. Up went a shout, however, that seemed to stagger the state-coach ; for it swaggered from the left to the right of Bridge-street, as if undecided on which side to spill its right-honourable contents : but the mace-bearer shifting his seat a little, she righted with a heavy lurch, as a broad-bottomed Dutch brig adjusts herself in a gale. Next came the retiring Mayor, some distance in the rear, and in much seeming hurry to overtake his successor, as if he felt he was too late even for the *late* Lord Mayor.

It was now no very easy task to tell an alderman's coach from his coal-waggon, save by the polite difference between the oaths of the driver of one and the other. The elder aldermen were, however, distinguishable by their asthmas, the younger by their sneezing. After these came the ominous-browed Recorder ; then the Sheriffs, brilliant and benighted ; then that love and loathing of good and bad apprentices—the kindly, veteran Chamberlain ; then the Remembrancer ; and the Foreign Ambassadors, wondering every one, save him of Holland, at the climate. Then the Judges, enveloped in wig and darkness ; and, after them, several understood persons of distinction, who could by no means be distinguished. By the time that the head and tail of the procession had wound round St. Paul's, like the serpent round the Laocoon, and had reached Cheapside, the last link was burnt out ; and the finery of the first footmen was as dingy and undiscernible as the fluttering rags of the merry bootless and shoeless boys who shouted before them, as if they would have drowned the clamour of Bow-bells with their “ most sweet voices.”

Such was “ my first Lord Mayor's Show,” and “ let it be the last : ” the undeceiving of all my imaginations of it I have not yet forgiven in the Lord Mayors' Shows of other years. The general impression that it was a melancholy sight, has ever since affected me ; and I am not singular in this feeling ; for an ingenious friend of mine, who has illustrated Burton's “ *Anatomy of Melancholy*,” among the other heads into which he divides that hydra-like volume, has one which he calls “ the Lord Mayor's Show Melancholy,” a mental phantasma, which visits his imagination yearly on the ninth of November, at which time he is impressed with the constant passing and repassing of a dim and half-perceivable show of much-supposed splendour, which gropes its way through the Bœotian fog and Stygian darkness ; and then turning about, *hey presto !* there repasses a long-continued line of mourning-coaches, as if to shew the serious vanity and ultimate end of all human splendour.

C. W.

## A CHAPTER ON EDITORS: BY THE LATE WILLIAM HAZLITT.

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“Our withers are unwrung.”

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EDITORS are (to use an approved Scotch phrase—for what that is Scotch is not approved?) a “sort of *tittle-tattle*”—difficult to deal with, dangerous to discuss. “A capital subject for an article, great scope, complete novelty, and ground never touched upon!” Very true; for what Editor would insert an article against himself? Certainly none that did not feel himself free from and superior to the common foibles of his tribe.\* What might, therefore, be taken for a satire in manuscript, turns to a compliment in print—the exception in this, as in other cases, proves the rule—an inference which we have endeavoured to express in our motto.

With one exception, then, Editors in general partake of the usual infirmity of human nature, and of persons placed in high and honorary situations. Like other individuals raised to authority, they are chosen to fill a certain post for qualities useful or ornamental to the *reading public*; but they soon fancy that the situation has been invented for their own honour and profit, and sink the use in the abuse. Kings are not the only servants of the public who imagine that they are the *state*. Editors are but men, and easily “lay the flattering unction to their souls” that they *are* the Magazine, the Newspaper, or the Review they conduct. They have got a little power in their hands, and they wish to employ that power (as all power is employed) to increase the sense of self-importance; they borrow a certain dignity from their situation as arbiters and judges of taste and elegance, and they are determined to keep it to the detriment of their employers and of every one else. They are dreadfully afraid there should be any thing behind the Editor’s chair, greater than the Editor’s chair. That is a scandal to be prevented at all risks. The publication they are entrusted with for the amusement and edification of the town, they convert, in theory and practice, into a stalking-horse of their own vanity, whims, and prejudices. They cannot write a whole work themselves, but they take care that the whole is such as they might have written: it is to have the Editor’s mark, like the broad R, on every page, or the N. N. at the Tuilleries; it is to bear the same image and superscription—every line is to be upon oath: nothing is to be differently conceived or better expressed than the Editor could have done it. The whole begins in vanity, and ends too often in dulness and insipidity.

It is utterly impossible to persuade an Editor that he is nobody. As Mr. Horne Tooke said, on his trial for a libel before Lord Kenyon, “There are two parties in this cause — myself and the jury; the judge and the crier of the court attend in their respective places:” so in every periodical miscellany, there are two essential parties—the writers and the public; the Editor and the printer’s-devil are merely the mechanical instruments to bring them together. There is a secret consciousness of this on the part of the Conductor of the Literary Diligence, that his place is one for shew and form rather than use; and as he cannot maintain his pretended superiority by what he

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\* We give insertion to this article, one of the posthumous papers of Mr. Hazlitt, to shew that we do not consider ourselves implicated in the abuses complained of; and that we have no right to any share of the indignation so whimsically lavished upon our fraternity.—Ed.



does himself, he thinks to arrive at the same end by hindering others from doing their best. The "dog-in-the-manger" principle comes into full play. If an article has nothing to recommend it, is one of no mark or likelihood, it goes in; there is no offence in it. If it is likely to strike, to draw attention, to make a noise, then every syllable is scanned, every objection is weighed: if grave, it is too grave; if witty, it is too witty. One way or other, it might be better; and while this nice point is pending, it gives place, as a matter of course, to something that there is no question about.

The responsibility, the delicacy, the nervous apprehension of the Editor, naturally increase with the probable effect and popularity of the contributions on which he has to pass judgment; and the nearer an effusion approaches to perfection, the more fatal is a single flaw, or its falling short of that superhuman standard by a hair's-breadth difference, to its final reception. If people are likely to ask, "Who wrote a certain paper in the last number of ———?" the Editor is bound, as a point of honour, to baulk that impertinent curiosity on the part of the public. He would have it understood that all the articles are equally good, and may be equally his own. If he inserts a paper of more than the allowed average merit, his next care is to spoil by revising it. The sting, with the honey, is sure to be left out. If there is any thing that pleased you in the writing, you look in vain for it in the proof. What might electrify the reader, startles the Editor. With a paternal regard for the interests of the public, he takes care that their tastes should not be pampered, and their expectations raised too high, by a succession of fine passages, of which it is impossible to continue a supply. He interposes between the town and their vicious appetite for the piquant and high-seasoned, as we forbid children to indulge in sweetmeats. The trite and superficial are always to be had *to order*, and present a beautiful uniformity of appearance. There is no unexpected relief, no unwelcome inequality of style, to disorder the nerves or perplex the understanding: the reader may read, and smile, and sleep, without meeting a single idea to break his repose!

Some Editors, moreover, have a way of altering the first paragraph: they have then exercised their privileges, and let you alone for the rest of the chapter. This is like paying "a pepper-corn rent," or making one's bow on entering a room: it is being let off cheap. Others add a pointless conclusion of their own: it is like signing their names to the article. Some have a passion for sticking in the word *however* at every opportunity, in order to impede the march of the style; and others are contented and take great pains (with Lindley Murray's Grammar lying open before them) to alter "if it *is*" into "if it *be*." An Editor abhors an ellipsis. If you fling your thoughts into continued passages, they set to work to cut them up into short paragraphs: if you make frequent breaks, they turn the tables on you that way, and throw the whole composition into masses. Any thing to preserve the form and appearance of power, to make the work their own by mental stratagem, to stamp it by some fiction of criticism with their personal identity, to enable them to run away with the credit, and look upon themselves as the master-spirits of the work and of the age! If there is any point they do not understand, they are sure to meddle with it, and mar the sense; for it piques their self-love, and they think they are bound *ex-officio* to know better than the writer. Thus they substitute (at a venture, and merely for the sake of altering) one epithet for another, when perhaps

the same word has occurred just before, and produces a cruel tautology, never considering the trouble you have taken to compare the context and vary the phraseology.

Editors have no misplaced confidence in the powers of their contributors: they think by the supposition they must be in the right from a single supercilious glance,—and you in the wrong, after poring over a subject for a month. There are Editors who, if you insert the name of a popular actor or artist, strike it out, and, in virtue of their authority, insert a favourite of their own,—as a dexterous attorney substitutes the name of a friend in a will. Some Editors will let you praise nobody; others will let you blame nobody. The first excites their jealousy of contemporary merit: the last excites their fears, and they do not like to make enemies. Some insist upon giving no opinion at all, and observe an *unarmed neutrality* as to all parties and persons;—it is no wonder the world think very little of them in return. Some Editors stand upon their characters for this; others for that. Some pique themselves upon being genteel and well-dressed; others on being moral and immaculate, and do not perceive that the public never trouble their heads about the matter. We only know one Editor who openly discards all regard to character and decency, and who thrives by the dissolution of partnership, if indeed the articles were ever drawn up. We shall not mention names, as we would not advertise a work that “ought to lie on no gentleman’s table.” Some Editors drink tea with a set of *blue stockings* and literary ladies: not a whisper, not a breath that might blow away those fine cobwebs of the brain—

“More subtle web Arachne cannot spin;  
Nor those fine threads which oft we woven see  
Of scorched dew, do not in the air more lightly flee!”

Others dine with Lords and Academicians—for God’s sake, take care what you say! Would you strip the Editor’s mantel-piece of the cards of invitation that adorn it to select parties for the next six months? An Editor takes a turn in St. James’s-street, and is congratulated by the successive literary or political groups on all he does *not* write; and when the mistake is found out, the true Simon Pure is dismissed. We have heard that it was well said by the proprietors of a leading journal, that he would take good care never to write a line in his own paper, as he had conflicting interests enough to manage, without adding literary jealousies to the number. On the other hand, a very good-natured and warm-hearted individual declared, “he would never have another man of talents for an Editor” (the Editor, in this case, is to the proprietor as the author to the Editor), “for he was tired of having their good things thrust in his teeth.” Some Editors are scrubs, mere drudges, newspaper-puffs: others are bullies or quacks: others are nothing at all—they have the name, and receive a salary for it! A literary sinecure is at once lucrative and highly respectable. At Lord’s-Ground there are some old hands that are famous for “*blocking out and staying in*.” it would seem that some of our literary veterans had taken a lesson from their youthful exercises at Harrow or Eton.

All this is bad enough; but the worst is, that Editors, besides their own failings, have *friends* who aggravate and take advantage of them. These self-styled friends are the night-shade and hemlock clinging to the work, preventing its growth and circulation, and dropping a



slumberous poison from its jaundiced leaves. They form a *cordon*, an opake mass round the Editor, and persuade him that they are the support, the prop, and pillar of his reputation. They get between him and the public, and shut out the light, and set aside common-sense. They pretend anxiety for the interest of some established organ of opinion, while all they want is to make it the organ of their dogmas, prejudices, or party. They want to be the Magazine or the Review—to wield that power covertly, to warp that influence to their own purposes. If they cannot do this, they care not if it sinks or swims. They pre-judge every question—fly-blow every writer who is not of their own set. A friend of theirs has three articles in the last number of ———; they strain every nerve and make pressing instances to throw a slur on a popular contribution by another hand, in order that he may write a fourth in the next number. The short articles which are read by the vulgar, are cut down to make room for the long ones, which are read by nobody but the writers and their friends. If an opinion is expressed contrary to the shibboleth of the party, it is represented as an outrage on decency and public opinion, when in truth the public are delighted with the candour and boldness displayed. They would convert a valuable and spirited journal into a dull pamphleteer, stuffed with their own lucubrations on certain heavy topics. The self-importance of these people is in proportion to their insignificance; and what they cannot do by an appeal to argument or sound policy, they effect by importunity and insinuation. They keep the Editor in continual alarm as to what will be said of him by the public, when in fact the public will think (in nine cases out of ten) just what he tells them.

These people create much of the mischief. An Editor should have no friends—his only prompter should be the number of copies of the work that sell. It is superfluous to strike off a large impression of a work for those few squeamish persons who prefer lead to tinsel. Principle and good manners are barriers that are, in our estimate, inviolable: the rest is open to popular suffrage, and is not to be pre-judged by a *côterie* with closed doors. Another difficulty lies here. An Editor should, in one sense, be a respectable man—a distinguished character; otherwise, he cannot lend his name and sanction to the work. The conductor of a periodical production which is to circulate widely and give the tone to taste and opinion, ought to be of high standing, should have connections with society, should belong to some literary institution, should be courted by the great, be run after by the obscure. But “here’s the rub”—that one so graced and gifted can neither have his time nor thoughts to himself. Our obligations are mutual; and those who owe much to others, become the slaves of their good opinion and good word. He who dines out loses his free agency. He may improve in politeness; he falls off in the pith and pungency of his style. A poem is dedicated to the son of the Muses:—can the critic do otherwise than praise it? A tragedy is brought out by a noble friend and patron:—the severe rules of the drama must yield in some measure to the amenities of private life. On the contrary, Mr. ——— is a garriteer—a person that nobody knows; his work has nothing but the *contents* to recommend it; it sinks into obscurity, or addresses itself to the *canaille*. An Editor, then, should be an abstraction—a being in the clouds—a mind without a body—reason without passion.—But where find such a one?

## ADVENTURES IN COLOMBIA—REPUBLICAN PERFDY.

THE day had been sultry ; but the oppressive heat began now to subside before the cool and refreshing sea-breeze, as it rippled the current of the Orinoco river, upon the wide and transparent surface of which was reflected the starry canopy above. Not a cloud dimmed the brightness of the firmament. On such a night all nature seemed invited to repose. Man, whilst contemplating its placid beauties, might forego the indulgence of every baneful passion, and even ambition enjoy a short respite from the fever of her restlessness.

Such at least were the thoughts of Edward Winton, as he gazed on the scene I have just described from a raised platform which overhung the river, and supported six *long-nines*, intended as a defensive battery to protect the town of San Tomas de Angostura, which rose with a gradual ascent immediately in its rear ; and as he rested his arm against one of the guns, his heart beat in unison with the calmness of the scene. He forgot for a moment all his worldly speculations, and the calculating merchant became absorbed in the reflective man.

Edward Winton was born at ———, in the west of England, of respectable parents. His father had amassed a handsome property by mercantile pursuits, and which (though possessed of ample means to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate*) he still continued to follow, with the sole intention of initiating his son into the mysteries of commerce. After acquiring a competent preparatory knowledge of pounds, shillings, and pence, from a pedagogue in his native town, young Edward was duly inducted into his father's counting-house, where his constant assiduity and laudable perseverance in accomplishing himself in the useful and profitable art of buying and selling, so endeared him to the old man's affections, that he fitted out a vessel with a valuable cargo for the Brazils, which, with letters of recommendation to one of the principal houses at Rio Janeiro, he presented to his son ; and thus young Ned, at the early age of fifteen, found himself a trader upon his own account. Neither did he deceive the confidence his father reposed in him, or swerve from his former conduct. He arrived, after a prosperous voyage, at the place of his destination, and by the aid of those to whom he had been addressed, disposed of his merchandize to considerable advantage. The encouragement which he felt at this first success induced him to settle at Rio Janeiro ; and he continued to receive, at stated intervals, large consignments from his father, by the help of which, and his own industry, he rapidly accumulated an independent fortune. Several years' residence added to his prosperity and renown ; and the wealthy Englishman was courted by the highest, and respected by all classes of the Brazilian people. His fame even reached the court, and the then reigning sovereign, Don John of Portugal, condescended to intimate his intention of favouring Mr. Winton with a visit at a villa which the latter possessed a few miles distant from the capital, and which had been fitted up in the true English style—splendour and comfort combined. Edward Winton would have willingly dispensed with the honour which the Portuguese monarch designed to pay him ; but there was no visible means of avoiding it, and he yielded to necessity, comforting himself with the anticipated satisfaction of displaying to royalty the magnificence of a British merchant. On the eve preceding the royal visit, he



departed for his country residence, in order to superintend the requisite preparations ; the next day, when the “ *Illustrissimo Senhor* ” and suite made their appearance, he stood at his door ready to receive and welcome them with all the genuine warmth of English hospitality.

It is to be regretted that an observance of the common rules of decorum prohibits me from relating how the monarch returned this hospitable reception. The subject is of too gross and degrading a nature to admit of even a hint at it. The world, therefore, must be spared the opportunity of seeing how far a creature appointed to preside over society, may forget what is due to it ; and how utterly low, vulgar, and despicable it is possible for a monarch to become. Perhaps, after all, such a violation of decency as that to which I allude—an act of the grossest indelicacy committed in the most sumptuous apartment of his entertainer—would fail to excite credibility, except in those to whom the dirty habits of Don John are known. I shall merely add, therefore, that scandal with her hundred tongues gave as many different versions of the occurrence ; and on Winton’s return to the metropolis, he found himself the butt at which ridicule aimed its shafts. He had not philosophy enough to join in a laugh at his own expense, but took it so much to heart that he neglected his commercial pursuits, and confined himself to the privacy of his own house. From this state of uneasiness he was relieved by a letter from England, acquainting him with his father’s illness, and advising his immediate return to that country. He embraced the excuse with avidity ; and having, with as little delay as possible, completed the necessary arrangements for his voyage, he bade a final adieu to a land which furnished him with many grateful and pleasing recollections, counterbalanced only by the reminiscence of one painful event.

He shortly after embarked for Jamaica ; here he became acquainted with Simon Bolivar, whom he assisted with considerable advances of money, and ultimately accompanied to the Spanish main ; and we find him now leaning upon a cannon, one hour after sunset, on a platform in front of the town of San Tomas de Angostura, enjoying the cool evening breeze, contemplating the majestic appearance of the Orinoco river, the grandeur of the surrounding scenery, and indulging in the reflection with which I first introduced him to the reader’s notice.

The political horizon of Venezuela at this period, wore a lowering aspect, and Edward Winton might have been excused for indulging reveries of a less pleasing nature ; he had thrown nearly his whole fortune into the scale, and the balance appeared to preponderate against him. The Spanish General Morillo had just proved victor in the battle of Calaboza, and Bolivar had retired upon San Fernando, on the Apuré ; in fact, the republican commander and his army owed their momentary safety to the cavalry of the redoubtable Paez, who had with distinguished courage protected the retreat. The renown which the latter chieftain obtained by this brilliant achievement was wormwood to Bolivar, whose envious disposition could ill brook a rival in fame. This man’s character, altogether, appears to have been most woefully mistaken by Europeans in general ; he has been deemed unassuming, unambitious, an adept in military tactics ; in short, he has been held up (by his partizans) to the estimation of the world as a second Washington. Those who best know him, however, are fully aware of the absurdity of the comparison ; these

well knew the patriot leader to be arrogant in his deportment, ambitious in his disposition, despotic in his principles, and a very tyro in military attainments. Whilst I expose his defects let me not be wilfully blind to his merits. Justice demands the confession that he possesses, in an eminent degree, a knowledge of human nature, and the best means of making it subservient to his purposes, combined with an unwearied perseverance. Neither is he by any means deficient in personal courage; on the reverse, he has in several instances rendered himself amenable to the accusation of rashness. Enjoying the advantages of a liberal education, he speaks French with the fluency of a native; in English, he is likewise a tolerable proficient, but whether from diffidence, dislike, or some political motive, after the arrival of the British, who had volunteered to aid the republican cause, he could never be induced to converse in that language, and on some occasions, even pleaded ignorance of it, though I have reason to know, that he could both understand and speak it with facility. Simon Bolivar, when it suits his convenience, can evince the urbanity of a gentleman; so can he, also, the sternness of a despot. The following anecdote which I have heard related, may in some degree serve to illustrate his character. At the time of the terrible earthquake, which laid Caraccas (his native city) in ruins, the patriot troops, under his command, were in possession of that capital and the whole province. The priests in the Spanish interest took advantage of this dreadful calamity, to announce from the pulpit that the Almighty had sent the awful visitation as a mark of his divine wrath, and to punish the inhabitants for having swerved from the allegiance which they owed their legitimate sovereign, thundering their anathemas with true Catholic orthodoxy against the rebel chiefs (as they termed them), and calling upon the people to propitiate the angry deity, by an immediate return to their duty, and by a sacrifice of the leaders who had seduced them. The effect which this exordium had upon the minds of an illiterate and bigoted populace may be easily imagined. A counter revolution was effected, the fortress of La Guayra was yielded to the Spanish party, and Bolivar with his small garrison expelled from the city. The priesthood had accomplished its object, but its triumph was not doomed to be of long duration, and the hydra was strangled ere it had time to concentrate its strength. The republican general, who had collected reinforcements from the other provinces, returned three months afterwards, made a reconquest of the forts, and again took up his residence amid the ruins of the town. The reverendissimo padres who had excited the revolt, were all seized, and with scarcely time to say a *Pater-noster*, or an *Ave Maria*, were gibbeted on the heights overlooking La Guayra, which Bolivar facetiously called "cleansing the church from the rubbish which the earthquake had deposited."

To revive the hopes of the republican army, which had been greatly depressed by the defeat it had sustained at Calaboza, news arrived that the first English expedition (which had been raised under the *delusive promises* of the Venezuelan agent, Luis Lopez Mendez, at London) was on its way to the Orinoco. Report exaggerated its numbers, which had this advantage, that whilst it elevated the drooping spirits of the patriot troops, it had quite an opposite effect upon those of Spain; the movements of the Spanish commander were paralyzed; he neglected to profit by the victory he had gained, and thus allowed time to his opponents



to organize a new force, which was employed with better success on the next hostile rencontre, which took place at Ortiz—(this, however, was subsequent to the events which I have to detail in my present narrative). Bolivar, on receiving the above intelligence, left his army under the charge of General Soublotte, at San Fernando, and hurried down to Angostura, with the ostensible view of meeting the expected succours, but his real object was of a far different nature; to explain which, I must make the reader acquainted with the position of the other forces of the republic, whose operations were not under his (Bolivar's) immediate control, though nominally subject to his authority as "Supreme Chief," a title which he rather owed to his own assumption and by sufferance, than to any legal act so constituting him. Those troops, embodied in the provinces of Cumana and Barcelona, were designated as the "Army of the East;" one division of which was commanded by the gallant Marino, the other by the intrepid Piar. The first of these generals was a young man of most amiable manners. His mother was a Caraccanian; he was himself (I believe) a native of the island of Margarita; but his paternal grandfather was of the Milesian family of the O'Briens, and nearly related to the present Marquis of Thomond; he had, in early youth, emigrated to Spain, and was incorporated with the Irish Legion in the service of that country. Here his military talents obtained him the notice of the sovereign, by whom he was created Marquis de Marino, and was shortly afterwards appointed to a command at Trinidad: here he realized a considerable fortune, and by his marriage came into possession of a large estate on the Spanish Main. He had two children—a daughter, and the hero of my present sketch, who at his decease drew lots for the property. The father's, situate at Trinidad and its neighbouring island (Chicachicara), fell to the share of the sister, whilst the brother took possession of his mother's portion, which was equally valuable. The strongest affection existed between the brother and sister; and during the revolution, whenever the rainy season caused a temporary cessation of hostilities, they never failed to visit each other, alike insensible to the danger of the navigation, or the dread of interception from the Spanish gun-boats, which constantly hovered about the coast. Santiago Marino in his complexion has not the slightest tinge of his American descent: it is the fairest I have ever beheld; his large blue eyes, beaming with benignity, illumine a set of the most expressive features. If the face be really the index of the heart, *his* must be a pure and noble one: certain is it, that he possesses none of that ferocity of disposition so prevalent amongst those of his countrymen, whom the scum of the revolutionary cauldron has elevated into rank and power. Brave to a fault, his courage has ever been tempered by humanity. Prodigal of his own life when necessary, he is a niggard of the lives of those under him; no act of useless severity has ever stained the bright annals of his political career, and even when called upon by imperative justice to inflict punishment, his feeling heart has yearned (against his better judgment) to pardon the criminal. One amongst many instances of the clemency of his disposition I will relate. In the latter end of the year 1818, his head-quarters were stationed at Maturin, a small town in the province of Cumana; news was received that some stores for the use of the troops had arrived at a small port some miles down the river, but that the boats were too heavily laden to approach nearer; six men, under the command of a sergeant, were sent therefore with some mules

to bring the cargo to head-quarters. The sergeant (an old Spaniard) embraced the opportunity thus afforded him to desert, and seduced three of the party to accompany him; they would have joined the enemy had not their attempt been rendered abortive by the Indians (sworn foes to the Spaniards), who seized, and brought them bound to Maturin. The crime demanded an example; the four men were tried by a court-martial; the evidence against them was conclusive; they were condemned to death. When the president waited upon the general with the sentence of the court, I shall never forget the agitation he evinced; he repeatedly inquired if no extenuating circumstances could be found; and when informed that three had yielded to the seductive influence of their superior, he instantly pardoned them. The guilt of the latter was of too flagrant a nature to be overlooked, he signed the order for his execution, and wept. The man was shot; and three days elapsed ere Marino recovered his wonted serenity of mind! Such traits are so rarely to be met with in the sanguinary history of the Colombian Republic, that I may be pardoned for dwelling upon its record with satisfaction. May Bolivar, Paez, Arismendi, and others, too numerous to mention, profit by the lesson of mercy so frequently taught them by their youthful compatriot!\* They will then gain the affection of the people subjected to their sway, and merit the approbation of other nations. I much fear, however, that the hearts of these chieftains *sont trop endurcis* (as the French term it), to either sympathize with the one, or respect the opinion of the others!

It may be readily imagined that, with such a disposition to conciliate affection, Marino was universally beloved; he had imbibed a knowledge of European tactics, which, combined with a strict attention to the minutiae of discipline, enabled him to defeat the enemy on almost every occasion that he came in contact with him. The fame which thus accrued to him excited the jealousy of Bolivar, who, as I have before said, could ill brook a competitor; and, notwithstanding the fact that the youthful general had in one or two instances rendered him important services, and once indeed preserved his life when threatened by a disaffected soldiery, who resisted an assumption of power considered as usurped, still unmindful of the obligation so strongly contracted, he suffered envy to predominate over gratitude, and took every opportunity of evincing the baneful feeling with which his heart rankled. Marino had to contend with much party prejudice, his conduct was subjected to a constant *espionage*, and his minutest action reported to his disadvantage; supported, however, by the "*mens conscia recti*," and the devoted attachment of his immediate followers, he continued to perform his duty as a citizen soldier of the republic, equally regardless of private malice as unawed by menace. Piar, whose intrepid valour and brilliant successes had liberated the province of Guyana from the tread of the despot, was now associated with Marino in the task of obtaining the same result in the provinces of Cumana and Barcelona; repeated victories had already crowned their united efforts. Montaverde (the Spanish general) retreated before them, and cooped up within the walls of the capital of either province (as occasion suited) seldom dared adventure a sortie, which, when attempted, invariably proved destructive to their

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\* Marino, though holding the rank of captain-general, was then only twenty-seven years of age!



respective garrisons. Such was the state of affairs in the eastern provinces of Venezuela at the latter end of the year 1817. How different had been the operations of the "great army" (as it was called) under the personal command of the "Supreme Chief!" Continual defeat, and a succession of disasters—the almost total want of every necessary munition—to which may be added a woeful laxity of discipline—altogether combined to create a feeling of despondency, which must necessarily have proved fatal to the cause of liberty, had not the reported near arrival of the English auxiliaries acted as a stimulant to revive the drooping spirits of the patriot troops, at the same time that it furnished Bolivar with an excuse to absent himself for a while from the scene of his reverses. He longed to pluck from the brows of Marino and Piar the laurels which they had gained in the east; and the first moment of his arrival at Angostura was occupied in the attempt to tarnish the reputation of these two generals. He sought to obtain possession of their persons either by stratagem or force. With Marino his efforts proved unavailing: the young chief was not to be lured by the first, and evinced a disposition to resist any aggression of the other. He had been fortunate enough to discover, and render abortive, a plan which had been laid for his assassination. Two officers of his personal staff had been tampered with by Bermudez,\* and offered high rank in the republican army as the price of their crime. These men, however, spurned the proposal with indignation, and lost no time in acquainting Marino with his danger, who, in consequence, took steps to avoid it. Thus placed upon his guard, when he received Bolivar's mandate to meet him at Angostura, for the avowed purpose of holding a conference on political affairs, he replied to the summons, by the messenger who had brought it, "that he would have the honour of waiting upon his excellency, but he feared his suite might be deemed too numerous, and suitable accommodation inconvenient to be found, since his troops, to the amount of two thousand men, had unanimously volunteered to accompany him." As it may be easily surmised, the visit was dispensed with by Bolivar, who sent General Urdanetta to propose terms, which were eventually acceded to. Piar, less fortunate, and perhaps more confiding than his companion in arms, fell into the snare laid for his destruction. Some confidential emissaries of the "Supreme Chief," who had been despatched for the purpose, contrived to seize his person in the night; and so sudden and unexpected was his apprehension, that the ill-fated general was bound, and embarked in the gun-boat destined to convey him to Angostura, ere he had time to make an appeal to his own party, who would otherwise doubtless have attempted a rescue.

We will now return to Edward Winton, whom we left indulging his reveries on the platform. The raised position on which he stood gave him a panoramic view of the "Almeida," or public promenade, which extended for some distance along the banks of the river, until it was intersected by a deep ditch or moat, which had been dug to act as a drain to

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\* At a subsequent period, the author was present at an interview which took place at a small village in the province of Cumana, between Marino and Bermudez; and, being aware of the circumstance above related, could not help (by his looks) testifying some surprise at the apparent cordiality with which the latter general threw himself into the arms of the former, as likewise at the friendly warmth of his expressions. Marino, who had noticed this astonishment, embraced an opportunity of whispering, *Las palabras son talientes, pero, el curazon es siempre frio.*—"His words are warm, but his heart is ever cold."

the Orinoco during its periodical overflowings, and which, at those periods, conveyed the superabundant waters to a swamp in the rear of the town, which then assumed the appearance of a tolerably extensive lake. At the period I allude to it was partially dry, though there was still depth of water enough at its source to admit boats to the shelter of its projecting banks. A small rude flight of steps cut in the hard clay, facilitated an ascent to the summit. Two rows of trees lined the walk on either side, whilst the action of the breeze upon their redundant foliage gave an agreeable freshness to the place. Here, since the hour of sunset, the inhabitants of San Tomas de Angostura had been enjoying "*el fresco*." They had now began, however, leisurely to return to their houses; and, ere the expiration of half an hour, all was solitude. Not a sound was heard, save, at intervals, the discordant voice of some old and decrepid negress, chaunting the "*fandango*" to the rumbling accompaniment of a calabash loaded with pebbles, and to which her youthful compatriots of both sexes beat time with their naked feet, and performed the evolutions of that lascivious dance.

Edward Winton, roused (if I may so term it) from his visionary contemplations by the very silence that reigned around him, advanced slowly in the direction of the avenue which I have described. He had proceeded nearly half its distance, when his attention was attracted by the splash of oars. He cast his eye on the broad expanse of water on his left, and perceived an armed flechera rapidly approaching the bank he was perambulating. Anxious to obtain intelligence, he accelerated his pace, and arrived just at the moment she anchored in the little creek or inlet before mentioned. She was of the larger size of gun-boats; her bow was armed with a long twelve-pounder, upon a swivel; her sails were furled; at her mast-head was displayed a commodore's pennant; and at her stern, in the beams of the moon, floated the tri-coloured flag of Venezuela. She appeared to be manned with a strong guard of soldiers: yet not a sound beyond a whisper was emitted by her crew. The mystery which this unusual silence betokened surprised Winton, who concealed himself behind the shelter of a neighbouring tree, from whence he could descry the movements of the stranger. The first person who ascended the acclivity was a thick-set man of low stature, whose countenance betrayed the worst passions of human nature. He was instantly recognized by Winton as the sanguinary Dias\*—the bloodthirsty cannibal of the revolution—the heartless miscreant that could revel in the excruciating pangs of his fellow-creature, and even drink the blood of the victim to his remorseless vengeance! Winton intuitively shuddered as he beheld him.

Dias was quickly followed by several soldiers, two of whom aided a tall fine figure of a man to mount, who evidently required their assistance to do so, his arms appearing to be under some restraint. He was enveloped in a large "*mantilla*," or Spanish cloak, and a broad-rimmed straw hat, which he wore slouched, completely concealed his features from observation. The clasp of the "*mantilla*," however, having (probably in the effort to ascend) become loosened, enabled Winton to perceive an embroidered collar, the distinguishing mark of a general officer. The gruff, vulgar voice of the brutal commandant making the

\* Dias, commandant of the gun-boats in the service of the republic. This fellow has been often heard to boast that he fed upon human flesh!



inquiry (preceded by an oath), "whether he meant to detain them there all night?" and the mild but dignified reply of the stranger, "lead on!" made him acquainted with the name as well as rank of the individual before him. It was the gallant, the unfortunate Piar! An involuntary exclamation betrayed Winton's place of concealment; and at the same instant the sabre of the ferocious Dias gleamed like a flash of lightning in his eyes, as, propelled by the Herculean arm that wielded it, it struck the protecting tree, into which it penetrated so deeply as to render it difficult to disengage it. The savage, sullen at having missed his aim, yet not daring to repeat his blow against one whom he deemed a friend of Bolivar's, declared his intention of detaining Winton a prisoner for the night; and having formed his party, they proceeded to the "Plaza." Here he left him in custody of the officer commanding the guard stationed at the government-house; and having sent a message to the governor, he received in a few minutes, through an aid-de-camp, an order to lodge his other prisoner in the "Capello,"\* which he instantly obeyed. The "Plaza," or square of Angostura, was situated in the centre of the town, three sides of which were occupied by the government-house, the Palace of Congress, and the chapel, with the curate's house adjoining it; the fourth side, and facing the palace, was filled by an immense brick building, which had been erected by the Spaniards, and intended as a cathedral: the revolution, however, prevented its completion; the outward walls, of considerable height, were alone standing, and it was wholly unroofed. Its interior presented the appearance of a second Golgotha, the compartment of earth which it encompassed being literally strewed with human skulls, and other mouldering remnants of frail humanity—it having served as a charnel-house during the rigours of a late siege. Large flocks of the "zamora," or South American vulture, were constantly seen hovering over its wide aperture, and croaking, as if in pleasurable anticipation of fresh offal.

So soon as Piar's arrival had been notified to Bolivar, a military council, consisting of members devoted to the interest of the latter, was assembled to try the unhappy man upon charges equally vague as indefinite: the chief one, however, was an alleged conspiracy to subvert the existing government, and raise the people of colour to power by a total extermination of the whites.† There appears to have been no just grounds for such an imputation. Paradoxical as it may be deemed, his greatest fault was the eminent service he had rendered his country; and, like Coriolanus, he was doomed to become the victim of envy and ingratitude. When summoned before his judges to receive the sentence of his condemnation, his conduct was both firm and manly. He stooped not to repel an accusation which, he said, the whole tenor of his political life ought to prove a sufficient acquittal of. He solicited but one favour—permission to die with the full insignia of the rank which he had gained in the field of honour. His request was complied with.

The next morning, at an early hour, the garrison paraded in the square. The arrangements for the execution having been made, the

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\* "Capello," chapel. It is customary to lodge prisoners, the night previous to their execution, under a strong guard, in this holy sanctuary, in order that they may receive the rites of mother church, and enjoy the benefit of ghostly consolation; a small room behind the altar, with grated windows, being generally reserved for that purpose.

† Piar was himself a mulatto.

general was conducted to the wall of the unfinished cathedral, against which was placed an old wooden arm-chair: he declined the offered accommodation, and refused to be bandaged. Having declared that he died a true patriot, and expressed his wish that others might prove as sincere as himself, he gave the signal, and the next moment had ceased to exist! Thus fell the gallant Piar, lamented by all those who, free from the trammels of party spirit, could justly appreciate his native worth and talent. Bolivar, from the balcony of the Palace of Congress, witnessed the finale of the bloody drama. He pretended to be deeply affected; and, to keep up the farce, refused to admit any (except a few confidential friends) to his presence during the space of three days; at the expiration of which period he returned to San Fernando, on the Apuré, leaving behind him a printed proclamation, detailing the supposed treasonable practices of his victim, and lamenting the *dire necessity* which demanded the sacrifice! Poor Winton was not released until the morning after Bolivar's departure. The government condescended, however, to borrow his money from time to time. When he had expended his last farthing, and was induced to solicit some remuneration in return for his advances, his request was at first answered with civil excuses. On his becoming more importunate in his demands, he was treated with contemptuous neglect. He would absolutely have starved for want of the common necessities of existence, had not the British who resided at Angostura occasionally contributed to his support. He speedily grew depressed in spirits, and, I fear I must add, debased in mind. He was constantly inebriated when he could procure the means; and his body was, at length, completely emaciated by disease and excess. He died, covered with ulcers, at Angostura, in the year 1820, and was indebted to the benevolent feelings of a black washer-woman for the very shroud that enveloped his last mortal remains. The once rich and respected merchant died a wretched and neglected pauper.

G. B. H.

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 THE SLEEPER.

YE waters, flow tranquilly on to the ocean,  
 Each wave soft as music when sylphs are in motion;  
     My fair one, way-weary, now rests by your stream—  
     Flow gently, ye waters, and break not her dream!

YE winds, through the green branches tenderly sighing,  
 Breathe softer than roses in Summer's lap lying,  
     And still as an infant whose slumber is deep—  
     Breathe gently, ye wild winds, and break not her sleep!

YE sweet birds, so lightly among the leaves springing,  
 Oh! wake not my love with the gush of your singing;  
     But sing as the heart does when joy is most deep—  
     Oh! hush your loud warble, and break not her sleep!

C. W.



## THE MALCONTENT.

It truly causes a reflecting man to sigh, and to toss the scornful nose into the air, when he reflects upon the baseness, malice, and hypocrisy of his friends and acquaintance, more particularly of such as happen to be related to him, either by blood or marriage, by consanguinity, or contract. But I wish I could describe accurately upon paper these upraisings of the feature, and interjectional mumblings. I despair, by any representation, however lively, of conveying any, the least idea, even to the most ductile mind, of those sounds and significations, whereof we possess in words no adequate and efficient type—such anomalous and absurd phrases as “Pish!”—“Heigho!” and the like, being by no means to be heard in real life, and being, moreover, noises that do in no wise interpret those fitful, yet withal placid, breathings, that a philosophical enthusiast might naturally be supposed to emit.

There are my wife’s relations, on the one hand, insisting, over their anti-Lethean potations of clipped besom and sloe-leaf, that I did mainly contribute to the domestic disquiet and infelicity of that, sooth to say, most intolerable female; that I was frequently in the habit of dismissing missiles of a specific gravity upon strange errands at her; and that I was, finally, in effect, the cause of her untimely disappearance from this planet to the world of spirits. Absurd—in the highest degree, absurd—upon my life; unkind, and uncandid, also. As though those salutary corrections I felt it my duty to bestow, were awarded in a spirit of hostility to the individual *quasi*, a substance; as though, in a word, they were any thing else than a practical illustration of a theory of abstraction in which I, a philosophical amateur, am well pleased to indulge. Do I make myself thoroughly understood? No!

Well, then, behold me, not brutally maltreating a defenceless woman, but laudably attacking untenable positions—erecting my moral and physical powers against the edifice that vanity has reared, and pulling down the unsafe premises. I must, I say, be considered therefore, not as one beating his wife, but as a belabourer of stray sophisms, or as one who cudgels vain conclusions. This is what I term the manipulation of morals, and is a thousand times more satisfactory than undefined theory or unmeaning declamation.

My own relatives, for their part, have taken up absurd notions respecting me. They make no scruple of asserting that I am given over to the adoption of immensely frequent imbibations; that I am flagrantly remiss in the narration of fact; that I am a man of no certain or definite principles (of which, by the by, they contrive to furnish examples); and that I am utterly destitute of right feeling: nay, some more charitable, have no difficulty in hinting at the fact of a perplexed and involved entanglement of my intellects, assuring themselves of a crack in the cerebellum, or a lamentable flaw in the occiput.

Let me admit that, a disciple to the doctrine of the perfectibility of human nature, I do, not seldom, rashly, perhaps, but fearlessly, state things that are not mere slavish drudges at the heels of fact—things that if not true, ought to be so: and hence the common, too common notion, that I am not scrupulously exact in the delineation of narrative reality.

It is impossible that I should ever become a drunkard—I am clear

upon that point—my habits secure me from that vicious aberration. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the indulgence, however frequent, in the use of wine, constitutes the odious character now about to be denounced. “Drink deep, or taste not.” I have clasped the legs of the table, I have spurned the impediments of staircase and bannister, and curved homewards, after the pattern of the true line of beauty, and these oh! how frequently!—What then? I have revelled in the ethereal converse of a friend—I have myself conversed, and that, too, not swinishly; I have been in heaven. Even now, “fallen on evil tongues and evil days,” may I say—

“Noctu sum in cælo clarus, atque inter Deos;  
Inter mortales ambuloque interdius”—

this, I repeat, is no evidence of a drunkard.

He is one who listens to the admonitions of his friends, and heeds not what they say—pursuing his clamorous career through good report and evil report—regardless of the quality or extent of his swallowings—Champagne or cyder—Sauterne or small-beer, it matters not: he is seen, at one moment, busy in the resorts of vice; and presently is heard grovelling in the cellar, yelling amongst the barrels—struggling with an obstinate spigot, and (for such is his insanity) extracting the vinous fluid in unheard-of quantities from the cask itself! Such a character as this I heartily despise. I view him as a base and worthless member of society—a sot—a drunkard.

He must be a wretch over nice, and to a laughable extent fastidious who cavils at my principles; they are of the purest kind. They may, by the by, be more aptly termed impulses than principles—what I desire to do, is done—what I affect not, I forsake—it is my nature. Thus, there are many detestable exactions of society which the world vulgarly calls duties, to which I pay no manner of attention, for which I have, I protest, a loathing.

Let me with perfect decorum and great diffidence open, as it were an oyster, the whole shell of my morality, to the end that it may be more conveniently apparent; permit me with much deference to lift up the testaceous covering. Do you not think—to be candid—that a man may be too amiable, honest, virtuous, discreet—eh?—a *leetle* too refined, polished, of too much delicacy, over-politeness?—resolve me. What say you to too much scrupulosity—too great an exactness—too large a benevolence? To descend to minors, may he not be too nice in his dress, too fine, finical, too sober, steady, serious? I own, I conceive that such may be the case.

Now, with respect to our transactions with our fellow men, I hold that we should, as we are told, “do as we would be done by;” nay, I am (fancifully, think ye?) entirely of opinion that much good is literally done “*by stealth*,” however much the benevolent parties concerned may “blush to find it fame.”

It was rumoured with an earnestness, and a diligence not sufficiently to be exclaimed against, that I was destitute, in a remarkable degree, of proper feeling. I a man of no feeling! I, who have spent all my life in endeavouring to conceal (effectually at last) the most violent and uncontrollable feelings;—I, who have wept more (in secret) than would have kept a dozen crocodiles in decent mourning for their whole lives; who have a turn for that sort of thing, and whose hydraulic



experiments in that line are, as we all know, proverbial. And so, because I am not cut down from the bed-post every fortnight—because I am not discovered lying supine beneath a tearful willow, with my head upon a clod, and my feet left to cool in the meandering stream—because I desire yet a while longer to walk this common earth, and am unwilling to change this my personal presence, and, as it were, individual currency, into the flimsy equivalent of a ghost; which is, so to speak, a most ridiculous, and unfortunately not-to-be-cudgelled vapour; because, in short, I am not ghost-convertible, nor lending an ear to ghosts (my wife has appeared to me several times by way of spectral illusion!), because of these things, I am considered a mere heartless stoic. Be it so.

But wherefore did they impeach the integrity of my brain?—wherefore insinuate, that through lunar interstices that subtle jelly had evaporated.—Monstrous fable!

“By yonder blessed moon I swear—”

there is not a fissure, however small, through which the moonbeams may intrude unbidden—through which the intellectual mass may have incontinently escaped.

Shall I be tamely slain by the jawbones of these asses?—Shall these Sampsons of controversy bring the house about my ears in their blind fury? Wherefore am I deserted by them? I am cut every day fifty times like a cucumber, by people as cool as that vegetable. Well, they have “cut,” and have not “come again,” nor have I the eternity of their rounds of beef; no matter. A fierce reprisal is in store for them when it shall please God to take my excellent aunt, who has flourished for so incredible a period upon her annuity, in spite, and to the horror, and, of late, perfect incredulity of the Equitable Assurance, who, upon the worthy creature’s demise, will be constrained to amend their average tables;—when, I say, that honoured relative shall expire (she cannot last *much* longer!) then am I, by virtue of my propinquity to the deceased, installed in the possession of her goods and chattels, whatsoever and wheresoever, &c.—a blest expectancy!—let them look to it.

I derive a melancholy pleasure from a retrospection of my military career, before our service in the Peninsula, when we were all, brave as lions, in country quarters. Oh! that it might have lasted for ever! those parade days—shall I ever cease to remember them? such storming of hearts—such marryings and givings in marriage—such assignations with nursery-maids under pretext of caressing the children!—Ah! these were remarkably agreeable points—yet I have sufficient ground of complaint in the ridiculous preferences shewn by the women (poor prejudiced creatures!) to many of my brother officers, whose personal accomplishments—vanity apart—were poor compared to mine: fellows, trust me, “with Atlantean shoulders fit to bear the weight of mightiest” luggage;—with a plebeian development of calf and an intricate wilderness of whisker. These were sought after, yea, held in requisition, while I was laughed to scorn—positively sneered at—left a prey to ravenous spinsters, who were glad to cling to me as a forlorn hope, and made desperate efforts to snatch me up. There was one—record it, ye furies! who by dint of a bran new wig, and repairs done to her immortal countenance—in short, with hair and plaister, had so mortified herself to my affections, that I should inevitably have fallen a victim, had it not been that I was providentially delivered out of her hands.

By miracle I discovered that she had been tampering with the churchwarden, who had permitted her to sophisticate the parish-register ! The fiend had, in cold blood, taken off a few dozen years from her own age, and given the overplus to her grandmother, who was in reality born, I believe, somewhere about the year A.D. 1 ! But from these and similar annoyances were we called away to partake the glories of the war, and rear our laurels in the hotbed of slaughter.

When I was first introduced into the field a new and undefined feeling took possession of me—a feeling which was soon lost in emotions of disgustful honour and excuseable concern. Had I been brought here to be butchered ? Good Heavens ! was a valuable life to be thrown away ? Was a probable extensive round of good offices—a career of social and reciprocal benefits, to be put an end to by a devotion to mere doubtful advantages—to problematical triumphs ? Had I been lured into this scene of riotous and disorderly madmen for the express purpose of being no longer suffered to live ? I had not thought of this. “The spirit-stirring drum and ear-piercing fife,” were already fearfully agitating the horse under me ; so much so, that I was in momentary expectation of not being able to ascertain whether I was upon my head or my heels ! Our colonel, rash fool ! had adopted a notion, that to charge the enemy was no less than a duty, and straight commenced a vulgar vociferation, exhorting us to follow his example. Misguided wretch !—it never entered his head that a bullet was about to do so—a most veritable calamity, however. The major, too, than whom a more-to-be-regretted officer never lived or died, discarding prudence, was making himself fatally conspicuous in the war. Alas ! those vital properties that were, a moment before, so active—aye, I may say, so rampant, within him—by a sudden poke in the regions of the stomach from one, it appeared, not in the least well-disposed towards him, were extinguished. I was paralysed ! That men, professing christianity, whose lives were of the least value to any but the owner, and whose souls were thus vibrating in a perilous contingency, should demean themselves after this fashion, was astounding !

When, however, by some vague impulse driven, my too-spirited horse commenced hurrying about the ranks with all the miraculous expedition of a private bill through the House of Commons, and with me appended to it by way of rider—then that natural alarm (not fear !) took possession of me, that may be more appropriately denominated discretion ; and my faculties, drawn away by an astonishing instinct from all other considerations, or outward phenomena, were concentrated with tenacious sagacity upon my own proper safety, and the most effectual and instant means of securing it ; for the fact is, this involuntary and alarming celerity of movement was actually doing nothing less than making me the unwilling means of appropriating to myself all such loose, or spent, or lively balls, as were taking their otherwise inoffensive course—or which might, at all events, be better employed in dismissing the drummers and other tuneful appendages to the regiment. And though none of them, by special good fortune, did take effect upon me, yet, I contend, my presence in the field, and in all parts of it at the same instant, was a most lamentable indiscretion ; attributable, I feel, to the wrong-headed obstinacy of the steed in question.

In the meantime, a figure, with his head curiously carved and otherwise grossly maltreated, raised a senseless clamour for reinforcements ;



backing the request by much violent action; and I thought I could not do better than, under pretext of seconding his desperate enterprise, take advantage of a favourable moment, and retire from the scene. For, in reality, I was too much disgusted to remain—even if my life had depended upon it—and the reverse would have been the case—I could not have stopped an instant longer. Naturally too brave, too heroic, I turn away with horror from such indiscriminate slaughter—such carnage, unrelieved by generous forbearance. The mere paltry evasions of Falstaff upon a similar occasion I despised. Now, *that* man was a coward—that man was a flat impostor and poltroon—but I, who had a *bonâ fide* principle in reserve—you understand?—mine was courage, cooled by circumstances over which I had no control. And yet (but what was to be expected from a world like this?) I was dismissed the service for this very retreat—this masterly manœuvre, whereby I preserved not only my life, but the integrity of my rule of action. Let me not think of it. I threw down my commission in disgust, and retired into the privacy and secure comfort of domestic life.

Still, this kind of life, it may be readily imagined, to a man of my energy and active tendencies, was not definitely “the thing”—more especially as my pecuniary blood was oozing away after a most marvellous rate. The truth is, to be plain, my resources, about this time, were, to an inhuman degree, epitomized—abridged—cut off; my credit, as it were, a mere memory—a thing to be meditated upon and yearned after; and my wants (for my habits had been expensive) truly awful. By my soul! it is no less than a most lamentable fact, that my existence, and the probable carrying on of the concern, were become matters of intense speculation to me. I seemed to have lost all regard to my person—my diet was of the most elementary description, and frightfully scarce—nay, my meals were such as might be supposed, when placed upon it, literally to “set the table on a roar.” They unconsciously reminded the spectator (supposing him to possess a “microscopic eye”) of the philosophical fact of the infinite divisibility of matter; and bore as much resemblance to a full-grown repast, as a new-born dwarf to the Irish giant, or the vision of the Barmecide to the sober certainty of a vast alderman! I never dined (?) without a pair of magnifying glasses,—an ingenious attempt at intestine deception, which turned out vain and futile.

Is it then, I demand, surprising that my mind gave way, and the rigidity of my scruples relaxed under the pecuniary pressure alluded to? No: wild fancies possessed me—took lodgings in my brain, without giving references to any decent ideas, and, in fine, determined me upon “the last infirmity of noble mind”—marriage. Thus it stood with me: I was young—perhaps romantic; in short, too sensitive—too much the child of impulse—a mere creature of sentiment, believe it—the Rousseau of lovers—the Petrarch of passion. I married upon the most disinterested principle. I dissipated every farthing before the ceremony, out of a chivalrous devotion to a woman I adored, that she might (you see the nobleness of the act?) be permitted to confer upon me an everlasting obligation, by making over to me, for my use, the assets in her possession; in other words, by a tacit consent to my transfer and conversion of her coin to my own peculiar purposes.

But, ah! well has it been said by the immortal bard, “Misery makes a man acquainted with strange bedfellows”—for had I not been most wretched I had never loved—madly loved (for it was madness) this.

shall I say it? selfish—most selfish woman. Advices had been thrown out—base advices—before the knot was tied—the Gordian knot that one may neither untie nor cut—that property, actual effects, were appertaining and belonging to her;—obscure intimations had been rumoured, that a certain annuity was, at stated intervals, in course of payment; and a hint had been dropped of the dropping off of precarious relatives—“upon which hint I spake.”—Will it be believed, that, upon diligent and careful search after the ceremony, repeated upon several after occasions, I was confirmed in the dreadful conviction, that this entity—this being—this overplus of creation, had altogether deceived me, and had taken advantage of my trusting confidence and unsuspecting affection?—And yet such is the fact. Hymen soon extinguished his torch by poking it into the eye of Cupid. And now were explained the mystical symbols of disapproval on the part of many of my friends, wrapped up in the startling form of supposition; and now were manifested unto me the sleeve-hidden grins of the prophetic few who had foreseen this calamity. Shall I ever forget that day—when, half-conscious, all-fatal rashness! I stumbled, with a ring and a wry face, down the aisle? Shall I forget the involuntary start (oh! that *I* had started!) of the parson, or the almost imploring gaze of the philanthropic clerk? And yet these interpositions, as I verily believe them to have been—these vague renderings of a doubtful meaning, were lost upon me—and I was lost. Swallowed up by despair, what was I to do? what, but with a sagacity that the occasion called forth, accept a humble, yet, withal, not unlucrative appointment in this metropolis. It was done.

Meanwhile my home became irksome to me—truly irksome—and I fell insensibly into the vulgar and demoralizing habit of attending the tavern, for the express purpose of imbibing porter and smoking pipes. Not that I had very much reason to complain of the general arrangement of my domestic establishment; the furious assaults of my wife, made as they were in a spirit of ignorant vituperation, moved me not a jot. Her reproaches were a source of hidden, but of sincere delight to me; and I at last attained to such wondrous skill in evading the soft single rap of the obsequious poker, and in transferring the destination of the winged boot-jack, as was most curious, and, I have no doubt, instructive to behold. In spite, therefore, of occasional recrimination on my part (conducted upon the most philosophical and christian principle), and a tendency to fall into sudden fits—a strange, unaccountable affliction—during which I swung my hands and arms about in an eccentric and fatal manner—we might be said to gather an average crop of domestic bliss.

But I was wrong, decidedly wrong, in the aforesaid visitation of taverns, with the accompanying absorption of fluid; for (I speak it in confidence) during those hours of absence, a score of the most deadly drinks was in course of inflammation at the Red Lion, adjacent to my dwelling. Yes, even as Ariadne, when abandoned by Theseus, was fain to console herself with Bacchus—or in other words, took to the bottle—so did the imprudent partner of my life in like manner deport herself. But this was a pardonable weakness.

It chanced that I took to my bosom a viper—that I made the acquaintance, and cultivated the friendship of one who, having warmed himself at my fire, stung me. How frequent were his visits!—how welcome!



how pressing the hospitable earnestness that he would come again! He came again, and again. It is inconceivable, by the way, the quantity of spirit whereof this man was nightly the willing recipient. Our tastes were similar, our pursuits alike. He praised my furniture—he appreciated my drawings (clever things, done by myself!)—he admired my wife! A virtuous woman, I well knew, was a crown to her husband—a crown that must by no means be changed; besides, not really thinking mine worth sixpence, it may easily be imagined that I was not too apt to imbibe the deleterious mixture—jealousy. But circumstances transpired—a strong hint was afforded me in the nocturnal disappearance of the guilty pair. The viper succeeded in effecting his escape, in consequence of the very culpable inattention and remissness of those torpid rattle-snakes the watchmen; who were, as usual, walking in their sleep at the time. When first I woke to the maddening conviction, I was stifled with rage—quite black in the face, like Othello—and resolved to pursue, overtake, and exterminate; but upon cooler reflection it will hardly be believed how soothing a consolation was permitted to me in a sure conviction of the absence of my departed wife. Removed from me, I was better able, indeed better qualified, to judge of her merits and defects, to contrast and compare them, and to allow her such praise, or convict her of such faults, as this impartial course of investigation justified. My friends, as usual, made wry faces at my philosophy; while some hesitated not to avow that I had been seen to give way to an indecent unbending of the lower jaw, in the frequent coinage of smiles, and to have partaken too largely of that which, administered heedlessly, I admit, destroys the equilibrium, and encourages horizontal, extension and land-measurement, not to be accomplished by proxy. But worse than this; when intelligence reached me of the subterraneous appropriation of my ill-fated wife, they were callous enough to bruit it abroad that I indulged in inexplicable exuberances of spirit, dancing, singing, and quaffing, as if, not a calamity, but a deliverance were just notified unto me; whereas, I can prove, but it is hardly worth while, that the above were exhilarations caused by other—I mean by certain—joyous announcements not in the least appertaining to my wife's demise. Even my summary of her estimable qualities, spoken in solemn under-tone, was said to be a servile copy of the obituary style; as though the language of grief were not always alike!—too bad! too bad!

But why should I bear this? Heavens and earth! why *do* I bear this?

“Have I not suffered things to be forgiven?”

Shall I any longer permit these monsters, with heads all vacuum, and with hearts like paving-stones, to make a highway of my feelings, that they may trample over them with their most cloven hoofs? The time will come—

Hilloah! hilloah! who the devil's thundering at the door? Ha! a letter—a black seal—what do I read? My aunt dead, and left the whole of her property between the Lying-in Hospital and the Lunatic Asylum? I shall go mad, and be dependent on her bounty in the latter of these institutions. Horrid old woman! truly unprincipled, and culpably thoughtless hag! I'll go this instant and abuse, threaten, kick, and it may be, destroy, the unworthy executors!

THE LIFE, CHARACTER, AND BEHAVIOUR OF MONSIEUR  
TALLEYRAND, THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR.

THE appointment of M. Talleyrand, Prince of Benevento, as ambassador of Louis Philip the First to the Court of Great Britain, has excited in his own country the expression of conflicting opinions; one portion of the public press most acrimoniously reproaching him with the ready docility of his submission to the various forms of government which have been imposed upon France during the last forty years: another applauding his adherence to each, as a proof of his wisdom and patriotism, and as but resorted to so long as the measures of successive rulers were calculated to promote the welfare of France. Perhaps the apologists and the accusers of "the Prince"—(Machiavelli, haply, possessed some insight into Futurity, as he inscribed the title of his work)—may find no contemptible materials of praise or blame; but the immunity, accorded to ambassadors in other respects, may, under actual circumstances, be extended by us to the past, public, and private life of Monsieur Talleyrand. We may adopt the prudent and grave maxim of a French senator in all trying events: and in recording some of the chances and changes of his extraordinary career premise, "For me, I have no opinion: that is my sentiment!" It has been asserted, and probably with due reflection, of the frailties of our nature, that

"On n'a pas toujours le moyen  
De demeurer homme de bien ;"

and if we accede to the truth of the observation, innumerable difficulties are at once removed by this comprehensive apology for the faults of man: we are at once enabled to refer to Monsieur de Talleyrand, without entering upon disquisitions as to the motives of his actions, or the propriety of his conduct. We might, in the first place, speculate long and curiously on what the feelings of Monsieur l'Ambassadeur were, when he entered London, as compared with his first and former visit to our metropolis. Now the accredited agent of a mighty empire; an object of intense interest to all classes of British society, from the strange phases his life has assumed; of a name less illustrious by the honours attached to it, than from the high reputation for diplomatic and general talent with which it is connected; influential in his own country by rank and wealth, and the power knowledge confers; and of a vigour in moral faculties that mocks the infirmities of fourscore years, and refuses to participate in the decadency of his physical powers. After having enacted, *à la rigueur*, the frivolous duties of a Parisian Abbé in his youth, as laid down by the ancient regime, and given to gallantry all that was then required of a noble aspirant to the honours of the church; after having justified in the fields of love and wit his title to the mitre of Autun; after having abandoned it for the *bonnet rouge*; and after having endured all the nominal pains of papal excommunication, and been figuratively exposed to the torments of an *auto-da-fé* in the streets of Rome, the ex-prelate felt himself obliged to fly his country; and, nearly forty years since, humbled in circumstances, as depressed in spirit, he sought safety and shelter—"from the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step," indeed)—in Took's-court, Cursitor-street, Chancery-lane—a domicile which, at this day, may puzzle the geography and defy the curiosity or conjecture of the fashionable world—compared to which Macedonia itself is what Whitehall was erst to Alsatia—what Paris is to Van Dieman's Land—or what the performance of recent candidates for Par-



liamentary distinction will be to the better promises given to their constituents.

The "fair humanities" of that region of the law were insufficient to detain him longer within its limits. The part he had played, at the breaking out of the Revolution, rendered him eminently distasteful to such of his countrymen as had sought shelter in England from motives of loyalty or fear; and, it is to be presumed, that his presence was scarcely palatable to the British government of the day; alive, as it evinced itself, to the danger that threatened the country from without, and to the menacing attitude assumed by certain societies within the kingdom. These causes, probably, induced him to take his passage to the United States of America. There he found himself in the precise situation of a fair witness, recently examined by the president of one of the Parisian tribunals: "Are you married, Madam?" "No, Sir."—"Are you a widow?" "No."—"Are you a spinster?" "No, I am *independent*!" In fact he was independent of country, attachments, friends, and fortune. The latter he might haply have offered to the first mendicant he met, without exciting extraordinary emotions of gratitude; so he philosophically determined, in a moment of hateful leisure, to devote himself and his energies to the Republic of America, and he became a citizen of the United States.

In the Museum of Philadelphia, as I have heard it told, amongst the strange and anomalous things contained within its walls, a "pretty considerable" portion of admiration is demanded by the custos, of each coming visitor, for an oath—The oath of allegiance of Monsieur de Talleyrand, written with his own hand. The simple Philadelphians must be, however, rather indifferent connoisseurs in what is rare. If the asseveration were in the form of the *per caput hoc juro* of the young Ascanius, the value of the invocation was certainly not indifferent; but, if he preferred the terms of Homer to Virgil, haply he might adopt the celebrated wish of the Grecian, "that, if he proved unfaithful to his contract, he might be invested with horns." Whether the penalty thus voluntarily attached to the infraction of his engagement has been imposed or not, will probably be learnt from the *Morning Post*, on occasion of the presentation.

The homely and economic government of the States, however, offered to M. Talleyrand little encouragement to ambition or the desire of gain. The charge of the *Parc aux Cerfs*, alone, would have defrayed all the expenses of republican administration, and left much to spare. The glories of the earlier reign of Louis XVI. were also probably not forgotten. If in his "pride of place," as minister of foreign affairs, he qualified us as *boutiquiers*, with all our refinement, wealth, and magnificence, the sober forbearance of his new friends, in national expenditure, must have proved little suited to his taste; and he soon turned his thoughts to his native land, leaving the Philadelphian promissory-note to be protested when it should become due. The observation of Pius the Sixth, "That at Rome Heaven may be always arranged with," was equally applicable to Paris, in his case; and for the fifth time Talleyrand gave his assent to a new but existing order of things, to the modes whereof he associated himself with equal grace and ease; and while he adapted himself to the times, looked to the future in full confidence that, ere long, the times should adapt themselves to him. Cool, calculating, and unimpassioned, Monsieur Talleyrand was ambitious of greatness, more from a taste of those indulgences which greatness may allow,

when wisely dealt with, than from the show and parade that attends it. But the envy it excites, in tending to disturb his peace, was to be avoided; he determined, in so far as it was permitted him, to render his talents serviceable to his country as to himself, and thus to screen himself by a well acquired popularity from the ill effects of individual jealousy. Hateful of change, as calculated to prejudice the repose he loved, if systems have actually given way around him, it was not for want of the warning voice of one who could best calculate results; and, if he were found ever identified, as a public man, with the brighter pages of his country's history, during his eventful career, he contrived, with consummate policy, and without the compromise of his safety or his interest, that France and the world should comprehend his decided opposition to unwise measures, and his due anticipation of their disastrous consequences.

When the war with Spain commenced, and the conqueror of armies hesitated not to risk defiance to a people, the health of the late minister required his absence from Paris; and, at Valency, he became the friend and guardian of a Bourbon, and thus profited by the very vengeance of his then master, in assuring to himself the gratitude of a family who, he foresaw might be eventually summoned to replace him on the throne. The first *restoration* was also that of health and strength to the prince; and his subsequent occasional attendances at court were ever indicative of peaceful rule and public prosperity. The romantic beauties of Switzerland awoke suddenly in his mind the desire of contemplating nature in all her grandeur; and while, from the walls of Lausanne, he gazed upon the calm waters of the Leman, Messieurs De Villele and Peyronnet were exercising Parisian patience, now by the censorship of the press, now by the abolition of the national guards. With the nomination of Prince Polignac, the secretion of the prince's bile became irregular; and the disorder augmented to such a degree as to necessitate, prior to the celebrated ordonnances, a visit to the Sardinian territories, where the almost miraculous qualities of the air of Nice enabled him to return to Paris, precisely and appropriately at the moment the will of the nation called Louis Philippe to the throne of France. It is true as it is singular, that, while his presence has been hailed with joy by each new pretender to power, no one of the fallen dared reproach him with not having foretold the consequences of their errors. In all his country's storms he ever found a shelter; and, whenever a shower of favours fell, never was he under an umbrella. But to leave politics for humaner things. When the fair and witty Madame Tallien (subsequently the wife of Ouvrard, the financier) was introduced to Monsieur de Talleyrand, in her zeal for that liberty which was soon to expire with the consulate, praising the liberal institutions of England, and speaking in rapture of its laws, the memory of her various attachments called from him the sarcastic observation "that undoubtedly the *habeas corpus* must principally have induced a preference in her mind for the British constitution." This was doing comprehensive justice to the somewhat controverted statements which *la veuve de la Grande Armée*, the virtuous and *véridique* Madame de Saint-Elme has since presumed to advance, for the instruction and improvement of an ungrateful world. If the assumption of imperial power by the First Consul of France was not unpalatable to Talleyrand, in a personal or political sense, the constitution of the court was in no slight degree repugnant to his feelings and his taste; and if he lent himself to the will of one, formidable of



power as of talent, his veneration scarcely extended itself to those the more nearly allied to the chief of the new government. "She has the head of Cromwell, on the shoulders of a pretty woman," was the description given of the ex-queen of Naples; and when it was observed to him, "Here is a princess of the blood," the laconic comment of "d'Enghien!" expressed no less his distaste of the new-born dignity than it did, as we may hope, that foul blot on the reign of Bonaparte, of which his enemies strove to render him partially responsible. It is not, however, the only instance in which the courtesy of the prince towards the fair sex was of a questionable nature; for, when a murmur of applause arose in the imperial saloon, on the presentation of Madame de Lucchesini (the lady of the ambassador of Prussia), as her elevated form, dark but commanding features, and majestic bearing, impressed the spectators, the remark, "We have something better than that in the imperial guard," proved that, in that instance at least, *Monsieur le Ministre des Affaires Etrangères* included grace and beauty within the scope of his department.

Nor was he at all more favourable to the scores of newly concocted dignitaries, who had been so suddenly required to cast aside the homely uniform of the Consular establishment, to invest themselves with the gorgeous costume of the imperial court, which sate with better grace on his own form than on his less sophisticated colleagues, who had not the precedent of the courts of the two last Louis to appeal to for instruction or example; and, as he contemplated the awkward assumption of novel dignity by the minister of justice, he could not help observing, "I know no greater ass than Maret, if it be not the Duc de Bassano." "Princes and lords are but the breath of kings," was probably then present to his mind, as it was to that of Brogniart, the celebrated architect of Bonaparte, who, on being consulted by his master as to appropriate residences for the newly created *Archi Chancelier*, *Archi Tresorier*, and other *Arches*, simply observed, "Sire, it would be much more difficult to create an architect." If the observation were dictated by the vanity of the Parisian Nash, it had the merit of spirit and of truth, and Bonaparte had equally the sense to feel that his times were more exigent than those of Cosmo di Medici, who asserted that, "with three ells of broadcloth I make a gentleman;" while, in the absence of morality in those who surrounded him, the semblance of decency was at least of value. The Regent Duke of Orleans could even, in his day, turn with contempt from the profligacy he so largely abetted, and bitterly declare that "the Court is a vile place—very vile—greatly below the national level." It was scarcely entitled to more of respect during the reign of his royal ward, when it was decided that "to be a perfect courtier one must dispense with honour and feeling." With more virtuous feeling and a better taste, Louis XVI. was obliged to accept the impure legacy bequeathed him by his grandfather, of a corrupted court—an administration *de bonis non*; while the Revolution had liberally set all classes, at once, free from the restraints of vulgar prejudice, and the slightest regard for religion and virtue, wherever they partially existed in France; and, however little practised in either, the policy if not the feeling of Napoleon dictated a reform of manners, and the re-establishment of moral observances. "Monsieur de Talleyrand must marry!" was the imperative mandate, that rather ludicrously, announced the *auspicium melioris avi*. Monsieur, as then circumstanced in domestic life, proved an obstacle to the better

intentions of the emperor, and without Monsieur they could not manage. So, as it was a matter of much indifference (at least to one party), by the aid of a priest and the Consistory of Paris, the legitimate establishment, if not the happiness, of the Prince de Benevento was beneficently augmented.

Madame de Talleyrand is said to be a native of Tranquebar, in the East Indies, and was endowed by nature with great personal charms, which, while she was yet very young, attracted the admiration of an Anglo-East Indian gentleman, named Grant, to whom she gave her hand. But that union was scarcely accomplished ere it was dissolved; and the lady, quitting her husband, went to Calcutta where, it is reported, she formed a connection with one of the members of government—a man of rank and talent; and where she obtained more consideration in public than would haply have been accorded her in a more fastidious state of society; until, having exhausted the gallantry and admiration of atrabilious nabobs, she resolved to try her fortunes in the western world, leaving *legalities* to brood over their disappointment and chagrin, at the loss of beauty, but allowing no inadequate stock of patience and resignation to console and comfort them, on the score of the privation of intelligence or mind. From birth and education all her sympathies had been directed to the shores of France, and thither she resorted, somewhat prior to the peace of Amiens, where possessing the pecuniary means of rendering herself prominent to the notice of the Parisians, her appearance excited what was termed *une sensation*. In personal charms she established herself the successful rival of Mesdames Recamier and Tallien, who could only avenge the some-time desertion of their thrones by the World of Fashion, in expressing, with humour and *humeur*, their contempt of the mendicant stock of wit with which Madame Grant had been endowed; but the declaration of “she is a fool of twenty-four carats,” or without alloy, was powerless in contradiction to the allurements of novelty. “The widow of Tranquebar” became as much the rage as in later days *robes à l’ultimatum*—the Tunisian Envoy—Mr. Henry Hunt—Sir Somebody Something, who went over with a foolish address from the “gentlemen” at the Crown and Anchor—the *Osages*, or even the Giraffe itself.

The roads to distinction in France are more various and irregular than with us; Madame Grant had, rapidly as easily, attained the summit of renown: and one who *hobbled* slowly after called to her to hold out a helping hand to aid him in his ascent; for, under the Consular Government, men of the first ability found not the path so facile as before. She hesitated for a moment; but as gold is tried by the fire, woman by gold, and man by woman, the arguments of her petitioner were irresistible: and if affection entered not into the contract of partnership, the views of the lame lover and the Indian widow were equally seconded. The sentiments of the world, as to the spiritual endowments of the lady, were manifested by “*La Belle, et la Bête*,” applied to her by her friends; while the replies of the party more particularly interested in their display, afford the due measure at which they were appreciated by him.—“How could *Madame*, with her infant want of sense, induce you to become connected?” was asked: “What would you?” was the answer; “Madame de Stael has so wearied me with wit, that I deemed I could never sufficiently give in to the opposite extreme.” “*Simple*s we all know are possessed of *Virtues*,” was the dry and uncomplimentary response to one who deemed that he could best pay his court to Mon-



sieur, by poetically assuming the possession of virtue by Madame. The peace of Amiens however came. The long existing distaste of our nation to France and Frenchmen, suddenly gave way to admiration of Bonaparte and Talleyrand. Many that were noble and intellectual abandoned their native and foggy shores for the genial climate of France; an airing was given to long dormant Gallic vocabularies; Fox in bad French, and Erskine with no French at all, strove to launch heavy and equivocal compliments to the liberal institutions of a state verging rapidly to unmingled despotism. The blood then recently shed had paled to the *couleur de rose*; and the worsted yarn of British flattery was exchanged for the threads of *soie et or* with which French foolery led the wisest from their way. Talleyrand was too much of a lion to be neglected, nor was he indifferent to foreign praise, and his table was at the service of his English visitors. One day, however, as it has been said, neglectful of the life's history of her who was there to do its honours, or indifferent to the events by which it had been marked in another quarter of the globe, Madame found herself, as unexpectedly as awkwardly, in juxta-position with her Calcutta admirer, whom she had formerly abandoned; but the "Speak to me of Adam" settled an affair which had promised to disturb the order of the feast; and Sir ——— even dared to recal to the fugacious memory of his quondam friend circumstances more interesting haply to him than to his host.

Experience has proved that where love, "free as air," becomes submissive to human ties, it plays strange vagaries with its manacles; and that, if public decorum be promoted by the sanction of the church being accorded to otherwise illicit engagements, the heaven of discord ever embitters domestic arrangements. Gratitude is as rare, in such cases, as a white crow, a silent wit, a riotous Scotchman, or a disinterested attorney; and Madame Talleyrand was not reserved to contradict the truth of the latter axiom at least by her example. In fact, the ex-bishop and actual prince, if ever he again consulted the fathers of the church, might have satisfactorily agreed to the unwise proposition of Saint Chrysostom, "*Quid est Mulier? Nisi*"—a rule Nisi made *absolute* in the case referred to—"amicitia inimica: ineffabilis pœna: necessarium malum: desiderabilis calamitas: domesticum periculum: delectabile detrimentum: mali natura boni decore depicta." The dogma of "What woman wills God wills," if not willingly coincided in, on the one side, was attempted to be forcibly illustrated on the other; until, as the story went, Madame on her return from a *soirée* found her house deserted, and the key gone—Monsieur having adopted that mode of suggesting his want of acquiescence in the deeds or sentiments of his illustrious moiety. This system of blockade was quickly followed by reprisals. The French Doctors'-Commons were resorted to, and the prince and statesman condemned, if we remember well, to assure alimony to his spouse: and they have since lived on those pleasing terms which have been but now adopted by the Netherlands and the United Provinces, after a marriage concocted nearly as suddenly, unceremoniously, and imperatively as that of the prince.

Being required, in his official capacity, to present the deputation of the small quondam republic of Geneva to his imperial master, Monsieur de Talleyrand, sensibly alive to the ridiculous, could not but be amused with the display of importance of the somewhat citizen kings, who, allied against their will with *la grande nation*, failed not to impress upon the latter the high advantages derived by the French people from their

union with the *magnifiques seigneurs* of the borders of the Leman: compared with which the resources of Great Britain, Austria, Russia, or Italy, were mean, vile, and contemptible. "Sire, I have the honour to present you the deputies of the fifth part of the world." Bonaparte may have smiled; but it is more credible that the Genevese were scarcely discontented at the raillery of the French minister: for the equivocal compliment was not so extravagant as their vanity, which has at the present day yet further augmented with their recently acquired independence. The most humble of these legislators of the lake would regard with scorn a member of the British parliament or an Aulic councillor; and even Voltaire was doomed to feel his insignificance in presence of Genevese talent. "I have just been driving out with a whip five or six little kings, in rags, who rob my apples," was his sarcastic observation to a society of republicans who met to dine with him. Another instance of their pride may not haply be unamusing. During the troubles which prevailed within the walls of Geneva, Louis XVI. expedited Monsieur de Bauteville to the frontiers to watch their movements: or as these pseudo Swiss would have fain supposed, in the fear of their attempting the invasion of France. Whatever was the true motive, De Bauteville sat himself down philosophically at the Château de la Chatelaine, within half a mile of this tremendous state: and, with true French indifference to danger when the existence of the kingdom was threatened, erected a theatre for his private amusement; and as Seigneur of the place, according to etiquette, established himself in an arm-chair at the side of the stage. The Genevese, who, by the severity of consistorial law, were denied the pleasure of dramatic representations, flocked to those accorded by the liberality of the Frenchman; but their levelling ideas were fearfully disordered at the prominent position of their host. "Down with the arm-chair! Down with M. de Bauteville!" was the grateful response of his guests to the admission obligingly as generously afforded them by the former, who, duly appreciating their impertinence, arose, and gravely advancing to the front of the stage, observed, in giving them their legislative title, "Mighty lords! you are here on the territory of France. The first amongst you who disturbs the public peace I shall send to jail!" Their high mightinesses took the hint, silence was restored, and the fortunes of France were for that time at least happily aided by the rash firmness of the Lord de la Chatelaine.

When other and more tremendous events disturbed the peace of France subsequently to the invasion of Russia, a gentleman, well known in Paris, and who squinted most intolerably, addressed Monsieur de Talleyrand with "Well, Prince, how go affairs?" "As *you see*," was the reply: which, in appealing to the distorted vision of his catechist, graphically told his country's state. The failure of Simon's house at Paris, in 1811, subtracted, and importantly, from the resources of Monsieur de Talleyrand, he having lost, as it is asserted, no less than 1,400,000 francs by its bankruptcy. If, as it has been allowed, the prince's wit is ready money, it was an occasion on which he might have drawn largely on his humour; but with his known disposition to turn the misfortunes of life into ridicule, it does not appear that the coinage of his brain was resorted to to supply the deficit of his purse. On other occasions, however, he feared not to tax his imagination by speculations which might well astonish (referring to the quarter whence they proceeded), had we not hourly proof of the extreme ignorance of the most



enlightened men in France as to England and its concerns. Bonaparte's idea of making Sir Francis Burdett Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the hypothetical case of his having the direction of our affairs, and the other gross absurdities imputed to him at St. Helena, evinced with what effect he had lent himself to the study of the British temper and character (and he certainly had not neglected the subject), and was really about as good as Talleyrand's gravely observing, in 1814, "That Monsieur le Duc de Vilain-ton"—it would be wanton cruelty to deprive our neighbours of that cherished morsel of bad pronunciation—"aspired, as he knew, to the crown of England." If the credit given at that time to the prince of being the author of the assertion were well founded, his embassy to England may be useful to him on other than public grounds.

This was not the only error into which he was led during that troubled epoch; for, when the restoration of the Works of Art in the Louvre, which had been borrowed from other countries, was suggested, it was sneeringly observed, "That it would require, at the least, fifty thousand men, to see that they were not damaged." Blucher, however, had less confidence in the prince's judgment than the pleased Parisians, with whom the saying was repeated until the fatal day when two troops of horse were found sufficient to serve as a *cortege* to the brazen steeds of Venice, and the Apollo and Venus received their passports for the Roman and Tuscan states. In the year 1816, it was generally reported that the prince had been forbidden to appear at court, in consequence of some uncomplimentary comments on ministerial influence in elections, made to M. Pasquier, the then President of the Chamber of Deputies, at the table of the British minister. It is little likely that the hospitality of the representative of George III. should have been so liberally extended as to cause a revolution of character in M. de Talleyrand, and drive Prudence from her fast-hold. Human wit, however, is feeble: and forbearance is not ever stronger than temptation—as was exemplified at the coronation of Charles X., when the ancient observance of letting loose a number of birds was adhered to, the consequence of which ingenious ceremony was their directing their flight to the blazing chandeliers, and falling, burnt and in agony, on the heads of the court and spectators. "There is decidedly nothing wanting to our felicity," exclaimed the prince, incautiously; "see the larks which are coming down ready roasted." A look from the chief actor in that drama evinced that the humour of the prince was scarcely relished: and the *cubiculo regio præpositus* was taught to feel, that if the most difficult charge at court (as Nell Gwyn said or swore,) was that of a *maid of honour*, that of chamberlain was as sparingly allowed a *lapsus lingue* as a *faux pas* was permitted to the *honoraria regię assecla*.

Monsieur is now, however, like true Mocha, "little, old, and dry," and experience like that which he has acquired may be rendered useful at every period of life. In his novel character as ambassador to the King of Great Britain, it is well that he can confidently rely on the integrity of his memory, his judgment, and his tact; as ordinary mortals, after having had their fidelity and attachment appealed to by *thirteen* different governments, might be apt to confound circumstances wholly distinct. But Monsieur, undoubtedly, provides ere he goes to breakfast, to assure himself of the exact nature of the powers that be, as of the precise quality of the duties of the day; and if we are apt, unflatteringly, to wonder at the facility with which the prince has

adapted himself to events and their results, let us remember that there was a period, in the history of our country, when a county member sate himself down to his morning's repast the long-tried friend of Protestant ascendancy, and rose up from the perusal of his newspaper and the discussion of his muffin, fully convinced of the reasonableness of Catholic emancipation; that, even now, in the legislative assemblies of Great Britain, are to be found those who argue for a question and vote against it; that expediency is sometimes, even with us, substituted for principle, and policy for law; and that the *credo quia absurdum* of holy Augustin, whatever it might be deemed in his times, is not a solecism in ours. That if France be outrageous for liberty, and Frenchmen are so careful of its preservation that haply less of it will be current ere long than they expect, the Belgians are in arms for the Pope and against Dutchmen, and the Hamburgers are thrown into convulsions at the sight of an Israelite. That Mr. Rothschild in England, and Mr. Rothschild at Vienna, are as distinct of manner as the Duke of Wellington and Prince Metternich,—that each and all have special motives of action: and that if *we* prefer morality in private, and study honesty in public life, there are others who, with Elizabeth of Orleans, may frankly as truly declare, “that *they* hate innocent pleasures.” Let us finally recollect, that *accipe, cape, rape, sunt tria verba Papæ*—whether it be the infallible Pius VIII., or the more fallible and British female Pontiff, Pope Joan.

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THE UNEARTHLY ONE.

THERE is a soft, retiring light, ]  
 In her blue eye;  
 Like some sweet star that glances far  
 Through the still sky,  
 Then springs into the liquid air  
 Of heaven, as if its home were there.  
 There is a hue upon her cheek,  
 That comes and goes;  
 One moment 'tis the blushing streak  
 That dyes the rose,—  
 A spirit breathes upon her brow,  
 And she is calm and pale—as now.  
 And music, softly, sweetly wild,  
 Is in her tone—  
 The distant voice of some sweet child  
 Singing alone,  
 As resting from its joyous play  
 By a bright streamlet far away.  
 I gaze upon her—not in love,  
 For love is vain!  
 The spirit to its home above  
 Returns again;  
 And her's has only wandered here  
 To dwell awhile—and disappear!  
 I gaze upon her—not in grief,  
 But half in gladness;  
 And feel it is a kind relief  
 To my life's sadness,  
 To whisper as she passes, thus—  
 “Sweet Spirit, thou art not of us!”

G. B. I.



## A VISIT TO TANGIERS.

*(From the Journal of a Recent Traveller.)*

TANGIERS is the first African town which meets the eye on entering the Straits of Gibraltar ; it is the residence of all the European Consuls for the empire of Morocco, and is considered the only part in this kingdom in which Europeans can reside with any thing like comfort or security. This town first belonged to the Romans and afterwards to the Goths, and was given up to the Mahommedans by Count Julian. It was taken, in 1471, by the Portuguese, and given to Charles II., king of England, in 1662, as a marriage portion with the Princess Catherine of Portugal. The English abandoned it in 1684, after having destroyed the mole and fortifications.

The inhabitants, amounting to about 15,000, chiefly derive their support from their traffic with the opposite coast of Spain, particularly Gibraltar, and are much more tractable than the Moors of any other part of Barbary, from their more constant intercourse with strangers. The place would by no means be a disagreeable residence, did not the Moors so strongly oppose any innovation of their old customs, or the introduction of any improvement. Such is their repugnance to derive any benefit from European example, that although the resident Consuls have repeatedly offered to pave and cleanse the principal streets at their own expense, it has not been allowed for fear of exciting a preference for European customs.\*

My first visit to this place was in the *George the Fourth* steam-boat, in the year 1828. These vessels the Moors call "boxes of fire;" they eagerly inquired if such machines were used by the Grand Seigneur, and on being answered in the negative their curiosity to view its construction became greatly damped. The effect produced by an English military band, which accompanied a party of officers of the garrison of Gibraltar in this excursion, will not be easily forgotten by those who witnessed it. During the day several pieces of music were played in the balcony of the English Consul's house, a scene which had never before been witnessed in Barbary. The whole population issued from their houses, the lame, blind, and even the bed-ridden ; its real amount was perhaps never known till that hour. The sounds of the trombone and clarinet, like the wand of Harlequin, set them all in motion, and roused those who never dreamed of passing their thresholds but on their route to the grave. They could scarcely credit the musicians were human beings, and testified their joy in every sort of rude antic ; even women thronged the streets, and every place from which a sound could reach the ear. It was a music of the spheres which has ever since overwhelmed the Barbary professors in their own nothingness !

There is nothing notable in the town of Tangiers except the Alcaçaba of the Bashaw and the Mosque, which is a plain neat building, kept extremely clean. Ali Bey speaks of having endowed this mosque with water, which was then kept, according to his account, in pitchers ; it however at present possesses a handsome fountain in the midst of the area, and likewise a clock, the gift of one of the European Consuls.

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\* There is a well at Tangiers, over which are two slight Gothic arches, said to have been built by the English. In consequence of its having been dug by Christians, the Moors declare the water (although the best in the place) is not drinkable, and only give it to their horses.

Shortly after this clock was introduced into the mosque, it stopped. The inconvenience of not knowing the exact hour of the day was acknowledged to be a great evil, but that of admitting a Christian into the sanctuary to repair it a still greater. A divan was assembled for the purpose of deciding on the propriety of getting the clock mended, or of ejecting it altogether. After various debates, in which the negative evidence of the Koran was not considered sufficient to overcome all difficulties, an ingenious Iman settled the point by asking "How the materials for building the mosque were brought together?" "On mules and asses," was of course the reply. "Then why not," said this sage, "allow an animal of a Christian to come into the mosque to perform the work we require to be done?"

Without the town is the Zoco, or market-place of Tangiers, a large open space, where all the cross roads from the interior meet. In the centre is the tomb of a celebrated saint, decorated with a number of small flags mounted on sticks. Twice a week the surrounding country here pours forth its productions of live and dead stock, which are all jumbled together in curious confusion. Veterinary surgeons may be here seen administering physic to a camel, which the patient animal kneels to receive; here a travelling dentist extracts the sufferer's tooth with an instrument resembling the picker used for a horse's feet; and here a perambulating auctioneer traverses the market with his merchandize on his back, inviting, in a voice of thunder, a fresh bid for his wares, swearing the most dreadful oaths to the truth of the offer already made.

Women attend these markets, who may be seen squatting beside their heaps of soft soap, or butter thickly mixed with goat-hair, the negociation for which they carry on beneath the impenetrable curtain of the el-haicke, and the broad brimmed straw hat, which gives them the appearance of speaking automatons; notwithstanding which they take care never to make blind bargains. Beggars and saints likewise take their stations here, whose lazar-like appearance completes the panorama of a Moorish market.

The gardens of the consuls are the next object of attraction; these, together with some caverns at Cape Spartel, which open on the ever-agitated and tremendous Atlantic, whose breakers dash into their mouths with the foam and noise of angry lions, are almost the only objects of curiosity in this neighbourhood.

During the visit of the Sultan\* of Morocco, Muley Abderachman, to this place, in the spring of the year, he afforded us some specimens of his dexterous horsemanship, by racing with several of his officers along the sands of the sea-beach. At full gallop, some of the horsemen raised handfuls of sand from the earth and scattered it in the air; they likewise fired their guns at full speed, reloaded, and twirled them over their

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\* If stories of scandal are to be credited, many of which were current at this time at Tangiers, the sultan is most keenly alive to the charms of a fat woman. Mr. — was in the train of suitors awaiting his majesty's arrival from Fez. Admitted to an interview, he commenced the oft-conned speech; but the sultan, impatient of the discourse, frequently interrupted him by asking, "If it was true his daughters were so beautifully fat as he had heard reported?"—"No, no," replied the affrighted suitor, "I do assure your majesty that both — and — (who, by-the-by, are celebrated for their rotundity of shape) are nothing but skin and bone!" The unhappy gentleman hastened from the royal presence, bemoaning the envious reports, so calculated to injure his loyalty and peace of mind, and so destructive of the success of the suit he had to prefer.



heads, and at a single check suddenly arrested the progress of their horses, by throwing them completely back upon their haunches.

The curiosity of the Moorish soldiery which attended the sultan was particularly discernible in the eagerness with which they crowded round the English officers to view their uniforms, &c. Perhaps not a single one of these troops had ever seen an European face. Under pretence of admiring the dirks of the Highland officers, they were with difficulty prevented from stealing them. That which they least comprehended was the use of the knife and fork which the dirk contains, which, from some misinterpretation (the conversation being chiefly conducted by signs), they understood were used for the purpose of cutting up and devouring their enemies when killed. They were equally surprised at the gloves, and could not at all conceive why a covering should be used for the hands. They professed themselves willing to sell their swords or daggers, or any part of their accoutrements, which were of the rudest workmanship, though the Moors are of opinion that their guns are the best in the world, and that foreign nations would be glad to imitate them. One of these was subsequently purchased of a gunsmith, which cost the unhappy mechanic a hundred severe stripes on the feet, for having dared to sell the arms of his country to an European; and the gun was obliged to be conveyed secretly on board a vessel to be taken out of the country.

The principal characteristics of the natives of Barbary are cunning and deceit; what they want in knowledge they endeavour to make up in subtlety: they are vain and imperious with the weak, and submissive and adulatory with the strong, but too often treacherous to all. They possess a proverbial dignity of deportment and gravity of countenance, which at first sight might be mistaken for the effect of inborn greatness, but which is in fact nothing more than that assumed garb—the safety of reserve—often adopted by the more polished. Without eloquence, they never want plausibility, and hide their deficiencies beneath the most artful pretences. If by any chance the less obstinate are ever made to feel or acknowledge their inferiority, it must not be taken as a mark of diffidence, but rather as a means of exciting the least unfavourable consideration of their error. When defeated or detected in any misdoings, as a last appeal, they exclaim, “You ought to forgive us, what can you expect from barbarians?” a name which they are aware attaches to them in Europe. But their ingenuity is by no means to be depreciated: it enables them in many instances to cope with their more learned neighbours.

Whilst all the world was striving to get rid of the poll-tax imposed on foreigners entering the garrison of Gibraltar, the Moors, who were most averse to its payment, soon brought their negotiations on the subject to a close. Every nation, and even the English inhabitants of Gibraltar themselves, had complained of the illiberality of this tax, but in vain; the Berberiscos therefore resolved upon having something good in return. They threatened to levy a tax of two dollars per head (instead of one real of vellon per day) on every Englishman setting foot in Barbary. The idea was certainly founded in perfect reciprocity, and could not be quarrelled with; but this threat so alarmed the good father of the invention, that the ghost of Wat Tyler himself could not have made him more uncomfortable. His wisdom was for the first time awoke to the manner in which he had exposed Englishmen to have the

same compliment returned them at every town through which they passed. Nothing was now wanting but a good reason towards "*the most favoured nations*" to exempt the Moors from the payment of the tax. As an exemption had been generally made in favour of military men, the Moors "decreed that they might all be called military men," for, said they, "we are all obliged to carry arms to serve our sultan in time of need." The hint was accepted, and the Arabs, who bring provisions to the Gibraltar market, are exonerated from the payment of the tax.\*

The blacks are the only slaves that can be bought and sold in Barbary; this traffic is merely carried on for the use of the Mahommedans. Timbuctoo is the chief market, from whence they are generally brought at a very tender age. They are as great strangers in Barbary as Europeans themselves, and consent reluctantly to the ceremonies of that faith to which they are compelled to submit. The Moors are generally careful to purchase these slaves young, in order that they may not cherish any recollection of their former liberty nor make any attempt to escape. The boys are employed as servants, and often undergo that cruel mutilation which the Moors refuse to inflict on their horses; the females generally find a place in the harems of the rich, from whence (being the only privileged class) they are turned abroad to pursue any vocation they think proper.

The half-castes are of divers hues and features, and often heighten their natural ugliness by tattooing the face and body. These form a great share of the population of Barbary, and retain marks of their origin till the third and fourth generation, when physical distinction becomes greatly confounded; but as the population is always renewable from the stock from which they spring, the present race of Moors are more likely to degenerate than improve.

To the religious prejudices of the Moors may be ascribed the marked difference which exists between the African and European world; prejudices which alone form the great bane of civilization, and which have separated the Mahommedans for upwards of 1200 years from their fellow-creatures, even to the preservation of their original costume,† without the slightest alteration which intercourse or convenience might suggest; prejudices which set them at variance with every nation of the world. The descendants of Ishmael are to this hour what scripture has prophesied.‡ In the midst of civilized nations, they are not bound by any reciprocation of benefits or the common ties of amity and good will, but cherish feelings hostile to the rest of mankind, which will endure as long as the religion of Mahomet itself, till another conqueror and legis-

\* This tax is now very properly abolished; it is a wonder it should have existed so long, or that men in office should have been allowed to devise taxes in order to increase their own salaries.

† The dress of the Moors, although it is contended that it is in strict accordance with the law of physics, yet appears a great anomaly. The head is shaved for the sake of coolness, and afterwards covered with a thick woollen cap, twisted round with several rolls of muslin. The dress itself would be considered hot and cumbersome even in England. The cleanliness of the Moors is equally equivocal: although strict in the observance of the five daily ablutions commanded by Mahomet, they seldom keep up a corresponding propriety by a change of linen, and sleep at night in the greater part of the dress worn by day.

‡ "And he will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him; and he shall dwell in the presence of all his brethren."



lator shall destroy at the point of the sword that which it enforced—the laws and maxims contained in the Alcoran !

Yet it is perhaps not so much to the Alcoran itself, as to the numerous expositions and commentaries by interested priests, who have embarrassed and confused the belief of Mussulmans, that may be ascribed much of the superstition and bigotry which at present exist, and which have clogged their minds with an endless tissue of good and evil omens. One of their great superstitions—the evil eye—so universally credited by the Mahommedans of Western Barbary, has been often spoken of without being explained. In seeking supernatural causes to which misfortunes may be attributed, they have, amongst other things, supposed that the devil has commissioned agents on earth to spread evil, who are generally ill-looking people, with glaring eyeballs. Thus a Moor, previous to entering into any conversation or transaction with a stranger, examines him well ; and should he have any reason to suspect that person gifted with the evil eye, he will have no dealings with him, however tempting the profit. The evil eye may be set on a child, and blight its fortunes through life, of which parents are so fearful, that it is sometimes attended with a loss of friendship to admire a child, as in so doing the baleful glance is often cast upon them. To shield them from the contagion, they will snatch them up and hide them in cellars. But these poisons have their antidote ; and in the remedy of the physician may be traced the origin of the disease. The priests vend amulets possessing counter charms, which people sometimes wear about their necks. Another remedy is to hold up the right hand, with outspread fingers, and exclaim, “ five to your eyes.” Children also wear a small silver hand, with extended fingers, to guard against the accidental rencontre of Satan’s agents.

Though men of business-like talent, are sometimes met with in Barbary, still their system of education is not such as to open a field for any display of genius : the chief object of a father is to teach his son the laws of the Koran ; this precious book is to supply him with food and drink, and shelter him from his enemies in time of need. The expounding of its mysteries and hyperbolical meanings is a knowledge which the Moors would not exchange for the most useful science in existence. The first ten years of a boy’s education is devoted to religious study, beyond which learning has come to a dead halt. At the age of thirteen youth are allowed to attend the mosques, where they are initiated into the rites of the Mahommedan religion—at this period they are separated from the society of female children, and even the faces of their own sisters they can never behold more !

This state of society naturally checks the growth of all social feelings, and robs life of all the endearments which spring from family love ; nor are the ties of consanguinity strengthened by this estrangement, of which many proofs, like those related by Ali Bey of Muley Solyman’s seraglio, might be cited.

It is at the early age of thirteen that the dreadful fast of the Ramazan is first essayed, which, notwithstanding the general opinion of its being a slight penance for the rich, who sleep during the day, is so much the reverse, that towards the end of the thirty days their sufferings become insupportable, especially when it falls during the summer months : for a period of at least sixteen hours per day they are not even allowed to smoke, an abstinence which renders them pale, emaciated, and sometimes

frantic. Such is the rigidity with which they observe this anniversary of the flight of the prophet from Mecca to Medina, that it is only in case of absolute danger of life, or in time of warfare, that the Imans can absolve them from its continuance, and only then on condition of its being resumed subsequently, to atone for the dereliction.

At the feast of the Bairam, which follows, the Mahommedans resort to the fields to offer up their prayers to Heaven, in no temple but that of Nature, at no altar but that of the mountains and the skies, and where all alike raise their voice to the Creator, without the mediation of a priest! This is a portion of their worship which the intolerant and bigoted would do well to bear in memory.

In the Turkish dominions this feast is celebrated with some splendour, but in Barbary the Moors merely walk about in their best dresses, and testify their joy at being again allowed to eat during the day, and to associate with their wives, by good feasting, the noisy discharge of fire-works, and the amusement of the *lab-el-barode*, or firing of powder.

The burials of the Mahommedans without coffins, the hurried manner in which they are taken to the grave (it being supposed the deceased is not called into the presence of Mahomet till covered by the earth), the death-song of the followers, the placing of the face towards Mecca, with the hand beneath the head, as well as most of their religious ceremonies, are subjects on which too many treatises have been written to need enumeration here, and which once known excite no farther interest.\*

S. B—.

#### A MALT-ESE MELODY.

[By Charles Barclay, Esq., XXX.]

“SOBRIETY, cease to be sober,  
Cease, Labour, to dig and be dirty;  
Come drink—and drink deep; ’tis the tenth of October,  
One thousand eight hundred and thirty!”  
Oh! Horace, whose surname is Smith,  
Whose stanza I’ve carved as you see,  
The troubles and terrors we’re now compassed with  
Were, eighteen years since, sung by thee!  
When a liquid, by millions held dear,  
Becomes cheap, there is cause to repine;  
For I feel that, if each man may sell his own beer,  
I shall shortly be laid upon mine.  
Even now, as I write it, my eye fills  
With sorrow’s sad essence of salt;  
Revolutions in Malta are innocent trifles  
To this revolution in malt!

\* Monsieur Chenier, in speaking of the Moors, remarks, “They ask their dead why they would die, whether they wanted any thing in this world, and if they had not cuscousou enough?” “Their burial places are without the town. They make their graves wide at the bottom, that the corpse may have sufficient room; and never put two bodies into one grave, lest they should mistake each other’s bones at the day of judgment. They also carry food, and put money and jewels into the grave, that they may appear as respectable in the other world as they had done in this. They imagine the dead are capable of pain. A Portuguese gentleman had one day ignorantly strayed among the tombs, and a Moor, after much wrangling, obliged him to go before the cadi. The gentleman complained of violence, and asserted he had committed no crime; but the judge informed him he was mistaken, for that the poor dead suffered when trodden on by Christian feet.”



Ten thousand, let loose from their lairs,  
 Stagger forth to effect our undoing ;  
 And the press, predetermined to treat us as bears,  
 Now issues a Treatise on Brewing.  
 The poets all bless the new law,  
 And swallow their purl as they wink ;  
 While artists, who usually drink when they draw,  
 May now go and draw what they drink.

Yet each Blue should indignantly mark  
 All those who this measure have planned ;  
 For, strange though the issue must seem, the bright barque  
 Of Landon may soon strike on land ;  
 Hannah More, growing less, may be passed ;  
 While an earthquake may ruin our Hall ;  
 Even Bowles, while at play, may meet rubbers at last,  
 Since Porter has had such a fall !

The world may well laugh when it wins,  
 And its mirth is the knell of our crimes ;  
 Like the rest of the outs, we look up to the inns,  
 For their signs are as signs of the times.  
 Who can say where calamity stops ?  
 Where hope puts an end to our cares ?  
 Alas ! we seem destined to carry our hops  
 Where the kangaroos thrive upon theirs.

How sweet wert thou, sweetwort ! until  
 The tempest came growling so near ;  
 Till ruthless Economy came with its bill,  
 Like a vulture, and steeped it in beer.  
 Reduction's among the court-beauties,  
 Just now ; and there might be a plan,  
 As the Don and his Sancho are taking off duties,  
 To take the Whole Duty off Man.

The nation seems caught in the net  
 Where the foes of Mendicuity lurk,  
 And fearing abuse, is determined to set  
 The beer, like the beggars—to work.  
 It at least will supply us with cuts  
 To the Tale of a Tub we must learn ;  
 So that having long prospered and flourished on butts,  
 We have now become butts in our turn.

From eagles we sink into bats,  
 And flit round a desolate home ;  
 While those of each firm who can roam from their vats,  
 May visit thy Vatican, Rome !  
 And there, growing classic, we'll move  
 Great Bacchus to back us alone ;  
 Who, hating mean malt, may yet kindly approve  
 This whine while he's drinking his own.

Yet this we must all of us feel,  
 And while we admit it we weep,  
 The profession is far less select and genteel  
 Since beer became vulgar and cheap.  
 But " I'm ill at these numbers"—they're o'er !  
 Both pathos and bathos have fled ;  
 The world, were I dead, would not want a Whit-more,  
 For it knows that I'm not a Whit-bread !

THE CONDITION AND PROSPECTS OF THE COUNTRY AT THE  
OPENING OF THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

WE believe there never was a period at which the meeting of a new parliament was looked forward to with more intense anxiety than at the present moment ; yet never, probably, were the expectations of a people so indefinite and so opposite in their tendency. The events which have so recently taken place in a neighbouring country, and of which the consequences have spread, or are even now making progress, through every state in Europe, are looked upon in this country with enthusiasm by some, and by others with fear. By all, these events are viewed with perplexity ; and by all it is agreed, that the future welfare, almost the existence, of the nation must depend upon the measures and policy of the ensuing session. Whilst our foreign relations are daily assuming a more equivocal, if not a more dangerous position, the internal arrangements of the country are acknowledged to require great and important changes ; and it is evident to all classes of observers, that the present Administration is most profoundly ignorant, not only of the nature of these changes, but of their necessity.

The present Parliament succeeds one which, for incapacity and servility, has not been equalled within the memory of older men than ourselves. We have viewed its measures in detail, and we have traced them in their several and collective operations, and have no hesitation in declaring, that a more stupendous mass of folly and presumption has never been placed on record. In fact, we can scarcely suppose that any set of human beings could have merely blundered into such measures, so perfect does their adaptation seem to the views of the most virulent enemy of our well-being. We doubt much if the genius of any man, living or dead, could have framed a system of destruction so complete in all its parts as that of the late Parliament ; and yet, even now, with its consequences before our eyes—in our households and around our doors—and these consequences bankruptcy, poverty, and starvation—we are called upon to uphold that system, or to forfeit the character of “ liberal and intelligent men.”

So far as we have been able to discover, the leading principle of political economy—as it has been applied by the late Parliament to our commercial arrangements—is, “ the impolicy of all monopolies.” It has been asserted that we have an undoubted right in all cases—whether as individuals or as members of a community—to go to the cheapest market for our goods—that a regulation which prevents us from buying of the foreign manufacturer, in cases when we can do so cheaper than of our manufacturer at home, is impolitic and unjust—and, consequently, that it is perfectly right and wise to allow the foreigner, in all cases where he can under-sell our own merchant, the unrestricted privilege of doing so. Now we apprehend that this doctrine of the impolicy of monopolies, although perhaps true in the abstract, is not equally so in its application. There is a material difference between a national monopoly and one that is merely personal. The latter is, in most cases, beneficial to one class of the community at the immediate expense of another ; and we admit that it is bad, and ought to be relinquished ; but the former, as it diffuses its benefits over the whole face of the community, ought not to be so summarily dealt with. It is not vicious, merely because it is a monopoly, but, on the contrary—in its general reference



to the interests of the nation by whom it is enjoyed—it is highly advantageous. In our relations one with another, as members of a community, we are bound by the strong ties of mutual interests; and the privileges and protection which we thus enjoy, must be repaid by reciprocal services. If the merchant gains a profit by the consumption of the farmer, he must repay it by taking the produce of the latter. He is bound to do so; because the interests and the very existence of that society of which he is a member, can only thus be supported. But in our external relations with other states, the case is widely different. We are bound to look, not to the interests of a part of the community which may be benefited by any concessions made to those states, but to the interest of the whole—that whole consisting of our own community alone. So far as we are bound in our relations with other states, by treaty or by mutual and general advantage, we ought to perform; but we are not called upon, either in justice or in sound policy, to yield up one iota of our exclusive privileges. In most instances the country has acquired such privileges at an immense cost of blood and treasure; and in some, even by the exchange of valuable territory; and any measure of government which even endangers their continuance, ought justly to be condemned as foolish and wicked.

Yet during the late few years we have seen these valuable privileges assailed on every side. Led on by the vague theories of visionary fanatics, the legislature has embarked in a wild scheme of universal philanthropy, by which the best interests of the country have been crippled, or wantonly sacrificed, for the attainment of objects, which even the wise heads of their projectors have been unable to define. A reckless system of innovation has struck with deep and deadly effect at the root of our prosperity; and the consequences are that we have endured, and are still enduring unparalleled suffering. Yet this system is allowed to continue its progress although its evils are felt by all classes of the community, whilst not an argument is brought forward which has not been a thousand times refuted, and not a hope is held out of its final success, the futility of which is not daily more apparent.

We shall briefly glance at the distress which this system has entailed upon some of the leading interests of the country. The agricultural interest is that which, from the insular position of Great Britain, and from its dense population, ought naturally to claim the greatest encouragement from the legislature; and yet, contrary to all reason and sound policy, it has been the first to be attacked and wantonly sacrificed. It has been proved, to the satisfaction of unprejudiced persons, that in average years, we are able to raise produce fully equal to our consumption; and that, when the whole of our hitherto unproductive land is brought into cultivation, this sufficiency will be increased into abundance. Under such circumstances, it would naturally seem to be the policy of the legislature to afford full scope for the productive powers of the country, judging that the produce of the soil is *not only the source of all national wealth*, but is *in itself a part of that national wealth*. It has, however, been considered otherwise by the enlightened philosophy of the age. The landed interest has been stigmatized by the appellation of monopoly—the passions of the multitude have been appealed to, and even the fluctuation of prices consequent upon the inscrutable decrees of Providence have been attributed to the griping exorbitance of the

landholders. This cry has been eagerly repeated, alike by the manufacturer, the public annuitant, and the fundholder.

At this moment, when the first excitement of the measure has passed away, we are called upon to look steadily upon its consequences, and to examine whether the arguments which were advanced in its support, have or have not been confirmed. The manufacturer was led to expect not only a very material reduction in the cost of the necessaries of life, but also an increase in his profits and in the extent of his commerce. The labourer was led to expect an increase of wages, accompanied with a decrease in the price of provisions. Have such expectations, we ask, been fulfilled? Have they ever been partially fulfilled, or is there the most remote hope that they will ever be so? They are allowed on all hands to have *utterly failed*. The labourer has not gained any thing, for the price of labour has declined even more than the price of corn, and in truth it was never intended by the *real agitators* of the measure that the labourer should gain. The manufacturer *intended that so much as was taken from the farmer should be added to his own profits*. Has this been the case? No—the profit of the manufacturer has been progressively declining since the measure was passed. The very parties whose selfish views were consulted have been disappointed in their expectations; and yet, to gratify this restless and unprincipled spirit of experimental legislation, a great proportion—in fact, the greatest proportion—of the moral and numerical strength of the country has been thrown into wretchedness and poverty.

It would be very easy to shew the impolicy of this measure, and its injustice to a deserving and estimable part of the community; but, with the fact of its utter failure before our eyes, we apprehend that argument is unnecessary. We shall therefore proceed to view the object of the legislature, as evinced in this and similar measures. The policy of ministers has been to throw the entire strength of the country into the hands of the manufacturing interest, to the exclusion and at the expense of every other. We were to advance this object by any sacrifice—even by the total subversion of the existing state of society. We were to monopolize the commerce of the world, and it was roundly asserted that we were able to effect this, in despite of our heavy taxation, by even-handed competition with other states which were comparatively unburthened with debt. We were to throw aside every privilege which we had formerly enjoyed—to relinquish every protection which the wisdom of our ancestors, and in many instances, the success of long and arduous warfare, had wrested from the possession of the continental powers. We were to throw open our ports to the world; and then, alone, unaided, in our naked strength, we were “to *weave and spin* against a world in arms!!”

Such was the magnificent picture which was held out to the sanguine imaginations of our manufacturers; but unfortunately one material objection was overlooked. The *age of chivalry had gone by*. In these degenerate days men prefer to fight with odds; and the world was too old a soldier to quit her “points of fence,” and doff her triple mail, for the dangerous frolic of entering the ring with an armed barbarian. The note of challenge was sounded in vain, and the exhibition of our naked person appeared so formidable that the world was wary enough to keep her valuables under lock. She was sufficiently eager to share



in the advantages so prodigally offered ; but to the "march of liberality" and reciprocity she was impregnable.

Now we do not by any means blame the world, but we do most strongly blame our own legislature. We accuse them of rashness unequalled, except in the annals of lunacy. The wisdom of their measure is on a par with its practicability ; and both are nonentities. We have opened our ports to the silks, the lace, and the gloves of France. Has France given us any thing in return for this immense advantage ? No—*she has not*. Can we compete with France in these articles ? No—*experience has proved that we cannot*. Our silk, lace, and glove manufacturers have been suffering and in poverty, whilst France is enjoying the most profitable part of the business in all the three branches, to the grievous loss of our manufacturing population. We have opened our ports to the corn of America. Has America given us any thing in return ? No—*she has laid an additional duty upon every article of our produce—except models of our machinery*, by which she hopes to profit. She has diminished and almost shut out our commerce ; and the few articles which we still send her, are in most instances sold at a sacrifice.

Any prudent and wise government would have been anxious—before divesting itself of so many advantages as this country enjoyed—to secure at least equal concessions in return. It would not have left the granting of such concessions to the mere generosity, or—as that virtue has been called—"the liberal policy" of other states. It would not have trusted even to promises ; or, at all events, if such promises had been made, it would have looked with the most jealous exactness to their complete fulfilment. On the part of our government this has not been done ; and we do not see *now* how it ever can be done. It is too late now to make a bargain ; for the very articles we would try to *sell* have been already *given away* ; and, even if this were not the case, we have no hope that other nations will act so absurdly as to grant concessions, the declared object of which is to *inundate their provinces with British capital and British industry*, to the detriment, and even the annihilation of their own commerce. The boasted liberality of the new system is too much tinged with *selfishness*, and the expectations of advantage to ourselves, are too vast and magnificent to excite any nobler feeling than jealousy on the part of other states. They have been so viewed ; and the tendency of all continental legislation has been to throw every obstacle in the way of their success. We appeal to all unprejudiced observers for the confirmation of this fact ; and we appeal to all men of reason if this was not the only natural policy to be expected from the prudence of foreign powers.

But we will not attribute the failure of the reciprocity system solely to the *passive folly* of government. We will affirm that not only have measures of caution been *neglected*, but wilfully and madly *thrown aside*, for no other end than to consummate the ideal perfection of a theory. The interests of individuals in this insane pursuit of ideal perfection, have been not only disregarded but wantonly sacrificed ; and the future welfare, and even the position of Great Britain in the scale of nations endangered, and already considerably lowered.

We must here beg the attention of our readers to a few plain, glaring statements, which will tend to shew the almost superhuman folly of government in its true light. When the measures of free trade were

first brought forward, and advocated in Parliament, it was stated that their object was to give increased employment to British machinery and capital. Notwithstanding the heavy burthens under which we laboured, it was asserted that we were able to produce our manufactured goods at less prices than other nations, *by the pre-eminence of our machinery alone*. It was granted that we could never compete with the foreigner by mere manual labour, because at that time the price of labour in this country was very high, and our population were in the possession of comfortable homes, and adequate subsistence. Our superiority lay solely in our skill, our industry, and, more than all, in our *machinery*. It would, on these grounds, be allowed by the most simple reasoner that, so long as we supposed our prosperity to depend upon the extension of our foreign trade, the advantages which alone could make that trade profitable, should be firmly and jealously preserved. This doctrine, however just and reasonable it may appear, did not coincide with the views of the liberal statesmen of the day. It had been the policy of our fathers to prohibit the exportation of that machinery upon which our superiority as manufacturers depended; but the new system could not brook such a blot upon its perfection. The prohibition was disannulled; and we have now been for some years *exporters of the main source of our commercial wealth*.

The consequences of this policy it is much easier to foresee than to resist. We have no hesitation in affirming that they are, in a certain degree, irremediable; and that in a few years we shall feel them in an accumulation of misery which nothing but the elasticity of our commercial strength has hitherto warded off. We shall feel them in the poverty of an unemployed and discontented population—in the diminution of the public revenue—in an increase of the pressure of taxation, arising from the decrease of ability to support them. Even now—I appeal to any *merchant* conversant with foreign markets—we are suffering from the consequences of this rash measure. We have now to contend with the *untaxed* labour of foreign states, who possess the raw material at as cheap, or a cheaper rate than ourselves—are *aided by British machinery, and protected by their own legislature*. America is manufacturing largely, and the trade with her is now in most instances attended with severe losses. The best markets throughout Europe are daily becoming better supplied with home manufactured goods; and, consequently, less profitable to the British merchant. Whilst the exportation of our cotton yarns is increasing, that of finished goods—the most profitable to the country, because bearing the greatest amount of labour—is decreasing, or if not yet much decreased in *gross amount*, most certainly *in profit*. The total amount of manufactured cotton exported from Great Britain during the last year was 128,000,000 lbs., and of this amount nearly one half, viz. 58 millions, consisted of cotton yarn alone. The first object of the foreigner is naturally to invest his capital in such machinery as will effect the greatest saving in labour, and enable him to produce his goods in a state fit for consumption. This he is now doing—the power-loom is at work in all parts of Germany, Prussia, France, and Belgium; and, partially, in other states not so favourable for native industry. We have *seen* many of the goods which have been thus brought into competition with our own in foreign markets. They are, of course—as the first essays of art will naturally be—rude and unskilful; but, notwithstanding this, they are such as *could not have been produced* a few



years ago, when *unaided by the advantages of our machinery*. Besides, it is well known, to merchants at least, that we can only find a sale in foreign markets for the *lowest qualities* of our manufactured goods; and, with the protection which the foreigner enjoys, and the greater cheapness of labour, we anticipate a time when he will be able to compete successfully with our superior skill, from the additional quantity of labour he can command for the same amount of money. It is well known too, that the continental powers have become aware of the strength they may in time create by the encouragement of these first essays of manufacturing industry. They are promoting the investment of capital to the utmost of their power, and protecting their own infant strength from rude contact with the gigantic power of Great Britain. The manufacture of yarns has not yet been much cultivated, because, consisting almost entirely in the operation of most expensive machinery, the British merchant, from his superior resources, and the lower rate of interest which he pays for capital, can produce it at a much cheaper rate; but, as money and attention become gradually turned into the channel of commerce, we may expect to be equally opposed in this branch of our manufacture.

We have never in the whole history of legislation met with one instance of self-destructive policy, so complete and so irreparable in its effects as this measure of the late parliament. We may retard its progress by timely interference, but our utmost effort cannot avert its ultimate consequences: the entire change it will effect in the principles of human society, the happiness of which consists in the dependence of one class of the people upon the interests and exertions of another. We have entered upon an awful struggle with the world, and with our own population. This contest will be in machinery, the powers of which we must increase as the only means of regaining the advantages we have madly thrown away. We must reduce man—the lord of the creation and the image of his Maker—to the mere puppet of a machine, in comparison of which he feels—as Lord F. L. Gower confessed at Manchester—“that he is an inferior being,” a useless member of society. And he will be useless! He may live like the beast of the field, and must be fed by Nature and his God; for his fellow men will only support his wants so long as they need his toil. We may grind down the wages of our Operatives till they become the mere shadows of human beings—we may decrease our profits—our expences and our taxes; and when we have ruined every branch of industry—pauperised our agricultural population—defrauded the public creditor (for to this it must eventually tend); we shall find that we have pursued a baseless scheme of aggrandizement which has melted in our very grasp. The foreigner must and ought to protect the interests of his own population. He *must* employ his own mechanics and his own capital, in preference to that of another nation, *and he will do it*.

But it is needless to pursue any other course, in shewing the utter worthlessness of the whole system, than the bare enunciation of facts. We have now had sufficient time and ample opportunities to view its operation, in detail, through its various channels, and generally as a whole. We have been long enough deluded by the flattering picture of its advocates, and looked forward with enthusiasm to the coming of its attendant blessings. Where shall we find them? Is one great branch of the community prosperous? Not one—we affirm it in the face of the

whole world—not one ! The land-owner, the farmer, the lead-owner, the shop-keeper, the mechanic, the weaver, the lace-trade, the glove trade, the silk trade—these compose the far greater proportion of the people of England, and these are all in a state of suffering and progressive decay. The great body of the manufacturers for whose sole aggrandizement all these have been sacrificed, have themselves been, and are still, suffering. Yet the measures by which this mass of evil has been produced, are said, to “work well !” Our military premier has declared, in his usual dictatorial manner, that they will not be interfered with ; and has assured us that our distress is not in any degree owing to their operation. He has further even condescended to inform us of the nature of the actual bugbear, which has frightened away our prosperity. What will our readers suppose this mysterious thing to be ? “An earthquake ?”—no—“a plague of rats, and locusts, as in the days of Pharaoh ?” Not *precisely*. His grace, after a world of study, has discovered that all this overwhelming distress is owing to—“the deficiency of the late harvest !” Alas ! poor England ! Well might Lord Wilton lament that the stream of opinion had turned against the Aristocracy. But need he wonder ? When one of the proudest names in English history is degraded by the imputation of such miserable drivelling as would infallibly sink any other man to the level of a fool, we may well inquire, need he wonder ? We do not mean to depreciate his grace’s understanding or his judgment ; but we affirm that they are eclipsed, they are blinded by one all-absorbing passion—not *ambition*, (for “by that sin fell the angels,”) but a meaner passion, “a thing without a name.”

We shall leave this pitiable absurdity to the contempt it so justly merits, and proceed to a more solemn and serious view of the question, viz. the operation of our present policy upon the *morals and social interests* of the nation. We see, at the present crisis, Revolution marking his track in blood amongst the nations of Europe ; we see Republicanism scowling hatred upon the throne and the altar, trampling upon the fixed ordinances of society, and waiting but for a pretext to sweep away all distinctions but those of brute strength and lawless daring. Are the present measures of government those which are best calculated to drive away the evil from our shores, or are the people placed in the best condition to profit by such changes as may be occasioned by the course of events ? This inquiry is one of most urgent moment, in the consideration of which the prejudices of all men ought to be laid aside. We have viewed it anxiously and earnestly ; and in placing our opinion upon record, we are aware of the solemn weight of responsibility which we incur. It will be necessary to press upon the attention of our reader a few more facts, to enable him to estimate the justice of our views, and in doing this, we shall be as concise as possible.

It has always been considered a sound axiom in politics, that the real strength of a state depends upon the internal comfort and happiness of the people. So far as the increase of wealth conduces to the promotion of this end, it is desirable, and so far the increase of wealth in a state is also the increase of its strength. Allowing these premises, and we do not see how they can be disputed, it is evident that the aim of all legislation ought to be, to direct the channels of wealth, not into the hands of a few individuals or classes, but to spread them over the whole face of the community. A country may accumulate capital ; but unless that



capital be diffused, unless the blessings which it brings fall equally—like the showers of Heaven, fertilizing the poor man's garden, and the rich man's lawn—we affirm that such capital is not a source of strength. Such a country may wear the *appearance* of prosperity. Its mansions, its public works, its expenditure may satisfy the casual observer, or afford a demonstration for the shallow talker, and the interested sophist; but so long as the cry of poverty is heard from the low thatch of its peasantry, or the gaunt form of hunger is seen at nightfall, stealing past the doors of splendour to bury alike the sense of pain and shame in the dark haunts of debauchery and crime,—so long as industry is unattended with comfort and virtue unrewarded, such a country is *weak*, and its wealth a curse and not a blessing.

The avowed object of the legislature in its late measures has been to increase the aggregate wealth of the country. We have already stated our reasons for doubting that these measures are calculated to ensure such a result. We affirm that they are not. Their tendency is not to increase the aggregate amount of capital in the country, but only to *change its direction*, and to concentrate its many channels into one absorbing stream. It has been argued that an extensive export trade is of great advantage to a country, and to *this country* in particular. We allow this; but we think the application of this truth, like that of all others, which suited their object, has by the economists been carried too far. We have already viewed the immense sacrifices which have been made in its favour, and we think unjustly as well as unwisely. The effect of these sacrifices has been, by destroying the comforts of our agricultural population, to lessen and almost annihilate the home trade; and thus to rest the entire resources of our manufacturers upon the consumption of foreign markets. So long as we can monopolize these, by the cheapness of our goods, or the strength of our capital, the manufacturing interest will, to a certain extent, enjoy prosperity; but, to estimate the degree of that prosperity, and the individuals in whom it will concentrate, we must examine its sources and the channels through which it flows.

We have hitherto been accustomed in our home markets to dispose of our most profitable and most valuable manufactures. This market has been alike the instrument of a safe and profitable experience, a school for the first essays of our ingenuity, and the reward of their completion. The production of any new and important branch of manufacture, has invariably been tested in our home market. There it has progressed through its different stages of comparative perfection; by the successful application of new processes, it has been cheapened in production or lessened in value; and it has only been where the greatest comparative cheapness or perfection has been attained, that it has become a profitable article in our export trade. Under these circumstances the possession of a home trade was invaluable to our manufacturers. It consumed the most profitable goods, it gave the quickest and most certain returns, and was thus indispensable to men of small capital, who could not pursue with advantage the more expensive speculations of the foreign merchant. To the labourer it was also of advantage, as it employed comparatively a greater proportion of skill, and afforded the most liberal wages. The foreign market was thus left almost exclusively to men of large capital, who could sustain its uncertainties and its frequent reverses. By such men it was engrossed, and by them alone it could be made a source of profit.

We think a view of the present state of our export trade will justify these remarks. By the gradual extinction of our home trade, all classes of merchants have been driven into foreign markets, and the result has been a series of most disastrous losses. Without a knowledge of the capabilities of these markets, and led away by vague calculations of profits to be gained and production to be extended, men of small capital were induced to embark in speculations which have terminated in bankruptcy and ruin to themselves, and in the most serious detriment to those who had hitherto advantageously prosecuted such business. The foreign markets have been for the last few years overstocked, and glutted with all descriptions of British produce. The legitimate trader has been every where jostled and injured by the needy adventurer. Prices have been wantonly sacrificed; and the foreign merchant has been compelled to seek protection in petty and aggravating restriction, in some cases in virtual prohibition, from the recklessness or the frauds of British merchants. Thus the result of the loss of our Home Trade has been ruinous to at least one class of our merchants:—viz. those whose deficiency of capital disables them from profitable operations in foreign markets. This class has been for the last few years progressively falling in the scale of comfort; and in a few years more will be almost completely merged in the mass of the people.

The effect of our system upon the working classes, has been to reduce wages to an extent which a few years ago would have been considered impracticable and wicked. It would not have been considered possible that any human being could exist upon the pittance at present doled out to our manufacturing and agricultural poor; and yet we affirm that our export trade depends solely for profit upon this sacrifice of the comfort of the people. We can only depend upon the foreign market for the consumption of our goods, so long as we starve *our manufacturing population*. This assertion must be startling to men of proper feeling, but it is nevertheless strictly and entirely true. Our profits as exporters depend solely upon the cheapness of our article, and we can only procure such cheapness by means under our own control. We cannot lessen the cost of the raw material, and if we could, it would not avail us anything. We can only lessen the cost of that part of the article which is our own production:—viz. labour and skill. We can only grind down wages and lessen the reward of ingenuity. When this is effected—when our workmen are reduced to the level of slaves (and we cannot see how they can endure greater poverty and greater wretchedness than they have done, and are even now doing), we must lessen our expenses and the comfort of our fire-sides: we have already done all this, and *it is not enough*. We hear of the misery of West India Slavery, and yet we are pursuing measures which have reduced our once flourishing population to a condition infinitely *worse than slaves*. We appeal to that wild talker, Henry Brougham, if it is common for slaves to die of hunger and nakedness; and what privileges does a poor English weaver enjoy which slaves do not? “The freedom of the mind,” we think we hear him say. This is true. Our famished countryman can look upon the laws which degrade him below the level of humanity, and execrate that management which has made his mind the slave of a craving body—which has placed him—a starving human being—in the midst of a free country. The freedom of the mind! Can



that freedom procure him one degree of bodily comfort? Can it raise him above want? Can it save him from despair? No—no! He cannot raise himself one step above his present degraded condition. He cannot stop his ears against the cries of his famished children. He knows that his almost unnatural exertions cannot earn them more than bare existence; he feels that *he is a slave*; and he envies the condition of those *who are fed and clothed in their bondage*. Has Mr. Brougham ever penetrated into the miserable dwellings of our manufacturing population? If he has not we urge, not only him, but all the mock philanthropists of charlatannerie, to contemplate the condition—the life—the food—the clothing of one half-dozen families amongst their poor. Let them survey the populous county of Lancashire, or the manufacturing districts of the West-Riding of Yorkshire. Let them there contemplate the spectacle of mingled guilt and misery—the crowded hovel—the emaciated form—the debased mind; and then let such men think, if they ever do think, of the consequences of that miserably perverted intellect, which grasps at fictitious charity, and overlooks the crying necessities of famine and guilt in its own sphere.

Such is the true working of that system before whose perfections the wise policy of our fathers was esteemed foolishness. We offer this dark and appalling picture of human madness and ignorance—and we have not overcharged one feature—to the calm consideration of our reader, and let him say whether such a state of society be safe or advisable, and whether the wealth thus wrung out of the blood and sinews of the people, be a source of strength or weakness. No man who is not blind to the habitual crime and progressive demoralization of the lower classes, will for a moment deny that some fundamental principle of legislation is overlooked or wantonly disregarded; and if he trace this progressive deterioration of morals to its source, he will find it in the principle which regards man's labour as a *mere commodity*, and legislates for its *cheapness*. Virtually, the system of free trade does this. It does not regard the comforts of the people, but their productive power—the greatest amount of labour for the least cost. The invention of a man who can work without sleep, or food, or clothing—and pay taxes withal—is its great desideratum. The foreigner is advancing rapidly in the same insane pursuit of cheap labour, and we have bound ourselves not to be outstripped in the race.

In this crisis the country looks anxiously to the new parliament, and no man can avoid noticing the peculiar feeling which is prevalent. It is neither ardent hope, nor strong fear, nor bitter indignation; but a half indifferent, half contemptuous curiosity. Nothing can be more evident than the fact that not only the ministry, but the entire legislature—the two Houses—no longer lead the public opinion, but slavishly follow the cries of madmen and the measures of fools. The disaffected—the innovators—the base of all parties—look upon them as the weak tools who are to be bullied out of an opinion by clamour out of doors, or tempted by interest within; and upon no class—upon no party—has the example of the last two sessions been lost. Honest men can now look with confidence to one source alone—to a King, who will never betray the hopes of his people, nor ever mock their miseries. We are sorry to trace the growth of such a state of public opinion: but its existence is indisputable; and when we view the

public conduct—the reckless profligacy—the glaring, open contempt of all decency and principle exhibited by the late parliament, we cannot for a moment wonder at its continuance. As for the present ministry, we can only ask—what will the poor creatures do next?

Gentle reader, do not smile at this question. We know it is unanswerable. It cannot be solved by any principle of human action, being solely dependent upon contingencies. Sir Robert Blifil will look which way the wind blows, place his hand upon his heart, and assure the world with a benignant smile that *his opinion is entirely changed*. The commanding officer will tell us we are all very well off—as well as we deserve—and assert, with his usual correctness, that the deficiency in the revenue is occasioned by the long summer days, and the consequent decrease of consumption in the article of candles—that he is indefatigable in his endeavours for retrenchment—that he has discovered an error of 2s. 2d. in the computation of his quarter's salary, which he will magnanimously refund—finally, that he had nothing in the world to do with the Polignac affair, *exceptis exceptiendis*, which, being interpreted, means, as much as the gullibility of the public will swallow. As for what the rank-and-file-men—“Apollar and the rest”—will do or say, the world and ourselves care very little. Something, however, must be done—effectually and soon. The people are wretched—the revenue is declining—disaffection is abroad amongst the lower classes—and revolution is overturning the whole system of European society. We may have to go to war.

In the present state of the country, such a step must be attended with the most imminent danger. We cannot go to war! Europe knows this, and has known it long. The pettiest confederacy can defy us. The meanest state in Europe can mock us, and has mocked us, with impunity. Our commerce depends upon the continuance of peace, and the slightest derangement of our continental relations will plunge our manufacturing interest into irretrievable difficulties. We shall be harassed at home with an unemployed population—we shall be crippled with a deficient navy—we have no flourishing agriculturists to support the burthen of increased taxation—we have no home trade to supply the temporary decrease of our foreign demand. We have rested the whole weight of our resources upon the security of our external relations, and our whole capital is invested in foreign markets. What then will be the result—what must be the result of a continental war? Sudden stagnation of commerce, and perhaps a convulsion.



THE ILLUSTRIOUS OBSCURE. N<sup>o</sup>. I. — THE MODERN TANTALUS;  
OR, THE DEMON OF DRURY-LANE.

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“ There are more things in Drury-lane, Sir Walter, than are dreamt of in your Demonology.”

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COURTEOUS READER,—Has it—pardon, we pray thee, the abruptness of the query—has it ever been your fate to visit what is called the privilege-office of Drury-lane theatre? We do not ask if you are a renter, or a translator of two-act atrocities; but have you ever, by any chance, found yourself in the box-lobby of that temple of Melpomene, music, and melo-drama, without having performed the customary ceremony of depositing seven shillings at the doors? If such has been your lot, you must inevitably have encountered a quiet, broad, short, shrewd-looking, elderly gentleman; who, sitting in a nook that fits him like a great-coat, with his hat drawn a little over his eyes, to shade them from the glare of the lamp beside him, has received your credentials, or presented a book for your lawful signature. You may possibly have observed the calm, scrutinizing air with which he has surveyed your free-admission ticket, or the inquisitive glance which he has directed to the flourish that accompanies your autograph. If you are an author, you must have seen him put a mark of honour opposite your name, to distinguish you from the rest of his visitors. (Our friend has a taste for literature, and he thus evinces it most delicately in conferring distinctions upon its professors). But you are little aware, probably, that there is a circumstance connected with the history of that individual, which is entitled to a place in a more imperishable register than the short memories of the few to whom the fact may be familiar.

We are convinced that men may pick up, in a morning's walk, a good many village Quixotes and mute inglorious Sanchos, simply by adhering to an old practice which half the world seems to have abandoned—that of having their eyes open. To be sure we had paid several visits to the subject of this sketch before we discovered anything that particularly distinguished him from the rest of his fraternity—or it might with justice have been said, of his countrymen—nay, of mankind. But at last, when he became sufficiently acquainted with our visage to recognize it at a glance, the fixed, placid, sculptured sort of smile which invariably tempers the business-like serenity of his features, began to relax into something cordial and communicative. He greeted us with a good evening, and entered gradually upon a gossip. It turned naturally enough upon theatres and their affairs—and here it was that we first felt startled by the extraordinary stock of knowledge displayed by our new acquaintance. He did not attempt to immolate us on the altar of antiquity; he did not, like other elderly people, regale us with a reminiscence of Garrick, first printed in the old “Town and Country Magazine;” or illumine us with a learned treatise on John Palmer's shoe-buckles. We were neither initiated into the mysteries of Pritchard's hoop, nor elevated by an apostrophe to Jordan's gipsy-hat and red ribands. Her very eyebrow, as far as he was concerned, was hidden in oblivion; and her ankle was permitted to rest quietly in its grave. No, he astonished us by the novelty, the newness of his information. The events he communicated had just transpired; the account of them had not yet gone to press. His notes were all in manuscript, and the ink was scarcely dry. But it was this particular fact that made the marvel:—he mentioned circum-

stances that must have happened, precisely at the same moment, in different places—and all within a few minutes after they had occurred. Here was the source of our wonder. His rumours were all just born, fresh from the nursery of time—tender, delicate revelations, almost too vapoury, too ethereal to handle. You had his intelligence with the gloss upon it ; although much of it must have travelled some distance. He seemed like the centre, not of gravity, but of society ; and the news naturally fell towards him from all points. There he sate in his snug small box, like an encyclopædia with a hat on—or rather it was as though a newspaper had been compressed into a nut-shell. His ears could never have been the medium through which those multifarious reports had reached him—there was not time for them to travel in the ordinary way. Besides, how could he have emissaries in every part of the metropolis to bring him the news every five minutes ? It was impossible. Even if notes had been taken in some sublimated system of shorthand, they would have been of no use unless they had been conveyed by a telegraph. There must be some piece of machinery at work that Watt never dreamed of ; steam is certainly at the bottom of it. There is some “gathering of the clans” of communication—some mental “meeting of the waters,” the secret of which is confined to one individual. It is clear that he knows what is passing in a distant part of the town, the very instant it happens, with more certainty than either of the Siamese twins can guess what the other is thinking about. He should certainly be published with the Gazette. He would prove of incalculable use at elections, as he would know the state of the poll all over the kingdom. The country ought to purchase him. That pernicious system of economy is the vice of every ministry, and is fast bringing the kingdom to destruction.

It was only by degrees that our friend’s astonishing faculty, or inspiration, or whatsoever philosophy may decide upon calling it, was developed. He seemed anxious not to stun us, and fired off his successive reports, as if from an air-gun. He sprinkled us very gently at first, to prepare us for the torrent that was to come. This may be a specimen, perhaps, of his beginning—a dim, faded sample of his many-coloured address—“Good house to-night, Sir—very good house, indeed ; beautiful pit, full first price. Garden very indifferent (Heaven has been very good to us!) ; only seventy pounds in the pit, and not more than half that in the gallery ; boxes far from brilliant. Droll circumstance occurred just now in the ‘Critic,’ both morning-guns missed fire, and Farley was obliged to imitate them as well as he could from the wing—and the best of the joke is, that the audience never found out the difference. Capital house at the Adelphi. Surrey doing very well to-night. Rather flat at Tottenham-street. Duncrow slipped, and his neck narrowly escaped dislocation : no man should ride more than a dozen horses at one time.” All this, and much more to the same effect—although it was early in the evening to have derived information from such various quarters—did not excite our especial surprise. We conjectured that he had heard it accidentally, and in the way of business. But on succeeding evenings, when he entered into detail, and described matters more minutely—when he repeated the grand joke, the lion of the new farce, at one house, and hummed part of a chorus in the new opera at another ; when he told us what airs Miss Paton had introduced—how Fanny Kemble had shrieked, and how



Fanny Kelly had started ;—when he described Mr. Mathews and Madame Malibran at the same moment ; when he mentioned what pieces had been substituted, what actors had flourished their sticks in the box-lobbies, and who had been suddenly and seriously indisposed ;—we confess that we did stare at him for a minute or two with unfeigned astonishment and admiration. But afterwards, when we came to muse upon the matter, and reflected that the events of his narrative had happened in various places, and all within a very moderate number of minutes ; and then, when we considered how unlikely it was that he should have quitted the box in which he sat, and that the tidings could not have travelled to him by chance—our surprise became more profound ; it deepened into a sensation of awe. How was it possible that he should see and hear what was beyond human sight and hearing ? What sympathy could there be between the privilege-office at Drury-lane, and a pirouette just perpetrated at the Opera ? What on earth had all London to do with that lobby ? We could think of but *ONE* way in which the intelligence could have been obtained. We admit that it was superstitious ; but we really felt that there was a fearful agency at work—that the mysterious individual before us was a dabbler in some dreadful art—that he had learned an enviable yet an awful secret—that he possessed some inconceivable glass, some sub-terrestrial telescope, by which the interior of every theatre in the metropolis was open to his view. We felt that his very spectacles would be an invaluable legacy. Our imagination, as we looked at him, converted him into another Asmodean sprite, and we fancied the box from whence he surveyed the whole dramatic world, to be only a Brobdignagian bottle ; we had little doubt but that his two sticks were concealed inside of it. The lower part of his person was enveloped in impenetrable doubt ;—there was nothing visible but his bust.

As we were really anxious to unravel the mystery, we visited him again a few nights afterwards. It was precisely the same—every theatrical incident of the evening was promulgated. He repeated to us an apology—as we found by the papers the next morning—verbatim, and within five minutes after it was delivered. We tried him on past personages and events, and mentioned Mrs. Siddons. “A wonder of a woman, Sir !—Ah ! you recollect only her late achievements—now, I never saw any but her first. Her brother John too—grand even in his decline, majestic in ruins. Why, his very last performance—his genius glimmering through his infirmities—had all the sublimity of an eclipse. It was a fine sight !” We lamented that we had not heard that great actor’s farewell, when to our infinite surprise he expressed a similar regret. “Why,” said we, “from the opinions you have given, it would seem that you had been there.”—“No, Sir, no—I never saw Kemble since he was a young man.” At this we possibly betrayed some incredulity, for he repeated his assertion. “Never, since he was a young man. It was just the dawn of his great day when I last saw him. And as for his brother Charles—an accomplished actor, Sir—I haven’t seen his brother Charles since he came of age.” Here we could not forbear looking our unbelief : it was difficult to understand how anybody could exist almost within the walls of a theatre, and not have seen Charles Kemble act after his arrival at years of discretion (honestly and earnestly do we hope that he has not survived them !). But our enigmatical acquaintance proceeded. “And then there’s Kean, Sir ; he possesses

great energy still—yes, it is the true light, although it may not burn so brilliantly as it did once.” I inquired if he had seen all that actor’s early performances. “No,” he observed, very calmly, and with the air of a man who is perfectly innocent of a jest; “no, *I never saw Kean act in my life!*” Let the reader imagine a reply to this declaration. “You don’t say so!” died on our tongue; not a single “indeed!” escaped from our lips. This was no case for starts and exclamations; our emotions were too deep for interjections. It was not until he had reiterated the assertion, in very positive terms, that we felt quite convinced he was in earnest. We then summoned up all the emphasis in our power. “Is it possible that you have attended this theatre every night for so many years, and have you really never seen Kean?”—“Never in my life,” replied our eccentric friend; “in fact, I HAVE NOT SEEN A PLAY OR A FARCE FOR THESE FORTY YEARS!”

If a physician had told us that he had not prescribed for himself for the period mentioned; if an author had protested that he had not read one word of his own works for half a century; if a champagne-manufacturer had taken upon himself to say that he had never tasted his own liquid in his life;—in any such cases we should not have felt a moment’s surprise. We should have perceived immediately that they had a motive for their self-denial. But here there was none. The circumstance we have recorded is probably without parallel. To have been for years steeped to the very lips, another Tantalus, in the delights of Drury-lane, without tasting a single drop! To have had the fruit bobbed to his lips for forty years! To have grown old in the service of the stage, and yet never to have advanced further than the threshold of the theatre! To have had the door of it perpetually shut in his face! To have been the nightly medium of administering gratuitous pleasures to others, and never to have had his own name placed on the free-list! To have stood so long within sight of the promised land, without the possibility of reaching it! To have seen myriads of happy, white-gloved people pass into the theatre, dreaming of nothing but delight—yet to have been left behind, shut up in that Pandora’s box of his, and to feel that there was no hope at the bottom of it! Is there not something touching—something that amounts to a kind of ludicrous melancholy, in all this? There are nights when the free-list is suspended—our friend’s office on these occasions is a sinecure. Surely then he might have been passed in—at a private door. Was it liberal, was it even common humanity, thus to close the gates against him?—to keep him waiting for forty years; until either the stream, or his inclination to cross it, had passed by! If he had only gone in at half-price, it would, as Yorick observes, have been something.

Again, on benefit-nights. Was there no one to present him with a single ticket—even for the gallery? Is all fellow-feeling and gratitude utterly driven from Drury-lane? Are the “charitable and humane” nowhere to be discovered among the professors of the dramatic art? There is Mr. Kean, who is so renowned for liberality, and who *has* taken benefits, though not lately—we are astonished at him. Even Munden might, in such a case as this, have ventured upon an act of munificence that would have cost him nothing. Suppose he had sold him a pit-ticket, as they are offered to us at the doors of some of the theatres, for “eighteen-pence.” Really, this could not have hurt him. There are one or two of the actresses, also, who would have looked still



more pleasant and graceful in our eyes, could we have learned that they had evinced any gentleness of heart and kindling of sympathy touching this matter. But surely—the notion just breaks upon us—surely he must have had benefits of his own ! Of a verity he has had such within our recollection. “ Mr. M.’s night ” has more than once struck upon our optics in scarlet characters, dazzling and decoying us. What ! invite his friends to a feast whereof he declines to partake himself ! Provide all the delicacies of the season (the phrase applies to the theatre as well as to the table) and taste not of a dish ! “ Hast thou given all to thy two daughters, and art thou come to this ? ”

As we listened to him afterwards, we thought there was a pathos mingled with his pleasantry, a magnanimity in his air, that we had never observed before. With the strong light of the lamp reflected upon him, he looked like the Man in the Moon. We had once likened him, in the sportiveness of fancy, to a sort of human “ toad-in-a-hole ; ” but he now seemed to us, as he sat there in his lonely and desolate nook, greater than Diogenes in his tub.

Such were the first impressions which his extraordinary announcement created within us. We reflected upon the dreary term of his exclusion—**FORTY YEARS !** What a non-life must he have led ! The situation of Sterne’s “ Captive ” came dimly upon our recollection. We brought him in idea before our eyes. Our unhappy, ill-used, inadmissible friend resembled him ; his was a parallel case. “ He had seen no Kean, no Farren, in all that time ; nor had the voice of Tree or Stephens breathed through his lattice. Grimaldi—— but here our heart began to bleed.” We could not read over the list, or calculate the extent of his sacrifices, without feeling that he had suffered a worse than cloistered seclusion. He had been knocking, like a true Catholic, at the gate of Parliament for forty years, and still it remained most perseveringly closed. Two revolutions had taken place in France during that period ;—yet *his* destiny seemed as despotic as ever.

Too busied with these emotions and reflections to enter the theatre, we returned home. There, however, musing upon mysteries of all kinds, our feelings gradually rolled back into their former channel. The confession of that night tended to confirm our past suspicions. We remembered his extraordinary communications ; his narrative of events witnessed at the same instant in several places ; his rumours, whispers, hints, and inuendos, concerning facts, a knowledge whereof could only have been obtained by a power of ubiquity, that must have been purchased at a price which the Archbishop of Canterbury could never have repaid. This spiritual admission then appeared to account for his corporeal exclusion. To what end should he seek to enter a theatre, when all its secrets were open to his view ? Why should he trouble himself to dress for the Opera, when he could see Pasta from that magic box—the only one in which he could ever have occasion to take a place ? Why should he pay for admission to the pit, when in the one which hath no bottom he had found the means of looking through lobby-walls, and making green curtains more transparent than glass ? Besides, could a mere mortal, accustomed to yield and unfitted to resist, ever have withstood the temptation to which he had been nightly exposed for many years ? Would not a creature like man, liable to fun and frailty of all kinds, have watched his opportunity and slipped in some night at the latter end of a farce ? Could we—could the reader—have resisted ? Alas !

these are questions to which it is impossible to find favourable answers. The fact, the dreadful fact, seems almost established. The strangely-gifted, mysterious, and miserable subject of this history, our civil but ill-fated acquaintance of the privilege-office, has been for more than half the term of his natural existence on terms of intimacy with

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We begin to suspect that there may really be wickedness and peril in these profane stage-plays; and that he with whom we have innocently gossiped, may be an agent set there on purpose to register our names upon the free-list, to seduce us into the theatre, and to ruin us gratuitously!!

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Earnestly do we hope that he may be enabled to explain the enigma better than we can. We trust that the gorgons and chimeras dire, which, to our apprehension, are now haunting his path, may prove as harmless and gentle as doves; and that he may secretly have within his own mind a guiding and a golden light to console him amidst the dangers and darkness that appear to envelope him. And if he should be able to prove to us that he is still human—if he can shew the means by which he obtains his information, and can convince us that he has no earthly right to a place in Sir Walter Scott's next edition of his "Demonology," the public we think will cheerfully second our efforts in brightening his future days, in interposing with the new management in his favour, and ensuring him a view of the Christmas pantomime. Only let him convince us that he has not fallen into the most terrible of all toils, and we shall immediately open a subscription to purchase him—not a piece of plate—but a Free Admission to the theatre as long as he lives. May it be forty years more!

B.

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#### SIERRA LEONE SAINTS, AND WEST INDIA SINNERS.

It was only a few months ago that we submitted to our readers some account of that modern Golgotha of the "Saints"—Sierra Leone. We then expressed our honest indignation at the unworthy arts by which the British public were long kept in ignorance of its total worthlessness, and our detestation of the audacious deceptions practised upon the British government to induce them to give annual grants of public money for its support, and finally, to take this deadly concern out of the hands of the "philanthropists," and throw away a few more millions on their maudlin schemes, instituted under the mask of Humanity. We scarcely, at that period, ventured to hope that in such a short space of time a complete exposure of this African sink of iniquity would take place; and now that the facts can no longer be concealed or glossed over, we sincerely trust Mr. Hume, and other active members of the legislature, will continue their exertions to expose and punish the authors of a system of fraudulent deception, which has cost Great Britain such sums of money, and so many thousands of valuable lives; and which has also inflicted such a load of misery upon the unfortunate beings who have from time to time been forced to become free settlers, to sink under the *tender mercies* of the abolitionists.

Sierra Leone was at one time, and even up to a recent date, represented by the "Saints" to be one of the most healthy of settlements:



it is now proved to have been, from the beginning, a pestilential charnel-house! The African and other settlers were, even in the recent pamphlet of Kenneth Macauley, said to have rapidly advanced in civilization, and that religious instruction had produced the most blessed fruits. We now find the population in a state of the most degrading ignorance, and that brutal licentiousness is universal. It was said that the Maroons had made such progress in wealth and respectability that their brethren in Jamaica were not to be compared with them; *we now find these people* PETITIONING TO BE SENT BACK TO THE WEST INDIES.

We were assured that the Foreign Slave Trade was to be entirely annihilated, and Africa civilized by the moral example and political ascendancy of this religious assemblage of free negroes! We now see that the Foreign Slave Trade, so far from being destroyed, is carried on with greater vigour than ever, and is said to be fostered and encouraged by this very settlement, established for its suppression; and that the only effect of its civilization, upon the neighbouring tribes, has been, to create dissensions, introduce new vices, and to render the name of "white man" a term of reproach throughout Africa. We see that the unhappy beings seized in the slave vessels, die by hundreds—even before they can be landed at the settlement; and that many thousands of the survivors, whose liberation costs this country millions of public money, have wandered, no one knows where, *or been again sold into slavery*; and that even a schoolmaster has been detected in selling his pupils!

One of the last documents presented to the late Parliament,\* places the dreadful mortality of all classes in a frightful point of view.

Wm. Smith, Esq. thus writes to Lord Aberdeen, on the 10th of June—"Amongst the numerous deaths I have to report to your lordship, that of Mr. Richard Groves, *Marshal* to the Courts of Mixed Commission." On the same day he writes, "It is with feelings of unfeigned regret that I have to report the death of Mr. S. M. Magnus, *first clerk* to His Majesty's Commissioners." On the 11th he states that Mr. Jackson, the commissary judge, had been obliged to return to England in a dangerous state of health; and on the 3d of July, he says, "It is with the most poignant feelings of regret, that it again becomes my melancholy duty, &c.—Mr. Reffell, the registrar, died on the 3d instant." On the 19th of August, he writes, "I have again a melancholy duty to perform, in acquainting your lordship with the death, on the 3d instant, of Mr. T. M. Walker," the young gentleman appointed to fill one of the situations vacant by the above-mentioned deaths, and in the same letter Mr. Smith states that a Mr. Frederick Jarvis, who succeeded Mr. Groves as marshal, only held the situation two weeks, "having unfortunately died on the 9th ultimo, after ten days' illness!"

These papers shew a frightful increase of the slave-trade in every direction. Mr. Jackson, writing to Lord Aberdeen, on the 5th January of last year, mentions "the *unprecedented* number of slaves which within the last four months have been brought before the several Courts of Mixed Commissions: a proof of the perseverance of those engaged in this inhuman traffic;" and the Commissioners further wrote, on the 19th February, "the slave-trade seems to be breaking out afresh to the

\* Class A, Session 1830. Correspondence with the British Commissioners at Sierra Leone, &c.

northward!" On the 19th August, Mr. Smith expresses his opinion that the Brazilians will continue the trade, notwithstanding our treaty with them to the contrary, and that *we cannot prevent them*. On the 23d of March the capture of an armed slaver is reported, and that "traders are becoming more daring every day," in fact, the trade is assuming a new character, and the vessels now employed are of such a class as not only to lessen the chance of capture by superiority of sailing, but also to enable them to make a more formidable resistance. On the 26th June the Commissioners write, "We regret to add that the slave-trade is manifestly reviving, with additional activity, at the Gallinas, *only 150 miles from Freetown!*"

The mortality which takes place in these captured vessels, between the time of capture and adjudication, is truly horrible. In one case the number of deaths was 60 out of 201; in another, 179 out of 448; in a third, 115 out of 271; in another, 65 out of 218; in another, on the passage from Fernando Po to Freetown, 109 out of 226; and there are numerous other cases.

From Havannah the same accounts of the increased activity and desperation of the traders, is given by Mr. Macleay. One slaver was run ashore on the coast of Cuba, by the Skipjack, and was blown-up. There was only one wretched negro found on board. "There is every reason to believe, though it may be difficult to prove the fact, that the crew set fire to her, as in the case of the 'Mexico,' with the horrible intention of destroying the captors, together with such negroes as they had not time to land." In the case of the Midas, captured by the Monkey, out of 562 negroes taken from Africa, 241 died, and forty threw themselves overboard—making altogether a mortality of exactly one half. Another slave pirate, who arrived safe in Cuba, "*had plundered other slave vessels* of about 980 slaves, and had scarcely sailed for this island with them, when the small pox and other contagious diseases broke out, which reduced a crew of 157 to 66, and the 980 slaves to about 300!!

Mr. Macleay, in his letter to Lord Aberdeen, of the 1st January, states, that the number of slaves landed in 1828, *exclusive* of those liberated by the Mixed Commissions, amounted to 7,000 at least; and he attributes the increased activity to—1st, *the great number of sugar estates now forming* on the island—2dly, to the enormous profits attending the illicit slave-trade—3dly, to the certainty, now prevailing among the slave-traders, that they are favoured and protected by the local government, if not by the government at home. "The coffee planters," says he, "who had in former years realized money, have above all turned their attention to sugar cultivation; and as, taking sugar and coffee estates at their average extent, one of the former requires about three times as many negroes as a coffee plantation, of course the demand for slaves has in proportion increased.

It must appear quite evident to every man of common sense, that the most effectual encouragement that can possibly be afforded to the Spaniard to continue this nefarious traffic, *is precisely that which our abolitionists at home are now pursuing*—namely, to increase the demand for foreign sugars, by ruining the *British* sugar-planters! And that, on the other hand, to encourage the produce of our own colonies, and thereby render supplies from foreign colonies unnecessary, would be the surest means of abating it! But this does not suit the politics of



the humane Messrs. Brougham, Buxton, Macaulay, and Co., and their followers !

To return to Sierra Leone, the following extracts of a letter, dated from Freetown, July, 1830, will give some idea of the results of the religious instruction and civilization plans of the "philanthropists."

"You would be astonished to see the prevalence of vice in this wretched place. All the great landmarks of civilization are noticed only with the view of drawing fresh supplies and support from the northern country. They are never dwelt on as being conducive to happiness, or practised in the search of it. Here the European and the African, with some few exceptions, know but the semblance of virtue, and that only as the means of enabling them to indulge in vice. Of this we have recently had a frightful example. A liberated African, a missionary schoolmaster, named Thomas Edward Cowan, has been convicted of stealing a boy, one of his own pupils, and also a liberated African, for the purpose of selling him into that horrible state of slavery from which he had been snatched by British courage and philanthropy. This monster was tried in June, at our General Quarter Sessions, and the charge of the new Chief Justice, Mr. Jeffcott, to the grand jury, is worthy of particular notice. Some passages in it will shew you that I was not misinformed, when I stated that *the slave trade is carried on to a considerable extent in this very colony*; and I expect shortly to be able to forward you several interesting cases, which will still further prove the accuracy of my statement. The following are the passages in the Chief Justice's statement, to which I allude:—

"I have heard—and from the source from which my information is derived, I am bound to believe what I should otherwise have deemed incredible—that persons are to be found in this colony, who, if not directly engaged in, aid and abet the abominable traffic in slaves. *That such persons are to be found, I repeat it, in THIS COLONY—a colony founded for its suppression, towards whose establishment, and in whose support so much wealth has been expended, and so many valuable lives sacrificed*; and, further, that men holding respectable stations—men having all the outward appearance and show of respectability, are not ashamed—I should rather say, are not afraid—to lend themselves to this nefarious, this abominable trade!

"It has come to the ears of the Government of this colony, that aid and assistance have been afforded in the fitting out of ships, well known to be destined for such unlawful traffic, and that vessels have been so fitted out from time to time by persons resident in this colony, for the Gallinas and elsewhere.

"Is it to be tolerated that this colony, established for express purpose of suppressing this vile traffic, should be made a mart for carrying it on? Is it to be borne, that this harbour, miscalled—if all I have heard and am led to believe be true—the harbour of *Free-town*, should shelter within its bosom, while the British flag waves over its ramparts, vessels, purchased after their condemnation by the Mixed Commission Courts, to make a second and a third experiment in the slave-trade? to be perhaps again captured by our cruisers, and again bought up by the skulking foreigners who prowl about this place, as the one best calculated for their iniquitous purpose?

"I have, since my arrival here, taken some pains to ascertain the number of liberated Africans imported into this colony within a given period, as compared with the number now located in the different villages; and, although the census of the latter is not quite complete, I have every reason to believe, that whereas there have been imported into the colony of Sierra Leone, within the last ten years, upwards of 22,000 Africans, who have obtained their liberation, and have been located here at the expense of the British Government—an expense which, upon the most moderate calculation, including that of the civil establishment of this colony, and of the naval and military force attached to it, together with the sums paid to the higher and subordinate officers of the Mixed Commissions, amounts to £300. per man, or nearly seven millions ster-

ling, in the course of ten years, there are not now to be found in the colony above 17 or 18,000 men!"

The Chief Justice, in passing sentence upon the missionary school-master, told him—

"I have this day, in the discharge of a melancholy duty, been forced to pass the awful sentence of death upon a man for stealing a sheep; and upon you, who have been convicted, upon the clearest evidence, of having stolen, for the purpose of selling him to slavery, your former companion in captivity—one to whom the recollections of your common country, the fate which you had both escaped, the benefits which you enjoyed in common, and the relations in which you stood to him as his instructor and his master—ought to have made you a friend and a protector, instead of a betrayer of the worst description:—upon you, I say, the law will not allow me to pass a heavier sentence than that of a few years' imprisonment. But, had you consummated your crime out of the boundaries of this colony—had you accompanied your victim to the Rio Pongas, and completed your offence on the high seas, within the jurisdiction of the admiral—you would have been tried by a different court, arraigned upon a different indictment; and it would have been my duty, on your conviction, to pass sentence of death upon you, and order you, as I should have done, for instant execution, *which I have little doubt you have merited on former occasions; for that this has been your first offence all the particulars of your case induce me to disbelieve.*"

We consider it unnecessary to adduce any further proofs of the iniquities resulting from the absurd civilization and conversion theories of the "saints," or of the miseries which their ignorance and duplicity have entailed upon Africa. If we may believe a statement made in one of their own journals—"The Jamaica Free Press"—their schemes for instructing "our negro brethren" in the West Indies, "the lineal descendants of the Amilcars, the Hannibals, the Ptolemys, and the Confuciuses of olden time" as they are ludicrously styled, are equally unsuccessful. "But, alas!" say these canting hypocrites, "this is entirely owing to 'slavery,' that bane and curse of West Indian society, which, by degrading, and almost brutalizing, its unhappy victims, has, to a considerable extent, broken their spirits, and deadened their energies. Hence the apathy which they evince, *and the necessity for coercion.*"

"The School of Industry," says one of their own body, "is still in operation. I have repeatedly been on the eve of discontinuing it from a lack of funds, but aware of its importance to a people so naturally disposed to indolence, that fruitful source of crime and wretchedness, I have endeavoured, though with extreme difficulty, to carry it on till now." That there is still a necessity for coercion, and that these descendants of the Carthaginians! the Ptolemys! and the Confuciuses! of olden time, are *naturally* disposed to apathy and indolence, are strange admissions, after we have been so often told of the immense quantity of work they would do, if placed in the situation of free labourers; and if their being in a state of slavery is the cause of their indolence and apathy, to what cause would this "descendant of Amilcar," the Editor of the Free Press, attribute the apathy of the *free* negroes in the schools at Sierra Leone and in the crown colonies?

"In setting about the conversion of more than 800,000 black slaves into free citizens," says Mr. Coleridge, "we must act sensibly and discreetly; especially, we must begin with the beginning, for it is not a matter of Decree, Edict, or Act of Parliament; there is no *hocus pocus* in the thing, there are no *presto* movements. It is a mighty work; yet



mighty as it is, it must be effected, if at all, in the order and *by the rules which reason and experience have proved to be alone effectual*. If we attempt to reverse the order or alter the mode, we shall not only fail ourselves, but make it impossible that any should succeed."

We have long been of opinion that it is only gradual measures producing gradual improvement, and by the sound doctrines and sober views of the clergy of the English and Scottish churches (to the Moravians, also, we have no objection) in the colonies, that the Christian religion can ultimately be spread in the West Indies; and when we perceive the most respectable and influential individuals in Jamaica, accompanied by their labourers, zealously aiding and assisting in the erection of new chapels, we can easily perceive the dawn of a better state of society in the colonies, and can account for some of the spleen presently displayed by the sectaries, and their great activity in slandering the colonists.—We extract the following from the Jamaica paper above mentioned. At laying the foundation stone of the new chapel in Darliston district, to be built on four acres of land, given for the purpose by P. Ferguson, Esq., of Cliefden, the bishop and principal clergy, the governor and his staff, and the respectable proprietors in the district, were present. "The negroes belonging to the neighbouring properties had 'the day' given to them; and they shewed, by their numbers in attendance, and the neatness of their apparel, the interest they took in the ceremony"—This is as it should be. But while such cheering prospects are gradually opening in the colonies, the sectaries at home are endeavouring to move heaven and earth for the immediate destruction of the colonists.—We may shortly have occasion to notice their present unconstitutional efforts all over the country, to procure petitions to overawe the Legislature; and should they not be firmly and decisively met by his Majesty's ministers, the West India body, and every sensible member of both Houses, we may expect to see some modern Pym, as in the days of sectarian ascendancy, come to the door of the house, to thank old female zealots for their petitions, and hypocritically "entreating their prayers"—for the destruction of the West India colonists.

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#### PETERSBURGH, MOSCOW, AND THE PROVINCES.\*

REVOLUTION is now the prevailing topic in polite circles. Murder and rebellion form the prominent ingredients in the small-talk of the hour; and not to gossip upon such subjects is to be voted unfashionable. We prefer, however, a quieter theme, if it be only for a little relief; and while half Europe is in a state of political frenzy, and all eyes are directed to the movements of the mighty engines of anarchy and dissension, it may be quite as profitable and far more pleasant to take a glance in a more peaceful direction, and make a short tour through the capital of Russian civilization. This may be found more desirable, inasmuch as the Russians are a people of whom we know but little. Their wars, their triumphs, their military annals, we have traced through the page of history: we have a distant knowledge of them, as a nation, out of doors, if we may use that expression, in the same manner as we have sometimes

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\* Pétersbourg, Moscou, et les Provinces, ou Observations sur les Mœurs et les Usages Russes, au Commencement du xix<sup>me</sup> siècle; par E. Dupré de St. Maure. 3 vols. Paris.

a formal acquaintance with individuals whom we are accustomed to meet but rarely, and on ceremonious terms, in society. But their domestic existence—the habits which they have acquired, and the arts which they have cultivated during the leisure afforded by a long and profound peace—their national character, manners, and public institutions—these are topics of which we have hitherto remained totally ignorant, as well from the obstacles interposed by distance and difference of climate, as from the scantiness of published materials on the subject to which credit can be attached. The field, open to the intelligent observer of Russian manners, is very extensive. In taking up a book professing to treat on such matters, we expect to find something better than a description of the public monuments of the Russian capital: we expect the author of acknowledged talent to take a higher flight than that to which the cicerone of a watering-place can soar. We wish to see the national character of the Russian population reflected in their manners, their laws, their ceremonies, their amusements, and even in their imperfections. On these points M. Dupré St. Maur, the author of “*The Hermit in Russia*,” affords much information. Where the subject possesses the attraction of novelty, it is easy for the writer to claim the merit of originality, and for this reason, although our author has certainly left much unsaid, yet the very subject-matter which he has chosen, like an adamantine shield, renders him almost invulnerable to the shafts of criticism.

As a proof of the universal ignorance which prevails with regard to Russia, we need only observe that the simple mention of a journey to that country awakens scarcely any other idea in the minds of superficial listeners than that of excessive severity of temperature—of cold that turns to ice “the lazy current of the blood.” The generality of travel-readers hoard with avidity any anecdote that touches upon the rigour of a northern winter, but totally lay aside the consideration of such redeeming circumstances as neutralize or counterbalance the evil. We know many a sapient reasoner who can no more conceive it possible to walk the streets of St. Petersburg without wading at every step knee-deep in snow than to pass through the Turkish capital without witnessing at the corner of every street the exhibition of an impaled Mussulman. Were a traveller to relate facts such as they are (a virtue which, by the way, is not the traveller’s forte); were he to assert that the punishment of impalement is more rarely exhibited at Constantinople than the disgraceful spectacle of an execution at the Old Bailey; or that in the summer season the weather is generally finer on the borders of the Neva than on the banks of the Thames—none would be hardy enough to credit him; it is so comfortable to cling to an old-fashioned error—it saves a world of thought and argument.

In the portraiture of national features, the impartial observer should devote his most unwearied attention to the study of the moral characters of a people. The outline of a people is to be traced among individuals—among individuals alone can the mass be studied. In this point of view, both “*The Hermit in Russia*,” and the continuation now offered to the public, will be found replete with judicious reflections on the existence and moral condition of the cultivators of the soil. With regard to the peasants whom self-styled philanthropists delight to represent as groaning under the weight of their chains—“the iron of slavery entering their souls”—the author asserts, and, we believe, with truth, that



the generality are happy and contented—that the beings whom rhapsodists have depicted as degraded into brutal stupidity by the galling pressure of bondage, are gifted, on the contrary, with sense, with rectitude, with grateful hearts, and endowed with a keen perception of right and wrong; that their superior tact enables them to decide with almost infallible impartiality the extent of the bondsman's duty—the limits of the master's right; in a word, that among the peasants who are supposed to groan under the scourge of misery, and to share the heritage of poverty, may sometimes be found the possessor of thousands!

The work, from which we subjoin a few fragments, possesses materials sufficiently varied to interest every class of readers: its pages, while they beguile a heavy hour, frequently perform a higher office, and serve as a vehicle for the lessons of practical wisdom. Our extracts, however, are principally confined to the lighter portions of the work, the detached and abbreviated selection of matter, which our limits compel us to adopt, not according with the graver subjects on which the author occasionally treats. The following passage relates to the picturesque islands situated on the right bank of the Neva:—

“Let the reader imagine an immense garden adapted to the English taste, of the circumference of five French leagues, and intersected by the windings of the river, whose meanderings bestow inexhaustible variety on the different points of view. An English traveller, who was once conducted to the magnificent scene just as the sun was about to set, was lost in admiration. Surprised at the total absence of night—a circumstance which usually takes place towards the end of May—he remained fixed to the spot; and expecting at every instant the approach of darkness, neglected to seek repose for eight and forty hours. A characteristic trait of an opposite nature is related of the celebrated Alfieri, who, happening to visit the same spot during the month of June, was seized with such a fit of ill-humour at the prolonged absence of night, that he shut himself up in his chamber, and retired to bed, where he remained till the days again decreased.”

The author gives the following details on the subject of the Russian clergy, and afterwards passes, rather abruptly, to the mention of the Emperor Paul. The reader, however, who is fond of anecdote, will not cavil at the arrangement of the subject-matter:—

“Marriage is one of the conditions imposed on the priesthood, and invariably precedes the sacrament of ordination. None of the Russian popes can espouse a widow, or contract a second matrimonial union. The death of their wives, therefore, reduces them to the alternative of retiring to a monastery, or of renouncing their sacerdotal functions. Such of them as have the misfortune to become widowers, generally embrace the monastic state. The secular priests, how distinguished soever by virtue or by talent, are forbidden to become candidates for the episcopal dignity. The severest punishment that can be inflicted on a Russian priest is the shaving off his beard; such a disgrace being tantamount to his dismissal from his sacred office. A Russian pope's wife, like Cæsar's, ‘must not be suspected:’ the slightest stain upon her virtue would fall upon her husband, and cause his expulsion from the order of the priesthood. Consequently, the dread of an act of dishonour, which would infallibly occasion her partner's ruin, acts as a check upon the levity of the wife. A pope, once finding his wife in rather exceptional society, pointed to his beard, at the same time imitating with his fingers the action of the scissors. The significant gesture was not lost upon the lady, who instantly rose and retired with her husband.

“The Emperor Paul, notorious for his singularities, at one time conceived the idea of exercising the functions of patriarch—a project from which he

was with some difficulty dissuaded. Now that I am on the subject of Paul, I may as well introduce a few anecdotes of that whimsical emperor. He was not fond of compliments: the flatterer that would please him was under the necessity of disguising his incense, which, if unsparingly lavished, was coldly and often harshly received. Like the father of the great Frederick, Paul had a singular liking for very tall people. One day, conversing with the Count de Choiseul-Gouffier on the subject of the grenadiers of his guard,—‘I am not of low stature,’ said the Emperor, ‘and yet, even when I stand on tiptoe, my nose hardly touches their chins.’—‘Sire,’ replied the Count, ‘there are various descriptions of greatness.’ The Emperor, assuming a tone of raillery, and examining the Count’s dress with attention,—‘You have never worn that coat before,’ said his majesty; ‘’tis of Versailles manufacture, I presume; and you have doubtless found that compliment in one of the pockets.’

“On one occasion, M. Doyen, a French painter attached to the court, had a violent quarrel with Prince Yousouloff, the Director-General of the Fine Arts. On the following morning the Emperor visited the gallery, where Doyen was at work on a large painting, representing the break of day. His Majesty, who happened to be in a charming humour, looked over the artist’s work, and desired to know the meaning of a group of figures placed behind the Hours. ‘Sire,’ replied the painter, ‘they are the half-hours; and when Prince Yousouloff honours me with a visit, I am tempted to change them into minutes.’ This whimsical complaint amused the Emperor; and to amuse him was to gain his good-will. The director-general was visited with the imperial rebuke, and the painter was thenceforward left to follow his avocations in tranquillity.

“On another occasion, Doyen being occupied with a painting representing a passage in the life of Pericles and of the philosopher Anaxagoras, Paul demanded the name of the latter personage;—‘Epaminondas,’ replied the painter.—‘You are mistaken, Doyen,’ said the Emperor; ‘you mean Anaxagoras.’—‘Sire,’ said the waggish artist, ‘you are right;—I never recollect names; my memory begins to fail;—my lamp is nearly extinguished for want of oil.’ The Emperor took the hint. On the same evening, he sent the painter 6,000 roubles (about £1,000.) under an envelope, on which was written with his own hand, ‘Oil for M. Doyen’s lamp.’ A few days afterwards, Paul, accompanied by some of his courtiers, met the painter in the public gardens, and immediately accosted him;—‘Well, Doyen,’ said he, ‘is your sight improved?’—‘Ah, Sire!’ replied Doyen, ‘your Majesty is the most skilful oculist in Europe.’”

In the following anecdote the author pays a delicate compliment to Madame de Staël:—

“Madame de Staël once passed the evening at the same house with Madame Svitchin, to whom she had long sought an introduction. The hostess, who was much occupied with her numerous guests, had not as yet taken an opportunity of gratifying her wishes. Madame de Staël, at length tired of waiting, without further ceremony left her chair, and went straight to Madame Svitchin, whom she thus accosted in a tone of friendly reproach:—‘It seems, Madame Svitchin, you are by no means anxious for my acquaintance?’—‘Madame,’ replied the latter, ‘sovereigns always make the first advances.’

The facility and purity with which the Russians speak most of the continental languages is universally acknowledged. Singular as the fact may appear, the well-educated portion of society in Russia are frequently better acquainted with the French than with their native tongue. With regard to the variety of languages spoken by the barbarians of the north, as they have been erroneously called, we have the following anecdotes:—



"A Russian lady, being engaged to dinner with M. de Talleyrand, at that time minister for foreign affairs, was detained a full hour by some unexpected accident. The famished guests grumbled, and looked at their watches. On the lady's entrance, one of the company observed to his neighbour in Greek,—"When a woman is neither young nor handsome, she ought to arrive betimes." The lady, turning round sharply, accosted the satirist in the same language;—"When a woman," says she, "has the misfortune to dine with savages, she always arrives too soon."

"An American ambassador having been presented to the reigning empress, her majesty addressed him in English, which she spoke in perfection. At the close of the audience, the delighted envoy exclaimed to the courtier who had introduced him,—"What a charming woman! how admirably she speaks English! To what country does she belong?"—"Germany."—"Indeed! I should have supposed her English; she speaks the language so well! And of what family is she?"—"Of the house of Baden."—"What an amiable, sensible woman! Speaks English with as much purity as if she had been born at Boston!" And the worthy envoy took his departure, wholly blind to the rank, wit, and graces of the empress. The only circumstance which impressed him was her acquaintance with his language—an acquirement which, in his opinion, outweighed all others."

The author's *amour-propre* leads him to enlarge on the preference shewn by the Russians to the French language. This, however, is a pardonable instance of vanity. On this subject we have a little anecdote of our own. A Spanish linguist, discussing the merits of different languages, observed, that were he to choose, he would address his valet in French, his horse in German, his mistress in Italian, and his Creator in Spanish.

"A lady being once taken to task for her exclusive partiality for the French language,—"If the people in the moon," said she, "have tongues, I am quite convinced they must speak in good Parisian; and I have little doubt but that, in two hundred years hence, Molière's *Tartuffe* will be performed in the capital of China, where Perigord pies will be eaten, and paid for with French louis-d'or."

We have some anecdotes with regard to the superstition of the Russians:—

"When a Russian peasant imagines that his cattle are of an unlucky colour, no persuasion can prevent him from changing them. This superstitious fancy extends even to his poultry; and it is by no means uncommon to see the hens, ducks, and geese in a farm-yard all of the same monotonous hue. When such is the case, should the peasant receive a present of a cow, differing in colour from the rest of his live stock only by the shade of a single hair, the animal would be sold on the instant, to prevent mischief from befalling the remainder of his herd."

"Prince Belloselsky possesses to an eminent degree the talent of telling a ghost-story. At a large party, one evening, the ladies drew their chairs around him, and exclaimed, 'Do, Prince, terrify us a little.' Upon this, the prince ordered the lights to be extinguished, with the exception of one, which was left burning in an adjoining apartment, the door of which remained ajar. The narrator commenced his tale, which turned, as might be expected, upon the apparition of a horrid phantom, advancing slowly, in the midst of darkness visible, towards a person in bed. For the last ten minutes, the prince had kept his hand extended on a marble table: his voice assumed a sepulchral tone. All at once, he applied his icy hand upon the bare arm of his hostess, who uttered a piercing scream. The terrified auditors rushed into the other room, and, in their confusion, extinguished the solitary light. The sudden darkness redoubled their panic. At last the servants made their appearance with flambeaux; and the prince, who began to be alarmed at the success of his experiment, succeeded with some difficulty in calming the apprehensions

of his fair audience. 'Ladies,' said he, 'tis all your own fault: you requested me to terrify you a little,—and I like to make myself agreeable.'"

The author gallantly takes up the cudgels in defence of the Cossacks, who, he considerably assures us, were by no means such fee-faw-fum guests as might be imagined—

"In 1814, a Cossack general arrived in a little village, at the head of eight hundred Calmucks. The savage air of these troops,—their hair floating over their eyes,—their long beards descending to their waists,—the sorry appearance of their steeds, which look worse than they are,—these various circumstances contributed not a little to the alarm of the peasantry. The Russian general perceived that, in the house on which he was billeted, his hosts eagerly withdrew their young children from his sight. Mortified by their absurd precautions, he determined to retaliate; and when the servant requested to know what he would have for supper,—'Bring me a couple of children *à la broche*,' said the general, 'but let them be plump and tender.' Then, accosting his hosts with gaiety and politeness,—'Excuse the jest,' said he, 'the idea of which has been inspired by your fantastic terrors. Let me assure you that a beard is not an infallible symptom of ferocity. I have seen many a smooth visage less worthy to be trusted than those of my rough Calmucks. Recollect your national proverb: *l'habit ne fait pas le moine*.'"

The devotion of Napoleon's partizans has formed the subject of various anecdotes, true or false. The following gives a ludicrous sample of sturdy uncompromising Bonaparteism:—

"A courtier of the imperial régime, conversing with some ladies who obstinately refused to share his admiration for the emperor, expressed his overflowing zeal in rather a novel manner. 'Ladies,' said he, 'I have such perfect confidence in the emperor, that were he to call me knave, I might at first humbly remonstrate: but were he a second time to say, with an air of conviction, 'I assure thee, thou art a knave!'—As I am a man of honour, I would take his majesty's word for it!'"

"Lately, at a dinner party, an Englishman had the misfortune to spill a bottle of wine on the table, which was half covered with the purple stream. The Amphytrion having petulantly demanded if that mode was customary in England—'No,' replied the Englishman, with phlegm; 'but when such an accident *does* happen, it is customary to let it pass without remark.'"

"Several of Catherine's generals having been repulsed and beaten by the Turks, the empress, who was superior to childish considerations of resentment, resolved to entrust the command to Count Romantsoff, who had been for some time in disgrace. For that purpose, Catherine forwarded to the veteran a letter, couched in the following terms: 'Count Romantsoff,—I know that you dislike me; but you are a Russian, and consequently must desire to combat the enemies of your country. Preserve your hatred to me, if it be necessary for the satisfaction of your heart; but conquer the Turks. I give you the command of my army.' The letter was accompanied by 20,000 roubles, for the expenses of the general's military equipments. Romantsoff triumphed over the Turks; and, on his return from the campaign, the Czarine, dressed in a military uniform, proceeded to meet him. The general arrived, escorted by his staff. Catherine alighted, and advancing to Romantsoff, forbade him to dismount. 'General,' said she, 'tis my place to make the first advances to the heroic defender of my country.' Romantsoff burst into tears, threw himself at his sovereign's feet, and ever afterwards was one of Catherine's most zealous partizans."

For the present we take leave of M. Dupré St. Maure. Fastidious criticism might perhaps object that he draws too liberally on his stores of anecdote. This, however, if it be a fault, is one inherent in the character of the French literature of the present day.



## APHORISMS ON MAN, BY THE LATE WILLIAM HAZLITT.

[Continued from last Month.]

## XII.

EVERY one is a hero, the circumstances being given. All that is necessary is, that the outward impression should be so strong as to make a man forget himself. A woman rushes into the flames to save her child, not from duty or reason—but because the distracting terror for another banishes all recollection of, and fear for, herself. For the same reason, a person throws himself from a precipice, because the apprehension of danger gets the better of and confounds the sense of self-preservation. The doctrine of self-love, as an infallible metaphysical principle of action, is nonsense.

## XIII.

The heroical ages were those in which there was a constant question between life and death, and men ate their scanty meal with their swords in their hands.

## XIV.

The hero acts from outward impulse ; the martyr from internal faith, and so far is the greater character of the two. And yet it may be doubted whether the latter is properly a voluntary agent, or whether, if he could do it unperceived, he would not abstract himself from the scene, instead of becoming a sacrifice and a witness to the truth.

## XV.

What shews that persecution and danger act as incentives rather than impediments to the will, is that zeal generally goes out with the fires that kindle it ; and we become indifferent to a cause, when life, property, and limb are no longer endangered. He is the real philosopher who loves truth for its own sake, not in the spirit of contradiction : he the genuine friend of freedom and justice, who hates oppression and wrong after they have ceased, and as long as the very name of them remains, as well as while it is a bone of contention between infuriated sects and parties.

## XVI.

If reform were to gain the day, reform would become as vulgar as cant of any other kind. We only shew a spirit of independence and resistance to power, as long as power is against us. As soon as the cause of opposition prevails, its essence and character are gone out of it ; and the most flagrant *radicalism* degenerates into the tamest servility. We then say as others say ; sail with the stream ; no longer sacrifice interest to principle, but are in a pitiful majority. Had events taken a different turn in 1794, who can predict what the popular cry would have been ? This may point out how little chance there is of any great improvement in the affairs of the world. Virtue ceases with difficulty ; honesty is *militant*. The mass of mankind, who are governed by indolence and habit, fall in with existing events and interests ; the imaginative and reasoning part fall out with facts and reality ; but could they have their way, and model the world at their pleasure, their occupation would be gone ; or if all governments were wise and good, the character of the patriot would become obsolete, and a sinecure. At present there is a

very convenient division of labour; and each class fulfils its vocation. It is essential to the triumph of reform that it should never succeed.

## XVII.

We talk about the cant of politics or religion, as if there were no cant but that which is common to the multitude. But whenever any two individuals agree about any one thing, they begin to cant about it, and take the echo of one another's voices for the verdict of truth. Half-a-dozen persons will always make a *quorum* of credulity and vulgarity.

## XVIII.

When people have done quarrelling about one set of questions they start another. Motion is necessary to mind as much as to matter; and for "an ultimate end," Hobbes denies that there is any such thing. Hence the tendency to all Ultra opinions and measures! Man is seldom contented to go as far as others, unless he can go beyond them, and make a caricature and a paradox even of the most vulgar prejudice. It is necessary to aim at some kind of distinction—to create some difficulty, were it only for the sake of overcoming it. Thus we find that O'Connell, having carried his cause, would not let the "agitation" subside without turning it into a personal quarrel: the way was opened to him into the House, and he wanted to force his way there by an *ex post facto* inference; the banns of marriage were published between him and parliament, and he would fain, with the petulance of opposition, seize a seat there.

## XIX.

Truth itself becomes but a fashion. When all the world acknowledge it, it seems trite and stale. It is tinged by the coarse medium through which it passes.

## XX.

Erasmus, in his "Remains," tells a story of two thieves, who were recommended by their mother to rob every one they met with; but warned, on peril of their lives, to avoid one *Black-breeches* (Hercules). Meeting him, however, without knowing him, they set upon him, and were slung across his shoulder,—where Hercules heard them muttering behind his back, *a long way off*, "This must surely be he that our mother warned us of." In contempt and pity he let them escape. What modern wit can come up to the grotesque grandeur of this invention?

## XXI.

People addicted to secrecy are so without knowing why; they are so not "for cause," but for secrecy's sake. It is a mixture of cowardice and conceit. They think, if they tell you any thing, you may understand it better than they do, or turn it in some way against them; but that while they shut up their mouths they are wiser than you, just as liars think by telling you a falsehood they have an advantage over you. There are others who deal in significant nods, smiles, and half-sentences, so that you never can get at their meaning, and indeed they have none, but leave it to you to put what interpretation you please on their embryo hints and conceptions. They are glad to find a *proxy* for their want of understanding.



## XXII.

It is the force and violence of the English mind that has put it into the safe custody of the law, and it is every man's disposition to act upon his own judgment and presumption, without regard to others, that has made it absolutely necessary to establish equal claims to curb them. We are too much in a state of nature to submit to what Burke calls "the soft collar of social esteem," and require "the iron rod, the torturing hour," to tame us. But though the foundations of liberty, life, and property, are formally secured in this way from the ebullitions of national character, yet the spirit breaks out upon the surface of manners, and is often spurted in our face. Lord Castlereagh was wrong in saying that "liberty was merely a custom of England;" it is the indigenous growth of our temper and our clime; and woe to him who deprives us of the only amends for so many disadvantages and failings! The wild beast roaming his native forests is respectable though formidable—shut up in Exeter 'Change, he is equally odious and wretched.

## XXIII.

It was a long time made an argument for not throwing open the galleries of noblemen and others to the public, that if permission were given they would be filled with the lowest of the rabble, and with squalid wretches, who would run up against well-dressed people, and damage the works of art. Nothing could be more false than this theory, as experience has shewn. It was in vain to quote the example of foreign countries, as it was said the common people there were kept more in subjection; but if they are tamer, ours are prouder for that very reason. The National Gallery in Pall-Mall is now open to all the world; and, except a shabby artist or two, who ever saw a soul there who was not, if not well-dressed, yet dressed in his best, and behaving with decency, instead of trying to turn the place into a bear-garden, as had been predicted.\* People will not go out of their way to see pictures unless they have an interest in them, which gives the title, and is a security against ill consequences; much less will any class of people obtrude themselves where they are pointed at as inferior to the rest of the company, or subject themselves to looks of scorn and disgust, to see any sights in the world. There is no man so poor or low but he loves himself better than pictures or statues; and if he must get snubbed and treated with contempt to indulge his admiration of celebrated works, he will forego the latter. *Comparisons are odious*; and we avoid them. The first object of every human being (high or low, great or small) is to stand well with himself, and to appear to the best advantage to others. A man is not very fond of passing along the streets in a thread-bare coat, and shoes with holes in them. Will he go in this trim into a group of well-dressed people to make himself ridiculous? The mind, so far from being dull or callous on this point, is but too sensitive; our jealousy of public opinion is the ruling passion, a morbid disease. Does not the consciousness of any singularity or impropriety of appearance immediately take off from our pleasure at a play? How seldom we observe an interloper in the dress circle; and how sure he is to pay for it! If a man has any

\* If it were a show of wild-beasts, or a boxing-match, the reasoning might be somewhat different; though I do not know that it would. No people behave better than the *gods* after the play once begins.

defect or inferiority, this is certain, he will keep it in the back-ground. If a chimney-sweeper or scavenger had a ticket to a ball, would he go? Oh! no; it is enough to bear the sense of our own infirmity and disgrace in silence, and unnoticed, without having it wrought to agony by the glare of contrast and ostentation of insult! What linendraper or grocer's son would dine with a prince every day though he might, to be crushed into insignificance, and stifled with ironical civility? Do we not observe the difficulty there is in making servants and mechanics sit down, or keep on their hats in speaking to their *bettors*, for fear of being thought to encroach, and made liable to a rebuff in consequence? Assuredly, then, the great may throw open their palace-doors and galleries of art without having to dread the inroad or outrages of the mob, or fancying that any one will go who is not qualified to appear, or will not come away with his mind and manners improved. The wooden shoes and mob caps in the Louvre or the Vatican do no harm to the pictures on the walls: but add a new interest to them, and throw a pleasing light on human nature. If we are behind other nations in politeness and civilization, the best way to overtake them is to tread in their steps.

## XXIV.

It is at the same time true that *familiarity breeds contempt*; or that the vulgar, if admitted to an intimacy and footing of equality, try to make you feel all your defects, and to pay for the superiority you have so long usurped over them. The same pride that before kept them at a distance makes them ready to throw down any barrier of deference or distinction the moment they can do so with impunity. No one willingly admits a superiority in another; or does not secretly prefer himself to the whole universe beside. The slave would kill the tyrant, whose feet he kisses; and there is no Turk so loyal that he would not cut off the head of the best of Sultans, if he was sure of putting the diadem upon his own.

## XXV.

The strongest minds are governed more by appearances than by a regard to consequences. Those who pretend to be the greatest calculators of their own interest, or the *main chance*, are the very slaves of opinion, and dupes of shallow pretension. They are often so mad in this respect, that they think neither better nor worse of the oldest friend they have in the world than the first person they happen to be in company with does, or the last rumour they heard gives him out. Their *circumspection* amounts to looking three ways at once, and missing the right point of view at last. They would rather speak to a well-dressed fool in the street than to the wisest man in a thread-bare suit. I know an author who succeeds with a set of second-hand thoughts by having a coat of the newest cut; and an editor, who flourishes about the town in virtue of a pair of green spectacles. Lay out all you are worth in decking out the person of a vulgar woman, and she will *cut* you in the very finery you have given her; lay it out on your own back, and she will be ambitious of your least notice. People judge of you not from what *they* know, but from the impression you make on others, which depends chiefly on professions, and on outward bearing and bravery. *De non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio.* If a man has no opinion of himself, how the deuce should any one else. It is like elect-



ing a person member of parliament who refuses to come forward as a candidate. On the other hand, let a man have impudence in lieu of all other qualifications, and he needs not despair. The part of quack or coxcomb is a favourite one with the town. The only character that is likely to get on by passing for a *poor creature* is the legacy-hunter. Nothing can be too low or insignificant for that. A man is only grateful to you in the other world for having been a foil to him in this. A miser (if he could) would leave his fortune to his dog, that no human being might be the better for it, or no one that he could envy in the possession of it, or think raised to an equality with himself.

## XXVI.

We complain of old friends who have made their fortunes in the world and slighted us in their prosperity, without considering those who have been unsuccessful, and whom we have neglected in our turn. When our friends betray or desert us, we cling the closer to those that remain. Our confidence is strengthened by being circumscribed; we do not wish to give up a forlorn hope. With the crumbling and decayed fragments of friendship around us, we maintain our point to the last; like the cobbler, who kept his stall and cooked his beef-steak in the ruins of Drury-lane. Buonaparte used to speak of old generals and favourites who would not have abandoned him in his misfortunes if they had lived; it was perhaps well for them that they were dead. The list of traitors and the ungrateful is too much swelled without any probable additions to it.

## XXVII.

When we hear of any base or shocking action or character, we think the better of ourselves; instead of which, we ought to think the worse. It strikes at the grounds of our faith in human nature. The reflection of the old divine was wiser on seeing a reprobate—"There goes my wicked self!"

## XXVIII.

Over-civility generally ends in impertinence; for as it proceeds from design, and not from any kindness or respect, it ceases with its object.

## XXIX.

I am acquainted with but one person, of whom I feel quite sure that if he were to meet an old and tried friend in the street, he would go up and speak to him in the same manner, whether in the interim he had become a lord or a beggar. Upon reflection, I may add a second to the list. Such is my estimate of the permanence and sincerity of our most boasted virtues. "To be honest as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand."

## XXX.

It has been said that family attachments are the only ones that stand the test of adversity, because the disgrace or misfortune is there in some measure reflected upon ourselves. A friend is no longer a friend, provided we choose to pick a quarrel with him; but we cannot so easily cut the link of relationship asunder. We therefore relieve the distresses of our near relations, or get them out of the way, lest they should shame us. But the sentiment is unnatural, and therefore must be untrue.

## XXXI.

L—— said of some monkeys at a fair, that we were ashamed of their resemblance to ourselves on the same principle that we avoided *poor relations*.

## XXXII.

Servants and others who consult only their ease and convenience, give a great deal of trouble by their carelessness and profligacy ; those who take a pride in their work often carry it to excess, and plague you with constant advice and interference. Their duty gets so much a-head in their imagination, that it becomes their master, and your's too.

## XXXIII.

There are persons who are never easy unless they are putting your books or papers in order, that is, according to their notions of the matter ; and hide things lest they should be lost, where neither the owner nor any body else can find them. This is a sort of *magpie faculty*. If any thing is left where you want it, it is called making a *litter*. There is a pedantry in housewifery as in the gravest concerns. Abraham Tucker complained that whenever his maid-servant had been in his library, he could not set comfortably to work again for several days.

## XXXIV.

True misanthropy consists not in pointing out the faults and follies of men, but in encouraging them in the pursuit. They who wish well to their fellow-creatures are angry at their vices and sore at their misdeeds ; he who flatters their errors and smiles at their ruin is their worst enemy. But men like the sycophant better than the plain-dealer, because they prefer their passions to their reason, and even to their interest.

## XXXV.

I am not very patriotic in my notions, nor prejudiced in favour of my own countrymen ; and one reason is, I wish to have as good an opinion as I can of human nature in general. If we are the paragons that some people would make us out, what must the rest of the world be ? If we monopolize all the sense and virtue on the face of the globe, we "leave others poor indeed," without having a very great superabundance falling to our own share. Let them have a few advantages that we have not—grapes and the sun !

## XXXVI.

When the Persian ambassador was at Edinburgh, an old Presbyterian lady, more full of zeal than discretion, fell upon him for his idolatrous belief, and said, "I hear you worship the sun!"—"In faith, Madam," he replied, "and so would you too if you had ever seen him!"



## NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

Our respect for the principles of his Majesty's ministers at all times and places, is so thoroughly exhibited in every thing we do, that we might pass over even the happiest opportunity of giving it a new testification. But when two such names come together as the Premier and Dr. Philpotts, two such eminent friends to the constitution, two such staunch abiders by their principles, we cannot refrain from calling the public eye to the evidence of our admiration. However, another has spoken too well on the point to suffer our feebleness to interfere; and we shall allow the Rev. J. P. Jones, the President of Lord Ebrington's election dinner, to say all that is to be said on the occasion.

Lord Ebrington was invited to dine at Teignmouth on the 21st of October, and came into the town in triumph, the people carrying branches of laurel, and so forth. Lord Ebrington is a whig, but this we pardon in a lord; he is not to be expected to know much upon the subject; and probably means no more by it, than that he can get his cutlet at Brookes's any day in the season, and have all the newspapers to look over in the bay window. But he is a goose in other points: for he made the people no speech from the window of the inn; and as they had expected something to make them laugh, they went away in great sulkiness, wondering what a whig could be, unless he was a talker; and determined to carry their laurels for some less hidebound orator at the next election. The consequence of his Lordship's patrician dryness was, that the populace would not go to his dinner; and he had accordingly that kind of muster which makes a man unpopular with his landlord.

But there was one speech which was worth listening to, even if the Speaker were of the Whig Club. The Rev. Chairman said—

“There is however one point to which I wish to call the attention of the meeting, and that is the appointment of Dr. Philpotts to the see of Exeter. I entertained a pure respect for Dr. Carey, and likewise for Dr. Bethel, but I consider it to be a *complete insult* to the county of Devon to bring down a *political renegade* from Durham, to fill the see of Exeter: a mere adventurer, who abused Mr. Canning for his attachment to the Catholic cause, and then turned and went to Oxford to support Mr. Peel, when the ministry determined to carry that question—for which *he has got a bishoprick*. If indeed this wretched apostate has got a *bishoprick* for *ratting*, I think I ought to have an archbishoprick for being consistent. This man has *taken all sides* and has got a mitre! What *greater disgrace* can be thrown on the *Church of England*? I hope my noble friend will, on taking his seat, support some measure to prevent those translations, for within three months we have had *three bishops* at Exeter!”

We have not heard of the Rev. Dr. Philpotts' actual elevation to the holy rank for which his sincerity, scorn of hypocrisy, and unsullied honour, so proudly qualify him. We, of course, altogether disbelieve the tales that the malice of mankind so ingeniously invent, on all occasions of the good-fortune of a man born for glory. Nobody shall ever hear us joining in those cruel calumnies. On the contrary, we long to follow the lead of that panegyric of which the Canons, honourable and reverend, of all cathedrals, are so celebrated for giving their example on every new translation. If we should see in the address of those distin-

guished and high-spirited divines, a declaration that Dr. Philpotts is the first of scholars and of men, the most immaculate of pamphleteers, and the most unworldly of christians; if the Precentor shall call him St. Chrysostom, and the Dean declare him St. Paul, no man shall hear our protest; if his chaplains congratulate mankind on the addition to the bench, and the whole body of Canons set his political virtues to music, and chaunt them in place of the obsolete psalms of David; we shall only rejoice that merit has found its reward, and that, though the Bench may go down, a Saint of the first water, a Philpotts, is sure of an elevation.

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Sir Walter Scott—long may he live and write—has again set the fashion of authorship, and his Demonology will fill all the portfolios of “all the talents” with ghosts. Our preachers will have a double reason for calling this a visionary world; and Messrs. Thompson and Fearon’s grand manufactory on Holborn Hill, will not have the monopoly of filling the popular brains with *spirits*. Demonology will henceforth take its place among the “Ologies” that form so essential a part of the education of any girl who intends to be married; and spinsters will defy Satan, from mere familiarity, with as much *sang froid* as a barrister in full practice deals with him, or as Mr. T. P. Cooke puts on his black majesty’s visage, and revels in diabolism and blue flames at the Surrey theatre.

Scotland, by right divine, has the privilege of all the real ghosts, and she is now busy with that ghost episode, a prophetic dream.

“*Henderson, the Murderer*.—A strange tale regarding Henderson is the subject of conversation at Dunfermline. On the day of the culprit’s birth his father, who is a respectable man in his own humble way, dreamed that he saw his son, grown to man’s estate, go through all the formalities of a public execution. This strange vision gave him great uneasiness at the time, and the impression was confirmed in the course of years by the wild recklessness of character which distinguished his son. It was, however, the hope of the senior Henderson that, as he had not seen the end of the rope wherewith the criminal seemed to be executed, the accomplishment of the vision would not take place during his lifetime. He has been disappointed.”

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WE are rejoiced at the arrival of an illustrious person, who has deprived England of his presence for the last ten years; our dearly beloved Florentine ambassador, the son of that dearly beloved rat, the old Lord Privy Seal, that gayest of sinecurists, brightest of senators, and most galloping of Hyde-Park equestrians.

“An English opera, composed by Lord Burghersh, and entitled ‘Katherine, or the Austrian Captive,’ is in rehearsal by the pupils of the Royal Academy of Music, and will be performed by them in the Concert-room of the Italian Opera.”

So, his lordship is not idle. He has brought his fiddle with him; and though his loss must throw the whole fiddling population of *La bella Fiorenza* into despair, and the Countess *Belgiojoso* into the delights of a reign unrivalled by her ladyship; though poor Lord Normanby must carry on the theatrical campaign alone, and do the duties of a British senator on a solitary stage; yet we must congratulate



London on the accession of a Noble composer, and the people on (we hope) the cessation of his salary of £4,000 a year.

What would the laughing world do without Ireland? We are not now alluding to its stock-absurdities, the barbarous blue-stockings of that exquisite old woman, that companion of princesses, lecturer of potentates, and chief political adviser of Monsieur Lafayette, *Miladi Morgan*! nor to the other meteors, "prominent, publishing, and patriotic," of the Isle of pikes, emeralds, and popish parliaments. Our allusion is to that general and happy faculty which seems to live in the air, and which is as *cutaneous* as the visitation of a Scotchman—the propensity to say the direct contrary of the thing, yet not in the Philpotts' style, but with the most eager wish to make out its meaning in some way or other. Thus the English secretaries and lord lieutenants always exhibit the national *lapsus lingue* within the first twelve hours of their treading the soil, and go on blundering in all varieties of style, until their five years are out, and they have nothing to do but to blunder home. We now have this announcement under the authority of the head of the Percies:—"The Lord Lieutenant has offered a reward of 200*l.* for the assassin who fired at William Purefoy, Esq., a magistrate, near Tipperary, with intent to kill that gentleman. There is also a reward of 100*l.* offered by his Excellency for the murderer of William Dwyer, near Cappawhite, in the county of Tipperary."

We have no doubt that the money will be most thankfully received by the parties in question. If the appropriation of such sums should surprise John Bull, he must remember that at Rome one must do as they do at Rome; that popularity is of importance to a lord lieutenant; and that the most popular thing possible is to encourage the *only* manufacture of the country.

George Colman has failed so egregiously in writing his own life, that it would be one of the first charities of generous authorship to fabricate a new life for him, write him over again, expunge forty of his sixty years, and turn him upon the world, in all the "purple light" of his original virtue. What he has been doing in the forty, we cannot presume to conjecture, but we never suspected him of being too much inclined to Methodism in the worst of times! But what he is about to do now, baffles us more. That he was always one of the most decorous individuals possible, we never doubted, though others had their opinions on that subject too. But, that since he has become licenser he is the *beau idéal* of propriety, who can deny? Yet the newspapers will be stubborn; and they revenge themselves on the saint, with even more wrath than they ever did on the sinner: for example—

"*Elderly Purity*.—George Colman, the licenser, it seems, is going it again. Some curious anecdotes relative to the excisions the dramatic licenser directed to be made in Mr. Wade's tragedy, are told—the result, as it should seem, of a new code of theology having enlightened the mind of that egregious 'gentleman pensioner.' What will the clergy say, when they hear that Mr. Colman rigorously forbids all mention, not merely of 'hell,' but *heaven*, 'to ears polite?' And that, so far from permitting summary condemnation to be called for on stage villains, he will not even allow a blessing to be begged upon their opposites. The

hitherto innocent, not to say laudable exclamations of 'Heaven bless you!' 'Heaven keep your grace;' and so forth, are high crimes and misdemeanours in the critical eyes of our censor. The players, who are rather a reprobate set, are thinking of going back to 'slives,' 'sbloods,' adopted in the time of the Puritans; for swearing in some shape or other, it would seem, is one of the necessities of stage life. It is expected that Mr. Colman will shortly forbid the performance of his own plays."

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The accident of Huskisson's death has thrown a covering over his politics which we have no wish to remove. Death, that breaks ties, also dissolves hostilities; and whatever may be the resentment for a slippery career, when a sense of public dignity would have made it a straightforward one, and a successful one too; no sentiment can now be felt, but of pity for the miserable and sudden extinction of his career. An instance is mentioned of his recording the absurdity of that ambition, which, in the highest instance of human talents and fortune, only betrayed its victim to shame and chains.

When he was in office, he was presented with the chair which the exiled Emperor of France usually occupied during his dismal sojourn at Longwood. On this relic Mr. Huskisson appeared to set a great value, and a place was appropriated to it in his library. He had also a small brass plate affixed to the chair, on which the period when it was presented to him, and some other particulars, were engraved; to which the following lines from Byron's Ode to Napoleon, were added:—

"Nor till *thy* fall could mortals guess  
Ambition's less than nothingness."

Yet, with this unparalleled lesson before his eye, he suffered himself to be the instrument of men altogether inferior to himself, to seek an unsatisfactory power, and be cast out, and called back again, by the most ridiculous cabinet that ever furnished food for ridicule.

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It is considered a formidable thing to be mulcted for another man's debts, or act as papa to another man's offspring. Yet what are those, to the calamity of fathering another man's joke? Gay Rogers, witty Luttrell, and rich Lord Alvanly, are at present the universal sufferers. Every bad pun, intolerable story, and ponderous witticism engendered within the bills of mortality, is as regularly laid to their account, as the increase of *indecorums* in the neighbourhood of Bow-street is laid to the account of that greatest of lawyers, Sir Richard Birnie. The most remorseless *jeux d'esprit*, are as invariably laid to their charge, as an unowned murder to the first Irishman one meets. Exploded jests come back on their hands, as habitually as Miss Dolabella's borrowed novels come back to the circulating library, noted and pencilled at all the elopements and Doctors'-Commons descriptions; or as the finery of the Easter balls reverts to Moorfields; or as blind puppies find their way to the horse-pond by the dozen at a time. We look upon their state of existence as not to be borne, and advise a prosecution, and the nailing of an anti-nuisance board over Lord Alvanly's fair fame—"No puns to be perpetrated here." What punishment, for instance, could be too severe for the aggressor who inflicted the injury of the following abomination on Lord Alvanly:—



"Who is Muggleton," said a friend of Lord Alvanly's, the other day; "do you know him?" "Yes," was the reply, "I know him, but he is *low*; a fellow who muddles away his property in paying his tradesmen's bills."

We again advise law, and an immediate application to Sir James—who will turn it into a libel, if the thing is to be done by man.

We suppose that the Emancipation people on this side of the water are, by this time, getting ready their eloquence to satisfy the wondering world that "Conciliation" has done its work, and that Ireland is perfectly at its ease. We have no doubt that Mr. Peel will be of that opinion. He will give a sentence or two to blushes and regrets, that "faction in that fine country should not be more decorous; but he will trust and hope, the natural good sense of the people, the general feeling of the truest interests of Ireland, which has always distinguished its patriots; and the progress of time, will heal, assuage, soften," with all the rest of what Dibdin calls *palaver*; in short, that the Right Honourable gentleman is just as wise, sincere, and *honourable*, as he was on the day when he went to the right-about, and voted the "*healing*" measure.

But those who were healed, conciliated, and emancipated, have a different idea upon the subject; and they think themselves worse off than ever. Hear what the great Agitator has to say for the state of "Emancipated Ireland!"

"We have in Ireland, in the person of an English lord, a despot the most complete in Europe. The law which constitutes this despot is a barbarous act of military despotism—an outrageous exhibition of martial tyranny—the force of the cannon, and the bayonet, and the sabre, dragoons and military, horse, foot, and all—against reason, right, and justice. It is tyranny, in its blackest, foulest shape. The insolent Englishman who used it, and in its use infringed the law, may talk of his prowess, may boast of his duelling propensities. Oh, would to God the sacred cause of freedom were between us; in some as sacred conflict, where the lover of his country and of Christian charity and peace, might appear with honour. My blood boils when I see a wretched English scribe, dare, in the face of Heaven, to trample down the people of Ireland with his iron heel. And is this to continue? If I live, it cannot be—it cannot be. It is an audacious insult to this country to have framed such an Act of Parliament."

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This is all capital. Not very new, we admit, for it has formed the staple of Popish oratory for the last thirty years. But it is vigorous, and shews the gratitude of the people, and the improvement in the "agitator's" patriotism since he came into the legislature. But we must first see what he thinks of the Irish Government, in the person of Sir Henry Hardinge.

"I arraign that paltry, contemptible little English soldier, that had the audacity to put his pitiful and contemptible name to an atrocious Polignac proclamation; and that, too, in Ireland—in *my* country—in this green land—the land of Brownlow—the country of Grattan, now in his grave—the land of Charlemont and of the 70,000 volunteers—the heroes of the immortal period of '82. In that country it is that a wretched English scribe (a chance-child of fortune and of war), urged on by

his paltry, pitiful lawyerlings, puts his vile name to his paltry proclamation putting down freemen. I would rather be a dog and bay the moon, than the Irishman who would tamely submit to so infamous a proclamation. I have not opposed it hitherto, because that would implicate the people, and give our enemies—the English Major-General and his lawyerling staff—a triumph. But I will oppose it; and that too, not in the way that the paltry Castle-scribe would wish—by force. No; Ireland is not in a state for repelling force by force. Too short a period has elapsed since the cause of contention between Protestants and Catholics was removed; too little time has been given for healing the wounds of factious contention, to allow Ireland to use physical force in the attainment of her rights, or the punishment of wrong.”

This too is capital. The abuse thrown on the Irish secretary is so much thrown on the Lord Lieutenant, who throws it on the English government, who put it up among their memorials of the grand measure of conciliation; and all this was cheered to the skies by a full audience. No man stepped forward to doubt a syllable of it. The whole was as true as the mass-book, and the multitude of patriots rejoiced in the full declaration of their sentiments. Even for the Parliament, into which, by the help of his grace of Wellington, and Sir Robert Bliffl Peel, he led his fellow patriots, his admiration is not too enthusiastic. His tenderest word for it is the “rotten, boroughmongering Parliament.”

But Sir H. Hardinge, not being yet accustomed to the polish of the patriot oratory, was boyish enough to be angry, and send his friend the adjutant-general to ask, whether the orator were more mad, drunk, or patriotic, when he drew his picture. Colonel D'Aguilar, as true a gentleman, and as gallant an officer as any in the service, performed this duty with the good sense characteristic of him; and the Grand Agitator was obliged to repeat, for the fiftieth time, his determination to use his tongue without the hazard of his teeth. He fights *not*; but, as he says, reserves himself for that forthcoming period when there will be something to fight for. However, this shewy style was not comprehensible; and a pen being put into the Agitator's hand, the following document appeared, which we preserve for the purpose of recording in the archives of this country for ever.

“Mr. O'Connell does not feel himself called on either to avow or disavow any thing attributed to him by the public papers. At the same time, that if any allegation of *fact* be pointed out to him—attributed to him—which is not true, he will readily either disavow the assertion if untruly attributed, or contradict and atone in every way possible for the allegation if he made use of it. No man living is more ready than Mr. O'Connell to disavow and atone for any error in point of fact which he may have fallen into. Mr. O'Connell will not receive any kind of communication with reference to a duel. He utterly disclaims any reference to such a mode of proceeding, be the consequences of such disclaimer what they may, repeating his readiness to retract and atone for any fact alleged by him not founded in proof. He spoke of Sir Henry Hardinge in his *public* capacity, as an instrument of despotism. He did not say one word of him in his *private* capacity. As a public man, he did speak of Sir Henry as he would of any other man who trampled on the liberties of Irishmen; and he must say, that fighting a duel would be a bad way to prove that Sir Henry was right or Mr. O'Connell wrong.”



This was diplomatic enough. But still Colonel D'Aguilar's thickness of brains could not discover how this soothed the matter, and he had the barbarity to insist on the Agitator's swallowing his words, or going out to that field, where he might lose the glorious opportunity for ever of regenerating his country. Finding, at last, that persuasion was out of the question, the Colonel made a note of the transaction, in the following style:—

"Having received this from Mr. O'Connell's hand, and read it in Mr. O'Connell's presence, it only remains for me to say, that this is not the disavowal of the expressions required by Sir Henry Hardinge: and I do therefore, in that gentleman's name, call upon Mr. O'Connell for that satisfaction, for his gross and intemperate language, which is due from one gentleman to another. Mr. O'Connell having heard me read this aloud, then said 'Refused already'—but added, in his own hand-writing, 'in addition to the passage I marked as disavowed, (viz. a chance-child of fortune and of war,) I disavow using the words *hireling scribe*.'

"GEORGE D'AGUILAR."

And so ends this fine affair:—the great agitator having been compelled to take away all the charm of the abuse, by extracting all its particularity, and giving to the world nothing but those general notions which the Billingsgate school furnishes to all its professors indiscriminately.

We object too, in some degree, to Sir H. Hardinge's proceeding: He ought in common sense to have let the hair-triggers sleep. It is, to be sure, hard enough to be called names, but the mouth that called them takes away all the mischief. As secretary he ought to have disclaimed any further notice than a horsewhip delegated to one of his footmen; which we think, on the whole, one of the most advisable and natural modes of writing notes on the grand Agitator's memory.

Brighton is out of its senses with joy. All the world of fashion and no fashion are crowding its streets, emptying its markets, roving its toy-shops, lounging in its libraries, and gazing at the King and Queen. Long may they enjoy the campaign. But certainly, in this time of foreign trouble, the security, comfort, and popular zeal that surround his Majesty, are a fine proof of the difference between the sovereignty of slaves and of freemen. The King's domestic circle too is unrivalled. He actually enjoys as much comfort as if he had only a thousand a year, and was an honest country gentleman, with his family circle round his fireside.

"'Better a Little where Love is,' &c.—The present King, since he came to the throne, has entertained at his table at the same time, with the utmost cordiality and affection—the Queen, the Duke of Cumberland, the Duke of Sussex, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Gloucester, Prince Leopold, Princess Elizabeth, Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, Princess Mary, Duchess of Gloucester, Princess Sophia, and the Princess Augusta."

Nothing better could be enjoyed, though William IV. could send all the newspaper writers to the galleys, burn all the presses, and order every man in England to kiss the sole of his shoe. But it has the advantage of being likely to last longer. For among those kissers of the shoes of sovereigns there are found from time to time bold spirits who grow tired of the ceremony, and settle the business in the Russian way. A Sultan, too, is not the most certain of going out of the world in his bed.

Freedom is the safety of the King as well as the honour of the people ; and at this hour the King of the freest people in the world is the only one who has a security of sitting on his throne till the next bathing season. This is the true pride of England. Her faith, her honour, and her monarchy, are unchangeable.

All the world laughs at Boatswain Smith, and probably he is no very classic personage. But he has one quality which is worth a million, and without which all others are worth nothing for public success—he has energy. Here is a rough fellow, who talks theology like a sailor, and whose politeness has the 'fore-the-mast finish ; yet he has done, single-handed, what all the classics and common-halls of Oxford could not do. He is building a church, an hospital, and half a dozen other things, out of the dust : and Boatswain Smith may ask, which of my betters has done more ?

*“ The Refuge for Destitute Seamen.*—This building is now rapidly rising on the site of the late Brunswick Theatre, under the auspices of the Rev. Boatswain Smith. The workmen employed have prayers every morning at six o'clock, but for all this the piety of some of them is rather questionable. A person passing that way saw an Irishman listening very attentively ; the stranger asked him if he were not a Catholic ? “ Yes,” was the answer. “ How then,” inquired the other, “ can you join in prayer with these people ? ” “ O, by —— ! ” replied the labourer, “ its *asier* work than cleaning bricks ! ”

The scourge of India is coming into Europe. This is a terror which throws all others into eclipse. The cholera will make all the revolutions child's play, if it can once fix itself in Europe. But we must hope the best ; precautions are already adopted at the sea-ports ; the quarantine laws are put in force ; and we may be assured that every thing which can be done by science and care will be done. England has not seen any extensive epidemic for nearly two hundred years ; and the habits of the people are so much improved within that period, the food is so much better and more plentiful, medical science and public police are so superior, that we should now meet the most virulent contagion with comparative safety. However, all precautions must be taken ; and we are glad to see the order of the Privy Council directing that vessels from infected ports shall be put under strict supervision. Lord Heytesbury's (the ambassador) despatch certainly does not treat the matter with lightness.

*“ St. Petersburg, Sept. 15.*—My Lord,—The accounts of the progress of the cholera-morbus are becoming rather alarming. It is making rapid advances towards Moscow ; it is already at Sinebiask, Tyaritzgur, Saretaff, and Pewza. At Astrakhan, the governor (Nisson) and almost every officer of police have perished, and the other deaths are at the rate of about 100 daily. If the disease once reaches Moscow, there can be little doubt that it will spread to St. Petersburg, Warsaw, and from thence into Germany. This will be much less extraordinary than its regular progress from India to the Caucasus, and from thence into the southern provinces of the Russian empire. It appears to be of a very deadly nature, and to have all the character of the real Indian cholera.

“ I have the honour, &c. (Signed) “ HEYTESBURY.”

“ The Right Hon. the Earl of Aberdeen, K.T.”



We understand that accounts have been received subsequently, stating that the disorder had reached Moscow, where it was making frightful ravages. The Russian government is making all possible efforts to stop its progress. Besides directing the attention of medical science at home to the subject, a large reward has been offered in foreign countries for the discovery of any effectual mode of treatment.

There are individuals born to be talked of, just as there are individuals born, like Dr. Philpotts, to be rats and bishops; and individuals born to be pumped, pilloried and hanged. A city rector is seldom a "great son of fame," and the London smokes are rather prejudicial to the growth of the laurel; but there are some, whose natural turn for reputation cannot be restrained, and of such is the hero of the following tale.

"A Rev. Doctor in the City, who has manifested a great taste for tithes, and whose parishioners have the pleasure of paying two-and-ninence in the pound, not content with a splendid income, takes from his Curate, to whom he gives what hardly can be considered good wages by a journeyman mechanic, any little compliment which persons may be disposed to make at weddings or christenings, even though the parties should be his own personal friends. A gentleman some time ago, informed of this amiable trait, determined, on the occasion of his marriage, to be a match for Dr. O——. A week before the happy day, a dozen of wine made its appearance as a present to the Curate; who did not think the bridegroom particularly shabby, though at last he gave to the Rector his dues, and not one farthing more."

What a curious book might be written, full of nothing but royal interrogatories, at this moment.

*Ferdinand of Spain.* "What shall I do with the Carlists, the Apostolicals, the Serviles, the Liberals, the freemasons, the exiles, the patriots, the monks?—and what will they do with me?"

*Francis of Austria.* "What shall I do with the Italians, the Hungarians, the Jesuits, the monks, or with Venice, Trieste, and Dalmatia?—and what will they do with me?"

*Don Miguel.* "What shall I do with the nobles, the priests, the people, my brother, my troops, my sailors, my exiles, my prisoners, my sisters, my people, and England?—and what will they do with me?"

*Louis Philippe.* "What shall I do with my nobles, my populace, my courtiers, my comrades, my guards that I dread, my subjects that govern me, my parliament that scorns deliberation, my council that will neither give nor take advice, Austria that hates revolution, Russia, that dreads it, Prussia, that longs for it, England, that threatens it at every change of ministry?—and what will they do to me?"

We could prolong the interrogatory to a folio, but in the mean time we must give a specimen of the true way of letting out a cabinet secret.

"'What shall I do?'" said the Emperor of Austria, when he heard of the French revolution. There was a pause. 'Repeat the drama in Brussels,' said Metternich; 'German money, French profligacy, and Flemish obstinacy will get it up. Make revolution unpopular by setting the most stupid of subjects against the most liberal of kings—create a necessity—have Napoleon II. elected first consul of the Netherlands, and

let France and Europe shake hands if they can. Prussia will catch fire. England will hold off till she has a chance of losing immensely by her interference, and we shall gain by her loss. *Probatum est.* Two hundred nameless adventurers were sent to Brussels, and de Wepenberg went to the Hague."

This is the age of Discoveries of all kinds. A very curious one has just been made through the agency of the "Literary Gazette." It appears that a novel recently published, purporting to be a *new* one, and pretty generally attributed to a certain *Right Honourable* authoress, is a version—almost without an alteration except as regards the title and the names—of some compound of sighs, tears *sal volatile*, and white handkerchiefs, which made its public *entrée* about eighteen years ago, and was most naturally and judiciously forgotten by every living creature, except the *Right Honourable* writer, and the person whose long memory has now rendered a service to the public in unmasking the fraud. We can have no hesitation in calling it a fraud;—which is the more culpable party, the author or the publisher, remains to be seen. Either the one, calculating upon the badness of the book, and upon the proneness of people to banish dulness from their recollections, has palmed an old novel upon her publisher for a new one; or the other has played the same trick upon the public. It lies between them—we shall see who comes clear from the fire.

The city is in great exultation at the prospect of the Royal visit to the Mansion House, which will be paid just after our lucubrations see the light, but which we can predict will be welcomed by one of the most showy receptions remembered. Key, the Lord Mayor, will kneel down a simple subject, and rise up an altered man: no longer a citizen, but a knight bearing a bloody hand, married to a lady of high degree, and entitled to propagate honours through his line for fifty generations to come. We presume we shall see the lady's portrait in "*La Belle Assemblée*," which already announces a splendid engraving commemorative of the event, representing all the courtiers and citizens at high feast, and as brilliant as colours can make them.

There will be, of course, some fantastic notions in the heads of the hundred projectors, who are in full motion on the event. Alderman Birch has proposed to erect a fountain in the centre of Cheapside, which is to play turtle soup from twelve o'clock to six. The United Upholsterers intend to present a pocket mirror to every officer and private of the escort of Hussars, to enable them to look at themselves during the procession, nothing else being half so delightful. Pudding-lane suggests its appropriate gifts, and Fish-street-hill is already prepared with a sturgeon, worthy of the Majesty of all the Russias. But the finest project of all, is our own idea of piling up the front of St. Paul's, not with carpets or confectionary, but with heads of children from three to thirteen years of age.

"*Entrance of the King into the City.*—An intelligent correspondent suggests that all the children educated at all the free schools in London might be accommodated within the area of St. Paul's; and that the Ordnance Department, by supplying tarpaulins and erecting benches, might, at a small expense, provide shelter from the weather for the little ones, who, if amphitheatrically arranged, would present a sight in every point of view the most interesting that could gratify the Royal



eye. If this suggestion could be conveyed to the ear of the Queen, it is not impossible that it might be acted upon."

An "intelligent correspondent" is generally a rogue, who adopts the title to conceal that he is a blockhead. Our plan is infinitely better: the whole effect would be lost by piling the infant materiel on benches; the true way would be to hang them on the prominent parts of the architecture, in the style of the Cupids in the opera ballets, and give them that semblance of angels, which is to be found in groups of fat cheeks with duck's wings, and bodies curtailed or forgotten. This would be something new; and while the bench system in this east wind would only present his Majesty with ten thousand coughing and shivering brats, our plan would shew them all cherubs. If a few were hanged in the operation, how could they be nearer Heaven!

The Bourbons were lately reported to have lost another flower. News was received of the death of his Neapolitan majesty, Francis I., at Turin. It is of little consequence, we suppose, whether the news be true or not. At all events, it was hardly worth while to contradict such a report; for if he is not dead he soon will be. On his decease, the crown will come to his eldest son, Ferdinand Charles, Duke of Calabria, in his 21st year, by his second wife, whom Francis espoused in 1802, he being at that time forty-three, and his youthful bride but thirteen years of age.

As for Francis I., if he is really in a situation that requires an epitaph, all that we can say of him is, that he was a potentate of whose life the world knew nothing, except that he was fat, ate macaroni, was supposed to have once swallowed poison from the hands of his loving mother, and married a child of thirteen. Peace be to his manes. It is well for kings when death finds them neither in a prison, nor in exile, but travelling like a *bon bourgeois*, and eating six meals a day. If the world goes on as it promises now, and if the successor of Francis does not discover that the fates of millions will be placed in his hands for something better than to eat macaroni, and do nothing, he will have a different story to tell at his latter end. We shall have his majesty building a cottage on the mighty Potowmac, or locating his six acres under the Peel dynasty on the Swan, unless he shall prefer serving in the troops of his highness the Dey of Tripoli, or taking his rest in the sunshine at the back of the Mole among his congenial Lazzaroni.

The "Winter's Wreath," published by Whittaker, is a beautiful collection of engravings, certainly not yielding to any in London. But the general fault of these works is that they seem all written by the same set of persons. We have William and Mary Howitt, meek as mice, in every one of them. Miss Jewsbury seldom misses an opportunity, Bernard Barton is not so *multitudinous* as formerly, and so much the better. But as we have made up our minds long since on Quaker poetry, and decided that *no* broadbrim *can* write—a decision which is fully sanctioned by universal experience, though Goldsmith said that they ought to be the most literary of drab-coloured creatures, "as their founder was a Penn," a pun for which the bard deserves to be immortalized—we can discover a Quaker's verse at any distance, as the doctors lately could discover a madman, by the smell. However, we hope the editors will repent, and give us some new faces to delight us next year.

## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

*Travels to the Seat of War in the East, through Russia and the Crimea, in 1829, by Captain I. E. Alexander, late of the 16th Lancers.*—Captain Alexander served with the 16th Lancers in India, when quite a boy; and on his return three or four years ago published his *Travels'* history in Ava, Persia, and Turkey. Eager for professional knowledge—still young and active—he resolved last year, if possible, to reach the seat of war in Turkey, and was not a man to be daunted by common obstacles. The Emperor's permission was of course indispensable, and a journey to Petersburg to obtain it equally so. Arrived at the capital, the Emperor was, unluckily, gone to Warsaw to be crowned: but Sir James Wyllie, the emperor's Scotch physician, and the common patron of all his Scottish countrymen, undertook to get his petition presented to the emperor; and in the meanwhile the captain had nothing to do but survey the imperial city at leisure. Within a few wersts is a military establishment, called the Camp of Instruction, which naturally drew his attention, and, upon a close scrutiny, his admiration, and as a Briton, his envy. After Granville's ample description of the capital, any further account for the next twenty or thirty years must be superfluous. Captain Alexander himself felt this, but, nevertheless, favours us with numerous sketches of the principal buildings. The emperor's permission at last arrived, and the captain lost no time in setting off for the still distant scene of action; but at Moscow he encountered new delays, which again, however, enabled him to look close and minutely at—what he would otherwise have but glanced at—the ancient seat of the empire; and, moreover, to see the Persian Embassy, which came while he was there to apologize for the massacre of the Russian ambassador and his suite. With many of the members Captain Alexander—he had served in Persia it will be remembered—was personally acquainted, and from them he obtained the details of the massacre, which he communicates at some length, and acceptably enough, for but little was known before of the matter. Of course the statement is an ex-parte one, and the Persians throw the blame of wanton provocation upon the Russians themselves.

All impediments at Moscow being finally removed, the captain hastened to Nicolaef, from whence he proposed to go to Odessa and join Admiral Greig's fleet, to whom he had especial introductions, and so get landed at once on the Roumelia coast. At Odessa, however, the plague had broken out, and he was

obliged to cross the steppes to the Crimea, and, from one obstacle or another, did not finally reach the army till the Russians were in possession of Adrianople, and the campaign at an end. Of the campaign, however, he had abundant opportunities of learning particulars, and especially with respect to the co-operation of the fleet, which is just the part least understood at home. From the captain's account, it appears Varna did not surrender till it became completely untenable, and of course Yoosof Pacha was not the traitor he was on all sides represented to be. At head-quarters Captain Alexander dined with Diebitch, who was the only person that talked. At this general silence on the part of the guests the captain expresses some surprise, but surely he must have found out at home, that subalterns must do nothing but listen when the commander speaks.

Diebitch is a Silesian by birth, and distinguished himself in the service of Russia, in the division of Wittgenstein, during the campaign of 1812. He subsequently became the head of the *état-major*, or staff, and succeeded to the command of the second army, at the commencement of the campaign of 1829. His rewards last year have been promotion to the rank of field-marshal, of which there are only four or five in Russia; the title of count; the orders of St. Andrew and St. George; a million of rubles, or about £40,000 sterling; six cannon taken from the enemy; a regiment called after his name; the appellation of *Zabalkan-sky*, or *Passer of the Balkan*, &c. He was received at dinner with prodigious respect. He is a little man, with an aquiline nose and florid complexion; his hair was dishevelled, and streamed from his head like a meteor. He was dressed in a green uniform, with the cross and riband of his orders. He talked with Captain Alexander touching the pay of officers in India, and scarcely credited the amount: for a Russian colonel in command of a regiment receives only £150. per annum, whereas many subalterns on the staff in the East receive from £600. to £800. Diebitch considered the Russian military system one of the most perfect in the world, &c.

As peace was now made, Captain Alexander prepared to quit the camp—meaning to return home by Constantinople, Egypt, and Italy; but having to go first to Odessa, he was detained there by some quarantine orders. When the delay thus created was over, he was arrested as a spy, from the officiousness of an officer, desirous of shewing his extraordinary zeal for the emperor's ser-



vice, and forthwith packed off to St. Petersburg. Though annoyed and disappointed, he was accompanied by a field officer, who treated him with civility, travelled by a new road, and saw, of course, new countries. At Petersburg all was speedily set right,—the emperor personally expressed his regrets for the unpleasant mistake, and set him instantly at liberty. The Captain returned home across the ice of the Baltic, through Stockholm and Copenhagen—a pretty considerable tour in a few months. Captain Alexander was delighted with the Russians, and wonders a good deal at Dr. Clarke's eternal grumblings—but Russia, it must be remembered, has changed within five-and-twenty years. English and Germans swarm. We are eaten up with Germans, was the remark—and if the Russians can do without them, as we suppose they now can, it is no wonder they are jealous of them. The memory of Catherine is not particularly agreeable to Russians—she was the great patron of foreigners, and herself a German. Captain Alexander has made a very agreeable book—his narrative is spirited, and his observations intelligent.

*The Heiress of Bruges, by the Author of "High-ways and By-ways," i. e. Thomas C. Grattan, Esq. 4 vols. 12mo.*—Mr. Grattan makes the Netherlands all his own. It is the scene of his facts and his fictions; and though we shall not say, as has been said of some others who deal in both commodities, that his histories are novels—not, we mean, beyond the usual average—we must say, that the novel before us is too much of a history—the siege of Welbasch, occupying a good couple of volumes, is as mortally wearying to read, as it may be supposed it was intolerably hard to bear. To the merit of thorough acquaintance with the country he describes—though so near, not so well known as many more remote ones—with its histories, and antiquities, and municipalities, and to the higher merit of faithful and graphic representation, the writer has the fullest claim. He is as familiar with its traditions, and its customs and costumes, as the author of *Waverley* with those of Scotland; but we may soon have too much of this kind of thing, and especially where the interest has got to be generated. Scottish story is mixed up with our own—at least its main facts and leading characters are early dinned into us; but this is not the case with Flemish story; and though Maurice of Orange was an active and vigorous fellow, he is, in our common imagination, neither a Wallace nor a Bruce, nor even a Stewart.

The scene opens in Bruges—every stick and stone of which is as familiar to

the writer as household words—and all that concerns the Heiress of Bruges comes within the year 1600, when the Netherlands had been again betrayed into the dominion of the Spaniards, and the government of the Archdukes Albert and Isabella. Theresa is sole heiress of immense wealth—her father, the burgomaster, whose own early history fills up a large space, is involved in the new revolt of Brabant and Flanders, under the auspices of Maurice of Orange—her admirer is a popular leader, at the head of a band of black Walloons, and in possession of an all but impregnable fortress on the Meuse, from whence he makes predatory excursions to the very gates of Brussels. He is in love with the beautiful heiress, but alarmed lest she should fall in love with his externals, his name and reputation, he resolves, if he gain her affections at all, to win them solely by his personal qualities. He accordingly gets himself introduced to her notice, in a comparatively humble capacity, as her father's apprentice or protégé, and being a Proteus for disguises, and a Crichton for accomplishments, he quickly effects his purpose. But then he is not sure, but as Count de Bassenvelt, he may not supplant himself, and he resolves to put her to the fullest proof. For this purpose, he intercepts her in a journey, and carries her to his castle—then in a state of siege—where, though sorely tempted by the glories of his bravery, which she seems to witness, and the splendors of his generosity, which are all carefully reported, and the effects she indeed feels—she clings still to her obscurer lover, and finally, of course, discovers, to her great felicity, that the Count and her father's protégé are identical persons. The *équivoque* is admirably kept up, and it is almost to the last before the reader himself is sure that the two characters may not prove two individuals.

An old Spaniard, the governor of Bruges, figures in the piece, and especially two young Moriscoes, the man in his service as his slave—the girl, a novice in a neighbouring nunnery, and on the point of profession. He had wronged their parents, and recently attempted violence on the beautiful and high spirited girl herself. She was burning for revenge, loathed the nunnery, and clung to her ancient faith. At this nunnery was Theresa, and De Bassenvelt had attempted to gain admittance through the young Morisco, her companion, more ardent in temperament, and bolder in demeanour. In this attempt he failed, but excited the passions of her friend, who finally prevailed upon him to aid her escape from the walls, and then threw herself into his arms, without

condition or reserve. But he was too generous to sacrifice her to coarse indulgence; and she finally wound herself to such a pitch of romance, as to contribute to the promotion of his views with the heiress. She assumes a soldier's dress, and plays her part with feelings too masculine for probability, but which the author seems to think not incompatible with the fervours of an Andalusian and a Moor. She goes steadily through with her purpose, but winces when all is accomplished; she begins to envy the happiness she had effected, but generously betakes herself to another country to keep herself out of temptation. Her brother, the slave, is as hot as the climate that gave him birth, and when he discovers the old Spaniard's wrongs, as bent upon revenge as his faith could prompt him, and escapes, in the prosecution of it, more perils than man or Moor ever encountered.

*Russell, or the Reign of Fashion.* 3 vols. 12mo. By the Author of "*Winter in London*," &c.—Mr. Surr, like Mr. Godwin, has again taken to novel writing, and, like Mr. Godwin too, writes with all the vigour and vivacity of his younger days. As of old, the complications of graver mystery are relieved by an occasional exhibiting of the foibles of aristocratic follies. "*Winter in London*," and "*Splendid Misery*," were, in their day, the first of their class, and in reality the progenitors of our fashionable novels. Potent rivals have sprung up, in the interval, to wrest from him the palm, but he still shews he can keep a firm grasp, and will not readily resign what was once exclusively his own.

Russell, whose birth and family are utterly unknown to him, is just of age, and in possession of enormous property, and designated, in the slang of the press, the Foundling of Fortune. He has been brought up under the guardianship of a Mr. Gregory, a man of business, a member of parliament, a leader of the saints, and of boundless wealth, acquired mainly by the command his ward's property gave him in the money market. As a professor of extraordinary sanctity, Mr. Gregory is a prodigious hypocrite, and pains are taken, in a long narrative, to trace his career from the condition of a bare-legged Scotch beggar boy, to a sort of sovereignty in the mercantile world. The development, however, of the mystery attending the birth of Russell is the prime object of the story. As a banker, Gregory succeeds to the connections and secrets of a house of long standing, in the strong-room of which had been deposited an old sea-chest, and on the books stood a considerable sum for the safety and investment of which the successor becomes of course respon-

sible. The sum had grown very large, and Gregory, from the long silence of the interested parties began to entertain hopes of its finally falling into his own hands. In his impatience to discover the mystery attending this ancient deposit, he breaks open the chest, and finds, indeed, jewels of value, but also a skeleton, and a Spanish MS., which he cannot read, and dare not get read. Scarcely had he replaced things as he found them, and recovered his own tranquillity, when the chest is demanded, but not the money; and by and by a child is consigned to him from the East, as the future owner of the accumulated property, to be educated at Eton and Cambridge. As the boy grows up, a person of overruling authority corresponds with him, advises, counsels, and directs, and purposes to come and put him in possession of all the day he comes of age. That day arrives, but not the stranger; he again puts off his appearance, but empowers Gregory to give the youth possession of the property, now swollen to an enormous amount, in lands, stock, and half a borough. The youth takes the seat which the borough gives him—acts politically with the son of the Duke of Lavemere, a liberal member, his old friend at school and college—and to whose sister he was passionately attached. But the uncertainty which hangs over his birth blights his fondest hopes, and damps his best energies, when finally, the long-expected stranger arrives, and arrives in the character of an American, a man of plain, and even blunt manners—a very Franklin in address and intelligence—and tells the whole tale. He is of the Lavemere family—the true owner of the ducal coronet—the direct descendant of an elder branch of the family supposed to have left no issue; and what is no less singular, Russell is also the descendant of a younger brother of the same branch. But the old gentleman declines disturbing the duke in possession; and, apparently, Russell, content with his boundless wealth, and the fair Lady Jane, suffers his friend to take the bauble which had just dropped on his head by the death of the duke. Gregory, too, at this time, who had spent a life in hoarding and hoodwinking, is ruined by the panic in the city, and the bursting of the share-bubbles, and blows out his own brains.—Without expanding our outline too much, we could not bring in the fashionable folks, who are, however, very much like other portraits of the kind, full of pretence, insolence, and intrigue.

*Narrative of a Journey overland from England to India, &c., by Mrs. Colonel Elwood.* 2 vols. 8vo.—Overland journeys,



though common enough *from*, are not very frequent *to* India—the usual route is by the Red Sea, and there can never be any reliance on a ready conveyance. For a lady this same route has seldom probably been thought of, and Mrs. Colonel Elwood claims the distinction of being the first to commit herself to the venture. The undertaking it was thought required good nerves, and Mrs. Elwood's do not seem to have been particularly stout, for her fears were eternal, and though *pazienza*, she says, was her motto, she must, apparently, have tried her husband's. Her experience will turn to the advantage of those who make the same attempt—that is her comfort; but though nothing really appalling or scarcely very annoying was encountered, she will, we suspect, not tempt many to follow her example, and certainly not encourage gentlemen to subject themselves to the unceasing anxiety such an enterprize involves.

The lady professes to have journalized for her own amusement, and to have communicated the contents of her journals in letters to a sister; she gives, that is, to the divisions of her subject, the name of letters instead of chapters.—They bear internal evidence of being written at home. She describes, for instance, the Egyptian female costume (1826) as consisting of a coarse blue shift, descending to the feet, with *fashionably long sleeves*; and in speaking of the port of Yembo, she refers to Burckhardt's book, which was not published till last year. At home, too, it must have been that she has hunted up all her history, and antiquities, and learning, which miserably mar the general naturalness of her book. The whole of these are mere interpolations—not gathered in her way, and of course just so many impertinencies. King Solomon's ships, she tells us, on the authority of her school chronology, precisely 992 B.C., were three years going and returning to Tarsish; while of the Cathedral of Lucca, she can only affirm it was built *about* 1070. Phædon, the brother of Osiris, colonized Turin, 1529 B.C. To Pisa, according to Mrs. Colonel Elwood's interpretation, tradition assigns an *Arcadian* origin; and tells us it was founded by the inhabitants of its namesake in *Elis*—which was not in Arcadia. In her quotations she sometimes adds even the latitudes. Mount Cenis is 11,977 feet in height; and Pompey the Great once attempted a passage, &c. Her "learning," too, is of the same quality. Lycopolis is so named from the *jackalls* which were worshipped there. Man, she styles somewhere, an *ephemera*. In one place she records the remarkable inscription, "*Senatus populusque Romanus*;" and quotes a couple of lines on

Virgil's tomb, which will neither construe nor scan. Among the Indian deities she finds Cupid figuring under the name of Dipuc, and confirms the identity by observing, that, "in fact, Dipuc is an anagram of Cupid." Her Indian researches, as might be supposed, are quite overwhelming—Colebrook, Jones, and Wilkins, make her quite an oracle.

Passing all this gallimafré the narrative is by no means of an unamusing character. She describes what she saw gracefully enough; we expected more of the details of personal inconvenience. Starting from Eastbourne, the lady proceeded through Paris, Geneva, Turin, Genoa, Florence, Rome, Naples, Messina, Malta, where the party were detained three months, Alexandria, and up the Nile to Cairo and Kenné—the point of the river from which she crossed the desert to Cosseir. Up to this stage of her journey, which occupies the better part of a volume, it would be difficult to find any quotable matter. At Naples she found, she says, plenty of Venusses—she particularizes Venus Callipyga, and Venus Genetrix, and between them, she adds, we do not know why, "Adonis very properly has taken his station."

At Malta, the apparatus and process of making macaroni struck her as worth recording. It is so extremely simple, she wonders it is not constantly made in England in private families instead of being imported. It is so infinitely better when eaten fresh, &c. The paste, it seems, composed of simple flour and water, when of a proper consistency, is pressed by a screw, (by a "screw" somehow,) through a plate full of holes, each of which has a peg in the centre to make it hollow; the whole is set in motion by a wheel turned by the hand, and the macaroni is laid in the sun to harden. All this manipulation doubtless would be easy enough for us, but where is the *sun* to come from? In Egypt, mounted on a donkey, she passed a string of loaded camels—"they stretched out their ugly necks one way, and they stretched them out the other, and they looked half determined to eat me up, as they stalked, stalked, stalked on close to me, so close that I could have touched them. C. called out, do not be afraid," &c. "On a sandy islet of the Nile, half-a-dozen storks may be seen in a composed attitude, standing upon one leg, contemplating themselves in the river; then stalk, stalk, stalking on till alarmed," &c. We do not recal anything more observable, except, perhaps, that she found the Turks every where "perfect gentlemen"—preux chevaliers—who might read our Bond-street dandies a lesson not to stare

ladies out of countenance. "In climbing the Pyramids," she says, "I was fairly pulled up—most of the rugged stones by which we clambered being two or three feet high. My heavy cloth habit was but ill suited for the attempt, and I soon found neither my courage nor my strength were adequate to the undertaking. I however did not relinquish it till I had been repeatedly entreated to desist; and I was at length glad to veil my cowardice under the pretence of conjugal obedience, as C. was really seriously alarmed for my safety."

From Kenné Mrs. Colonel was carried in a kind of sedan swung between two camels, *en file*, and met with a few frights, but no perils. At Cosseir the party embarked for Djidda, where they had the good fortune to get a passage to Bombay in a country vessel just engaged to carry Sir Hudson Lowe and his suite. At Hodeida she visited an Arab harem, and found the ladies more at their own command than she expected. From Bombay she accompanied the Colonel to Cutch, where he had been appointed to the command of some regiment that had somehow or other got very much out of order. He had, it seems, served some dozen years on the Poorbundar coast, in the Guzerat country, and as they sailed along in sight of it, in their way to Cutch, he beguiled the tedium of the voyage by fighting all his battles over again, and the reader has the full benefit of all his reminiscences. Of Cutch and the neighbouring region numerous details are given, and this, referring as it does to countries but little known, is by far the best part of the volumes. The destruction of female children she describes as general. "As late," she says, "as 1818, it was calculated that there were not less than 1000 infants destroyed; and in a population of 12,000 males, there were not more than thirty females alive." The reigning family in Poorbunder are suspected of adopting the practice of female infanticide, for evidence could be produced that there has been no grown-up daughter in the family for more than a hundred years. To some expostulations with the Rajpoot chiefs, the answer was—pay our daughters' portions and they shall live. After a residence of about a twelvemonth, the Colonel's regiment being come into a presentable state—he had apparently no other business in India—he and his lady returned to Bombay, and quietly took shipping for England—reaching thus Windmill-hill, the seat of the author's father, Mr. Curteis, member for Sussex, in something less than three years from the day of setting out at the same point.

M.M. New Series.—VOL. X. No. 52.

*The Bride of Sicily, a Dramatic Poem, by Harriet Downing.*—All are at cross purposes here; and the writer, of course, has enough to do to effect an intelligible *dénouement*. That, however, is accomplished with something like dramatic tact; and the lady's piece, by a little cutting and carving, might make no contemptible melo-drame—it has all the requisites, except a ghost and more mystery. As a poem, or a subject for critical estimate, the staring fault—the common one of the day in similar compositions—is the want of simplicity. In the sentiment, violence goes for energy; and in the language, extravagance for force. A Christian lady who, in spite of herself, loves a generous Moor, says,—

Sooner than I'd plight my holy troth  
To one who scorns my faith, who hates my  
    creed,  
And makes a jest of my soul's treasured hopes,  
I'd rather join my bosom to the toad's,  
Inhale its foul and pestilential breath,  
And wreathing under strong antipathy,  
Kiss on its bloated lip the rankling poison.

Hassan, the governor of Sicily, and the lady's admirer, expostulates thus gravely:—

Say, have I used the crescent and its horns  
To goad and vex the children of the cross?

The same Hassan, explaining to the lady's brother:—

False love, Lord Barto, like the torrent-stream,  
Swelled by long rains, may overflow its banks,  
And pour destruction—but such love as Hassan's,  
Vast as the ocean round thy native shores,  
Tho' it may swell and rage, by tempest stirred,  
Yet it respects the gentle isle it laves,  
And makes its proud waves know their proper bounds.

This young gentleman, the lady's brother, has also misplaced his affections, and thus proposes to lash them in his anger:—

Oh! I could scourge with cords my erring  
    fancy.

For having fixed its young hopes so intensely  
On one who could not breathe responsive passion!

Sicily is in the hands of the Moslems. A stranger, escaping from slavery, and wrecked upon the island, is entertained by a noble lord, whose only daughter, Astarte, falls in love with him, and must marry him. He is in a sad moody state—for, in truth he had married this very lady's sister, Cleone, to whose memory he is still devoutly attached; she was supposed to have perished in the wreck. Lord Barto, who has long loved Astarte, now picks a quarrel with the successful bridegroom, and is only deterred from violence by the stranger's dis-closing his incognito—he is Rogero, the



king of Sicily. Loyalty quenches jealousy and rage, and Barto rejoices that the queen of his affections is the queen of his country. Patriotism now fills up the vacuum of love, and all his soul is absorbed in attempts to expel the Turks, and reinstate the monarch. Meanwhile, re-appears Cleone. Astarte loses her senses, and Barto his devotion for the king, who reclaims Cleone for his wife. In defence of Astarte's claims, he demands of the king to renounce Cleone, and, on his refusal, rushes on him with a dagger. Astarte intercepts the blow, and falls dead at his feet, after a speech, in which she says,—

Barto, dear kinsman, thou hast loved me long ;  
Perchance, in other worlds I may repay thee,  
&c.—

Thus miserably baffled, Barto plucks the dagger from her bosom, and plunges it in his own, observing—

Since *she* is gone, I will not tarry here—  
In other worlds, she said, she *might* repay me ;  
I'll *offer* her, and see.

—which is as sensible a thing as occurs in the whole piece.

*Retrospections of the Stage, by the late John Bernard, Manager of the American Theatres, and formerly Secretary of the Beef-Steak Club ; 2 vols. 12mo.*—These are the most unpresuming recollections of the stage we have met with ; and though mixed up, as a matter of course, with much coarseness—not offensive coarseness—contain more amusing and laughable passages than most of his predecessors' communications. Forty years ago, Bernard was known to the frequenters of the theatre as the best representative of fops and “fine gentlemen” of the day, for which, according to his own statement, he studied personally Lord Conyngham and Sir John Oldmixon, while at Bath, once the chief seat of provincial celebrity in matters of fashion and taste, and all but rivalling the metropolis. Times are much changed in half a century. Nobody looks for anything but dulness now-a-days, at Bath. Bernard tells his own story in detail, but rarely makes himself the hero of the thousand jokes he introduces. Though not very refined in feeling, his tact was too good for gross egotism. The present volumes bring up his narrative to the year 1797, when, being in some pecuniary difficulties, he accepted an invitation to America, where he continued, as actor and manager for twenty years. The rest of his story concerns America, which, though it may not prove so amusing, will be at least fuller of novelty.

Mrs. Jordan was originally known as Miss Francis. Quarrelling with the Dublin manager, she joined Tate Wil-

kinson's corps at York, where she took the name of Jordan.

As I had never heard (says Bernard) that Miss Francis was married, I inquired of Wilkinsons the cause, and he replied, “Her name?—Why, God bless you, my boy! I gave her her name,—I was her sponsor.”—“You?”—“Yes: when she thought of going to London, she thought Miss sounded insignificant, so she asked me to advise her a name:—‘Why,’ said I, ‘my dear, you have crossed the water, so I’ll call you Jordan;’ and by the memory of Sam! if she didn’t take my joke in earnest, and call herself Mrs. Jordan ever since.” This was Tate’s story; but as it was told in his usual ambiguous way, my reader may attach what credence to it he pleases.

We have heard a different story.

Dining one day at a party in Bath, Quin uttered something which caused a general murmur of delight. A nobleman present, who was not illustrious for the brilliancy of his ideas, exclaimed, “What a pity ’tis, Quin, my boy, that a clever fellow like you should be a player!” Quin fixed and flashed his eye upon the person, with this reply, “What would your Lordship have me be?—a Lord!”

Some amusing specimens of Norwich simplicity:—

A grazier who had got into the theatre and seen Griffith play Richard, on one occasion waited upon the manager the next morning, to say, that if the gentleman who wanted a horse on the previous evening held his mind, he had got an abundance of cattle in his meadows, and should be happy to deal with him.

The Bristolians were, in the last century, proverbially called Bristol hogs:—

Shuter, when in the height of his popularity, visited this city one summer, and played all his favourite characters with such success, that on his benefit-night the receipts barely covered the charges. The next day he took a handful of his neglected night’s bills, and walking in the midst of a principal street, strewed them about, crying, “Chuck, chuck, chuck!” (the term used in feeding their swine.) This bold experiment on their pride and generosity proved successful. Shuter was induced to try a second night, and the house was filled up to the ceiling.

A royal pun:—

Mrs. Baddeley was very popular in her day, for the harmonizing sweetness of her person and voice; unhappily, she was also distinguished for some imprudences in conduct. A Royal Personage was very much pleased with her, to whom the latter circumstance being mentioned—“Well, well,” said he, with a generosity that always characterised him, “she may have performed ‘Badly’ in private, but in public she is very good indeed!”

One, a little smarter, of Sheridan’s:

Sheridan was down at Brighton one summer, and Fox, desirous of shewing him some civility, took him all over the theatre, and exhibited its beauties. “There, Mr. Sheridan,” said he, “I constructed this stage,—I built and painted those

boxes, and I painted all these scenes."—"Did you?" said Sheridan, surveying them rapidly; "well, I should not have known you were a Fox by your brush."

Bernard's account of *Lawrence*, the late President of the Academy, in his boyhood, is a very interesting one, but much too long to quote: he takes the credit of contributing to deter him from making the stage his profession. Mrs. Hunn's (Canning's mother) story, coming as it does from one who knew her well, is worthy of commemoration.

*Life and Correspondence of Sir Thomas Munro*—a third volume. Edited by the Rev. Mr. Gleig.—Though we think a little too much fuss has been made about Munro's correspondence, this additional volume is acceptable enough. One half of it, doubtless, as well as of the two former volumes, might very well have been withheld, without the loss of any thing of public interest or value. Confessedly many of the papers, in both portions of the publication, are of real importance, and we are willing to take the chaff with the grain, especially where the *sifting* is not very laborious, though it might have been easily spared. Munro's thorough acquaintance with India, coupled with an unusual power of easy communication, throws an agreeable clearness over matters, which with most writers have been sufficiently cloudy, while his ardent devotion to the service gives a vigour and definiteness to his statements, which a cold indifference could never accomplish. He was troubled with no doubts or qualms—the subjugation of India to English domination was a sort of passion with him, and the most *vigorous* measures were always the best, because they bade fairest to be most decisive. When in authority—and what officer, however humble, in India, is not in authority?—while the natives were quiet and submissive, he was a gentle master enough, but he had no toleration for discontents. If they did not *look* happy he was for *making* them so—as many are for flogging children out of their sulks, and insisting upon smiles and a cheerful demeanour.

In the course of the correspondence occur letters from Colonel Wellesley—the contents of which must surely have escaped the editor. With some the glory of the duke's great name throws a halo around him, and conceals ugly features; but the editor must have known there are sharp eyes on all sides, and common discretion should have taught him to *suppress* what, in a private correspondence with a brother officer of congenial sentiments, might pass very well, but could not be borne by the cool and general reader. Colonel W.

talks of destruction, and devastation, and plunder, with the tone of one who *enjoys* the horrid scenes. "Colonel Montresor," says he, "has been very successful in Bulum—has beat, burnt, plundered, and destroyed in all parts of the country," &c.—"I have taken and destroyed Doondiah's baggage and guns, and driven into the river—where they were drowned—about 5,000 people," &c. "My troops are in high health and spirits, and their pockets full—the produce of plunder," &c.—Certainly, the *coolest* statements we remember.

*Encyclopædia Britannica. Seventh Edition.*—The proprietors of this popular Encyclopædia have started a new edition, far surpassing all its predecessors in the mass of material, and in splendour of embellishment. It amalgamates; moreover, the well-known supplement, and will bring, of course, all articles, affected by the succeeding discoveries of science, and the progress of public events, to a level with the period of publication. The plates are new engravings, and of the first class, and the maps are to be doubled in size. Dugald Stewart's dissertation has been reprinted from a copy corrected and added to by the author himself; and a portion of it, containing the Ethical Philosophy of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which Stewart did not live to complete, has been contributed by Sir James Mackintosh. Sir James's piece forms a part of the fifth, sixth, and seventh fasciculi, and is an able sketch of the opinions of ethic philosophers, from Hobbes to Brown, preceded by a glance at ancient ethics. Sir James's estimate of Brown is in handsome contrast with Stewart's pitiful attempt to depreciate the man whose rising fame was already eclipsing his own.

The whole work is pledged not to exceed twenty-one volumes, with a confident belief, expressed by the learned editor, of its being completed in twenty, each volume containing 800 full and close pages, at 36s.—consequently below all former prices. "Considering its extent and execution," observes the editor, "it will present the cheapest digest of human knowledge that has yet appeared in Britain, in the convenient form of a dictionary,"—which is true to the letter.

*The Animal Kingdom, described and arranged in Conformity with its Organization, by the Baron Cuvier, with Additions, &c. by Edward Griffith and others. Part XXV.*—This very superior publication advances rapidly. The portion before us, the twenty-fifth, commences with the Class Reptilia, and comprises the two orders of Tortoises and Lizards.—



following in this division, Brogniart, who, from their quantity of respiration and organs of motion, distributed the Reptilia into four orders—the Tortoises, where the heart has two auricles, and the body is supported by four legs, and is enveloped in two shields or plates joined by the ribs and sternum—the Lizards, where the heart has also two auricles, and the body is sustained on four and sometimes two legs, and covered with scales—the Serpents, where likewise the heart has two auricles, but the body no legs—and the Batracians, with but one auricle, and a naked body. The quantity of respiration in animals, according to Cuvier, is not fixed, like that of mammifera and birds, but varies with the proportion which the diameter of the pulmonary artery bears to that of the aorta. Thus tortoises and lizards respire considerably more than frogs. Hence proceed differences of energy and sensibility, and greater than can exist in quadrupeds and birds. Accordingly reptiles exhibit forms, movements, and properties, much more various; and it is in them that Nature has furnished more fantastic shapes, and more modified the general plan which she has followed for vertebrated animals, and especially for the viviparous classes.

*A Dictionary of the Architecture and Archaeology of the Middle Ages. Part I.—one of four. By John Britton, F.S.A., &c.*—Mr. Britton's well-earned celebrity in the department of Cathedral Antiquities, is a security for a competent and faithful execution of a work of this kind. His long and intimate communion with the subject, which he loves to illustrate, and the technicalities of language connected with it, have thoroughly familiarized him with their genuine and specific usages, and give him a kind of authority in any attempt to fix and explain their application. The work—very beautifully got up—is entitled, *A Dictionary of the Architecture and Archæology of the Middle Ages*, but comprises also the terms used by old and modern authors in treating of architecture and other antiquities, accompanied with etymologies, definitions, descriptions, and historical elucidations. To justify the undertaking—if any justification were requisite—he says, “Precision in language is only attainable by slow degrees; and until a correct lexicon in architecture be formed, and generally, if not universally, recognized, writers will be likely to use both inaccurate and in-apposite terms. A cursory perusal of any one treatise on the architecture of the middle ages will verify these assertions. Reference to the various encyclopædias and other dictionaries, will farther shew the want

of a work expressly devoted to this subject.” We may refer to the word *amphitheatre*, in the portion before us, as a good specimen of the writer's manner, and the kind of information the reader will meet with. Towards the conclusion, he observes—“wherever the Romans settled in colonies, they constructed amphitheatres of turf, termed *castrenses*. There is one at Cirencester, called by the country people the bull-ring; and another, at Silchester, is engraved in Strutt's *Chronicles of England*, Vol. I., plate 8. At Dorchester is also one, considered the finest specimen remaining in England.”

*Herman's Elements of the Doctrine of Metres, abridged and translated by the Rev. John Seager, Rector of Welch Bicknor, Monmouthshire.*—Every body at all acquainted with Herman must have found his metaphysics as repulsive as his peremptory manner, nor can any one doubt but he has laid down laws and discovered distinctions, of which the poets themselves—the inventors and arbiters—never dreamt. But his metaphysical grounds are of all absurd things the absurdest—the least tenable—and Mr. Seager would have shewn his good sense by cutting them out entirely. Herman's original book is, we believe, by most persons past all reading, and he himself, from some misgiving of the kind, wisely epitomised it. This epitome the indefatigable rector of Welch Bicknor has in almost every point followed, not only out of deference to the author, who must know best, it seems to have been thought, how to abridge his own book, but because the said epitome is confessedly superior to the original—it had the benefit of the author's *second thoughts*. As we have thought, and perhaps said of some others of Mr. Seager's abridgments, he might safely have applied, when his hand was in, a greater compressing force. Here is more, far more, than any consulter of translations and epitomes can require; and as to others, naturally, they will go to original sources. Something better than Seale's miserable book was doubtless wanted, and even perhaps than Tate's, but Herman's is not the book for English schools or colleges. We are no enemies to metrical studies—they lead, we are confident, to a nicer estimate of equivalent phrases—to a closer and more critical acquaintance with the language; but the point of utility is soon reached; and stringing longs and shorts—the work of boys and girls—soon becomes a pitiful substitute for the manly search into the sense and sentiment of the writer.

*Sketches and Anecdotes of Horses, by Captain Brown.*—Captain Brown's for-

mer volume must have been quite a treasure to all whose "talk is of dogs;" and the book before us, that of the Horse, as a pendant should be, is an admirable match. Books in abundance, and excellent ones too, Captain Brown allows, exist on the subject, but all of them are deficient in anecdote. To supply this deficiency, accordingly, he lends his best efforts, and what with his own extensive experience, and that of his brother sportsmen, and facts, or the report of facts, gathered from books of all qualities and authorities, he has made a most magnificent collection, swelling to some hundreds. The historical portion, however, occupies a considerable space, and betrays a liberal use of Hewitt's Treatise—the only really good book, by the way, published by the "Diffusion Society." Captain Brown's history commences, of course, with Nimrod, who was not only, he informs us, generally, on the authority of the scriptures, "a mighty hunter," but particularly—taking it for granted he rode a hunting—we know not on what authority, "very bold and dexterous in the pursuit of animals of the chase;"—and ends with George the Fourth, who gave, the Captain affirms, his warmest patronage to all sorts of field diversions and racing, and unremittingly participated in both. But what has he not patronized, asks the Captain, which could add lustre and honour to his empire? George the Third, too, on his accession, "erected a riding school for the royal person," for himself; practised with much assiduity, and became an accomplished horseman. Farriery, too, was greatly indebted to him, and such has been the influence of his example, that at last, it seems, a lectureship has been instituted, in the land of lectures, Edinburgh, the chair of which is at present filled by Mr. Dick, an accomplished professional gentleman.

Racing, too, all our readers may not know, has been the subject of grave legislation—to keep the diversion within aristocratic limits. An Act of 13 George II. c. 19, has a preamble, which could have proceeded from no public body in the world but an English House of Commons—it is expressly to "prevent the multiplicity of horse-races—the encouragement of idleness—and the impoverishment of the meaner sort of people." The first clause prohibits matches below £50. except at Newmarket, and some other place in Yorkshire; but some years after, the legislature having nothing else to do, and not choosing longer to restrict themselves, made another act, and extended the privilege to every usual race-course. By the 9 Anne, c. 14, all wagers above £10. on a lawful course are declared illegal! Those, it may be said,

perhaps, who make laws may surely break them!

In the reign of William, Lord Somers applied to the Master of the Horse, then the Duke of Dorset, to obtain a "plate" for Hereford. The Master replied, "that there were only 20 plates provided for from the public purse, and any addition must come from the privy purse, and would burden his majesty." In the reign of Anne, however, some lover of the turf saddled his estate with the payment of 1,300 guineas for thirteen plates (pieces of plate in the shape of cups—now given in money), to be run for at such places as the crown should appoint. The intention of the donor was defeated, for, it seems, this money goes towards the payment of the old royal plates. Do the 2,000 guineas still proceed from the Treasury, and if so, what becomes of the difference?

Captain Brown's anecdotes are, many of them, well authenticated and sufficiently memorable—they relate to the docility, sagacity, habits, powers, and performances of the animal. All the most remarkable matches on record are given. He has got up his book in some haste, as all books are indeed now a-days—the only chance writers have of not being forestalled. Galloways, in one place, are described as sprung from some stallions that swam to the shores of Galloway from the wreck of the Spanish Armada, and coupled with the mares of the country. In another place, the same story is repeated, with the correcting remark, that Galloway horses were famous as early as Edward I. The same pedigree is ascribed to the New Forest breed, though at the other extremity of the country. Old Marsk, a son of Eclipse, it seems, on better authority, ran wild in the forest, and probably improved the breed.

Novices may learn to correct their phraseology by Captain Brown's book—for instance, they must talk of a head of harts—a *bey* of roes—a *sounder* of wild bears—a *rout* of wolves—a *richess* of martins—a *brace*, and *leash* of bucks, foxes, or hares—but a *couple* of rabbits.

Again—the tail of a fox is the *brush*, or *drag*—of all the deer-tribe, the *single*—of a boar, the *wreath*—of a wolf, the *stern*—of a hare and rabbit, the *scut*.

To talk of *three* hounds betrays deplorable ignorance—a *couple* and *half* is the phrase. If they are greyhounds, a *leash* will be correct. And be it remembered, greyhounds are *let slip*, while hounds are *cast off*, &c.

*Imilda de' Lambertazzi, &c. By Sophia Mary Bigsby.*—The Guelph and Ghibeline factions of Italy split every town with intestine hostilities, and embittered every neighbourhood with domestic



feuds. The young did not always share the exasperations and enmities of the elders; and the records of Bologna present the counterpart of the Capulets and Montagues of Verona. A Gieremei and a Lambertazzi unhappily and perversely fell in love with each other, and indulged in stolen interviews. The fiery brothers of Imilda discovered the intercourse, and broke in upon the fond pair. The lover was dispatched with poisoned daggers—the lady fled, but returned when all was quiet, tracked the body by the blood-drops, sucked the venom from the wound, and perished self-devoted. The painful tale affords opportunities for a scene or two of passion, which are happily seized, and spiritedly executed:

—She yet might be in time to save,  
Or share where'er might be his grave;  
And guided but by the blood-drops strewn  
Along the paths, she hurried on,  
The fire of madness was in her brain,  
And in her heart its scorching pain.—  
While following still each gory trace,  
She came at length to a desert place,  
A court-yard, long unused, and there—  
God help her now in her wild despair!—  
There lay her murdered love!—one bound,  
And she was at his side, and wound  
Gently her pale arms round the form  
Stretched lifeless there—it yet was warm!  
And with frantic energy she unbound  
The garments from his breast, and found  
A gaping wound, from whose blackening hue  
At the first shuddering glance, she knew  
Was wrought by poison;—then, then the  
whole

Of woman's deep faith rushed o'er her soul!  
That poisoned wound to her lips she preat  
To suck the venom forth—still blest,  
If by her own life's sacrifice,  
Light yet might gleam o'er his rayless eyes.  
—In vain! in vain! there came no breath  
Back to the lips fast closed in death;  
And her's—soon, soon grew parched and wan,  
As the poison through every vein quick ran;  
Faint, and more faint, her breathing grew,  
And her cheek wore a livid hue,  
And the strange light in her glassy eye  
Was struck by cold mortality.  
From her failing limbs the strength soon past,  
And she sunk, 'neath the shadow of Death,  
at last.

The tale occupies but a small portion of the volume. That is eked out with a number of occasional pieces—all of them indicative of deep but painful feeling—distinguished for directness of thought, and more independence of manner than usually accompanies similar scraps.

*The Book of Scotland, by William Chambers.*—This is really something like what a book should be—full of information—and that upon topics in which thousands, if they have not a direct interest—as they have not perhaps in nine-tenths of what they concern themselves about—have yet an indirect one, in marking the

influence of public institutions upon a large integral portion of the nation, and at least in the indulgence of a liberal curiosity. The subjects are neither new nor strange, but we know not where a general view of them can be got at all, and certainly no where so completely and so satisfactorily as in Mr. Chambers' book. A similar volume for every country in Europe would be a welcome acquisition, but one that is all but hopeless. Mr. Chambers has well considered his subject, and attempts nothing but what he shews himself perfectly competent to accomplish. He is perhaps something too discussive, where little more than description and statement were required; but in general, the reader will readily excuse what, while it seems occasionally to interrupt, often eventually adds to his information.

The Scotch government before the Union, and the changes which took place on that event, are distinctly and *learnedly* stated—his acquaintance with the times is obvious. The local administration and municipal institutions follow, with the courts of judicature, civil and criminal. The more prominent and peculiar laws and usages are then exhibited—such as relate to debtor and creditor, landlord and tenant, master and servant, the game laws, marriage, management of the poor, the licensing system, customs of heritable and moveable property, entails, registration, &c. Then follow the important topics of the Scotch church, schools, banking system, &c., every one of which numerous subjects involves matters of comparison with English practice, and also of discussion. We have no space for particulars: but the chapter on the subject of pauperism perhaps struck us more remarkable, for the ability with which it is stated and discussed, than any other. The poor laws of Scotland are pretty much of the same nature with those of England, and have existed from nearly about the same period, but they were not so early, nor have they been so generally, enforced. Compulsory assessments, however, *now* pervade half the parishes of Scotland; and as those are precisely the most populous districts, of course but a small portion of Scotland can any longer boast of independence of poor laws. The career of pauperism has been rapid in Scotland. In addition to the common causes which perhaps inevitably exist in the progress of luxury, the separation of classes has precipitated the matter—brought about by peculiarities in Scotland more traceable and definable than elsewhere.

The withdrawal of the rich from the poor can be referred in this country, with great accuracy, to the invention of building new towns at certain

convenient distances from the old. The practice was little known eighty years since; and the fashion seems to have been led by the citizens of Edinburgh, towards the year 1770. Strangers and others who have seen this splendid and romantic town, are mostly struck with the contrast between the old town, occupying a central ridge of ground, and the new and new-new towns, lying at easy distances across the ravines, on its north and southern quarters. Before these latter places of residence were built for the accommodation of the upper and nearly all the middle ranks, the whole population, then amounting to 60,000 persons, was crowded into the ancient city. All degrees of rank were thus, as a matter of necessity, placed in the immediate proximity of each other, and a state of society was produced of a very peculiar nature. Like the tenements in Paris, and most of the towns in the Italian states, the *lands*, or fabrics of houses, were divided into flats or separate dwellings, with their individual outer doors to the lands or landing-places on the stair, which was common to all parties. As is the practice still in the above foreign towns, each flat had its distinct degree of respectability; and the rank of the tenant was lowered in quality in proportion to his distance from the ground floor. Peers, lords of session, clergymen, advocates, attorneys, shopkeepers, dancing-masters, artizans, and others in a still lower grade, occupied flats and half flats from the first to the eighth story. The cellar was, moreover, dedicated to the use of a cobbler, chimney-sweep, or water-carrier, with a shop constructed on the street-level, when the land faced a great thoroughfare; each tenement thus exhibiting a specimen of the chief component parts of a little town. And as nearly all the houses partook of the same character, both on the main street and in the alleys or closes, it will be perceived, that the society of the place must have been formed in adaptation to the tangible peculiarities of the town.

There arose much of what would now be reckoned as uncomfortable, from a residence in such hampered situations; but allowing this to be true, the system of all classes congregating in the immediate proximity of each other, had an excellent effect in keeping the number of poor within bounds, and in preventing the introduction of assessments. The rich took an interest in their "poor neighbours," (that being, let it be remarked, the appellation of the destitute and poor at the time of which we write,) and these in return paid them by condescendence and real respect. All was so well arranged, that each mutually conferred a benefit on the other. When a humble, and apparently very honest family, known to the neighbourhood, lost its chief support by the sudden death of a parent—when sickness and want had entered their dwelling—or when any minor misfortune overtook the poor inhabitants of the stair, the whole *land* was interested, and the intelligence spread by means of an understream of communication, at all times current through the medium of gossips, servants, or hair-dressers, the latter of whom then acted as a species of morning newspaper to the upper classes.

So well as Mr. Chalmers writes, he might surely, with very little trouble, have excluded such vulgar Scotticisms as—*notwithstanding of—to remember of a thing—till, for to—thereby, for there—*

abouts—and his usage of *condescend*, which is quite unintelligible to English ears, for instance—we could not here *condescend* on the precise sum which is still paid out of the Exchequer annually to Scottish sinecurists. Does he mean *ascertain*?

*Matilda, a Poem, by H. Ingram.*—A more harmless amusement than stringing syllables into verse there cannot well be—it is occupation—it is delightful to the performer.

There is a pleasure in poetic pains

Which none but poets know. The shifts and turns,

The expedients and inventions multiform, &c.

as Cowper has it, whom Nature meant for a satirist, and surely was no idealist. The poet—the man or woman whose inspirations are to be *read*—is the one who is prompted from within to give expression to glowing and forcing feelings—the result, perchance, of some finer organization, which makes sensations of mere perceptions, and endows the inanimate with life and vigour—which deadens the eye towards the coarse and common, and catches at a glance the sublime, the beautiful, the *beau-ideal* of moral or physical conception—and evolves, while to the vulgar it seems only to subtilize, delicate relations and new imaginings. This is the poet—not the mere imitator of *others'* developments—not even he who comprehends, and tastes, and relishes them—and certainly not the man who does nothing but turn prose into measure by the adoption of certain jinglings, and cadences, and faded flowers of speech—and least of all by the scribbler of metrical novels—the most wearisome of man's idlest productions!

The tale before us concerns the Crusades, and covers some eight or ten thousand lines—the writer, no doubt, still young—which proves with what unenviable facility words and phrases, now that their channels are so well worn, run into metre. Nobody, now-a-days, will take quantity for quality—at least not in verse.

It is scarcely worth while to quote mere mediocrity—every-day workmanship;—neither gods, nor men, nor *book-sellers*, it used to be said, could tolerate middling poetry—the latter, however, find their shelves groan with it. But, think of encountering—

— O! what forms of love

Bright glancing, graced the balcony above!

There peerless dames their radiant charms displayed,

Whose eyes, more potent than Damascus' blade,

Now fierce as summer suns, now mildly bright,  
Like twinkling stars that gem the vault of night.—&c.

Smooth enough, but mortally fade.



*Rudiments of the Primary Forces of Gravity, Magnetism, and Electricity, in their Agency on the Heavenly Bodies, by P. Murphy, Esq.*—With mathematical astronomy Mr. Murphy has nothing to do; he doubts not astronomers are, on the whole, correct enough as to the data on which they estimate the magnitudes and distances of the celestial bodies, and calculate their orbicular and rotary motion. His concern is wholly with what is usually styled physical astronomy—the causes in which the positive movements and internal phenomena of these bodies have their source. Newton's gravitation does not satisfy him, any more than it did the author himself, though it seems pretty generally to have done so with most or all of his disciples. The truth is, astronomers, since his time, have turned their attention wholly from the question of causes, and confined themselves rigidly to observation. It is their boast to spurn speculation—and their ambition aspires to nothing beyond the field-view of the telescope, and the construction of tables. To Mr. Murphy this seems a pitiful ambition—he is for bringing into play whatever will contribute to the prosecution of his favourite pursuit. The chemist and the electrician have detected facts and principles which to him seem capable of developing other mysteries. He communicates his views, accordingly, to the Astronomical Society, and Mr. South—we forget his knighthood, but not his pension—Sir Something South carelessly answers—we know nothing about electricity. But Mr. Murphy might have known he was communicating with the wrong quarter. Sir James and his coterie are mere star-gazers—very useful observers and collectors of dry facts—filliping the Greenwich establishment too, which requires the fillip—but no philosophers, nor do they wish to be, in any valuable application of the term. Physical astronomy is out of their department, and it is only for the general philosopher—such perhaps as Mr. Murphy deserves to be considered—to turn the labours of all particular departments to his own general purposes.

Mr. Murphy has evidently given the deepest consideration to the subject, but he is apparently incapable of communicating with any *efficiency*—he does not want force—his own convictions. We scarcely ever met with a book—the production of a cultivated person—constructed with so little method and clearness. He is perpetually claiming the merit of discoveries, but the grounds and the process are wrapt in such involutions of phrase, that “panting sense toils after him in vain.” The author began to write too soon plainly—he discovers, as he calls it, as he goes; and

many of the early parts of his book are superseded by the later. Voltaire observes, says he, “Il faut avouer qu'en tout genre les premiers essais sont toujours grossiers.” With this conviction upon him, he should have kept a more vigilant eye upon his own “essais.” Over and over again he talks of the three primary forces, on which, more or less, all astronomical phenomena depend. Newton's old attraction, and our modern magnetism and electricity. Yet, at other times, this universal gravitation is undistinguishable from magnetism, and then, again, from electricity; and by and by, again, magnetism and electricity are pronounced identical, and so, of course, finally, electricity is the sole operative cause. Mr. Murphy is much too precipitate and peremptory to gain confidence—not long ago he published a book denying the existence altogether of electricity—and now it is all in all. The moon, we believe we represent him correctly, had nothing to do with the tides—now she not only governs the tides, but the weather too, at sea and on land—he has discovered such close analogies as must remove all doubt. Electricity is the one cause of all—the sun is positive—the planets negative; from thence he gets light—thence all motion, both orbicular and rotary—thence, too, the ellipticity of their orbits, &c. &c. Mr. Murphy must write his book over again, if he hopes to make any impression. There is stuff in his pages, but it is fairly smothered. He may take our word for it, nobody will read it in its present confused and embarrassed condition. The manner even is worse than the method—he must construct his sentences upon simpler principles. It is not—though in his preface he seems to think it is—the inevitable consequence of the complexity of his subject, but the result of his own undisciplined habits of composition.

*Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*

*Vol VII. Part I.*—The most complete and copious account of the elephant that has ever been put together. The compiler has availed himself of all the most recent intelligence, and books for his purpose have of late abounded—Shipp's Memoirs, Pringle's Notes, Cowper Rose's Cape of Good Hope, Ranking, Colonel Welsh—in addition to all the older authorities within his reach. The peculiarities of the animal are now well understood, and, above all, the Company's establishments in India have furnished facilities for correct information that were never before accessible to the naturalist. Evidence now quite irresistible exists of the young sucking with its mouth, and of the elephant breeding in a domestic state—too proud, as he

was affirmed to be, to multiply slaves. All this kind of nonsense vanishes before precise inquiry. The elephant of the menageries occupies the writer's first division of his subject. His structure is next exhibited in connection with his natural habits. Then comes the Indian elephant in a state of confinement—his fertility in that state—his growth—and the modes of capturing wild ones in Asia. Then the African elephant, and descriptions of elephant hunts. Then their domestic employment in the East—training—docility—

travelling—sports—exhibitions of cruelty—processions and ceremonies—and, finally, their employment in the wars of modern Asia. The author has neglected no source of accurate information—as to either the elephant's wild state or domestic one—his anatomical structure—or his habits and propensities—and has supplied a volume that classes justly under the title of Entertaining Knowledge. The cuts are numerous, and though some of them are coarse, all of them are spirited, and much to the purpose.

## FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS.

### THE ANNUALS.

THE appearance of the illustrations of certain of these "elegant trifles" last month—the blossom of the fruit that was to follow—the gold-laced outriders of the gay procession—prepared us for the scene which we now survey; a table covered with literary luxuries, dainties that too often excite the palate without gratifying it—and that resemble rather the French dishes and confectionary of a repast than the more solid essentials that should accompany them. Let us make the most of our dessert, then, in the absence of a dinner; let us endeavour to subsist for a time upon the "smiles and wine" that they offer; and if we cannot say much for their flavour, let us content ourselves with the poetical assurance that they are really of "the brightest hue."

It is of little consequence which we take up first. Which lies nearest us? the *Friendship's Offering*. Here it is—at once elegant and substantial. The talents of Leslie and Humphrys have been actively employed upon the opening plate—*Adelaide*; it is a fair and tasteful commencement. The *Last Look* can scarcely be called a look of any kind; so foolish an expression would destroy the effect of a much better performance than this. The *Maid of Rajast'han*, by Col. James Tod and E. Finden, is an Indian gem—soft and sparkling. The kneeling lover in the *Rejected*, awakens very little surprise in us that the lady should disdain him; though he might justly return the compliment, for she is scarcely less lack-a-daisical. The *Accepted*, a companion to this, is quite worthy of it. The *Mountain Torrent*, Puser and Goodall, is, with the exception of the water, a very beautiful production; though still inferior to *St. Mark's Place, Venice*—Prout and Roberts—one of the sweetest and most sunny that we have seen. It seems touched with Italian light. *Ascanius in the Lap of Venus*, Wood and Davenport, is another; it is a graceful, spirited, and poetical composition, delicately engraved. *Mary Queen of Scots* is remarkable.

able for being the worst of the thousand and one *Marys* that we remember; but it is amply atoned for by the beauty of the *Halt of the Caravan*, Purser and Brandard, which is novel, brilliant, and picturesque. *Auld Robin Gray*, though too dark, evinces the proper feeling of the ballad—it is by Rolls, from a picture by Wood. *Carlo Dolci* crowns the volume with the head of *Poesie*, to which Wm. Finden has given all the warmth, tenderness and finish that an engraving of this size is susceptible of. Of the literature we shall say little—because we think little of it. *Miss Mitford's Country Tale*, that opens the volume, and *Mr. St. John's Valley of the Shadow of Death*, that terminates it, are among the best. The latter is strikingly impressive. *Mr. M'Farlane's Tale of Venice*, *Mrs. Hall's Patty Conway*, *Mr. Banim's Stolen Sheep*, *Mr. Fraser's Halt of the Caravan*; and among the poetry *Mary Howitt's Countess Lamberti*, are papers of superior merit—equalled by two or three others; and for the rest, the attraction lies principally in the names—among which are those of Kennedy, Barry Cornwall, Hon. Mrs. Norton, Leitch Ritchie, T. H. Bayly, Allan Cunningham, Miss Jewsbury, Dr. Bowring, Mr. Pringle, Mr. Hervey, &c. &c.

The above remarks will apply, almost word for word, to the *Forget-Me-Not*. Yet, perhaps, upon the whole, there are fewer blemishes and fewer beauties. The first plate, *Queen Esther*, has all the peculiarities of Martin, with few of his excellences; and the vignette is despicably tasteless and absurd. The *False One*, by Miss Sharpe and J. Agar, is, with the exception of the two principal figures, an elegant composition. An *Italian Scene*, by Barrett and Freebairn, is pleasingly executed; and the *Cat's Paw* of E. Landseer, engraved by Graves, though not clearly made out, is full of humour. The *Political Cobbler*, Chisholme and Shenton, and the *Japanese Palace*, Prout and Carter, also evince opposite orders of merit. If the lady whom Mr. Corbould has represented



as a Disconsolate should happen to rise, she would inevitably strike her head against the centre of a very high arch under which she is sitting. Lady Beaufort is a pretty engraving, but it wants sentiment. The Noontide Retreat, Philipps and Agar, is scarcely worth the compliments paid to it in the preface. The Boa Ghaut, W. Westall and E. Finden, is one of the prettiest of the landscape embellishments. The literature comprises specimens of all kinds; a Sea Story, by Hogg; the Grave of the Indian King, by W. L. Stone; the Death of Charles I., by Miss Mitford; My Great Grandmother's Harpsicord, by T. H. Bayly, are among the happiest sketches. It has been said that Mr. Hood should not have put his name to the verses called the Painter Puzzled; we think he was quite right, for they would hardly have found insertion any where without it.

We next take the *Juvenile Forget-Me-Not* of Mr. Ackermann—a younger sister, but approaching close to it in beauty, and, we must say it, in defects also. The Infant Samuel, by Holmes and Woolnoth, opens the volume well. It is a sweet head—one in which purity and elevation of character are blended with the simplicity of infancy. The *Juvenile Masquerade*, C. Landseer and H. Rolls, is a pretty graceful composition; and so would the *Juvenile Architect* have been, had not an old Soldier with a cocked hat, and a book in his hand, fixed himself in the very front of the picture, when he has evidently no business there. Something is meant, we presume, though we do not understand what. The Breakfast is engraved by Chevalier, by whom it was painted we know not; the plate says by Sir William Beechey—the list of them attributes it to Corbould. It is pretty, but too dark. "Who'll serve the King?" is from Farrier's picture. *Andernach* and *Going to Market*, are both pleasing, which is all they were intended to be. Of the literature of this little volume, although we find one or two things not quite adapted for children, and which, indeed, are calculated to mislead them, we would willingly, had we space, select a specimen. There are several pleasing things in the volume; and the list of the names of the contributors is here "illustrious," and there "obscure."

We now come to another *Juvenile*, edited by Mrs. Hall. It has greatly improved, both in an outward and visible, and an inward and spiritual sense. With its dark green embossed binding, which, while it partakes largely of the ornamental, does not affect to be above the useful, it is as elegant as any of them, and yet nobody says "take care!" when you touch it. The frontispiece, *Docility*, by Robertson and Thompson, breathes the spirit of gentleness—a most sweet and touching expression. *Me and My Dog*, by Mosses and Edwards, is a laughable little affair; the dog as ele-

vated as the maiden, and the girl as happy as the dog. The *Twin Sisters*, painted by Boxall, is a beautiful Lawrence-like composition. The *Travelling Tinman* and the *Nut-cracker*, are both well engraved, from designs by Leslie and H. Howard. *Hebe*, R. Westall and Engleheart, though a graceless picture, makes a sweet engraving; and the *Bird's Nest*, by Collins and Ashby, is a most exquisite little gem in the painter's own simple manner. One of the chief merits of the literary department—and it originates of course in the taste and true feeling of the editor—is, that it is precisely what it professes to be, a book for the young; and that discrimination has been used in suppressing whatever might by possibility have an improper tendency. We can only particularize a *Godmamma's Epistle*, by Miss Jewsbury; the *Miniature*, by Miss Landon; *Impulse and Amiability*, Miss Isabel Hill; the *Nutting Party*, by Mrs. Holland, and Gaspard and his Dog, by Mrs. Hall, as among the first and fairest of the beauties. The names of the gentlemen, particularly such long ones as Montgomery and Cunningham, we cannot find space for.

The *Comic Annuals* this year, like Sheridan's morning guns, have one important fault—there are too many of them. They are now going off (or rather we fear they are *not*) in every direction. We shall expect to see some of them next year, bound in black, in mourning for their companions of this. Here is one, "*The Humorist*," by W. H. Harrison, *Author of Tales of a Physician*." It is embellished with fifty woodcuts, besides vignettes, from designs by the late Mr. Rowlandson—a man of genius, whose designs we suspect have been sadly mutilated and disguised in the instance before us. Mr. Harrison must not be surprised if the ghost of Rowlandson should pay him an indignant visit on one of these winter nights. We advise him to be prepared. In sober sadness, these woodcuts are very bad; the humour, if they ever possessed any, is either gone by or utterly forgotten by the engraver. The best things, like the best passages in a play, seem to have been put between commas, and "omitted in representation." Mr. Harrison, however, has shewn great tact, industry—and, we may add, humour and invention—in his mode of illustrating these designs. Very difficult his task must have been, and in a very masterly way has he accomplished it. Both his prose and his verse wants a finishing dash or two; but, perhaps, we may attribute the absence of this to the subjects, rather than to the writer. We would willingly quote a story, were it possible. As far as the literature is concerned, this volume will be found no unamusing accompaniment to the Christmas fireside.

The second part of the *Views in the East*, equals—exceeds, we might almost say—both in style and subject, the beauties of its precursor. The same talents and the same care have been devoted to it, and the same results are evident. The first view, “A Mosque at Futtypoor Sicri,” by Purser and Brandard, is very striking and finely engraved. The mosque is attached to the palace of Akbar, the celebrated emperor of Hindostan. The gateway is exceedingly magnificent; according to Bishop Heber, there is no quadrangle either in Oxford or Cambridge, at all comparable to it, “either in size, or majestic proportions, or beauty of architecture.” The interior scarcely answers to the splendour of the external design.—“Shere Shah’s Tomb, at Sasseraur,” is of an equally beautiful order. This is by W. A. Le Petit, from a drawing by Prout. The effect of the whole view is very grand and gloomy; the building is properly thrown into shade, and standing in the centre of an artificial piece of water, about a mile in circumference, it presents a singularly isolated and picturesque effect. Shere was a military adventurer of the old order; one who, having made himself emperor, seemed to regard “breach of faith as royal property, which he would by no means permit his subjects to share with him.” He had his natural good gifts too, and effected many noble and magnificent objects. He was at least a friend to travellers; for he ordered that at every stage they should be entertained at the public expence, and this without regard to religion or country. He also planted fruit-trees along the roads, both to shelter them from the sun, and to gratify their taste. Moreover, during his reign, both travellers and merchants were wont to throw down their goods and sleep upon the highway in perfect security—a state of things far more pleasant than probable.—But we come to the third view—the “City of Benares,” more diversified and animated than all. This is an exquisite engraving of a scene full of life and interest. Benares, which stands on the left bank of the Ganges, is still a curious and beautiful city; but it is not what it was previous to the conquest of India by the Mahommedans. There is a Hindoo legend we are told respecting it which says, that “the city was originally built of gold, but in consequence of the sins of the people it was turned into stone.” Looking at it through the medium of such an engraving as this, we are half inclined to give credence to the fable. The groups of people on the banks of the river seen in a delicious state of happiness, and those in the water, whether they are merely bathing, or worshipping the Ganges, have by no means the least share of the felicity. The smoker in the foreground, sitting on the wall with a prodigy of a pipe coiled up beside him, looking upon the calm water and pouring clouds into the air, seems to breathe

the very spirit of a dreamy enjoyment. He has made us wish ourselves at Benares.

The Eighteenth Number of the *National Portrait Gallery*, contains portraits of Lord Melville, Mr. Abernethy, and Lord Clifden—the two former from pictures by Sir Thomas Lawrence, the last from one by Hayter. They rank among the best of those that have preceded them. We are much pleased with that of Mr. Abernethy, of whom a biography is given, more replete with anecdote and rarity than the lives of his contemporaries in this portrait-gallery will generally admit of. Mr. Jerdan relates some amusing stories of this eccentric surgeon, to whose talents, industry, and excellence of disposition, he does proper justice.

The Four Maps forming the Sixth Part of the *Family Atlas*, are those of Holland, and the Netherlands, Spain, Sweden and Norway, and the West Indies. They are executed with the usual neatness, accuracy, and compactness. The first half of the work is now complete, and we may very safely assert that never before was so much information put into so small a compass. We survey the globe through such a little edition as this, as we look at the moon through a telescope. We are already enabled to carry half the earth about with us in our pocket; and by the time this work is concluded, we may be said to have the whole world at our fingers’ ends. We almost fear that it is too small to be of much utility.

The *Landscape Illustrations to the Waverley Novels*, have also reached their Sixth Part, and exhibit no symptom of falling off. The Messrs. Finden continue their exertions with spirit, and are evidently not easily to be fatigued. There are two illustrations of the “Pirate,” from sketches by the Marchioness of Stafford; one of the “Antiquary”—Queen’s-ferry—by Stanfield; and one of “Quentin Durward”—Namur—by Prout, a scene of extreme beauty, and evincing both in detail and general effect, all the characteristic finish and freedom of this artist’s masterly style.

We have seen an engraving by W. Say, to be dedicated to her Majesty—a study of *Juliet*. She is reclining on a couch, contemplating the fatal draught and grasping her dagger. The whole arrangement of the figure is very tasteful and effective; and the expression is touching and beautiful. It is, moreover, Italian in its character, and does not seem to have been studied in the theatre. It is from a picture by Miss F. Corbeaux, a young artist who has evinced, at an early age, the possession of very singular talents, the cultivation of which we shall have great pleasure in observing.

The *Orphan Ballad Singers*, engraved by J. Romney, from a cabinet picture by W. Gill, is a production of a very superior order. It is long since we have seen a prettier composition, and we have no expect-



tation of seeing any thing more sweetly and skilfully executed. It is singularly soft and delicate; and the truth, simplicity, and feeling, that characterize the little group, are exquisitely preserved. What a pity it is that the embellishments of the *Annals* are not of the size of this print; the effect is here precisely what it should be. It is a little gem that at once "speaks for itself."

It is, perhaps, a disadvantage, in the *Illustrations of the Literary Souvenir for 1831*, that one of the number should be so surpassingly beautiful. It were hard, indeed, if the very exertions of the proprietors to produce perfection should be turned against them, and we should complain that they have not been excellent in every thing, because they have gone beyond ordinary excellence in one instance. Yet something like this will we fear be the case; for there are several prints among these illustrations which it is almost impossible to afford a glance at in the same portfolio with the *Lady Georgiana Agar Ellis*, engraved from Sir Thomas Lawrence's picture by J. B. Watt. Perhaps were we to say that the *Annals*, either of this or of any preceding year, have scarcely produced anything equal to it, our opinion would not be unsupported. This arises partly from the grace and splendour of the composition; the taste, brilliancy, clearness, and refinement of which have been caught by Mr. Watt with the skill and feeling of a master. Next to this we like the *Trojan Fugitives*, J. C. Edwards, from a painting by G. Jones, R.A., a very picturesque group, eminently poetical in

design, and ably executed. We should have liked Robert Burns and his Highland Mary better, had they been merely designed as a pair of rustic lovers; but notwithstanding the resemblance to the features of the poet, it is deficient both in fancy and fervour, though softly and tastefully engraved by Mitchell. There is something pleasing at a first glance in the *Sea-side Toilet*, by Portbury, from a picture by Holmes; but the effect decreases upon looking nearer: the head appears to us too mature for the figure. The *Narrative*, by Greatbach, from a design by Stothard, is far better; the figures very gracefully grouped in Boccacian order, sitting on a declivity; the faces, although so minute, really lovely and distinct, and the whole scene as attractive as a glimpse of Arcadia. A *Magdalen* is a soft mellow engraving, by Watt, from Correggio; and the *View of Ghent*, by E. Goodall, with its gorgeous galley and gay figures, deserves mention for the deep sparkling clearness of the water. The *Destruction of Babel*, from a painting by H. C. Slous, is too palpable an imitation of Martin to be pleasing; it is conceived in a style that of all others requires to be original to be relished. The materials of the picture are full of poetry, but the effect altogether is not poetical. It is magnificent in parts, but melodramatic as a whole. The prints that we have not particularized suffer very considerably by a comparison with the beauty of some of those (the Lawrence especially), that we have named.

## WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

### WORKS IN PREPARATION.

A whole length portrait of Byron, at the age of 19, never before engraved, will be prefixed to the Second Volume of Moore's *Life of Byron*.

The *Adventures of Finati*, the Guide of Mr. William Bankes, in the course of his Eastern Journeys and Discoveries, have been arranged for publication by that gentleman.

The Author of "*Anastasis*," Mr. Hope, has a New Work, nearly printed, *On the Origin and Prospects of Man*.

The Biography of another of our Naval Heroes, Lord Rodney, is preparing.

Popular Specimens of the Greek Dramatists are advertised. An attractive feature in the First Volume (*Æschylus*) will be a series of Engravings from the splendid Designs of Flaxman.

A New Journal is to appear devoted to Science and Natural History, conducted by Faraday, Brande, Burnett, Daniell, Ure, and others.

Four Volumes of Mr. Croker's Edition of Boswell are printed. Sir Walter Scott and Lord Stowell have contributed much information to the Editor.

*Knowledge for the People; or, the Plain Why and Because*, is announced by the Editor of "*Laconics*."

The Rev. T. F. Dibdin announces the Sunday Library, or the Protestant's Manual for the Sabbath-Day, a Selection of Sermons from Eminent Divines of the Church of England.

Mr. Dawson Turner is preparing for publication the *Literary Correspondence of John Pinkerton*, Esq.

Captain Abercromby Trant is preparing a Narrative of a Journey through Greece in 1830.

The Gentleman in Black, illustrated by George Cruikshank, will soon make his appearance.

The Author of "*The Templars*" has a new work in the press, entitled, *Arthur of Brittany*.

Dr. R. Wheatley has a work nearly ready, entitled, *The Errors of Romanism traced to their Origin in Human Nature*.

*Elements of Greek Prosody*, from the German of Dr. Franz Spitzner.

*Elements of Greek Accentuation*, from the German of Goettling.

Mr. Keightley is about to publish a work on the Mythology of Ancient Greece and Italy.

John Abercrombie, M.D. announces *Inquiries on the Intellectual Powers*.

*Memoirs and Correspondence of the late Sir James Edward Smith, M.D.*, are preparing.

A Catechism of Phrenology, illustrative of the Principles of that Science, is announced.

Mr. Northcote is employed upon the *Life of Titian*, with Anecdotes of the Distinguished Persons of his Time.

The Rev. E. Whitfield announces *The Bereaved, Kenilworth, and other Poems*.

Otto Van Kotzebue, a Captain in the Russian Navy, advertises a *New Voyage round the World*.

The Authoress of the *Hungarian Tales*, has nearly ready an Historical Romance, entitled, *The Tuileries*, connected with the Period of the French Revolution.

Mr. Carne's New Work, *The Exiles of Palestine*, a Tale of the Holy Land, is written from actual observation.

The Author of *Pandurang Hari*, or *Memoirs of a Hindoo*, has in the press a work, entitled, *The Vizier's Son*.

## LIST OF NEW WORKS.

### BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Hazlitt's *Memoirs of Napoleon*, vols. 3 and 4. 30s.

*Musical Memoirs*; comprising an Account of the General State of Music in England, from 1784 to 1830. By W. P. Parke. 2 vols. 18s.

A Biographical Memoir of the late Dr. Walter Oudney, Captain Hugh Clapperton, and Major Alexander Gordon Laing. By the Rev. Thomas Nelson. 18mo. 2s. 6d.

*Life of Lord Burghley*, Lord High Treasurer to Queen Elizabeth. By the Rev. Dr. Nares, vol. 2. 4to. £3. 3s.

*Military Memoirs of the Duke of Wellington*. In 2 vols. By Captain Sherer. Vol. 1. 5s., being the first vol. of Lardner's Cabinet Library.

*Juvenile Library*: vol. 1, *Lives of Remarkable Youth of both Sexes*; vol. 2., *Historic Anecdotes of France*; vol. 3., *Africa, its Geography and History*. 4s. each vol.

*National Library*: vol. 2., *History of the Bible*, by the Rev. G. R. Gleig; vol. 3., *History of Chemistry*, by Thos. Thomson, M.D., Professor of Chemistry in the University of Glasgow. 5s. each.

*Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia*, vol. 11.: contents, the second volume of the *History of Maritime Discovery*; vol. 12., *History of France*, vol. 1. 6s. each.

An *Historical Atlas of the World*, as known at different Periods: constructed upon a uniform scale. By Edward Quin. Folio. £3. 10s.

*The Edinburgh Cabinet Library*, vol. 1., 12mo., 5s.: contents, *Narrative of Discoveries and Adventures in the Polar Seas*. By Professors Leslie, Jamieson, and Hugh Murray, Esqrs.

*History of the Covenanters, from the Reformation to the Revolution in 1688*. In 2 vols., 18mo. 3s. 6d.

### MEDICAL.

A *Demonstration of the Nerves of the Human Body*, with Engravings. By Joseph Swan.—Part 1, *The Cervical and Thoracic Portion of the Sympathetic and the Nerves of the Thoracic Viscera*. Folio. £2. 2s.

*Dublin Medical Transactions. A Series of Papers by Members of the King and Queen's College of Physicians in Ireland*. Vol. 1. Part 1. 8vo. 15s.

*The Principles of Surgery*, vol. 1., containing the Doctrine and Practice relating to Inflammation and its various Consequences, Tumors, Aneurisms, Wounds, and the States connected with them. By John Burns, M.D. 14s. Glasgow.

*Practical Treatise on the Diseases of the Eye*. By William Mackenzie, Lecturer on the Eye in the University of Glasgow. 21s.

*Transactions of the Medico-Chirurgical Society of London*, Vol. 16. Part 1. 9s.

*Cooper's Lectures on Anatomy*, vol. 2. 15s.

*Dr. Howspis on Spasmodic Stricture in the Colon*. 8vo. 4s.

*Dr. Rennie's Treatise on Asthma, Consumption, and Disorders of the Lungs*. 8vo. 5s.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

*List of Annuals for 1831*.—The *Winter's Wreath*, 12s.—*Le Keepsake Francais*, 21s.—*The Talisman*, by Mrs. Alaric Watts, 21s.—*Forget-Me-Not*, 12s.—*The Literary Souvenir*, 12s.—*Friendship's Offering*, 12s.—*Amulet*, 12s.—*Keepsake*, 21s.—*Gem*, 12s.—*The Cameo*, 12s.—*Landscape Annual*, 21s.—*Iris*, 12s.—*Hood's Comic Annual*, 12s.—*New Comic Annual*, 12s.—*The Humourist, a Comic Annual*, 12s.—*Comic Offering, a New Annual*, 12s.—*Ackerman's Juvenile Forget-Me-Not*, 8s.—*Mrs. Hall's Ditto*, 8s.—*Mrs. A. Watts's New Year's Gift*, 8s.—*Christmas-Box*, 8s.

*Sections and Views illustrative of Geological Phenomena*. By H. T. Delabèche, Esq. 4to. £2. 2s.

*Transactions of the Natural History Society of Newcastle-upon-Tyne*. Vol. I., Part I. 4to. 21s.

*Sewell on Cultivation of the Intellect by Studying Dead Languages*. 8vo. 9s.

*Thucydides, with Original English Notes, Examination Notes, &c.* By the Rev. Dr. Bloomfield. 3 vols. 27s.

*The Classical Library*, No. 10, containing *Original Translations of Pindar and Anacreon*. 4s. 6d.

*The Secret Revealed of the Authorship of Junius's Letter*. By G. James Falconar, Esq. 8vo. 3s. 6d.



The Orestes of Euripides, with English Notes. By the Rev. J. R. Major. 5s.

The Practical Baker and Confectioner's Assistant. By John Turcan. 12mo. 5s.

Second Report of the Commissioners respecting Real Property. 8vo. 6s.

Addison's Essays, now first Collected, 2 vols. 18mo. 8s.

Illustrations of Landscape Gardening. By John Lowson. Part I. Folio. 7s. 6d.

Nicholson on Mill-work. 8vo. 7s.

The Philosophy of Sleep. By Robert Macnish, M.D., Author of The Anatomy of Drunkenness. 8vo. 7s.

The Elements of the Theory of Mechanics. By Robert Walker. 8vo. 10s.

Merrifield's Law of Attorneys, and Costs in Common Law. Royal 8vo. 21s.

Advice to Trustees. By Harding Grant. 8vo. 6s.

#### NOVELS AND TALES.

The Heiress of Bruges, a Tale of the year Sixteen Hundred. By Thomas Colley Grattan, Author of Highways and By-ways. 4 vols. 12mo. £2. 2s.

The Water Witch, or the Skimmer of the Seas, a Tale. By the Author of the "Borderers." 3 vols. £1. 11s. 6d.

Tales of Other Days, with Illustrations by George Cruickshank. Post 8vo. 9s.

#### POETRY.

The Arrow and the Rose, with other Poems. By Wm. Kennedy. 12mo. 6s.

Tales of the Dead, and other Poems. By J. H. Jesse, Esq. 12mo. 5s. 6d.

Tales of the Cyclades, and other Poems. By H. I. Bradfield. 5s. 6d.

Cheltenham Lyrics, Lays of a Modern Troubadour. By H. Hardyng. 18mo. 4s. 6d.

The Poetical and Prose Works of Schiller. Royal 8vo. 30s.

The Vale of Obscurity, the Lavant, and other Poems. By Charles Crocker. 8vo. 5s.

Classic Cullings and Fugitive Gatherings. Post 8vo. 9s.

The Lyre and the Laurel; or, the most beautiful Fugitive Poetry of the Nineteenth Century. In 2 vols. 18mo. 8s.

#### RELIGION.

The complete Works of Bishop Sherlock, (including many tracts now first published) 5 vols. 8vo. £1. 17s. 6d.

The True Dignity of Human Nature; or, Man Viewed in Relation to Immortality. By Wm. Davis, Minister. 12mo. 5s.

The Life and Correspondence of Dr. Doddridge. Vol. 4. 15s.

A Concise View of the Succession of Sacred Literature, in a Chronological Arrangement of Authors and their Works, from the Invention of Alphabetical Characters, to 1445.—Part I. by Adam Clarke, LL.D.—Part II. by J. B. B. Clarke, M.A.

Pleasing Expositor; or, Anecdotes illustrative of Select Passages of the New Testament. By John Whitecross. 18mo. 3s.

Sermons, on Various Subjects. By the Rev. W. Gillson. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

Scripture the Test of Character; an Address to the Influential Classes of Society, on the effect of their Example. 8vo. 5s.

### PATENTS FOR MECHANICAL AND CHEMICAL INVENTIONS.

*New Patents sealed in September, 1830.*

To Charles Derosne, of Leicester-square, Middlesex, for certain improvements in extracting sugar or syrups from cane juice and other substances containing sugar, and in refining sugar and syrups.—29th September; 2 months.

To Michael Donovan, Dublin, for an improved method of lighting places with gas.—6th October; 6 months.

To Lieut.-Col. Leslie Walker, C.B., Cuming-street, Pentonville, for his invention of a machine or apparatus to effect the escape and preservation of persons and property, in case of fire or other circumstances.—6th October; 6 months.

To Richard Perring, Esq., Exmouth, Devon, for his improvements on anchors.—6th October; 6 months.

To John Heaton, William Heaton, George Heaton, and Reuben Heaton, Birmingham, Warwick, for inventing certain machinery and the application thereof to steam-engines, for the purpose of propelling and drawing carriages on

turnpike and other roads and railways.—6th October; 4 months.

To Joseph Harrison, Wortley Hall, Tankersley, York, Gardner, and Richard Gill Curtis, of the same place, Glazier, for improvements in glazing horticultural and other buildings, and in sash bars and rafters.—6th October; 2 months.

To John Dickinson, Esq., Nash Mills, Langley, Hertford, for an improved method of manufacturing paper by means of machinery.—6th October; 6 months.

To William Augustus Archbald, Vere-street, Cavendish-square, Middlesex, gentleman, for an improvement in the preparing or making of certain sugars.—13th October; 6 months.

To David Napier, Warren-street, Fitzroy-square, Middlesex, engineer, for his improvements in printing and in pressing machinery, with a method of economising the power, which is also applicable to other purposes.—13th October; 6 months.

To Francois Constant Jacquemart, Esq., Leicester-square, Middlesex, for

improvements in tanning certain descriptions of skins.—20th October; 6 months.

To Joseph Budworth Sharp, Esq., Hampstead, Middlesex, and William Fawcett, Liverpool, County Palatine of Lancaster, civil engineer, for an improved mode of introducing air into fluids for the purpose of evaporation.—20th October; 6 months.

To Alexander Craig, Ann-street, St. Bernards, St. Cuthberts, Mid-Lothian, for certain improvements in machinery for cutting timber into veneers or other useful forms.—20th October; 6 months.

To Andrew Ure, Burton-crescent, Middlesex, M.D., for an apparatus for regulating temperature in vaporization, distillation, and other processes.—20th October; 6 months.

To Andrew Ure, Burton-crescent, Middlesex, M.D., for improvements in curing or cleansing raw or coarse sugar.—20th October; 6 months.

*List of Patents, which having been granted in the month of November 1816, expire in the present month of November 1830.*

1. Benjamin Smythe, Liverpool, for a new method of propelling boats, machinery, &c.

— Joseph Gregson, London, for a new method of constructing chimneys, and of supplying with fuel.

1. William Varley, Leeds, and Robert Hopwood, Furness, Bridlington, for a method of producing saccharine matter from corn.

— George Washington Dickinson, London, for preventing leakage from, also the admission of moisture into vessels.

— Simon Hosking, St. Phillack, Cornwall, for an improved steam engine.

— William Day, London, for improved trunks.

— William Piercy, Birmingham, for an improved way of making thimbles.

— John Heathcoat, Loughborough, for an improved lace machine.

— William Snowden, Doncaster, for an apparatus for preventing carriages from being overturned.

16. Robert Stirling, Edinburgh, for an improved steam engine.

— John Day, Brompton, for an improved piano-forte.

— Robert Rains Baines, Kingston-upon-Hull, for a perpetual log, or sea perambulator.

19. Robert Ford, Hornsey, for his balsam of horehound.

— William Russell, Chelsea, for his improved cocks and vents.

— John Barker, Camberwell, for a method of acting upon machinery.

21. Walter Hall, London, for a method of making lead.

— James Hawley, London, for improved thermometers.

## MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

OUR fickle climate, yet with all its faults, one of the safest and best to live in, has, during the current month, rendered us good amends for its former waywardness. Indeed, had a body of farmers been constituted atmospheric regulators, they could not possibly have chosen weather more suitable to the operations of latter harvest, including every species of produce, and to the most important process of wheat sowing, than such as we have been blessed with during the greater part of the three weeks past. The change occurred on the 4th instant, a dry and generally cool temperature succeeding with north-west or north-east winds, yet alternating with a considerable degree of solar heat. This state of the atmosphere, the wind about the 19th veering to the south and west, and producing delightful weather, has had the most beneficial effects upon all the corn, pulse and seeds abroad, drying and hardening them; and also upon the heavy lands, rendering them accessible and friable, and adapted to the operations of the season. Great apprehensions are entertained of the prevalence of the slug, after such continual rains. Early in the month wheat-sowing became general, where harvest was finished, and has proceeded throughout apparently with a determination to make the most of a season so favourable. According to general report, a great breadth of wheat, that most precious crop, will be sown this year, too much, if not the greater part, upon land in a very foul, unfit and disadvantageous state for its reception. For this, it is averred, the badness of the times will allow of no remedy. Should the present favourable weather continue, scarcely any article will remain abroad beyond the present month, which will conclude one of the most expensive, procrastinated and harassing harvests ever known in this country, and most particularly to clay-land farmers. It is said, however, that to the cultivators of the best light lands, the present will prove a successful year.

We observed in a former report that the growers were probably too sanguine in their anticipations of the vast produce of this year's crops, particularly of the wheats; and that it had long been our usual custom to defer our opinions until sufficient intelligence could be obtained from the barn floor. The present year will not serve to break our adherence to this rule. The opinion now seems to be universal, that wheat when threshed does not yield in that exuberant manner which their heated and eager imaginations had led calculators to expect. The new version is, that there is above a field average in bulk, but that the yield on the threshing-floor is not proportional. This being interpreted, we apprehend



to be, that the super field average in bulk consists in the extraordinary number of ears, but which are not equal to the expected product in corn when threshed. It is still the received opinion, that wheat will prove a fair average throughout the three kingdoms, the quality various as the seasons have been, and the soils upon which it was sown. Oats are now ascertained to be the most exuberant crop. Barley is in sufficient quantity, but in some districts nearly three parts of it is stained and of inferior quality, though fortunately but little grown or sprouted. Potatoes, with some exceptions in the north, come well out of the ground on all proper soils, and their husbandry is nearly finished. Of seeds there is nothing to detail at present, but that of late the weather has been highly favourable for them, and that much clover was left for seed. Of that precarious article the hop, the quantity will be as great as could be expected from a season like the past; namely, about half an average crop, fine quality, at no rate abundant. The stocks of old hops of late years seem generally to have been very considerable, and such they are at present. £20. per cwt. have been given for the finest Farnham hops; common price £8. to £12. We have observed some Swedish turnips promising, but in general that root is deemed a failure, as also is cole seed. In some parts the backward growth of turnips appears, in a great measure, attributable to deficient culture. Of beans the crop will be large, both in pod and straw; but although this pulse when shocked and tied takes less harm in the field from rain than any other produce, yet much of the crop is too damp and soft for immediate use, and will be kept until spring, with more advantage stacked abroad than in the barn. Of peas the early judgment was correct; they are on the whole the most deficient of this year's crops. Mangold, or cattle beet, perhaps the smallest breadth which we have had of late years, looks at present in a healthful state. Winter vetches (tares) sowing in vast quantities, for spring feed, which it may be expected will be an article in great request.

Accounts of live stock, and indeed of the whole of our country affairs, are so various and conflicting, that it is no easy task to produce a general view which shall prove tolerably accurate, or even intelligible. At the great cattle, sheep, and horse fair of Ballinasloe, in Ireland, business was said to be very dull, money scarce, and prices low. On the other hand, at the October Tryst, Falkirk, N.B., there was an unprecedented good market, the stocks large, and the sales particularly brisk. In our English fairs a similar discrepancy prevails. In some a limited stock found a ready sale; in others, the stocks were so large, that the greater part were driven away unsold. Prices are extremely various for the same kind of stock. The butter and cheese trade is reviving wonderfully from its late depression. The cattle exposed to sale are almost universally in an inferior state to that which would seem warranted from the immense crops of this year's herbage, but which has failed of its usual nutritive quality from the unseasonable cold and moisture. From a similar cause, the yearling beasts in the west have been much subject to the disease called the quarter evil. Accounts of the rot in sheep have become more and more alarming, inasmuch that buyers hesitate to bargain without a warranty, and heavy losses have been already sustained, some farmers having sent unsound sheep to Smithfield, the return for which was *sixpence* a head, after all expenses had been defrayed. Cows dull of sale and cheap. Pigs in great numbers, yet seeming to hold their price, with a call for large stores in Berks and Hants. Good cart colts are of ready sale, and the horse trade generally in its pristine state, valuable ones commanding a high price. It seems an invariable feature in our English markets for corn and cattle, quality is the great object, and will find its value, whilst inferior articles remain in the utmost state of depression. The price of wool, as might be expected, has had a trifling decline in some few places, but the general aspect of the market is that of a yet probable advance, the growers having disposed of the whole of their old stocks.

Intelligence from nearly every part of the country teems with discontent, and from too many is really alarming. It is apprehended that farming is on the wane, and that the game is nearly up with the tenantry. The vast number of sales, and farms to be let, though not unprecedented, according to the common assertion, afford but too strong a confirmation. The causes assigned for this general calamity are fiscal oppression and foreign competitors. The complainants, however, should not be unmindful that, in the first instance, the landed interest and its dependents were among the most powerful advocates of that long and burdensome war, which, if it enriched them during its continuance, bequeathed to the country that load of debt and taxation which has since so grievously oppressed it; in the second, that from the vast increase of population, and other causes, which it might be invidious to adduce, our national subsistence could not be obtained, independently of a foreign supply. This, as a general proposition the complainants do not attempt to deny, nor indeed could they rationally do so in the face of their own voluntary recourse to foreign purchases on so many and various occasions. Nor do they object to the corn laws fundamentally, but to the system of averages, as productive of collusion and fraud, and calculated to promote the interested views of speculators. This system it appears to be the general aim of the farming associations to get exchanged for a fixed duty on foreign corn imported. The question obviously cannot be debated here, but we will venture to say that it appears devoid of the great consequence attached to it. The great and sovereign remedies appear to us to be a reduction, speedy as is practicable, of all unnecessary and corrupt taxation, together with an improved and superior farming

practice. The remission of the beer duty seems to afford little satisfaction to the farming interest, on the ground that it will be beneficial only to the inhabitants of towns, and that in preference malt ought to have been relieved of the burden. However this may stand as a general proposition, there is one argument much enforced, in which we cannot join—it is maintained that with malt free of duty, the agricultural labourers would enjoy home-brewed beer on their own comfortable hearths. But how would the miserable pittance which is the reward of their labour enable them to purchase such substantial comforts? Accounts from almost every quarter of the country threaten a still greater surplus of labourers after farming labour shall grow slack, for which the usual season approaches. The country labourers, as a body, have ever had sufficient experience of poverty and depression, but it can no longer be questioned that the general use of machinery has been the main cause of their present accumulated misery. The early advocates of machinery were too sanguine in their expectations that, although improvements may, or rather must be attended with partial disadvantages, things would yet gradually find their usual level, and that even an additional quantity of labour would result, in various ways, from such almost unlimited powers of operation. The grand error consisted in not paying a timely attention to the fallibility of these views, and to the discovery and employment of a counteracting remedy. In the present appalling state of the case there is no other remedy than the employment of men deprived of the means of living in consequence of the adaption of machinery, by those who have benefitted by machinery, or by the state. It has been broached of late—the argument, perhaps, chiefly grounded on the present alarm—that threshing machines are actually unprofitable to the farmer, both as regards the corn and straw, with the additional disadvantage of affording the means of throwing a great glut of corn upon the markets. Certain landlords are even said to have insisted on the disuse of those machines by their tenantry. Men, all equal inheritors of the earth, though of different degrees, and willing to perform their bounden duties, have a natural right to subsistence, which they will find the means, however irregular, to support. This is not said to encourage the too general demoralization and depravity of the lower classes, or the vindictive and base passions of midnight incendiaries, who ought to be faced with the most determined opposition, and treated with the utmost severity of the law. Strange that the rich county of Kent should so long have been the chief theatre of these enormities—but more strange still that in the full view of all that is now passing in the world, they who possess the heaviest interest are so tardy in taking warning.

*Smithfield*.—Beef, 3s. 4d.—Mutton, 3s. to 4s. 2d.—Veal, 3s. 2d. to 4s. 8d.—Pork, 3s. to 3s. 4d.—Rough fat, 2s. 5d. per stone.

*Corn Exchange*.—Wheat, 45s. to 75s.—Barley, 28s. to 47s.—Oats, 19s. to 33s.—London 4 lb. Loaf, 10d.—Hay, 30s. 6d. to 84s. per load.—Clover, ditto, 34s. to 105s.—Straw, 30s. to 40s.

Coals in the Pool, 29s. to 38s. 6d. per chaldron.

*Middlesex*, October 21.

## MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

**SUGAR.**—In West India Muscovadoes last week business was rather more brisk; no alteration in prices; sales about 2,000 hhds. and tierces. At the close of the market the estimated sales of Muscovadoes were 1,000 hhds. and tierces, including the public sale of Barbadoes. In prices there is no alteration. In the refined market a general reduction of 3s. took place on low goods; in some instances 4s. and 5s.; low lumps were reported at all prices, from 65s. 6d. up to 68s. The decline appeared so marked that we have since a great increase in the demand. Fine goods are also dull, and a shade lower; Molasses more in request. This afternoon the market is dull; prices about 1s. lower; lumps appear to have settled about 69s.

**COFFEE.**—The purchases of Coffee last week consisted of about 1,200 packages British plantation, chiefly Jamaica, in casks, sold at a general reduction of 1s. to 1s. 6d. per cwt.; considerable private contracts were reported; St. Domingo, 32s. to 34s. 6d.; Brazil, 33s. to 35s. 6d.; La Guyra, about the same price; the Ceylon sold at 34s., the quality particularly good; good old Brazil, 33s. 6d. The market is steady.

**RUM, BRANDY, HOLLANDS.**—There are considerable purchases of Rum reported, at prices rather lower; proofs to 5 over, 4s. 8½d. to 4s. 9d. Brandy is still in great request, and the prices are again 2d. and 4d. per gallon higher, first marks, being reported at 5s. 3d. and 5s. 4d., and one parcel 5s. 6d. per gallon. Geneva is still neglected; Martell vintage, 1829, at 5s. and 5s. 6d.; Bordeaux, 3s. 3d.

**HEMP, FLAX, AND TALLOW.**—The failure of the fishery at Davis's Straits is complete. In consequence of the great rise in Oils, Tallow is beginning to feel



the effect which must undoubtedly follow, from its being substituted for Oil. The price of tallow at first only rose to 31s.; it has been 40s. 6d. In Hemp or Flax there is no material alteration.

*Course of Foreign Exchange.*—Amsterdam, 12. 1.—Rotterdam, 12. 2.—Antwerp, 12. 3.—Hamburg, 13. 13.—Altona, 00. 00.—Paris, 25. 40.—Bordeaux, 15. 70.—Berlin, 0.—Frankfort-on-the-Main, 152. 0.—Petersburg, 10. 0.—Vienna, 10. 10.—Trieste, 0. 0.—Madrid, 36. 0½.—Cadiz, 36. 0¾.—Bilboa, 36. 0½.—Barcelona, 36. 0.—Seville, 36. 0½.—Gibraltar, 47. 0½.—Leghorn, 48. 0.—Genoa, 25. 65.—Venice, 46. 0.—Malta, 48. 0½.—Naples, 39. 0½.—Palermo, 118. 0½.—Lisbon, 44½.—Oporto, 44. 0¾.—Rio Janeiro, 26. 0.—Bahia, 28. 0.—Dublin, 1. 0½.—Cork, 1. 0½.

*Bullion per Oz.*—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars, £3. 17s. 10½d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s. 0d.—New Dollars, £0. 4s. 9¾d.—Silver in Bars (standard), £0. 4s. 11¾d.

*Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham CANAL, (½ sh.) 290½.—Coventry, 850½.—Ellesmere and Chester, 77½.—Grand Junction, 248½.—Kennet and Avon, 26¾.—Leeds and Liverpool, 405½.—Oxford, 0½.—Regent's, 23½.—Trent and Mersey, (¼ sh.) 740½.—Warwick and Birmingham, 280½.—London Docks (Stock) 75½.—West India (Stock), 188½.—East London WATER WORKS, 126½.—Grand Junction, 61½.—West Middlesex, 79½.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 8¾.—Globe, 155½.—Guardian, 27½.—Hope Life, 6½.—Imperial Fire, 0½.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster, chartered Company, 60½.—City, 191½.—British, 1½ dis.—Leeds, 195½.

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

*Announced from September 23d, to October 23d, 1830, in the London Gazette.*

### BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

A. Neve, Portsea, linen-draper.  
E. Alker, Wigan, cotton-manufacturer.  
T. Allinson and J. Williams, Manchester, coal-merchants  
M. H. Stevens, Lambeth, dealer.  
W. Woodrow, West Chester, draper.

### BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month 76.]

#### *Solicitors' Names are in Parentheses.*

Ackerman, J. Bruton, draper. (Brittan, Basinghall-street; Bvean and Co. Bristol  
Arnold, J. Thorntree, farmer. (Jeyes, Chancery-lane; Flint, Uttoxeter  
Ashcroft, H. and J. B. Liverpool, marble-masons. (Hinde, Liverpool  
Atkin, G., Clerkenwell-green, victualler. (Wright, Bucklersbury  
Ash, H., Bulwell, grocer. (Home and Co., New Inn  
Boraman, J., Store-street, butcher. (Pollock, Basinghall-street  
Bigné, A. P. la, Bristol, wine-merchant. (Vizard and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields  
Bryant, S., Waterloo-road, Surrey, broker. (Brownes, Furnival's-inn  
Boldron, W., Aldborough, farmer. (Tilson and Son, Colman-street; Allison and Co., Richmond  
Bourne, E., Bartholomew-lane, stock-broker. (Godmond, Nicholas-lane  
Bullard, J., Brighton, tobacconist. (Isaacs, Mansell-street  
Blake, W., Tooting, brewer. (Lloyd, Bartlett's-buildings  
Baker, J. S., Bradford, innkeeper. (King and Co., Gray's-inn  
Blackburn, A., Preston, linen-draper. (Norris and Co., John-street; Woodburn, Preston  
Cross, J., Turnmill-street, pawnbroker. (Fawcett, Jewin-street  
Carter, E., Walbrook-buildings, money-scrivener. (Donaldson, Hart-street  
Duncan, M., and J. Monday, Kingston-upon-

Hull, wine-merchants. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Dryden, Hull  
Evans, A., Shiffnal, victualler. (Hicks and Co., Gray's-inn; Glover, Shiffnal  
Elliott, T., Bennett-street, grocer. (Matland, Memott-street  
Ellis, W., Swanage, brewer. (Holme and Co., New-inn; Parr, Poole  
Frisby, R. M., Mark-lane, wine-merchant. (Bousfield, Chatham-place  
Fradsley, W. H., Shacklewell-green, stock-manufacturer. (Hannington and Co., Cary-lane  
Featherstone, J., Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Dryden, Hull  
Force, H., Exeter, upholsterer. (Bruton and Co., New Broad-street; Bruton, Exeter  
Fiander, J., Down-street, plumber. (Robinson and Sons, Half-Moon-street  
Grundy, T., Pendleton, manufacturer. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Booth and Co., Manchester  
Gibson, W., Deddington, victualler. (Shilton and Son, Chancery-lane; Field, Deddington  
Greening, G. S., Sheffield, draper. (Walter, Symonds-inn; Wake, Sheffield  
Hudson, R., Birmingham, currier. (Bailey, Ely-place  
Hollinsworth, C. H., Southwark, coal-merchant. (Price, Arundel-street  
Hudson, W., Birmingham, victualler. (Chilton and Son, Chancery-lane; Benson, Birmingham  
Harris, A. E., Goulston-square, dealer in feathers. (Yates and Co., Bury-street  
Jackson, J. M., Brighton, cabinet-maker. (Smith, Basinghall-street  
King, J., Lamb's Conduit-street, draper. (Ashurst, Newgate-street  
Knevet, J., Hammersmith, victualler. (Cooke, New-inn  
Lawrance, E., Ipswich, ship-owner. (Cross, Staple-inn; Hunt, Ipswich  
Leeson, J., Nottingham, hostler. (Hannington and Co., Cary-lane  
Ludden, W., Liverpool, merchant. (Atkinson and Co., Manchester; Makinson and Co., Temple  
Lumsden, E. and R., Monkwearmouth-shore, ship-builders. (Bell and Co., Bow Church-yard; Allison, Monkwearmouth  
Leach, R., and W. M. Pousset, Cow Cross, dealers. (Maltby, Broad-street

- Laue, J., Brixham, ship-builder. (Wimburn and Co., Chancery-lane; Chapman, Devonport)
- Mann, J., Cleobury Mortimer, baker and grocer. (Devereux, Bromyard; Hilliard and Co., Gray's-inn)
- Morris, C. J., Leamington-priors, bookseller. (Platt and Co., New Boswell-court; Patterson and Co., Leamington)
- Minton, R., Hereford, draper. (Church, St. James-street; Pateshall and Co., Hereford)
- Mattison, W., Clerkenwell, victualler. (Gole, Ironmonger-lane)
- Metcalf, G., Liverpool, grocer. (Chester, Staple-inn; Ripley, Liverpool)
- Morrell, J., Store-street, builder. (Randell, Walbrook)
- Neve, A., Portsea, draper. (Ashurst, Newgate-street)
- Pollard, J., Deptford, baker and smack-owner. (Bugby, Leather-lane)
- Page, J., Thame, linen-draper. (Willis and Co., Lotherbury)
- Pierce, P. M., Liverpool, common-brewer. (Bebb and Co., Great Marlborough-street; Armstrong, Liverpool)
- Pelham, J., Rotherhithe, print-seller. (Nias, Cophall-court)
- Pickthorne, F. P. B., Southampton-row and Arlington-street, surgeon. (Hammet, Barnard's-inn)
- Potter, T., Nottingham, cheesemonger. (Taylor, Featherstone-buildings; Payne and Co., Nottingham)
- Pryke, P., Great Coggeshall, tailor. (Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn; Mayhew, Coggeshall)
- Randall, J., Iwer, farmer. (Hensman, Walbrook)
- Rees, R., Swansea, ironmonger. (Bourdillon, Winchester-street; Simcox, Birmingham)
- Robinsaw, J., Rochdale, flannel-manufacturer. (Norris and Co., John-street; Woods, Rochdale)
- Routledge, W., Wigton, butcher. (Mounsey and Co., Staple-inn; Hodgson, Wigton)
- Rusher, J., Stamford, woolstapler. (Stevens and Co., Gray's-inn; Bentley, Bradford)
- Somers, J., Aldgate, jeweller. (Yates and Co., Bury-street)
- Smith, C., and G. Arnold, Bath, innholders. (Williams and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Mackay, Bath)
- Stanford, J., Paddington, smith. (Robinson, Orchard-street)
- Smith, G., Birmingham, cock-founder. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Colmore, Birmingham)
- Sporle, G., Ipswich, shoe-maker. (Hamilton, Southampton-street; Notcutt, Ipswich)
- Tindall, G. and W., Beverley and Hull, seedsmen. (Lambert, John-street; Shepherd and Co., Hall and Co., Beverley)
- Tadman, J., Newcastle-upon-Tyne, perfumer. (Brooksbank and Co., Gray's-inn; Brown, Newcastle)
- Taylor, G., Old Bond-street, shoe-maker. (Bennett, Cannon-street)
- Thomas, W., Holborn, linen-draper. (Sole, Aldermanbury)
- Waller, E. H., Bristol, timber-merchant. (White, Lincoln's-inn; Short, Bristol)
- Wellington, R., Chard, carrier. (Tucker, Dean-street; East, Chard)
- Weller, A., Maresfield, victualler. (Palmer and Co., Bedford-row; Verral, Lewes)
- Wilkinson, R., Shrewsbury, draper. (Slaney, Gray's-inn; Cooper, Shrewsbury)
- Williams, R., Weobley, grocer. (Lloyd, Furnival's-inn; Herbert, Leominster)
- Westerby, R., Brotherton, lime-burner. (Lake, Cateaton-street)
- Yapp, R., and G. Yapp, Hopton, dealers. (Devereux, Bromyard; Hilliard and Co., Gray's-inn)

### ECCLIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. E. Bosanquet, to the Rectory of Ellisfield.—Rev. J. M. Colson, to the Rectory of Linkenholt.—Rev. W. T. Eyre, to the perpetual Curacy of Hillesden, Bucks.—Rev. W. Coward, to the perpetual Curacy of Westoe, Durham.—Rev. E. Hibgame, to the Vicarage of Fordham, Cambridge.—Rev. J. Davis, to be Chaplain to Episcopal Chapel for the port of London.—Rev. J. B. Tyrwhitt, to be Chaplain to Lord Belhaven.—Rev. J. R. Hopper, to the Rectory of Beddingfield, Suffolk.—Rev. F. Baring, to the Rectory of Abbotstone and Ithen Stoke.—Rev. G. Dewdney, to the Rectory of Gussage St. Michael, Dorset, together with the Rectory of Fovant, Wilts.—Rev. J. Sibley, to the Vicarage of Enstone, Oxford.—Rev. A. P. Clayton, to be Chaplain to Lord Melbourne.—Rev. W. Wyatt, to be Chaplain to Marquis Londonderry.—Rev. C. R. Ashfield, to the Vicarage of Leddon, Norfolk.—Rev. W. Baillie, to the Rectory of West Chillington, Sussex.—Rev. W. H. M. Roberson, to the Vicarage of Tytherington, Gloucester.—Rev. T. Tyrwhitt, to the Vicarages of Winterbourne, Whitechurch, and Turnworth, Dorset.—Rev. C. B. Trye, to the Rectory of Leckhampton, Gloucester.—Rev. J. Garbett, to the Curacy of St. George, Birmingham.—Rev. W. White, to be Head Master of Grammar School of Wolverhampton.—Rev. R. Jarratt, to be

Assistant Lecturer and Assistant Curate at Halifax parish church, York.—Rev. G. Bonnor, to the Curacy of St. James, Cheltenham.—Rev. P. Wilson, to the Rectory of Ilchester, Somerset.—Rev. H. Fox, to the Rectory of Pilsden, Dorset.—Rev. J. Wood, to the perpetual Curacy of Willis-ham, Suffolk.—Rev. Sir E. W. Sandys, to the Rectory of Winstone.—Rev. C. D. Wray, to be Fellow of Collegiate Church of Manchester.—Rev. E. Shuttleworth, to the perpetual Curacy of St. George, Chorley, Lancashire.—Right Rev. Father in God, Dr. C. Bethel, to be Bishop of Bangor.—Rev. M. Cooper, to be Second Master of Islington Proprietary Grammar School.—Rev. J. Stannus, to the Deanery of Ross.—Rev. M. Isaacs, to the Rectory of Shandrum, Cork.—Rev. J. Smith, to be Chaplain to Bishop of Derry.—Rev. H. Bellairs, to the Rectory of Bedworth, Warwick.—Rev. J. Shirley, to the Rectory of Frettenham, with Stanninghall, Norfolk.—Rev. W. B. Whitehead, to the Prebend of Ilton, Wells.—Rev. J. M. Echallaz, to the Rectory of Appleby, Lincoln.—Rev. and Venerable H. Lowe, to the Rectory of Yeovilton, Somerset.—Rev. J. Dolphin, to the Rectory of Antingham St. Mary, Norfolk.—Rev. J. Davies, to the vacant Prebendal Stall of Llandygwydd, Brecon.—Rev. J. Robinson, to the Rectory of St. Dennis, York, with Vicarage of St. George and Na-



burn annexed.—Rev. J. Holme, to perpetual Curacy of Low Harrowgate, York.—Rev. J. W. Dew, to perpetual Curacy of St. James, Halifax.—Rev. W. L. Townsend, to be Chaplain to Earl of Craven.—Rev. B. Vale, to perpetual Curacy of St.

Peter, Stoke-upon-Trent, Stafford.—Rev. M. Randall, to be Chaplain to Manchester Collegiate Church.—Rev. L. Ripley, to be Second Master of Durham Grammar School, and Rev. R. W. Kerby, Head Master of Wymondham Free Grammar School.

## CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

### CHRONOLOGY.

Sept. 24. At a meeting of the Common Council of the city, a series of motions was made to congratulate the municipality of Paris and the French nation on the success of the late revolution, which were negatived by nearly two to one.

27. A meeting took place at Kennington Common, of the middle and working classes of London, for addressing the French people on their revolution, and to address his Majesty on the present distressed state of the country, when resolutions were passed for those purposes.

— The celebrated De Potter, who had been banished by the former government at Brussels for 8 years for a libel, returned there, and nominated one of the Provisional Government.

29. Alderman Key elected Lord Mayor of London.

30. Intelligence from Cassel states that the Elector, in compliance with the demands of his subjects, assembled in large bodies, has convoked the Estates for reviving the ancient free institutions of the Electorate.

Oct. 5. A meeting held in London, convoked by Mr. Owen, at which a resolution was passed to petition the King and Parliament for a repeal of all the taxes on the periodical press, and for every facility to the diffusion of opinions.

8. The punishment of death abolished in France by the Chamber of Deputies.

10. News arrived from America with information of the opening of the Welland Canal, by which the hitherto insurmountable barrier of the Niagara is overcome; "the Erie waters now mingle with those of Ontario, and to the 800 miles of coast which we had access, 1000 more are now added."—*American Papers*.

11. By the official statement of the Revenue of the past year and quarter, it appears that the deficiency on the latter, ended 10th October, 1830, as compared with the corresponding quarter of 1829, is 188,834*l*. On the year ended 10th October, 1830, as compared with the year ended 10th October, 1829, it is 943,756*l*.

13. By accounts laid before the French legislature, by the King, Oct. 9, "it appears," says his Majesty, "that more than 500 orphans, 300 widows, and more than 300 fathers, have been deprived of their parents, husbands, and children; more than

311 persons have been mutilated, and more than 3,564 wounded, in the recent revolution. The law settles a pension of 500 francs on the widows of citizens killed in the latter end of July. Their children under 7 years of age shall be entitled to a pension of 250 francs, and above 7 up to 18 they shall receive the advantages of a liberal education. The fathers and mothers above 60, who have lost their children, shall receive a pension of 300 francs. Those whose wounds render them incapable of continuing their professions shall be entitled to live at the Invalids, or to the pension of the Invalids. Those whose wounds will not prevent them from continuing their former labours, shall receive an indemnity."

16. Charles X. and suite left Lulworth Castle for Edinburgh.

18. Proclamation issued by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, for suppressing "The Irish Society for Legal and Legislative Relief, or the Anti-Union Association."

20. His Majesty Charles X., and the Duc de Bordeaux and suite, arrived at Edinburgh, and repaired to Holyrood House.

26. The Imperial Parliament assembled at Westminster.

### MARRIAGES.

Captain Rowley, son of Sir W. Rowley, bart., to the Hon. Maria Louisa Vanneck, only daughter of Lord Huntingfield.—C. Chichester, esq., to Miss Caroline Manners Sutton, daughter of late Archbishop of Canterbury.—Lieut.-Col. Knollys, to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir J. St. Aubyn, bart.—Sir Codrington Edmund Carnington, M.P., to Mary Ann, daughter of J. Capel, esq., M.P.—Hon. Captain G. L. Vaughan, second son of Earl Lisburne, to Mary Josephine Roache, daughter of H. O'Shea, esq., Madrid.—W. J. Goodeve, esq., to Lady Frances Jemima Erskine, sister to Earl of Mar.—At St. Mary's, Bryanstone-square, the very Rev. Dr. W. Cockburn, Dean of York, to Margaret Emma, only daughter of late Col. Pearse of Kensington, and grand-daughter of late Rev. Dr. J. D. Thomas.—W. Webb Follett, esq., to Jane Mary, eldest daughter of late Sir Hardinge Giffard.

### DEATHS.

The Duke of Atholl, 76.—Mary Cath-

rine, Lady Thurlow, widow of the late Lord Thurlow, and formerly Miss Bolton, of Covent Garden theatre.—Hon. and Rev. R. Digby, brother to Earl Digby.—Miss C. A. T. Cunynghame, daughter of Sir D. Cunynghame, bart.—W. Hazlitt, esq., author of several works of celebrity.—Dowager Lady Knightley, widow of the late Rev. Sir J. Knightley, bart.—Hon. Eliza Harriet Ellis, only daughter of Lord Howard de Walden.—At Bodlewyddan, Sir John Williams, bart.—At Bristol, Mr. D. M. Dight, pen and quill manufacturer, of 106, Strand. He was the person who prevented the death of Geo. III. 32 years ago, by seizing the pistol from Hatfield after he had levelled it at the King from the pit of Drury-lane theatre.—Susanna, relict of the late Kingsmill Grove, esq., of Thornbury, and aunt to Mr. Alderman Key, Lord Mayor (elect) of London.—Julia, daughter of Right Hon. Sir Arthur Paget.

### MARRIAGES ABROAD.

Prince Albert of Prussia, to the Princess Mary of Orange.—At Pau, Sir Henry Bunbury, bart., M. P., to Miss Emily Napier.

### DEATHS ABROAD.

Near Perugia, (state of the Holy See), Hypolyto Bendo, aged 124 years, 11 months, and 19 days! having been born April 9, 1706.—At Wisbaden, Augusta Mary de Gray, daughter of the late Lord Walsingham.—At Plescow, (Russia) Michofsky, a husbandman, 165; his mother lived to 117, and his sister to 112.—At Brussels, Lord Blantyre; he was shot in the neck as he was looking out of window in the recent revolution.—At Corunna, Ann, wife of R. Bartlett, esq., Consul.—At Paris, Harriet, wife of Sir Bellingham Graham, bart.—At Viana (Portugal), A. Norton, esq., the British Consul.

### MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

**NORTHUMBERLAND.**—Hagger-Leazes branch of the Stockton and Darlington railway, having been finally completed, by its extension to the Butterknowle and Copley collieries, this portion of the line was opened for public use October 2; when a deputation from the company, consisting of a part of the committee, the engineers, and others connected with the undertaking, travelled up the line from Darlington, and were received at its termination by the proprietor of those collieries, and a party of friends, amid the cordial cheers of the party assembled. The railway branch now completed will be an extensive benefit to the public; it opens a communication with the lead mine district, terminating at the road to Wolsingham, Middleton, &c., and actually on the great trap dyke which traverses the island, and from which an inexhaustible store of the best materials for the construction of roads may be sent down the line.

**LANCASHIRE.**—The second annual meeting of the Preston Institution has been recently held. The number of members is from 5 to 600. The number who actually paid last year was 551. The library contains 1,700 volumes. Various classes are formed, and forming, for the study of useful subjects. They have also a museum containing nearly 1000 specimens in natural history, &c. The success of this institution is attributable to the lowness of the charge, being only 6s. 6d. a year.

The revolution in business which the Manchester and Liverpool railway is producing exceeds any anticipation ever formed respecting it. Last week a Gentleman, who had transacted a forenoon's business in Liverpool, was seen at Dr. Raffles' chapel in the evening, and it was well known that

he had been busily engaged in Manchester for full two hours in the interim.—*Liverpool Mercury.*—We have heard this week of a gentleman who went to Liverpool, transacted business there for half an hour, and returned to Manchester to breakfast.—*Ed. Guard.*—Passengers' account from Friday, the 17th, to Saturday, the 25th ultimo:—The number was 6,104 passengers, averaging 763 per day; the money received, £2,034. 11s., or about £254. per day, (nearly £93,000. per year,) and the numbers increase every day.—The receipts of the late music meeting at Liverpool amount to £7,800, about £2,000 less than at the last festival.—Oct. 14. The first annual meeting of the Liverpool Agricultural Society took place. Aware as we are of the very great advantages which have been derived (and which are evident in all our markets) from the establishment of the Liverpool Horticultural Society, we confess ourselves highly gratified at witnessing the establishment of an Agricultural Society; we feel perfectly convinced that its good effects will soon be visible in our labourers' cottages, in our butchers' stalls, and in our larders. We hail, therefore, the commencement of this co-operation in creating motives to action, and this stimulus to competition in excellence of production; for we shall all be gainers by it, in the most personal and most extended sense of the word, as men and as countrymen.—*Liverpool Paper.*

**YORKSHIRE.**—It is our painful duty this day (says the Hull paper) to record the loss of 18 ships employed in the Davis's Straits fishery, six of which belong to Hull. We do not remember having ever witnessed a more melancholy sight than that which our streets this morning presented. Hun-



dreds of persons, particularly females, were assembled in groups, anxiously inquiring of each other the news from the fishery, as a report was fast gaining ground that some casualties had occurred, though no one could possibly form a correct idea of their extent. This was about nine in the morning, at which hour, or a little after, the Grimsby steamer arrived, amply confirming the previous rumours. The number of shipwrecked seamen on board of the different ships amounted to between 800 and 900.

**WORCESTERSHIRE.**—The total receipts at the late music meeting at Worcester amounted to £4,320—the collection for the charity we inserted in our last—the receipts for admission were £3,314. 6s. 6d., which is a diminution, as compared with the receipts in 1827, of £78. 2s. 10½d. for the charity, and £626. 10s. 6d. for the admissions.

Notice has been given of an application to Parliament for an Act which, among other things, will authorize the alteration in the road between Birmingham and Bromsgrove, by which the Lickey will be avoided.

**WARWICKSHIRE.**—The commissioners' accounts, from 24th June, 1829, to June 24th, 1830, for lighting, watching, cleansing, paving, &c. the town of Birmingham amount to the sum of £30,843. 15s. 2d.

At a grand public dinner given to the Duke of Wellington and Sir R. Peel, Sept. 23, by the High Bailiff, at Birmingham, Mr. Tennyson spoke on the absolute necessity of some change in the state of the representation, and that it was now become the universal impression of the country. "Circumstances," said he, "have lately thrown me into the society of various bodies of the community in different parts of the kingdom, and the uniform feeling is, that some change in the representation of the country is indispensable."

The members of the Birmingham Political Union have voted an address to his Majesty, in which they say, after enumerating the various calamities which now pervade the country, "We forbear to afflict your Majesty's paternal heart with any further description of the national distress. The expression that 'things cannot possibly go on in their present state' is now in every one's mouth who does not derive profit from the national distress; and we beg leave dutifully and loyally to express to your Majesty our firm conviction that the most fearful national results are to be anticipated, unless the wisdom of your Majesty devise the means of national relief."—At the dinner given by the Society in honour of the French Revolution no less than 3,700 persons sat down to table! It took place in Beardsworth's Repository. After the King's health, "God save the King" was sung by the whole auditory, and had a most extraordinary effect. Louis Philippe, King of the

French, was given as a toast, and the Marseillois Hymn followed.

Notice has been given that application is intended to be made to Parliament in the next Session for leave to bring in a bill for making and maintaining railways, with various branches, for the passage of coaches, chaises, waggons, carts, &c. for the conveyance of passengers and goods of every description from Birmingham to London.

**LINCOLNSHIRE.**—The issuing of a large number of discharges of his tenants, by the Marquis of Exeter, in consequence of exercising their right of voting for their favourite member at the last election, added to some other subjects of irritation, has produced so fearful a state of society in Stamford, that the magistrates have thought it necessary to require the presence of police-officers from London, who are now on duty in the town and about Burghley House. His Lordship, riding on horseback through the town, was assailed by the mob; he escaped without personal injury, but in a state of very visible agitation. At night the mob assembled, and broke many windows of the houses belonging to the Marquis's agents. None of the offenders were apprehended.

Last Friday some youths were condemned to be imprisoned in the stocks at Surfleet, for some petty offence. A number of persons, compassionating the youths, treated them with a quantity of ale: the constables very properly endeavoured to prevent this, upon which a great outcry was made, a crowd of 100 or 150 persons assembled, hoisted a tri-coloured flag, and having imbibed a quantity of ale, which gave them courage, liberated the youths. The ring-leaders were taken into custody, with their tri-coloured emblems.

**SOMERSETSHIRE.**—Prior Park, near Bath, surrounded with admirably arranged park-grounds, consisting of between 2 or 300 acres, was purchased about three months ago by Dr. Baynes, a Roman Catholic priest, the "Bishop" of this district; and he is now busily engaged in converting it into a Roman Catholic College! The chapel is already converted into a Roman Catholic chapel. The old pulpit has been removed, and, in its stead appears a "throne" for Bishop Baynes. The old altar-piece has disappeared, and a new marble one, surmounted by a tabernacle, is erected on its site. The whole is beautiful, and the altar-piece is exquisitely worked. The further wing of the building is the residence of Bishop Baynes. In the building a library is forming; and, at all events, "Prior Park College" seems likely to become an imposing and powerful Catholic seat of learning!—*Bath Paper.*

**NORFOLK.**—The recent music festival at Norwich was by no means so well-attended as the last in 1827, there being a falling

off of about 1,960 tickets! Yet it is expected there will be a surplus of receipts above the expenditure of about £800 for the benefit of the hospital.—*Norfolk Chronicle*, Oct. 2.

Oct. 12. A meeting was held at Beccles of the inhabitants to consider of the steps taken by the corporation, to apply to Parliament for an act for rendering the river Waveney navigable for sea-borne vessels, when the following resolution passed unanimously: "That it is the decided opinion of this meeting that the making this Town a Port for Sea-borne Vessels, and from the new Harbour at Lowestoft, would tend greatly to the utility and prosperity of the inhabitants of this place, and that consequently we entirely and cordially approve of the steps which the corporation have taken, and are about to take, to carry so desirable an object into complete effect."—*Norfolk Chronicle*.

SUSSEX.—The expenses for regulating, paving, improving, and managing the town of Brighthelmstone, and the Poor thereof, from Dec. 31, 1829, to June 30, 1830, amounted to £17,345. 18s. 4d.

KENT.—This county is in a very agitated state, and not without reason, on account of the organized system of stack-burning and machine-breaking, which appears to be established in several extensive districts. The farmers flattered themselves that the large reward (£500!) which has been offered would have the effect of inducing some of the incendiaries to betray their accomplices, but in this they have hitherto been disappointed. In this county, where agricultural distress has been proverbially less frequent and more transient than in any other, no alarming combination of the labourers has ever taken place without an adequate cause. And what is the cause of their present fearful proceedings? Truth must be told: they are in a state of unprecedented distress—they cannot obtain any thing like a fair compensation for their labour—they begin to despair of sufficient means of bare subsistence, except in a state of ignominious pauperism. There are, doubtless, exceptions to be found. In every assemblage of violent men there are some whose violence has no cause but in their love of riot and hope of plunder. But these evidently form no approach to the majority of the numbers who are now breaking the peace; by far the greater part of them are men whom want—desperate, reckless want—has goaded to acts of vindictive violence.—*Kentish Chronicle*.

STAFFORDSHIRE. — Application is intended to be made to Parliament in the ensuing sessions, for a Bill to authorise the construction of a Railway from Wolverhampton, through Dudley, to Birmingham, with branches, which will afford a quick and easy communication with all the places

forming the important mining and manufacturing districts of that part of the country.

SHROPSHIRE.—The new Salop Infirmary, the erection of which reflects much credit on the spirit and liberality of the nobility and gentry of the county, was opened Sept. 30. The expense of the erection is stated at £18,745. 18s. 10., which will be defrayed as follows: subscriptions for building £11,252, congregational collections £1,013, net receipts of the Ladies' Bazaar £1,078, leaving about £6000 to be paid out of the accumulated funds (which are ample) belonging to the Institution.

DEVONSHIRE.—Great rejoicings took place at Exeter, Sept. 29, on the occasion of opening the new Water Dock, which has been cut to prevent vessels losing time when the Canal is closed on account of the floods of the river. The extreme length of the basin is 917 feet, and its width 110 feet 6, over two-thirds of the length, and at the lower end, or entrance, 90 feet; its uniform depth is 18 feet, with commodious sites on its margin for the erection of suitable wharfs, &c. In this noble dock the largest traders may take in or discharge their cargoes. The Royal William ensign, the identical standard raised by William III. on his landing at Torbay, was hoisted at the fore-mast-head of the barge which was destined to enter the basin first. At six o'clock a party of about 240 gentlemen sat down to a most sumptuous dinner to celebrate the event.

OXFORD. — The expences for the county for last year (up to Trinity Sessions, 1830,) amount to £8,209. 15s. 8d.

CORNWALL.—The 17th annual meeting of the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall was this year more numerously attended than on any former occasion: long before the business of the day commenced, the room was crowded to excess, and many persons who were particularly anxious to be present, and came rather late, were forced again to retire. The report was read and unanimously adopted. It contained an eulogium on George IV. for the patronage he accorded to the Society; and an address to William IV., soliciting his protection for the same purpose. The communications which have been made to the society since the publication of its third volume of Transactions, being quite sufficient to fill another volume, the council suggest that an immediate arrangement be made for the printing and publication of a fourth volume.

WALES.—In the transactions of the Natural History Society of Northumberland, Durham, and Newcastle, it is stated, that the quantity of iron annually manufactured in Wales is about 270,000 tons, of which about three-fourths is made into bars, and one-fourth sold as pigs and castings. The annual consumption of coals required by the iron-works is about 1,500,000 tons.



The quantity used in the melting of copper ore imported from Cornwall, in the manufacture of tin-plate, forging of iron for various purposes, and for domestic uses, may be calculated at 850,000 tons; which makes altogether the annual consumption of coal in Wales, 1,850,000 tons. The annual quantity of iron manufactured in Great Britain is 690,000 tons. Upwards of 4,000 tons of iron have been laid down in the double line of railway between Liverpool and Manchester, a distance of about thirty miles only.

The Annual Report, with an appendix, of the Commissioners for the Holyhead road, has just been printed. The result of the improvements made in the road is most favourably spoken of:—and in the Appendix a Report is given by Mr. Telford. The sums repaid to the Commissioners up to April 5, 1830, on account of advances made by them, amounted to £103,633, the total being formed from these items:—From additional postage on letters to Ireland passing over the Menai and Conway bridges £67,290; from tolls taken at the Menai and Conway bridges £1,103; from additional tolls levied on the road between London and Shrewsbury £32,721; from additional tolls levied on the road between London and Shrewsbury £2,512. The expenditure during the year, ending last April, amounted to £50,125. 3s. 2d. The building of the Menai bridge, and the new road across the Island of Anglesea, cost £273,826. 19s. 1d.

SCOTLAND.—The working classes of Glasgow recently held a public meeting for Parliamentary Reform. The whole proceedings were conducted with scrupulous propriety and good order. The petitions to the King and to Parliament were unanimously carried. There were 11,000 persons present at the meeting. The committee were received with the greatest cordiality by the Lord Provost, the Sheriff Substitute, and Captain Graham; and the chief magistrate not only sanctioned the meeting, but said, that they had as good a right to meet and discuss the evils under which they suffered as they (the magistrates) had. At the conclusion the committee were thanked for the orderly manner in which the proceedings had been conducted.—*Glasgow Chronicle*.

IRELAND.—There is nothing which we more condemn—nothing which we would be more remote from the practice of, than exciting unfounded alarm; but it does, indeed, appear to us that “We have fallen on evil tongues and evil days”—the one producing the other. It is in vain—it were criminal, to disguise from the friends of peace and good order—from those who would not hazard the essential civil and religious liberty which we yet possess for the delusive speculations of a wicked faction, that the country is in a dangerous state: the fears of the government declare it.

Troops are coming from England, and depots and magazines are shifting from places of lesser to those of greater security; and if yet, in the eleventh hour, vigorous measures be not adopted—measures excluding insult and persecution of old and tried loyalty, and favoritism of as old and proven disaffection—an attempt towards separation, under cover of a Repeal of the Union, will be made which will deluge the soil of Ireland with the blood of her children. “Horrible imagining!”—but more horrible that it is justified by facts.—*Dublin Warder*, Oct. 16.

A dinner has recently been given by the citizens of Cork to Mr. O’Connell, on the subject of the “Repeal of the Union”—upwards of 150 gentlemen sat down to table; after the toast of “O’Connell, and may the people ever stand by him as he stands by the people,” he rose and delivered his sentiments, which, at particular parts, were vociferously cheered. He said, “They say that all Ireland wants Repose. Good God! what do we want of repose while such evils exist that afflict us? Why, it was no later than yesterday that I saw, myself, in a miserable parish near Millstreet, upwards of 30l. levied—and for what?—to support a Church for the immense number of *fourteen* Protestants! Is, I would ask those quiet persons who talk so much of repose—is Repose any remedy for the odious and grinding monopoly of your beggarly Corporation? Is repose what will destroy—nay, prevent, their iniquitous exactions? Is repose what will dissolve that sacred junta which plot in private against your liberties and immunities as citizens—I mean the Friendly Club? If they want repose, let them give us rights as men—if they wish for calm, let them relieve us from the intolerable burthens which have hitherto (but which shall now no more!) prostrated our energies at the feet of our oppressors. In truth, there can be no greater impertinence imagined—no greater insult offered to your understandings—than to be told by a pampered Aristocrat, that you want Repose. He may want it, when he is filled to repletion with the riches wrung from the exertions of your country—but we want it not—we’ll have none of it. No, gentlemen, the want of Ireland is not Repose, but Agitation—quick, spirit-stirring and effective Agitation. It is by Agitation alone we have succeeded in wrenching from them what they have already reluctantly given—it is by Agitation alone that we can ever hope to obtain any thing like Redress!!!”—*Cork Chronicle*.

The Lord Lieutenant has also issued a proclamation, suppressing a newly-formed Society, calling itself “The Anti-Union Association,” a decisive measure which has caused an extraordinary sensation in Dublin; but the power and activity of the Agitators are such as to give rise to serious apprehension for the ultimate fate of the Protestant interests.







SON ALTESSE ROYALE  
LA DUCHESSSE DE BERRI.

*Engraved by THOMSON, from a Painting by SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE*

*Published by Whittaker & Co. Dec. 1830*

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THE WELLINGTON AND THE GREY ADMINISTRATIONS.

WE are rejoiced at the downfall, the ignominious downfall, of the Wellington administration. And for this rejoicing we give the sufficient reasons, that it was in its nature unconstitutional, as investing an individual with the whole power of the state; in its principles base, as acting altogether through a cabinet, of which there was not a single member who had not richly earned the scorn of the country; and in its conduct contemptible, as having characterized its power by a succession of miserable failures on every point of national policy. We are rejoiced, that having begun in an insolent determination to control the mind of the British empire, it ended in a ridiculous display of public and personal impotency, and that after having imperiously declared against all improvement, it expired in the midst of a roar of public laughter.

We shall give a brief view of the history of those changes which put the empire into the hands of a *military governor*, utterly unacquainted with the habits of civil life, ignorant of the laws of England, professionally contemptuous of all feelings but those of the sword, and insolently determining that the concerns of a great, free, and christian people were to be administered with the rude and vulgar authority of the field.

The death of Mr. Canning, in 1827, placed Lord Goderich in the inauspicious rank of Prime Minister: half whig, and half nondescript, this cabinet could not stand. The spirit of disunion instantly developed itself. Mr. Herries—for such are the trifles that overthrow the weak—Mr. Herries was the source of contention. Lord Lansdowne had tendered his resignation on hearing that this individual was to be imposed on the cabinet as Chancellor of the Exchequer. He finally acquiesced; but the jealousy on all sides was retained. The appointment of the Finance Committee, at the head of which an intrigue of the late Mr. Tierney proposed to place Lord Althorp, without the cognizance of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was an affront too open to be palliated. The ministry was thrown into a general state of confusion. After three months of correspondence, Lord Goderich, weary of the struggle, went



down to Windsor, and on the 8th of January, 1828, resigned his office into the hands of his Majesty. It was impossible to deny Lord Goderich's claims to good intention and public honesty. But he ought not to have suffered his administration to be broken up by the quarrels of two such men as Herries and Huskisson, he ought to have turned out both the financiers, and having thus disposed of the two clerks, tried how the country could be governed by gentlemen.

The Duke of Wellington was appointed First Lord Commissioner of the Treasury, with a cabinet of twelve members. Parliament met on the 29th of January. In the debate on the address, Mr. Brougham stated the public opinion of the administration. He declared "his dislike of seeing *any one man* in possession of the *whole patronage* of the crown, the patronage of the army, of the church, of every thing. To the noble duke also was intrusted the delicate function of conveying constant and confidential advice to the ear of his Majesty. As a constitutional man, this state of things struck him as *most unconstitutional*. He had been told that the noble duke was a person of vigour in council, and that his talents were not confined to the art of war. It might be so, but that did not remove his objections against the noble duke's being placed in possession of such an *immense mass* of civil and military influence."

Mr. Brougham then went into his own theories on the subject. "He had no fear of Slavery being introduced into this country. It would take a stronger man than the Duke of Wellington to effect such an object. The noble duke might take the army, he might take the navy, he might take the mitre, he might take the great seal, he would make the noble duke a present of them all. Let him come *sword in hand* against the constitution, and the energies of the people of this country would not only beat him, but laugh at his efforts. There had been periods when the country heard with dismay that the 'soldier was abroad.' There was now another person abroad, a less important person, in the eyes of some an insignificant person, whose labours had tended to produce this state of things—the schoolmaster was abroad; and he trusted more to the schoolmaster, armed with his primer, than he did to the soldier in full military array, for upholding and extending the liberties of his country."

The meaning of all this theory being, that we have a right to tempt danger, that we need not disarm a military despot in the first instance, because we shall be sure of beating him when it comes to a contest, bayonet to bayonet; and that the soldier is to be suffered to encroach, to arm himself, and make his attempt with his best powers upon the national freedom, because, in the long run, the schoolmaster will defeat him. But this policy is too expensive for us; we wish to keep our liberties without being compelled once a year to fight for them against the soldier coming from Woolwich with his train of artillery; we think, in every instance, the *beginnings* of tyranny must be put down, and that nations which begin by indolence will end by slavery!

The Duke of Wellington's ministry commenced with the most pompous promises of guarding every interest of religion and state; the condition of the people was to be improved, the defects in the constitution were to be touched with a sacred delicacy, yet to be repaired with a completeness worthy of the original fabric; the poor were to be sustained; the abuses of the parliamentary representative were to be rectified; our

allies were to be protected, a new era of national vigour was to commence under the direction of the Duke of Wellington. Every one of those promises was violated. In this administration, which was to keep England at the head of Europe, the supremacy was almost instantly lost, and given over to a barbarian power. Russia became the first empire of Europe. Our ally Turkey was broken down before our face. Spain defied us; Portugal held us at bay. France sent an expedition to Greece in direct contempt of the Duke of Wellington's remonstrances; she sent another expedition to Algiers in direct contempt of his remonstrances, and conquered it. He remonstrated against her keeping it. She defied him again, and kept it. Feebleness like this produced its effect gradually on the British nation. The military premier was discovered to be a boaster, fit for nothing beyond the coarse work of a campaign, and acquainted with nothing beyond the harshness of military command. But his character was to enjoy a still further development.

While the late king lived, worn down with disease, and surrounded by a set of people who make the natural curse of an idle court, the Duke of Wellington, insolent by nature, and surrounded only by the Peels and other slaves who knew that a murmur would strip them of their quarter's salary, was paramount, and all discontent was carefully suppressed in high quarters. But the accession of a new king changed the scene. The premier was no longer the lord of the ascendant, he found that he too *had a master*, a fact which he had forgotten for some years; his nod could no longer do every thing, he grew *angry*, and he was fool enough to let the world see that he did so!

The nation, disgusted with the gross displays of the last Parliament, had determined that some attempt at purification should be made; they insisted on the palpable guilt of buying and selling the votes of men, who were called on by the law to swear that they received nothing for their votes. They cried out against the waste and corruption of the public resources merely to pamper the pride of a crowd of dependants who were a disgrace to the country that fed their mendicant pride.

A man of sense would have acknowledged that the national opinion was right, that the vileness of *Sinecures*, vested interests, and *Pensions* for no one knows what services, should be extinguished, and that the Parliament should be free from the stain of personal corruption. But the Duke was *angry*. He delivered opinions which were first received by the nation with defiance, and next with ridicule; until the House of Commons at length taught him the difference between the command of colonels of police or corporals of the guards, and the representatives of a country which still hates military *arrogance*.

But there is no downfall so complete as that which a man makes for himself, and the Duke was to have the consolation of knowing that he had made himself an object of laughter in all directions, east and west. We allude to the Guildhall dinner, which will henceforth make a prominent figure in his grace's biography. It was among the most blundering exhibitions on record. All London laughed at the announcement that the King, the most popular King within memory, the King who has been walking day after day unattended through the streets, and who might have walked to Guildhall, with no more attendance than the respect of the people, could not go to dine with the citizens without the chance, nay, the certainty, of being attacked if not shot, on his



way. Who were to be the storming-party, whether they were to descend from the moon or to ascend from Fleet ditch, whether the Thames was to disembark an army on its shores, or the warlike shopkeepers of Fleet-street were to take the field against the gilt coach and cream-coloured horses, has not yet been explained. But it served as the foundation of morning cabinet councils, midnight despatches, couriers riding for their lives from the Mansion House to Whitehall, and regiments ordered to break up from their quarters, in full fighting order, at a moment's notice. In fact, nothing escaped disclosure, except the nature of the danger, of which the secret was kept with memorable strictness, and is still deposited in the breasts of the original discoverers.

It happened that the only menace in the Lord Mayor's letter was against the Duke himself, and we still find it difficult to discover why the public disgust for his grace should have any thing to do with their feelings towards the King. But those are secrets of State. Sir Robert Peel wrote the notice, that his Majesty could not venture; the citizens read the notice with contempt for the writer, and utter denial of the danger. But *the Duke was not to go*; and the question was decided.

We understand that the King, since he has got rid of the Duke; whether it is that the loyal citizens have grown more warlike, or the days longer within this month, intends to eat his dinner at the Mansion House in spite of being shot on his way, or having Fleet-street barricaded by an army of a hundred thousand rebels debouching from Chancery-lane.

The Wellington Administration perished totally, under the ridicule of this most ridiculous transaction. The chieftain himself was obviously borne down by a sense of contemptible failure, and the feeble tone in which he made the last dying speech of his power, was not more indicative of the fallen minister, than of the fallen man.

The Guildhall affair had enough of folly in it to reconcile the most stubborn unbeliever to the idea that the ministry were *not* gifted with the sort of understanding precisely fitted for governing the country. But the sycophants of the premier had laboured so long to establish for him a reputation for miraculous sagacity, that we shall take the trouble of giving another proof of his utter inaptitude. The King's speech furnishes an unanswerable case. It was the declared desire of the nation that we should not interfere in the quarrels of foreigners. In the first place we have no right to dictate to any people what form of government they shall choose, any more than we have a right to dictate what food they shall eat, or what clothes they shall wear. In the next, England has always found this kind of interference as impolitic as it was unjust, being always finally dragged into the heat of the conflict as a principal, seeing her efforts baffled, and the only results being the hatred of the nation concerned, the ridicule of all other nations, and three or four hundred millions added to our national debt. The peculiar case before government at the time was Belgium. And on this the nation had already decided that we should leave the parties concerned, to settle it between them. All the government declarations through the newspapers were of exactly the same tenor.

Yet what was the astonishment of all men of common sense, when the following paragraph made its appearance in the King's Speech.

"I have witnessed with *deep regret* the state of affairs in the Low Countries. I lament that the *enlightened* Administration of the King should not

have preserved his dominions from *revolt*, and that the *wise* and *prudent* measure of submitting the desires and the complaints of his people to the deliberation of an extraordinary meeting of the States-General, should have led to no satisfactory result.

"I am endeavouring, in concert with my Allies, to devise such *means of restoring tranquillity* as may be compatible with the welfare and good government of the Netherlands, and with the future security of *other States*!"

And this was non-intervention. This was abstaining from taking a side. This was "giving no opinion either way." Men of plain understanding, from London to St. Petersburg, read it in a totally different way; and the stocks fell instantly, in the expectation of immediate measures of war. All Belgium read it in the same plain way, and set down England in the ranks of its enemies. All Europe had made up its mind upon the subject; and it seems likely that nothing but the extreme caution of the French King could have prevented his cabinet from issuing a counter declaration, and declaring, "that he had witnessed with deep regret the state of affairs in the Low Countries. He lamented that the enlightened administration of the Belgium Insurrection had not preserved its dominions from the attacks of tyranny; and that the wise and prudent measure of submitting the desires and complaints of the people to a native Legislature should have led to no satisfactory results. In consequence whereof the King of the French was endeavouring in concert with his Allies, to devise such means of restoring tranquillity as were compatible with the welfare and good government of the Netherlands; and with the future security of *other States*."

Is there a man in England who could have doubted that such a paper was a manifesto? or that the French were preparing to uphold the Belgians by arms? On this point Earl Grey's observations in the debate are unanswerable.

"We should consider well the nature of the sacrifices we were called on to make, in order to maintain the union between these countries. If his Majesty, in his speech, only meant to lament that troubles had broken out in the Netherlands, and to deprecate the consequences that might flow from them, he (Earl Grey) had not a single word to say on the subject. But the speech went further, and pronounced an opinion on the transactions referred to, by speaking of the 'revolt' of one of the parties against an 'enlightened administration.' This was totally inconsistent with the principles of non-interference, which ought to regulate our policy in such cases—it was taking up the cause of the King against his 'revolted' subjects—revolted, too, from a wise and 'enlightened' government: if so, the revolt ought to be suppressed and punished; and was the Noble Duke (Wellington) prepared to aid the King of the Netherlands in bringing matters to that issue? He trusted not; but trusted that if the Noble Duke were of that mind, the House would not support such conduct. (Hear!) He believed the Noble Duke would find no support for such an attempt in a country too much attached to liberty itself to interfere with the liberty of others.—But would the Noble Duke mediate? How would he act the part of an impartial mediator after pronouncing an opinion on the conduct of one of the parties? The allusion to the state of Belgium was ill-judged, to say the least. If it came at last to the issue which he expected—namely, that the Netherlands would constitute a new State, independent of other countries; if it should come to that, in what situation would the Noble Duke stand, when he should be obliged to acknowledge a Government composed of people whom he had denounced as rebels? He was sure if the Noble Duke proposed to France such an interference as appeared to be contemplated, that she would resist, and the consequence must be an interruption of tranquillity."



This was plain sense, and was not to be answered, but by some fair acknowledgment that Belgium was to be put down at all hazards, and that England was to be one of the instruments in putting it down. But the Duke of Wellington had already changed his tone, for it is impossible to doubt that his original language had been hostile. It was now to be declared that prejudging meant giving no opinion whatever, and that pronouncing the act of the Belgians to be a *revolt*, meant nothing but a pacificatory arrangement.

“ ‘I hope,’ said the noble Duke, ‘that we shall be enabled to effect the pacification by means of impartial mediation, and a prudent conciliation, without any necessity for an appeal to arms. The Noble Earl may be assured, therefore, that there is no intention on our part to interfere by force, or by an appeal to arms. We hope, by means of negotiation, and by moderate, conciliatory, and pacific intervention, to carry into effect an arrangement that ought to be satisfactory to all parties, conducive to the peace and good government of the Netherlands, and to the welfare and tranquillity of Europe.’ ”

In all this tissue of declaration, and of denial in the teeth of declaration, plain men can discover nothing but feebleness, want of purpose, and want of knowledge of the feelings of England. We have not the slightest idea that the Duke of Wellington intended to involve England in war for the supremacy of the Dutch King; yet he must make a bravado: could he believe that his bravado would answer the purpose of putting down the Belgian insurrection? No. Might it not have driven Belgium in its first alarm into throwing itself into the hands of France? Undoubtedly: for men will not suffer their bodies to be cast into Dutch dungeons, nor their throats to be cut on Dutch scaffolds, while they can save either liberty or life by calling in the help of their neighbours. Might it not too have given the French liberals the opportunity which they so obviously desire, of taking Belgium under their protection, and forcing their King to set himself at the head of insurrection and republicanism throughout Europe? Undoubtedly. And nothing but the instant disclaimer wrung from this rash minister, could have prevented the catastrophe. Thanks to “his Majesty’s opposition,” which righted his Majesty’s government, redeemed the credit of the country out of the giddy hands of the *outcast* cabinet; and compelling the chief of that cabinet to swallow his words, substituted words of quietness and common sense in their room.

But his Grace had to exhibit himself in one more attitude of bravado; and luckily it was the last in which he is likely to display himself for some time. England, infinitely disgusted with her late parliament, which she had seen successively upholding every ministry, let its principles be however obnoxious, or its waste of the public money on its creatures be however scandalous; had been driven by the palpable necessity of the case into a demand of some change which might give her an honest representation. The cry was no longer confined to the radical or the whig; men of all parties and of none, equally joined in it; and the tories were the loudest in their determination to have some change instantly made. Yet the premier, urged by his fate, and under the influence of that feeling of mingled short-sightedness and arrogance which makes him the most unfit man alive to be the minister of a country where men have rights and feelings to be consulted, haughtily declares himself against all improvement. He does more, he ornaments

his extravagant and monstrous dictum with a border of ridiculous assertions, which every man in the house and out of the house must have laughed at. He tells the members of the House of Commons, that their mode of election is the most perfect conceivable by the human mind. This he tells to the members for old Sarum, for Gatton Park, for the Cinque Ports, and for the Cornish boroughs. No doubt the intelligence must have found a delighted echo in the bosom of the Honourable Member Sir Massah Manasseh Lopez, and his class of honourable representatives. No doubt it must have been received with rapture in the whole circle of rotten boroughs; but by all men yet unstained with that traffic, it must have been listened to with the deepest disdain of the assertion and the assessor. Now let the ex-premier be tried by his acts. First, as to his foreign policy. How did he receive England from the Canning cabinet; for Lord Goderich was too short a time in power to make any change? England was then the great arbiter of Europe, the friend of rational because necessary change, and offering to the nations the finest model of temperate liberty. How did he leave it? Is England now the arbiter of Europe? Do aggrieved nations look up to her for protection? Is she the patroness of freedom in foreign lands, the interposer between the strong and the weak, the preserver of the European balance? Ask the Portuguese exile, the Spanish, the German aspirant after a free constitution. Is she the defender of the balance of Europe? See Turkey on the point of adding to the inordinate dominion of the Czar. See the whole Continent at this hour mustering its armies, and preparing for new violences against the liberties of man, and new encroachments on the peace of nations.

Let us next look to our home policy. His trophies are, universal discontent among the people, poverty among the manufacturers, and disorders, scarcely inferior to civil war, amongst the agriculturists, the most important class of the entire population. His next trophies are the Catholic Question, and the New Police. And, first, of the police. He has raised, under that name, a force alien to the customs of England, offensive to the public sense of freedom, and singularly burthensome to the public purse. To keep down the pickpockets and casual offenders of London, he has raised a force, organized on military principles, chiefly soldiers, commanded by a soldier, and already amounting in number to *seven regiments* of the foot-guards! Let the citizens of London think of the strength of this new military levy; and believe, if they can, that its sole service was to clear the streets of petty larceny. Or let the honest members of the House of Commons think what would be their feelings, if a minister had stood up and moved for the "immediate raising of seven additional regiments of guards!" Yet this has been done. The numbers of the police amount to nearly four thousand already, and it was the intention to augment them, and spread the system through England. They are trained to military discipline, barracked, inured to military habits, were appointed by the Horse Guards, commanded by the Horse Guards, make their daily reports to the minister, and were sedulously separated from all connection with the safe and constitutional authority of the magistrates and the people. They were, in all senses of the word, a new force, a French notion imported into British institutions, a gendarmerie, and equal to all the purposes of a gendarmerie.

Against this police the public voice has been loudly and unremitt-



tingly raised. The parishes have declared that its expense is, in all instances, seriously greater than that of the former watch; in some instances four times as great. But the objection equivalent to all, is that it is the introduction of an *unconstitutional* force, which might be used for the most hazardous purposes. The late French revolution, by shewing the power of the people, has relieved us of some of our alarms on the subject. But we have no desire to see ourselves driven to so desperate a remedy; and think that a nation worthy to enjoy liberty, will shew its value for the possession in the best way, by observing with the keenest vigilance every approach to its injury.

As to the trivial answer, that the streets are better watched, we say that they may well be better watched, at three and four times the former expense; but we say also that they would be still better watched, if there were a soldier planted at every two feet, and a battalion encamped in every square of London. The truth is, that the police were capable of purposes of a very different nature from watching the city of London; and well may we rejoice that the ministry is crushed, which created such a force.

But the Catholic Question involved a higher evil than the degradation of public character in a set of slaves, who valued character only for its weight in the beggar-barter for place. It is impossible for any man, dispassionately comparing Popery with Christianity, not to see, what our great reformers saw, that the religion of Rome is a tremendous corruption of the religion of the Apostles; that the head bowed down in homage to a statue or a picture, and the voice lifted up in prayer to St. Peter or the Virgin, is a total perversion of the purposes of Christianity, is a total departure from its spirit—and, as such, must involve all the fatal results consequent on that departure. It is equally undeniable that in every country Protestantism has been the origin and nursing mother of Liberty, of Peace, of Morality, and even of earthly opulence. While Popery has been always characterized by its inseparable connection with slavery, sloth, impurity, and the *suppression* of Knowledge! It is not less known to those who study the Scriptures, and study them with the reverence due to the words of the Eternal Judge of man, that terrible judgments are denounced upon the holders of this apostate faith; and that the only security against either its corruptions, its blandishments, or its punishments, is by keeping aloof from any share in its system. The slightest glance at our own history too will shew that the purity of our Protestantism has been invariably our national strength, and that our contact with Popery has been always publicly fatal, visited with great misfortunes, and continually so visited until the evil contact was no more, and the old wall of partition again separated the pure religion from the impure.

We altogether disdain the sneer with which such opinions are sure to be received by the superficial, and the scorner. This is not the place for either asserting or defending our belief; but we must look upon the understanding as wretchedly narrow, and the mind deplorably and calamitously dark, which, in speaking of the general course of events, does not recognize the action of a Providence; in alluding to the Scriptures, does not render the deepest tribute of the heart to their holy and supernatural wisdom; or, in speaking of religious things, is ashamed to acknowledge itself an humble and willing believer in the high and glorious truths of God's revealed will.

Against this knowledge we nationally sinned, by giving to the Roman Catholics the only thing that Popery ever asked,—Power, and by giving a national sanction to practices which we know to be obnoxious. The Papist worship of the dead, of the statue, of the wafer, which we know to be idolatrous, or we know nothing of Christianity; is now no longer a matter of toleration, but a matter of equal right with the pure worship; no longer conceded for the indulgence of conscience, but conceded for the sake of a guilty policy, as it was demanded in the spirit of a haughty and rebellious pride.

We state, once for all, the ground of Protestant opposition to the political claims of the Roman Catholic. The Protestant, taking the Scriptures for his guide, sees that the Roman Catholic doctrines are adverse to Scripture, and therefore dangerous and fatal to those who believe them. He, therefore, feeling it to be a solemn duty to warn his fellow men of errors which involve their eternal peace, feels himself bound to refuse every means by which those errors can be propagated and made a temptation to the weak. We all know that political power can do much with a feeble conscience; therefore it is the duty of the Christian to refuse all that kind of power which can make men overlook untruths in the glare of worldly honours, or make zeal in the propagation of those untruths a passport to worldly distinction, or give their professors an actual means of injuring the immediate quiet and general frame of Protestantism. Now all those dangerous results must be contemplated in making Roman Catholics an equal part of the Protestant legislature.

There is in the first instance, the semblance that the Protestant does not consider the Popish doctrines so obnoxious as the Scriptures declare them to be, when he intimately associates their avowed champions with himself in the highest affairs of life, in the defence of his liberties, and even in the care and support of his religion. In the next, he adds to the allurements of a religion which eminently appeals to the senses, the attractions of public influence, and even the certainty of attaining that influence by exhibiting a more than common zeal in the cause; and lastly by making the Roman Catholic a party in the legislature, he directly gives a power of impeding and injuring the tranquillity of that Protestantism, against which Popery declares perpetual war, which it pronounces to be a criminal revolt from its allegiance, and which it with still more formidable vengeance declares, is to be reclaimed by the fire and the sword. These are the acknowledged doctrines of the Romish church. The heretic must be converted, or must atone for his belief, at the stake.

If the comparative weakness of the Papal throne, or the improved moderation of Europe, prevent those frightful doctrines from having their full execution; the doctrines are still in existence. Their church prides itself in their being unchanged. In this world of revolutions the time may come, and come soon, when Popery shall be armed once again with the means of inflicting general misery; and what but the most criminal neglect of common prudence, would depend for the religious and civil liberties of ourselves or our children, upon things so fluctuating as popular opinion, the supremacy of England, or the tender mercies of Popery. And yet by placing the Roman Catholic in the legislature, we have, as far as we could, given him this power. If we are to be told that hitherto no harm has been done, and that only



ten or a dozen Roman Catholics have become members of Parliament ; our answer is plain ; that a single year is no standard of the evil of a legislative absurdity, which is to spread over the existence of an empire ; that no one ever supposed that in the first *two* or *three* parliaments the evil would be prominent ; and that the Roman Catholics were, hitherto, chiefly among the lower classes, and kept back by their habits of life from the means of indulging a dangerous ambition. But this means we have now given them, and now that their eyes are fixed on Parliament, we shall see the madness of our concession, in the continued influx of Roman Catholics. But, one point is still to be peculiarly observed. In the late elections, the Popish priesthood were singularly and suspiciously quiet. That they can be singularly active and suspiciously influential we have had abundant proof.

In the Clare election, when there was a Papist object to carry, they carried it with a high hand. They broke down with the most perfect ease the influence of the crown, the church, and the country gentlemen. They trampled Protestantism under their feet, and waving alternately the cross and the green banner, they bore their popular candidate into parliament. But that deed once done, they instantly stopped, their enthusiasm seemed to be extinguished at the moment when it might have been expected to blaze, they seemed tamed by their victory, and while a common calculation might have supposed the whole Popish priesthood lifting the trumpet to their lips, and summoning all their congregations to the support of Popery in the Legislature, not a note was heard ; all was completely hushed, doubtless, by orders from high quarters.

The palpable reason of this extraordinary stillness is, that having accomplished the only difficult part of the achievement by forcing open the gates of the legislature, they were sagaciously prohibited from awaking the British parliament to the folly which it had committed, by any hasty exhibition of their strength ; and they have, in consequence, suffered the elections to take their natural course for *a while*. But when any foreign policy shall make it of importance to Rome to influence the British legislature, we shall see the mandate sent forth to the priesthood, the populace summoned from the altar, and the whole force of Popery pouring into the houses of parliament.

But the grand folly and crime are already committed. The progress of Popery has been suddenly aided by the legislature, so far as it could ; by this act, it has declared that truth and error in religion to it are the same ; that a man is not the worse legislator for being the propagator of the most erroneous religion ; that he may be a perfect subject of the law, while he is a wilful or a blind opponent of those mighty truths which are the foundation of all law ; and that he may be a safe guardian of the liberties, civil, and religious, of a people, whose whole constitution has been founded on a determined and *principled rejection* of the authority, of the practises, and of the doctrines of that Popery which he is bound, at the peril of his body and soul, to make paramount over all the rights and creeds of mankind.

But what have been the fruits of this guilty and boasted measure, even while the ink that registered it was scarcely dry ? Has it pacified Ireland ? Let the answer be given in the universal tumults of Ireland, in the insolent and daring public meetings, the furious speeches, the proposals for armed confederacies, the contumely and defiance of

government, and in the still deeper determinations of men who have been distinctly taught that they can overawe the legislature.

Has it bound any one portion of Ireland faster to this country? It has alienated the whole Protestant community of Ireland to such a degree, that even the imminent danger of a separation, which would make Ireland at once a Popish republic, and a field of blood to the Protestant, has not been able to make them come forward in defence of the British connexion. They have been disgusted. They declare that they were scorned, tricked and insulted; and the zeal which once burned so brightly in their bosoms, and which they displayed by the noblest efforts in the most perilous times, the generous and hallowed zeal with which they resisted the Popish despotism of James, at the most afflicting sacrifices, and sustained the fortunes of William and Protestantism with the most gallant devotement of their blood, has utterly passed away. In the measure of Catholic emancipation they feel the old contract of England with their ancestors broken, and they now, between indignation and sorrow, rest on their arms, and look on, while they see Rebellion fitting on its sword, and a struggle preparing which will shake the country to its foundations. So much for the great healing measure in Ireland!

And what has it effected *already* on the Continent? This is a question of scarcely a more complicated nature. For a long period there has been a contest in Europe between despotism and democracy. The first French Revolution was its original display, but the popular violences were so terrible, that the aspect of popular power, begrimed with civil blood, and inflamed with the intoxication of the most unbridled vice, made itself hideous in the eyes of mankind. Yet this might have gradually assumed a more human aspect, and might have ended by shaping the Continental tyrannies into limited governments, but for the usurpation of Napoleon. War was his throne—he lived by bloodshed, and his existence expired when France grew weary of feeding him with slaughter. The fall of France re-established the old system, and all the leading despotisms of the Continent seemed to have been fixed fixed on firmer grounds than ever.

But the feeling survived, and men justly declared that monarchy was an institution *not* for the simple purpose of enabling a race of high-born individuals to do with mankind *as they pleased*; but to make their people secure in the enjoyment of their abilities, time, and industry. And this is to be secured *only* by a *Constitution*, which puts the liberty of the subject beyond the future caprice of the sovereign. This is the liberty which we enjoy in England, which is guarded by a Constitution, and which the monarch cannot change. All the continental kings had promised their people this kind of defence against arbitrary power; but the promise was given in the day of danger, and its purpose was to rouse their subjects to exertion against Napoleon. The people did their part, and Napoleon was destroyed. The sovereigns failed in their performance, and the despotisms even grew more sullen, arbitrary, and violent, as the discontents of the people at this breach of promise were more openly expressed.

There may have been popular excesses, and even republican follies and frenzies in some instances. But let an Englishman put himself in the place of a foreign subject, and then consider how he would relish the conduct of government. With the single exception of France, there



is not on the Continent, from the straights of Dover to the Euxine, a single kingdom, where the subject is *secure of his liberty* for the next twenty-four hours or minutes. An order of the king, or of the king's minister, or of any of the hundred underlings of office, may seize, without any ostensible cause, without any crimination, but on the mere declaration of the king's will, any individual in the kingdom. A man of the most innocent and retired habits may be torn at a moment's notice from his fireside, his business destroyed, his family scattered and pauperized, his good name ruined, and his life sacrificed in some dungeon by damp, chains, and sorrow.

If he survive the first miseries of his dungeon, there he may lie for years, till the spiders and snails grow familiar with him, till he wears the semblance more of a wild beast than a man, and till his mind is inflamed into frenzy, or sunk into fatuity. He may be perfectly guiltless of public crime, he may be perfectly at a loss even to conceive for what offence he has been undone; yet there he must lie. He cannot, like the Englishman, demand a trial, where he may confound his accusers. He cannot insist on being either confronted with justice, or set at liberty. The cruelties of the Popish Inquisition, originally borrowed from secular cruelties, and refining on them, have been borrowed back for the use of the royal dungeons; and how shall we as Englishmen, or as human beings, wonder that men exposed to those miseries should demand some *constitutional* security against them?

It is true, that in the general classes of life those cruelties may be seldom felt. So long as the subject is content to stay in the mediocrity in which chance placed him at first, so long as he remains the peasant, turning up the ground from day to day, and at last laying himself down in it, without a thought beyond the horse he drives, or the sheep he shears; so long he will be in all probability passed over by power. But if that peasant shall desire to make the natural use of his faculties, and be something above the clod; or if he feel indignant at some act of oppression, that would be enough to rouse the stones to mutiny; or if he refuse to submit to the insolence or the rapine of a superior, his immunity is gone, from that instant. The dungeon opens for him, and his only escape from that dungeon is into the grave.

It is true, that the dissipated nobleman, the courtier, the whole race who live on the public property, and who are essential to the show of Courts, may pass their lives in security enough. But let one of those dare to be something more honourable; let him think his rank, wealth, and leisure worse employed in dangling about a levee, or dancing a quadrille, or robbing some dupe at a gaming-table, than in promoting any object of public good, and he is from that moment a *marked man*; his name is set down in the jailor's list, and at length he vanishes to some fortress, where he may meditate on the hazards of being wiser and better than the fools and profligates of his generation. How many hundred or thousand Germans, Spaniards, Portuguese, and Italians are at this hour groaning in the dungeons of their kings! Not one of them is brought to trial, nor intended to be brought to trial. There they must lie till death, a revolution, or the day of judgment!

We will not say, because we yet have not the ex-premier's own declaration on the subject, that he was a sharer in that fearful modification of the Holy Alliance, which is called the Metternich league; and whose object is notoriously to combine all monarchs against all *constitutional*

attempts on the part of nations. But there can be no doubt that the Polignac ministry were in the league, that the famous "ordinances" were the commencement of an open declaration of the Metternich system, and that the late French cabinet had only waited the success of the Catholic question in England to make that declaration. The principles of the league are popish. Rome is at its head, and its politics are all constructed with a reference to the principle of keeping the people in awe by the priesthood. We must leave the public to decide for itself how far the concessions which placed the subject of the Pope on an equality with the subject of the King of England, were influenced by views beyond the borders of England. But this we know, that the eyes of all the popish courts of Europe were fixed on the progress of the measure, and that immediately on its completion Prince Polignac, who had been stationed here as Ambassador to inspect that progress, set off for Paris, where he was made Prime Minister, and where, from that moment, preparations were set on foot for abolishing the French constitution, and bringing the principles of the Metternich league into full activity.

But let him be tried on his domestic polity. What class of the British empire has the Duke of Wellington's ministry, unlimited as it was for all his purposes, brought over to his side? Has it won the Irish Protestants? They load him with the heaviest hatred.—Has it won the Irish Catholics? They libel him by the hour, scoff at his conciliation, and charge him with having given up to fear, what he would never have given up to policy.—How stands he with the Commercial Body of England? They point to their decaying trade.—How stands he with the Agriculturists? They point to their burning farm-yards.—How is he received by the Country? They have thrown out all his adherents at the elections.—How by London? Dares he ride through its streets to Guildhall even under the protection of his own police?—How stands he with the Tories? They shrink from him.—How with the Whigs? They have turned him out. And thus flourishes in public opinion the Wellington Administration!

Religious men remark that from the time of his forcing the Catholic Bill on the country, *all the minister's measures* have been luckless; that he has stumbled on from blunder to blunder; that the country has been going down; and that the first feeling of national joy has been in the utter rejection of the *military* minister!

Europe is still in confusion, but we have to rejoice that we have got rid of a man in whom we had no trust, and who, to the most hazardous passion for engrossing all power, added its most disastrous and luckless employment. We must have no more *soldiers* roughly attempting to be *statesmen*, and bringing the principles of the Barrack into the Council-room!

Of the men who have succeeded the pro-papist cabinet, we can yet say nothing. We have no love for Whiggism. But the Tories of the last administration so utterly disgraced the name, that we defy any Whig in existence to do worse. At least the public will gain something by the change; there must be *some* retrenchment, there must be also *some* purification of parliament. From their predecessors nothing was to be expected but additional burthens, foreign disgraces, and domestic dangers. Lord Grey is luckily no Field-Marshal, nor Lord Goderich a Quarter-Master-General! We shall have probably less military arrogance,



and a somewhat diminished military expenditure. And we think that Lord Grey will not "advise" the king to dread the sight of a Guildhall dinner, for fear of being poisoned there, or murdered on his way home; we think that Temple Bar will be restored to its old peaceful name, and that the aldermen may go to their beds without a pitched battle. We will go further, and say that, in whatever way the present administration may conduct itself, it cannot be more unpopular than the preceding one, that it cannot distinguish itself by a more thorough disappointment of the national wishes, nor go out more thickly covered with the national ridicule.

APHORISMS ON MAN, BY THE LATE WILLIAM HAZLITT.

[Continued from last Month.]

### XXXVII.

"To be *direct* and honest is not safe," says Iago. Shakspeare has here defined the nature of honesty, which seems to consist in the absence of any *indirect* or sinister bias. The honest man looks at and decides upon an object as it is in itself, without a view to consequences, and as if he himself were entirely out of the question; the prudent man considers only what others will think of it; the knave, how he can turn it to his own advantage or another's detriment, which he likes better. His straight-forward simplicity of character is the reverse of what is understood by the phrase, *a man of the world*: an honest man is independent of and abstracted from material ties. This character is owing chiefly to strong natural feeling and a love of right, partly to pride and obstinacy, and a want of discursiveness of imagination. It is not well to be too witty or too wise. In many circles (not including the night-cellar or a mess-table) a clever fellow means a rogue. According to the French proverb, "*Tout homme reflechi est mechant.*" Your honest man often is, and is always set down as no better than an ass.

### XXXVIII.

A person who does not tell lies will not believe that others tell them. From old habit, he cannot break the connection between words and things. This is to labour under a great disadvantage in his transactions with *men of the world*: it is playing against sharpers with loaded dice. The secret of plausibility and success is *point-blanc lying*. The advantage which men of business have over the dreamers and sleep-walkers is not in knowing the exact state of a case, but in telling you with a grave face what it is not; to suit their own purposes. This is one obvious reason why students and book-worms are so often reduced to their last legs. Education (which is a study and discipline of abstract truth) is a diversion to the instinct of lying and a bar to fortune.

### XXXIX.

Those who get their money as wits, spend it like fools.

### XL.

It is not true that authors, artists, &c., are uniformly ill-paid; they are often improvident, and look upon an income as an estate. A literary

man who has made even five or six hundred a-year for a length of time has only himself to blame if he has none of it left (a tradesman with the same annual profits would have been rich or independent); an artist who breaks for ten thousand pounds cannot surely lament the want of patronage. A sieve might as well petition against a dry season. Persons of talent and reputation do not make money, because they do not keep it; and they do not keep it, because they do not care about it till they feel the want of it—and then *the public stop payment*. The prudent and careful, even among players, lay by fortunes.

### XLI.

In general, however, it is not to be expected that those should grow rich by a special Providence, whose first and last object is by every means and at every sacrifice to grow famous. Vanity and avarice have different goals and travel different roads. The man of genius produces that which others admire: the man of business that which they will buy. If the poet is delighted with the ideas of certain things, the reader is equally satisfied with the idea of them too. The man of genius does that which no one else but himself can do: the man of business gets his wealth from the joint mechanical drudgery of all whom he has the means to employ. Trade is the Briareus that works with a hundred hands. A popular author grew rich, because he seemed to have a hundred hands to write with: but he wanted another hand to say to his well-got gains, "Come, let me clutch thee." Nollekens made a fortune (how he saved it we know) by having blocks of marble to turn into sharp-looking busts (which required a capital), and by hiring a number of people to hack and hew them into shape. Sir Joshua made more money than West or Barry, partly because he was a better painter, partly because gentlemen like their own portraits better than those of prophet or apostle, saint or hero. What the individual wants, he will pay the highest price for: what is done for the public the State must pay for. How if they will not? The historical painter cannot make them; and if he persists in the attempt, must be contented to fall a martyr to it. It is some glory to fail in great designs; and some punishment is due to having rashly or presumptuously embarked in them.

### XLII.

It is some comfort to starve on a name: it is something to be a poor gentleman; and your man of letters "writes himself *armigero*, in any bond, warrant, or quittance." In fixing on a profession for a child, it is a consideration not to place him in one in which he may not be thought good enough to sit down in any company. Miserable mortals that we are! If you make a lawyer of him, he may become Lord Chancellor; and then all his posterity are lords. How cheap and yet acceptable a thing is nobility in this country! It does not date from Adam or the conquest. We need not laugh at Buonaparte's mushroom peers, who were something like Charlemagne's or the knights of King Arthur's round table.

### XLIII.

We talk of the march of intellect, as if it only unfolded the knowledge of good: *the knowledge of evil*, which communicates with twenty



times the rapidity, is never once hinted at. Eve's apple, the torch of Prometheus, and Pandora's box, are discarded as childish fables by our wise moderns.

#### XLIV.

As I write this, I hear out of the window a man beating his wife and calling her names. Is this what is meant by good-nature and domestic comfort? Or is it that we have so little of these, ordinarily speaking, that we are astonished at the smallest instances of them; and have never done *lauding* ourselves for the exclusive possession of them?

#### XLV.

A man should never marry beneath his own rank in life—for *love*. It shews goodness of heart, but want of consideration; and the very generosity of purpose will defeat itself. She may please him and be every way qualified to make him happy: but what will others think? Can he with equal certainty of the issue introduce her to his friends and family? If not, nothing is done; for marriage is an artificial institution, and a wife a part of the machinery of society. We are not in a state of nature, to be quite free and unshackled to follow our spontaneous impulses. Nothing can reconcile the difficulty but a woman's being a paragon of wit or beauty; but every man fancies his *Dulcinea* a paragon of wit or beauty. Without this, he will only (with the best intentions in the world) have entailed chagrin and mortification both on himself and her; and she will be as much excluded from society as if he had made her his mistress instead of his wife. She must either mope at home, or tie him to her apron-string; and he will drag a clog and a load through life, if he be not saddled with a scold and a tyrant to boot.

#### XLVI.

I believe in the theoretical benevolence, and practical malignity of man.

#### XLVII.

We pity those who lived three hundred years ago, as if the world was hardly then awake, and they were condemned to feel their way and drag out an inanimate existence in the obscure dawn of manners and civilization: *we* forsooth are at the meridian, and the ages that are to follow are dark night. But if there were any truth in our theory, we should be as much behind-hand and objects of scorn to those who are to come after us, as we have a fancied advantage over those that have preceded us. Supposing it to be a misfortune to have lived in the age of Raphael or Virgil, it would be desirable (if it were possible) still to postpone the period of our existence *sine die*: for the value of time must mount up, as it proceeds, through the positive, comparative, and superlative degrees. Common sense with a little reflection will teach us, that one age is as good as another; that in familiar phrase *we cannot have our cake and eat it*; and that there is no time like the time present, whether in the first, the tenth or the twentieth century.

## THE DEMON SHIP—THE PIRATE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

It has of late been much the fashion with writers of celebrity to choose Pirates for their heroes, insomuch that many of our youth, especially of the female sex, attach an idea of romantic grandeur to the very word *pirate*; and I once knew a young lady who, during a sail up the Mediterranean, was kept in a state of delirious excitement by the expectation, I mean the *hope*, of our all being eventually captured by a Greek corsair. Not one, however, of these fascinating marauders made his appearance, and we were doomed, in visitation, I suppose, for our sins, to have an unmolested passage, and a safe disembarkation. To console my young friend under her acute disappointment, I shewed her a little MS. which had been bequeathed to me by a relative, a Colonel Francillon, who died before pirates came into fashion, and who would as soon have thought of seeking a hero in the Newgate Calendar, among footpads or housebreakers, as among the daring robbers of the ocean. It became evident that the young lady was sufficiently struck by the contents of the manuscript to be perfectly willing to take another sail over the Mediterranean, in a quiet way, without the interference of any robber chief to give piquance to the voyage. This calmed admiration of my young friend for gentlemen-thieves, induced me to afford the colonel's story an opportunity for more enlarged conversion of *robber-lovers*. I therefore give it to society with all its imperfections on its head. It will be seen ere the conclusion of the tale, that no one can better than myself vouch for the truth of the circumstances there brought together; and it would be too trite to remark, that events often occur in real life which in fiction would be regarded as gross violations of all probability.

I WAS the only son of a widowed mother, who, though far from affluent, was not penniless;—you will naturally suppose, therefore, I was a most troublesome, disagreeable, spoiled child. Such I might have been, but for the continual drawback on all my early gratifications, which my maternal home presented in the shape of an old dowager countess, a forty-ninth cousin of my mother's. This lady thought that she handsomely purchased a residence in our family by her gracious acknowledgment of this semi-hundredth degree of consanguinity. I believe she had been banished from the mansion of her eldest son because her talents for reproof, and his ideas of his own impeccability, in nowise harmonized to produce domestic felicity. At all events, she became an omnipresent Marplot on mine. Whatever I was doing, wherever I was going, there was she reproving, rebuking, exhorting, and all to save me from idling, or drowning, or quarrelling, or straying, or a hundred etceteras. I grew up, went to school, to college—finally, into the army, and with it to Ireland; and had the satisfaction, at five-and-twenty, to hear the dowager say I was good for nothing. She was of a somewhat malicious disposition, and perhaps I did not well to make her my enemy. At this time I had the offer of a good military appointment to India, and yet I hesitated to accept it. There was in my native village a retired Scotch officer, for whom I had conceived a strong attachment. His daughter I had known and loved from childhood, and when this gave place to womanhood, my affection changed in kind while it strengthened in degree. Margaret Cameron



was at this period seventeen, and, consequently, eight years my junior. She was young, beautiful, and spoiled by a doating parent—yet I saw in her a fine natural disposition, and the seeds of many noble qualities. To both father and daughter I openly unfolded my affection. Captain Cameron, naturally, pleaded the youth of his daughter. Margaret laughed at the idea of my even entertaining a thought of her, told me I was two thousand years her senior, and declared she would as soon think of marrying an elder brother, or even her father, as myself. I listened to the assertions of Margaret with profound silence, scorned to whine and plead my cause, bowed with an air of haughty resignation, and left her.

When next I saw Margaret I was in a travelling dress at her father's residence. I found her alone in the garden, occupied in watering her flowers. "I am come, Margaret," I said, "to bid you farewell."—"Why, where are you going?"—"To London, to sea, to India."—"Nonsense!"—"You always think there is nonsense in truth; every thing that is serious to others is a jest to you."—"Complimentary this morning."—"Adieu, Margaret, may you retain through life the same heartlessness of disposition. It will preserve you from many a pang that might reach a more sensitive bosom."—"You do my strength of mind infinite honour. Every girl of seventeen can be sentimental, but there are few stoics in their teens. I love to be *coldly great*. You charm me."—"If heartlessness and mental superiority are with you synonymes," I said, with gravity, "count yourself, Miss Cameron, at the very acmé of intellectual greatness, since you can take leave of one of your earliest friends with such easy indifference."—"Pooh! pooh! I know you are not really going. This voyage to India is one of your favourite threats in your dignified moments. I think, if I mistake not, this is about the twentieth time it has been made. And for early friends, and so forth, you have contrived to live within a few hundred feet of them, without coming in their sight for the last month, so they cannot be so very dear." This was said in a slight tone of pique.—"Listen to me, Margaret," said I, with a grave, and, as I think, manly dignity of bearing; "I offered you the honest and ardent, though worthless gift of a heart, whose best affections (despite your not unmarked defects of character) you entirely possessed. I am not coxcomb enough to suppose that I can at pleasure storm the affections of any woman; but I am man enough to expect that they should be denied me with some reference to the delicate respect due to mine. But you are, of course, at full liberty to choose your own mode of rejecting your suitors; only, as one who still views you as a friend, I would that that manner shewed more of good womanly feeling, and less of conscious female power. I am aware, Margaret, that this is not the general language of lovers; perhaps if it were, woman might hold her power more gracefully, and even Margaret Cameron's heart would have more of greatness and generosity than it now possesses." While I spoke, Margaret turned away her lovely face, and I saw that her very neck was suffused. I began to think I had been harsh with her, to remember that she was young, and that we were about to part perhaps for ever. I took her hand, assured her that the journey I had announced was no lover's *ruse*, and that I was really on the point of quitting my native land.—"And now, Margaret," I said, "farewell—you will scarce find in life a more devoted friend—a more ardent desirer of your happiness than him

you have driven from your side." I stretched out my hand to Margaret for a friendly farewell clasp. But she held not out her's in return; she spoke not a word of adieu. I turned an indignant countenance towards her, and, to my unutterable surprise, beheld my beautiful young friend in a swoon. Now this to the cold reader sounds the very common-place of sickly romance, but it threw me into a confusion and agitation inexpressible. And was this the being I had accused of want of feeling! At that moment I felt that the world held nothing so dear to me as Margaret—I felt, better still, that I was dear to her. I will not go over the ten-thousand-times-trodden ground of lovers' explanations, and self-reproaches, and betrothals—we left the garden solemnly plighted to each other. But I pass briefly over this portion of my history. I was condemned, by the will of Captain Cameron, and by the necessity of obtaining some professional promotion, to spend a few years in India before I could receive the hand of Margaret.

I reached my Asiatic destination—long and anxiously looked for European letters—took up one day by accident an English paper, and there read—"Died, at the house of Captain Cameron, in the village of A—, Miss Margaret Cameron, aged eighteen." I will not here dwell on my feelings. I wrote a letter of despair to Captain Cameron, informing him of the paragraph I had read, imploring him, for the love of mercy, if possible, to contradict it, and declaring that my future path in life now lay stretched before me like one wild waste. The Countess of Falcondale answered my epistle by a deep, black-margined letter, with a sable seal as large as a saucer. My sole parent was no more;—for Captain Cameron—he had been seized by a paralytic affection in consequence of the shock his feelings had sustained. His circumstances were in irreparable disorder, and the Countess was residing with him in order, at his earnest request, to *manage* all his affairs. I remitted handsomely but delicately to my old friend.

The appearance of my name, about five years afterwards, among the "Marriages" in the Calcutta Gazette, was followed by successive announcements among the "Births and Deaths," in the same compendious record of life's changes. My wife perished of a malignant fever, and two infant children speedily followed her. I set out, to return over-land to my native country, a sober, steady, and partially grey-haired colonel of thirty-six. My military career had been as brilliant as my domestic path had been clouded. The habitual complexion of my mind, however, was gravity—a gravity which extended itself to my countenance, and there assumed even a shade of melancholy. Yet I was a disappointed, not discontented, man; and my character had, I trust, undergone some changes for the better. I arrived at a port of the Levant, and thence took ship for Malta, where I landed in safety.

At this period the Mediterranean traders were kept in a state of perpetual alarm by the celebrated "DEMON SHIP." Though distinguished by the same attractive title, she in nowise resembled the phantom terror of the African Cape. She was described as a powerful vessel, manned by a desperate flesh-and-blood crew, whose rapacity triumphed over all fear of danger, and whose cruelty forbade all hope of mercy. Yet, though she was neither "built" of air nor "manned" by demons, her feats had been so wonderful, that there was at length no other rational mode of accounting for them than by tracing them to supernatural, and



consequently demoniacal, agency. She had sailed through fleets undiscovered; she had escaped from the fastest pursuers; she had overtaken the swiftest fugitives; she had appeared where she was not expected, and disappeared when even her very latitude and longitude seemed calculable. One time, when she was deemed the scourge of the Levant, she would fall on some secure and happy trading captain, whose careless gaze fell on the rock of Gibraltar; at another, when Spanish cruizers were confidently preparing for her capture off their own shores, her crew were glutting their avarice, and gratifying their cruelty by seizing the goods, and sinking the vessels of the Smyrna traders. In short, it seemed as if ubiquity were an attribute of the Demon Ship. Her fearful title had been first given by those who dreaded to become her victims; but she seemed not ill pleased by the appalling epithet; and shortly, as if in audacious adoption of the name she had acquired, shewed the word DEMON in flaming letters on her stern. Some mariners went so far as to say that a smell of brimstone, and a track of phosphoric light marked for miles the pathway of her keel in the waves. Others declared that she had the power, through her evil agents, of raising such a strange, dense, and portentous mist in the atmosphere, as prevented her victims from descrying her approach until they fell, as it were, into her very jaws. To capture her seemed impossible; she ever mastered her equals, and eluded her superiors. Innumerable were the vessels that had left different ports in the Mediterranean to disappear for ever. It seemed the cruel practice of the Demon to sink her victims in their own vessels.

The Demon Ship was talked of from the ports of the Levant to Gibraltar; and no vessel held herself in secure waters until she had passed the Straits. Of course such a pest to these seas was not to be quietly suffered, so after having allowed her her full career for a somewhat unaccountable time, several governments began to think of preparing to put her down. To the surprise, however, of all, she seemed suddenly to disappear from the Mediterranean. Some said that her crew, having sold themselves to the father of all evil for a certain length of time, and the period having probably expired, the desperadoes were now gone to their own place, and the seas would consequently be clear again. Others deemed that the Demon Ship had only retired for some deep purpose, and would shortly reappear with more fearful power.

Most of the trading vessels then about to quit the port of Valetta, had requested, and obtained, convoy from a British frigate and sloop of war, bound to Gibraltar and thence to England. So eager were all passengers to sail under such protection, that I had some difficulty in obtaining a berth in any of the holes and corners of the various fine fast-sailing copper-bottomed brigs, whose cards offered such "excellent accommodations for passengers." At length I went on board the "*Elizabeth Downs*," a large three-masted British vessel, whose size made the surrounding brigs dwindle into insignificance, and whose fresh-painted sides seemed to foreshew the cleanliness and comfort that would be found within. One little hen-pen of a cabin on deck alone remained at the captain's disposal. However, I was fond of a cabin on deck, and paid half my passage-money to the civil little captain, who testified much regret that he could not offer me the "freedom of the quarter-deck" (such was his expression), as the whole stern end of the vessel had been taken by an English lady of quality who wished for privacy. He added, with a becomingly awe-struck manner, that she was a dowager countess

"I hate dowager countesses," said I, irreverently—"what is the name of your passenger?"—"Passenger!"—"Well—countess—what is the title of your countess?"—"The Countess of Falcondale."—"What," thought I, "cannot I even come as near to my former home as Malta without again finding myself under *her* influence? My dear fellow, give me back my passage-money, or accept it as a present at my hands, for I sail not with you," said I. But a man at thirty-six will hardly sacrifice his personal convenience to the whimsies of twenty-five; so I stood to my bargain, determined to keep myself as much as possible from the knowledge of my old tormentor. Conscious of my altered personal appearance, I resolved to travel charmingly *incog.*, and carelessly assumed the name and title of Captain Lyon, which had been familiar to me in my childhood, as belonging, I believe, to a friend of Captain Cameron.

It was the month of June, and the weather, though clear, was oppressively hot. There was so little wind stirring after we set sail, that for several days we made scarcely any way, under all the sail we could carry. I had no mind the first night to encoffin myself in my berth. I therefore, comfortably enough, stretched my limbs on a long seat which joined the steps of the quarter-deck. I was now then really on my way to my native shores, and should not step from the vessel in which I sailed until I trod the land of my fathers! Naturally enough, my thoughts turned to former days and old faces. From time to time these thoughts half sunk into dreams, from which I repeatedly awoke, and as often dozed off again. At length my memory, and consequently my dreams, took the shape of Margaret Cameron. The joyous laugh of youth seemed to ring in my ears; and when I closed my eyes, her lovely bright countenance instantly rose before them. Yet I had the inconsistent conviction of a dreamer that she was dead, and as my slumber deepened, I seemed busied in a pilgrimage to her early grave. I saw the church-yard of A—, with the yellow sunlight streaming on many a green hillock; and there was one solitary grass grave that, as if by a strange spell, drew my steps, and on an humble head-stone I read the name of "Margaret Cameron, aged 18." Old feelings, that had been deadened by collision with the busy, heartless world, revived within me, and I seemed to hang in a suffocating grief, that even astonished myself, over the untimely tomb of my first—ay, my *last*—love. To my unspeakable emotion I heard, beneath the sods, a sound of sweet and soothing, but melancholy music. While I listened with an attention that apparently deprived my senses of their power, the church-yard and grave disappeared, and I seemed, by one of those transitions, to which the dreamer is so subject, to be sailing on a lone and dismal sea, whose leaden and melancholy waves reflected no sail save that of the vessel which bore me. The heat became stifling, and my bosom oppressed, yet the music still sounded, low, sweet, and foreboding in my ear. A soft and whitish mist seemed to brood over the stern of the ship. According to the apparently-established laws of spiritual matter (the solecism is not so great as it may appear), the mist condensed, then gradually assumed form, and I gazed, with outstretched arms, on the figure of Margaret Cameron. But her countenance looked, in that uncertain light, cold and pale as her light and unearthly drapery that waved not, though a mournful wind was sighing through the shrouds of our vessel. She seemed in my vision as one who, in quitting earth, had left not only its passions but its affections behind her; and there was something for-



bidding in the wan indifference of that eye. Yet was her voice passing sweet, as still its sad cadences fell on my ear, in the words of a ballad I had once loved to sing with her—

“The green sod is no grave of mine,  
The earth is not my pillow,  
The grave I lie in shall be *thine*,  
Our winding-sheet—the billow.”

I awoke,—yet for a moment appeared still dreaming; for there, hovering over the foot of my couch, I seemed still to behold the form of Margaret Cameron. She was leaning on the rail of the quarter-deck, and overlooking my couch. I sat up, and gazed on the objects around me, in order to recover my apparently deluded senses. The full moon was in her zenith. A light haze, the effect of the heat of the preceding day, was rising from the waters. The heat was intense, the calm profound. There lay the different vessels of our little squadron, nought seen save their white sails in the moonlight, and nought heard save their powerless flapping, and the restless plashing of the becalmed waves, only agitated by the effort of our vessel to cleave them. Still the moonlight fell on the white form and pale countenance of Margaret. I started up. “This is some delusion,” said I, “or because one of the countess’s women resembles my early idol, must I turn believer in ghost-stories, and adopt at thirty-six what I scouted at sixteen?” My gestures, and the suddenness of my rising, seemed to scare my fair phantom; and, in the hastiness of her retreat, she gave ample proof of mortal fallibility by stumbling over some coils of cable that happened to lie in her way. The shock brought her to her knees. I was up the steps in one instant; seized an arm, and then a hand, soft, delicate, and indubitably of flesh and blood, and restored the lady to her feet. She thanked me in gentle tones that sent a thrill through all my veins, and made me again half deem that “the voice of the dead was on mine ear.” A white veil or shawl had fallen from her head and shoulders; this I respectfully replaced, and had thus an opportunity of proving to demonstration that it was made neither of ether, mist, or moonbeams. I now expressed my fears that my sudden gestures had been the cause of this little accident. “I fear,” she replied, with the same melancholy music of voice, “my reckless song disturbed your slumbers.” After a few more words had passed between us, during which I continued to gaze on her as if some miracle stood before me, I ventured to ask, in a tone as indifferent as I could assume, whether she claimed kindred with Captain Hugh Cameron, of A——? The striking likeness which she bore to his amiable and deceased daughter must, I observed, plead my apology. She looked at me for a moment with unutterable surprise; then added, with dignity and perfect self-possession, “I have then, probably, the pleasure of addressing some old acquaintance of Captain Cameron? How the mistake arose which induced any one to suppose that his child was no more, I confess myself at a loss to imagine. The error is, however, easily contradicted in my own person. I am the daughter of Captain Cameron; and, after this self-introduction, may, perhaps, claim the name of my father’s former acquaintance.” You may be sure I was in no mood to give it. I rushed to the side of the vessel, and hanging over it, gasped with an emotion which almost stopped respiration. It is inexpressible what a revulsion this strange discovery made in my feel-

ings. There had been days—ay, weeks, in which one thought of Margaret had not disturbed the steady man of the world in his busy engagements; and now she returned upon his feelings as fresh as if only one day had elapsed since they vowed themselves to each other, and parted. I felt that there had been treachery. I became keenly sensible that I must have appeared a traitor to Margaret, and hurriedly resolved not to declare my name to her until I had in some way cleared my character.

I was still sufficiently a man of the world to have my feelings in some mastery, and returned to the side of Margaret with an apology for indisposition, which in truth was no subterfuge. I verily believe, as the vessel had given a sudden lurch at the moment she discovered herself, and my pendant posture over the ship's side might be an attitude of rather dubious construction, she passed on me the forgiveness of a seasick man. Margaret added, with an easy politeness which contrasted curiously with her former girlishness, that she presumed she had the pleasure of addressing her fellow-passenger, Captain Lyon? She had often, she observed, heard her father mention his name, though not aware until this moment of his identity with her brother-voyager. I was not displeased by this illusion, though I thus found myself identified with a man twenty years my senior. As I wore one of those charming rural Livorno hats, whose deep, green-lined flaps form a kind of umbrella to the face, I became convinced that mine, in such a light, was effectually screened from observation. My voice too had, I felt, been changed by years and climate. I therefore remarked, with an effort at ease, that I had certainly once possessed the advantage of Captain Cameron's acquaintance, but that a lapse of many years had separated me from him and his family. "There was, however," I remarked, very tremulously, "a Captain, since made Colonel, Francillon, in India, who had been informed, or rather, happily for her friends, *misinformed* of the death of Miss Cameron." Margaret smiled incredulously; but with a dignified indifference, which created a strange feeling within me, seemed willing to let the subject pass. Margaret's spirits seemed to have lost the buoyancy, and her cheek the bloom of youth. But there was an elegance, a sort of melancholy dignity in her manner, and a touching expression on her countenance, to which both before had been strangers. If she were more beautiful at seventeen, she was more interesting at twenty-eight. Observing her smile, and perceiving that, with another graceful acknowledgment of my assistance, she was about to withdraw, I grew desperate, and ventured, with some abruptness, to demand if she had herself known Colonel Francillon? She answered, with a self-possession which chilled me, that she had certainly *in her youth* (such was her expression) been acquainted with a Lieutenant Francillon, who had since, she believed, been promoted in India, and probably was *the officer* of whom I spoke. "Perhaps," observed I, "there it not a man alive for whom I feel a greater interest than for Colonel Francillon."—"He is fortunate in possessing so warm a friend," said Margaret, with careless politeness; but I thought I perceived, through this nonchalance, a slight tone of pique, which was less mortifying than her indifference. "I know not," said I, "anything which causes such a sudden and enchantment-like reversion of the mind to past scenes and feelings, as an unexpected rencontre with those (or even the kindred of those) who were associated with us in the earliest and freshest days of our being."—"Nothing, certainly," answered Margaret, "re-



minds us so forcibly of the *change* that has taken place in our being and our feelings.”—“ True,” replied I; “ yet for the moment the change itself seems annihilated ; our hearts beat with the same pulse that before animated them, and time seems to have warred on their feelings in vain.” —“ Perhaps to have taught a lesson in vain,” said my companion. I paused for a moment, and then added, rather diffidently, “ And what lesson *should* time teach us ? ” —“ It should teach us,” she answered, with a sweet composure and gravity, “ that our heart’s best and warmest feelings may be wasted on that which may disappoint, and cannot satisfy them.” —“ I read your lesson with delight,” answered I, in a tone somewhat sad ; and added, “ the only danger is lest we mistake the coolings of time for the conquests of principle.” She seemed pleased by the sentiment, and by the frankness of the caution. “ It may be,” she said, “ in the power of Time and Disappointment to detach from the world, or at least to produce a barren acknowledgment of its unsatisfactoriness, but it is beyond their unassisted power to attach the soul with a steady and *practical* love to the only legitimate, the only rational source of happiness. Here is the touch-stone which the self-deceiver cannot stand.” I was silent. There was a delicious feeling in my bosom that is quite indescribable.—“ These,” at length I said very timidly, “ are the sentiments of Colonel Francillon ; and since we have been on the subject of old friends, I could almost make up my mind to give you his history. It really half resembles a romance. At least it shews how often, in real life, circumstances—I had almost said adventures—arise, which in fiction we should deride as an insult to our taste, by the violence done to all probability. Come, shall I give you the history of your former *acquaintance* ? ” —“ Give me the history ! ” said Margaret, involuntarily, and with some emotion—it seemed the emotion of indignation.—“ Ay, why not ? I mean, of course, his Indian history ; for of that in England, perhaps, as your *families* were acquainted, you may know as much as I can.”

The self-possession of men of the world generally increases in proportion to the embarrassment of those they address ; yet I confess my heart began to beat quick and high as, taking advantage of Margaret’s silence, I began to tell my own history.—Francillon had, I observed, arrived in India animated in his endeavours to obtain fortune and preferment by one of the dearest and purest motives which can incite the human bosom. Here Margaret turned round with a something of dignified displeasure, which seemed to reprobate this little delicate allusion to her past history. I proceeded as though I marked not her emotion.—Francillon was, I proceeded, under an engagement to a young and lovely compatriot, whose image was, even too closely, the idol of his bosom, but whose name, from natural and sacred feelings, had never passed his lip to human being. Here I thought Margaret seemed to breathe again. So I told my history simply and feelingly, and painted my grief on hearing of the death of Margaret with such depth of colouring, that I had well nigh identified the narrator with the subject of his biography. I am sure my companion was moved and surprised ; but recovering herself, she said, in a peculiar tone, with which an assumed carelessness in vain struggled, “ It is singular that a married man should have thus grieved over the object of an extinguished attachment.” There hath been foul play in two ways between Margaret and myself, thought I.—“ Captain Francillon,” I observed aloud, “ was not married until five

years after the period we speak of,—when he gave his hand to one of whom I trust he has too much manly feeling ever to speak save with the tender respect she merited, but to whom he candidly confessed that he brought but a blighted heart, the better half of whose affections lay buried in the grave of her who had first inspired them.” In vain I sought to perceive what effect this disclosure had on my companion. Her face seemed studiously averted. The calm was profound; every breeze seemed to have died on the deep. It could not, therefore, be the night-air that so violently agitated the white raiment of Margaret.

I continued my history,—brought myself to Malta, and placed myself on board an *English vessel*. Here, I confess, my courage half-failed me; but I went on.—“Francillon,” I said, “now began to realize his return to his native land. On the first night of his voyage he threw himself, in meditative mood, on the deck, and half in thought, half in dreams, recalled former scenes. But there was one form which, recreated by a faithful memory, constantly arose before his imagination. He dreamed, too, a something—I know not what—of a pilgrimage to the lone grave of her he had loved and lost; and then a change came upon his slumbering fancy, and he seemed to be ploughing some solitary and dismal sea; but even there a form appeared to him, whose voice thrilled on his ear, and whose eye, though it had waxed cold to him, made his heart heave with strange and unwonted emotion. He awoke—but oh!—the vision vanished not. Still in the moonlight he saw her who had risen on his dreams. Francillon started up. The figure he gazed on hastily retreated. He followed her in time to raise her from the fall her precipitate flight had occasioned, and discovered, with sensations which for a moment well nigh overpowered him, that she whom he beheld was indeed the object of his heart’s earliest and best feelings—was Margaret Cameron!” I believe my respiration almost failed me as I thus ended. I spoke passionately, and uncovered my head when I uttered the concluding words. Margaret sprang to her feet with astonishment and emotion. “Is it possible!—have I then the pleasure to see—I am sure—I am most fortunate—” again and again began Margaret. But her efforts at calmness, at ease, and even politeness, all failed her; and re-seating herself, she covered her face with her hands, and gave way to an honest flood of tears. I was delighted; yet I felt that I had placed her in an embarrassing situation. Seating myself, therefore, by her, and taking her hand, rather with the air of an elder brother than of a suitor,—“Margaret,” I said, “(if, as an early friend both of you and your father, you will again allow me thus to call you,) I fear I have been somewhat abrupt with you. Forgive me if I have been too bold in thus forcing on you the history of one for whom I have little reason and less right to suppose you still interested. Bury in oblivion some passages in it, and forgive the biographer if he have expanded a little too freely on feelings which may be unacceptable to your ear.” I stretched out my hand as I spoke, and we warmly shook hands, as two old friends in the first moment of meeting.

I had been longing to know somewhat of Margaret’s own history,—wherefore she had visited Malta, &c.; but she seemed to have no intention of gratifying my curiosity, and I only too feelingly divined that her parents’ altered circumstances had sent her out the humble companion of the Countess of Falcondale. “I am aware,” I said, smiling, “that I have more than one old acquaintance in this vessel; and, in truth, when



I heard that my former friend—I had nearly said enemy—the Countess of Falcondale, was on board, I felt half-inclined to relinquish the voyage." Margaret hesitated—then said, half-smiling, half-sad, "I cannot *autobiographize* as my friend has done. But—but—perhaps you heard of the unhappy state of my dear parent's affairs—and his daughter was prevailed on to take a step—perhaps a false one. Well—well, I cannot tell my history. Peace be with the dead!—every filial, every *conjugal* feeling consecrate their ashes!—But make yourself easy; my *mother-in-law* is not here. You will find but one dowager-countess in this vessel, and she now shakes your hand, and bids you a good night." Margaret hastily disappeared as she spoke, and left me in a state—But I will tease no one with my half-dreamlike feelings on that night.

Well, I failed not to visit my *noble* fellow-passenger on the morrow; and day after day, while we lay on those becalmed waves, I renewed my intercourse with Margaret. It can easily be divined that she had given her hand to save a parent, and that she had come abroad with a husband, who, dying, had there left her a widow, and—alas! for me—a rich widow. If the limits of my little manuscript would allow, I could tell a long tale of well-managed treachery and deception; how the ill-natured countess suffered me to *remain* in the belief that the death of Captain Cameron's niece, which occurred at A——, shortly after my departure, was that of my own Margaret; how, in her character of supreme manager of the paralytic officer's affairs, she kept my letters for her own exclusive eye; how she worked on Margaret's feelings to bring about a marriage with the Earl of Falcondale, in the hope of again acquiring a maternal footing in her son's house, and the right of managing a portionless and now broken-spirited daughter-in-law; how Margaret held out stoutly until informed of my broken faith; and how her marriage was kept from the public papers. For the countess, although I feel assured that there was a something inexpressibly soothing in her feelings in thus over-reaching and punishing one who had so often mortified her self-importance,—yet I do believe that the love of concealment, and *management*, and plotting, and bringing things about by her own exclusive agency, was, after all, the *primum mobile* in this affair. She had too little feeling herself even to conceive the pang she was inflicting on me, and she doubtless considered herself the supreme benefactress of Margaret.

As my intimacy with Margaret increased, I reflected with additional pain on her marriage. In the first place, I could not bear to think of her having belonged to another; and, in the second, I felt that her rank and wealth might give to my addresses an air of self-interest which I felt they did not deserve. I dreaded the end of my voyage as much as I had at first desired it, and almost wished that we could sail for ever over those still, blue seas. Alas! it was not long ere I would have given all I held in life that Margaret and I had never met on those waves—ere I would have sacrificed all our late sweet intercourse, to have known that she was safe in her narrow house of turf by the lowly church of A——, and her soul in shelter from the horrors it was doomed to suffer.

One night, after we had been standing for some time, contemplating the unrivalled blue of a southern summer sky, I thought, as I bade the Countess a good night, that I perceived a light breeze arising. This I remarked to her, and she received the observation with a pleasure which

found no correspondent emotion in my own bosom. As I descended to my berth, I fancied I descried among the sailors one Girod Jaqueminot, whose face I had not before remarked. He was a Frenchman, to whom I had, during my residence abroad, rendered some signal services, and who, though but a wild fellow, had sworn to me eternal gratitude. He skulked, however, behind his fellows, and did not now, it appeared, choose to recognize his benefactor.

I believe I slept profoundly that night. When I woke, there was a sound of dashing waves against the vessel, and a bustle of sailors' voices, and a blustering noise of wind among the sails and rigging; and I soon perceived that our ship was scudding before a stiff, nay, almost stormy gale. I peeped through the seaward opening of my little cabin. The scene was strangely changed. It was scarcely dawn. Dim and grey clouds obscured the heaven I had so recently gazed on. I looked for the white sails of our accompanying vessels, and our convoy. All had disappeared. We seemed alone on those leaden-coloured billows. At this moment I heard a voice in broken English say, "Confound—while I reef those tammed topsails my pipe go out."—"Light it again then at the binnacle, Mouser," said a sailor.—"Yes, and be hanged to de yard-arm by our coot captain for firing de sheep. Comment-faire? Sacre-bleu! I cannot even *tink* vidout my pipe. De tought! Monsieur in de leetle coop dere have always de lamp patent burning for hees lecture. He sleep now. I go enter gently—light my pipe." He crept into my cabin as he spoke. "How's this, my friend?" said I, speaking in French; "does not your captain know that we are out of sight of convoy." Girod answered in his native language,—“Oh! that I had seen you sooner. You think, perhaps, I have forgotten all I owe you? No—no—but 'tis too late now!” The man's face shewed so much horror and anguish, that I was startled. He pointed to the horizon. On its very verge one sail was yet visible. A faint rolling noise came over the water. “It is the British frigate,” said Girod, “firing to us to put our ship about, and keep under convoy. But our captain has no intention of obeying the signal; and if you get out of sight of that one distant sail, you are lost.”—“Think you, then, that the Demon Ship is in these seas?” said I, anxiously. Girod came close to me. With a countenance of remorse and despair which I can never forget, he grasped my arm, and held it towards heaven,—“Look up to God!” he whispered; “*you are on board the Demon Ship!*” A step was heard near the cabin, and Girod was darting from it; but I held him by the sleeve. “For Heaven's sake, for miládi's sake, for your own sake,” he whispered, “let not a look, a word, shew that you are acquainted with this secret. If our captain knew I had betrayed it, we should at this moment be rolling fathom-deep over one another in the ocean. All I can do is to try and gain time for you. But be prudent, or you are lost!” He precipitately quitted the cabin as he spoke, leaving me in doubt whether I were awake or dreaming. When I thought how long, and how fearlessly, the “Elizabeth” had lain amid the trading-vessels at Valetta, and how she had sailed from that port under a powerful convoy, I was almost tempted to believe that Girod had been practising a joke on me. As, however, I heard voices near, I determined to lie still, and gather what information I could. “What have you been doing there?” said a voice I had never heard before, and whose ruffianly tones could hardly be subdued by his efforts at a whisper. “My pipe go out,” answered



Girod Jaqueminot, "and I not an imprudent to light it at de beenacle. So I go just hold it over de lamp of Monsieur, and he sleep, sleep, snore, snore all de while, and know noting. I have never seed one man dorme so profound."

I now heard the voices of the captain, Girod, and the ruffian in close and earnest parlance. The expletives that graced it shall be omitted. But what first confirmed my fears was the hearing our captain obsequiously address the ruffian-speaker as commander of the vessel, while the former received from his companion the familiar appellative of Jack. They were walking the deck, and their whispered speech only reached me as they from time to time approached my cabin, and was again lost as they receded. I thought, however, that Girod seemed, by stopping occasionally, as if in the vehemence of speech, to draw them, as much as possible, towards my cabin. I then listened with an intentness which made me almost fear to breathe. "But again I say, Jack," said the voice of the real captain, "what are we to do with these fine passengers of ours? I am sick of this stage-play work; and the men are tired, by this time, of being kept down in the hold. We shall have them mutiny if we stifle them much longer below. Look how that sail is sinking on the horizon. She can never come up with us now. There be eight good sacks in the forecastle, and we can spare them due ballast. That would do the job decently enough for our passengers—ha!" Here there was something jocose in the captain's tone. "Oh! mine goot captain, you are man of speeret," observed Jaqueminot; "but were it not wise to see dat sail no more, before we shew dat we no vile merchanters, but men of de trade dat make de money by de valour."—"There is something in that," observed Jack; "if the convoy come up, and our passengers be missing, 'tis over with us. We can no longer pass for a trader; and to hoist the Demon colours, and turn to with frigate and sloop both, were to put rash odds against us."—"And de coot sacks wasted for noting," said Jaqueminot, with a cool ingenuity that contrasted curiously with his vehement and horror-stricken manner in my cabin. "Better to wait one day—two day—parbleu! tree day—than spoil our sport by de precipitation."—"I grudge the keep of these dainty passengers all this while," said the captain, roughly;—"my lady there, with her chickens, and her conserves and her pasties; and Mr. Mollyflower Captain here, with his bottles of port and claret, and cups of chocolate and Mocha coffee. Paying, too, forsooth! with such princely airs for every thing, as if we held not his money in our own hands already. Hunted as we then were, 'twas no bad way of blinding governments, by passing for traders, and getting monied passengers on board: but it behoves us to think what's to be done now?"—"My opinion is," said Jack, "that as we have already put such violence on our habits, we keep up the farce another day or two until we get into clear seas again. That vessel, yonder, still keeps on the horizon, and she has good glasses on board."—"And the men?" asked the captain. "I had rather, without more debate, go into this hen-pen here, and down into the cabin below, and in a quiet way *do* for our passengers, than stand the chance of a mutiny among the crew." Here my very blood curdled in my veins. "Dat is goot, and like mine brave capitain," said the Frenchman; "and yet Monsieur Jean say well mosh danger kill at present; but why not have de crew *above* deck vidout making no attention to de voyagers. Dey take not no notice. Miladi tink but of moon, and stars, and book; and

for de *sleeping Lyon dère*, it were almost pity to cut his troat in any case. He ver coot failow; like we chosen speerit. *Sacre-bleu!* I knew him a boy.”—[I had never seen the fellow until I was on the wrong side of my thirtieth birth-day.]—“Always for de mischief,—stealing apples, beating his schoolfellows, and oder little speerited tricks. At last he was expell de school. I say not dis praise from no love to him; for he beat me one, two time, when I secretaire to his uncle; and den run off vid my *soodheart*—so I ver well pleased make him bad turn.”—“Well, then, suppose the men come on deck, half at a time,” said the captain; and we’ll keep the prisoners—Heaven help us! the passengers—till the sea be clear, may be till sunset.”—“Look, look!” said Jack, “the frigate gains on us; I partly see her hull, and the wind slackens.” I now put my own glass, which was a remarkably good one, through my little window, and could distinctly see the sails and rigging and part of the hull of our late convoy. I could perceive that many of her crew were aloft; but the motion of our own vessel was so great that the frigate was sometimes on and sometimes off the glass; and I was therefore unable to discover whether she were hoisting or taking in sail. It was a comfortable sight, however, to see a friendly power apparently so near; and there was a feeling of hopeless desolation when, on removing the glass, the vessel, whose men I could almost have counted before, shrank to a dim, grey speck on the horizon. The captain uttered an infernal oath, and called aloud to his sailors, “Seamen—ahoy—ahoy! Make all the sail ye can. Veer out the main-sheet—top-sails unreefed—royals and sky-sails up” [&c. &c.]. “Stretch every stitch of canvass. Keep her to the wind—keep her to the wind!” I was surprised to find that our course was suddenly changed, as the vessel, which had previously driven before the breeze, was now evidently sailing with a side-wind.

The noise of rattling cables, the trampling of sailors’ feet on deck, and the increased blustering of the wind in the crowded sails, now overcame every other sound. The Demon Ship was, of course, made for fast sailing, and she now drove onward at a rate that was almost incredible. She literally flew like a falcon over the waves. Once more I turned to the horizon. God of mercy! the frigate again began to sink upon the waters.

And now shall I waste words in telling what were my feelings during the hour of horror I have described? I felt as one who had dreamed himself in security, and awoke in the infernal regions. I felt that in a few hours I might not only be butchered in cold blood myself, but might see Margaret—that was the thought that unmanned me. I tried to think if any remedy yet remained, if aught lay in our power to avert our coming fate. Nothing offered itself. I felt that we were entirely in the power of the Demon buccaneers. I saw that all that Girod could do was to gain a few hours’ delay. Oh! when we stand suddenly, but assuredly, on the verge of disembodied existence, who can paint that strange revulsion of feeling which takes place in the human bosom! I had never been one who held it a duty to conceal from any human being that approaching crisis of his destiny which will usher him before the tribunal of his Maker; and my earnest desire now was to inform Margaret as quickly as possible of her coming fate. But after Girod’s parting injunction, I feared to precipitate the last fatal measures by any step that might seem taken with reference to them. I therefore lay still until morning was farther advanced. I then arose and left my cabin.



It was yet scarcely broad day, but many a face I had not before seen met my eye, many a countenance, whose untameable expression of ferocity had doubtless been deemed, even by the ruffian commander himself, good reason for hitherto keeping them from observation. All on the quarter-deck was quiet. The skylight of the cabin was closed, and it seemed that the countess and her female attendants were still enjoying a calm and secure repose. I longed to descend and arouse them from a sleep which was so soon to be followed by a deeper slumber; but the step would have been hazardous, and I therefore walked up and down the quarter-deck, sometimes anxiously watching for the removal of the sky-light, sometimes straining my vision on the horizon, and sometimes casting a furtive glance towards the evidently increasing crew on deck, whilst ever and anon my soul rose on prayer to its God, and spread its fearful cause before him.

I had now an opportunity of discovering the real nature of my sentiments towards Margaret. They stood the test which overthrows many a summer-day attachment. I felt that, standing as my soul now was on the verge of its everlasting fate, it lost not one of its feelings of tenderness. They had assumed, indeed, a more sacred character, but they were not diminished. The sun arose, and the countess appeared on deck. I drew her to the stern of the vessel, so that her back was to the crew, and there divulged the fearful secret which so awfully concerned her. At first the *woman* only appeared in Margaret; her cheek was pale, her lips bloodless, and respiration seemed almost lost in terror and overpowering astonishment. She soon, however, gained comparative self-possession. "I must be alone for a few moments," she said. "Perhaps you will join me below in a brief hour." She enveloped her face in her shawl to hide its agitation from the crew, and hastily descended to her cabin. When I joined her at the time she had appointed, a heavenly calm had stolen over her countenance. She held out one hand to me, and pointing upwards with the other, said, "I have not implored in vain. Come and sit by me, my friend; our moments seem numbered on earth, but, oh! what an interminable existence stretches beyond it. In such a moment as this, how do we feel the necessity of some better stay than aught our own unprofitable lives can yield." Margaret's bible lay before her. It was open at the history of *His* sufferings on whom her soul relied. She summoned her maidens, and we all read and prayed together. Her attendants were two sisters, of less exalted mind than their mistress, but whose piety, trembling and lowly, was equally genuine. They sat locked in one another's arms, pale and weeping.

It was a difficult day to pass, urged by prudence, and the slender remain of hope, to appear with our wonted bearing before the crew. We felt, too, that there was a something suspicious in our remaining so long together, but we found it almost impossible to loose our grasp on each other's hands and separate. Too plain indications that our sentence was at length gone forth soon began to shew themselves. Our scanty breakfast had been served early in the morning, with a savage carelessness of manner that ominously contrasted with the over-done attentions we had before received; and the non-appearance of any subsequent meal, though day waned apace, fearfully proved to us that the Demon captain now held further ceremony with his doomed passengers useless. Margaret held me to her with a gentle and trembling tenacity

that rendered it difficult for me to leave her even for a moment; but I felt the duty of ascertaining whether any aid yet appeared in view, or whether Girod could effect aught for us. I walked towards evening round the quarter-deck—not a sail was to be seen on the horizon. I endeavoured to speak to Girod, but he seemed studiously and fearfully to avoid me. The captain was above, and the deck was thronged. I believe this desperate crew was composed of “all people, nations, and languages.” Once only I met Girod’s eye as he passed me quickly in assisting to hoist a sail. He looked me fixedly and significantly in the face. It was enough: that expressive regard said, “Your sentence has gone forth!” I instantly descended to the cabin, and my fellow-victims read in my countenance the extinction of hope. We now fastened the door, I primed my pistols, and placed them in my bosom, and clinging to one another we waited our fate. It was evident that the ship had been put about, and that we were sailing in a different direction; for the sun, which had before set over the bows of the vessel, now sent his parting rays into the stern windows. Margaret put her hand in mine with a gentle confidence, which our circumstances then warranted, and I held her close to me. She stretched out her other hand to her female attendants, who, clinging close together, each held a hand of their mistress. “Dear Edward!” said Margaret, grasping my arm. It was almost twelve years since I had heard these words from her lips; but it now seemed as if there were between us a mutual, though tacit, understanding of our feelings for each other. Unrestrained, at such a moment, by the presence of the domestics, Margaret and I used the most endearing expressions, and, like a dying husband and wife, bade solemn farewell to each other. We all then remained silent, our quick beating hearts raised in prayer, and our ear open to every sound that seemed to approach the cabin. Perhaps the uncertain nature of the death we were awaiting rendered its approach more fearful. The ocean must undoubtedly be our grave; but whether the wave, the cord, the pistol, or the dagger would be the instrument of our destruction we knew not; whether something like mercy would be shewn by our butchers in the promptness of our execution, or whether they might take a ruffian pleasure in inflicting a lingering pain. Had Margaret or I been alone in these awful circumstances, I believe this thought would not have occupied us a moment; but to be doomed to be spectators of the butchery of those we love, makes the heart recoil in horror from the last crisis, even when it believes that the sword of the assassin will prove the key to the gate of heaven.

The sun sank in the waters, and the last tinge of crimson faded on the waves, that now rolled towards the stern windows in dun and dismal billows. The wind, as is often the case at sunset, died on the ocean. At this moment I heard the voice of the captain—“Up to the top of the mainmast, Jack, and see if there be any sail on the horizon.” The group of victims in the cabin scarcely drew breath while waiting a reply which would decide their fate. We distinguished the sound of feet running up the shrouds. A few moments elapsed ere the answer was received. At length we heard a—“Well, Jack, well?”—which was followed by the springing of a man on deck, and the words, “Not a sail within fifty miles, I’ll be sworn.”—“Well, then, do the work below!” was the reply. “But (with an oath) don’t let’s have any squealing or squalling. Finish them quietly. And take all the trumpery out of the cabin, for we shall



hold revel there to night." A step now came softly down the cabin stair, and a hand tried the door, but found it fastened. I quitted Margaret, and placed myself at the entrance of the cabin. "Whoever," said I, "attempts to come into this place does it at peril of his life. I fire the instant the latch is raised."—A voice said, "*Laissez moi entrer donc.*" I hesitated for a moment, and then unfastened the door. Girod entered, and locked it after him. He dragged in with him four strings, with heavy stones appended to them, and the same number of sacks. The females sank on the floor. In the twinkling of an eye Girod rolled up the carpet of the cabin, and took up the trap-door, which every traveller knows is to be found in the cabins of merchantmen. "In—in," he said in French to the countess and myself. I immediately descended, received Margaret into my arms, and was holding them out for the other females, when the trap-door was instantly closed and bolted, the carpet laid down, the cabin door unlocked, and Girod called out, "Here you, Harry, Jack, how call you yourselves, I've done for two of dem. I can't manage no more. Dat tamned Captain Lyon, when I stuff him in de sack, he almost brake de arm." Heavy feet trampling over the cabin floor, with a sound of scuffling and struggling, were now heard over our head. A stifled shriek, which died into a deep groan, succeeded—then two heavy plashes into the water, with the bubbling noise of something sinking beneath the waves, and the fate of the two innocent sisters was decided. "Where's Monsieur Girod?" at length said a rough voice.—"Oh, he's gone above," was the reply; "thinks himself too good to kill any but *quality*."—"No, no," answered the other, "I'm Girod's, through to the back-bone—the funniest fellow of the crew. But he had a private quarrel against that captain down at the bottom of the sea there, so he asks our commander not to let any body lay hands on him but himself. A very natural thing to ask. There—close that locker, heave out the long table, there'll be old revel here to-night."—At this moment Girod again descended. "All hands aloft, ma lads," he cried, "make no attention to de carpet dere—matters not, for I most fairst descend, and give out de farine for pasty. We have no more cursed voyagers, so may make revel here to night vidout no incommode." He soon descended with a light into our wooden dungeon.

Her own unexpected rescue, the fate of her domestics, and the sudden obscurity in which we were involved, had almost overpowered Margaret's senses, but they returned with the light. "Poor Katie, poor Mary. Alas! for their aged mother!" she said, in the low and subdued tone of one who seems half dreaming a melancholy and frightful dream, and looking with horror at Girod.—"I would have saved you all, had it been possible," said Jacqueminot, in French. "But how were all to be hid, and kept in this place? What I have done is at the risk of my life. But there is not a moment to be lost. I have the keeping of the stern-hold. Look you—here be two rows of meal-sacks fore and aft. If you, miladi, can hide behind one, and you, colonel, behind the other, ye may have, in some sort, two little chambers to yourselves, after English fashion. Or if you prefer the same hiding-place, take it, in heaven's name, but lose not a moment."—"And what will be the end of all this?" asked I, after some hurried expressions of gratitude.—"God knoweth," he replied. "I will from time to time, when I descend to give out meal, and clean the place, bring you provisions. How long

this can last—where we are going—and whether in the end I can rescue you, time must be the shewer. If we should put into some port of the Levant, perhaps I may be able to pass you on shore in one of these sacks; but we are still on the Gibraltar side of Malta, and shall not see land for a month—only, for God's sake, keep quiet. I'd leave you a light, but it would be dangerous. I doubt you'll be stifled alive. Yet there's no help for it. Hide, hide—I dare stay not one moment longer." He rolled down a heap of biscuits, placed a pitcher of water by them, and departed.

Never will our first fearful night in that strange concealment be forgotten. The Demon crew held wild revelry over our head. Their fierce and iniquitous speech, their lawless songs, their awful and demoniac oaths, their wild intoxication, made Margaret thrill with a horror that half excited the wish to escape in death from the polluting vicinity of such infernal abominations. The hold was so shallow that we appeared close to the revellers. Their voices sounded so near that we seemed almost among them, and our concealment a miracle; while the heat became so stifling and unbearable, that we could scarcely gasp, and I began to fear that Margaret would expire in my arms.

It was a strange reflection that we might, almost without the warning of an instant, be in the hands of our brutal and unconscious gaolers; for our concealment afforded not even the slender defence of an inside lock or bolt, and the carpet, which seemed to present a slight barrier between us and the Demon hoard, had been rolled up, as no longer necessary to give our late accommodations the peaceful appearance of a cabin fitted up for passengers. The light streamed here and there through a crevice in the trap-door, and I involuntarily trembled when I saw it fall on the white garment of Margaret, as if, even in that concealment, it might betray her. We dared scarcely whisper a word of encouragement or consolation to each other—dared scarcely breathe, or stir even a hand from the comfortless attitude in which we were placed. We could hear them speak occasionally of our murder, in a careless and incidental manner. The captain expressed his regret that we had not, as matters turned out, been earlier disposed of, and made a sort of rough apology to his shipmates for the inconvenience our prolonged existence must have occasioned them.

At length the revellers broke up. I listened attentively until I became convinced that no one occupied the cabin that night. I then ventured gently to push up the trap-door a little, in order to give air to my exhausted companion. But the fumes that entered were any thing but reviving. All was dark and quiet as death, and I could hear the rain descending violently on the cabin skylight. The wind was high, and the ship rolled tremendously. We heard the roar of the waters against the side of our prison, and the heavy dashing on deck of huge billows, which even made their way down the cabin stairs.

Towards morning, as I supposed, for with us it was all one long night, I again distinguished voices in the cabin. "It blows a stiff gale," was the observation of Jack.—"So much the better," replied the hardy and ferocious voice of the captain; "the more way we make, the farther we get from all those cursed government vessels. I think we might now venture to fall on any merchantman that comes in our way. We must soon do something, for we have as yet made but a sorry out of our present voyage. Let's see—four thousand sterling pounds that



belonged to the captain there—rather to us—seeing we had taken them on board.”—“ Yes, yes, we have sacked the captain,” observed Jack, facetiously. His companion went on—“ His watch, rings, and clothes ; and two thousand dollars of the countess’s, and her jewels, amounting, perhaps, to another two thousand. This might be a fine prize to a sixteen-gun brig of some dozing government, but the Demon was built for greater things.”—“ I suppose, captain,” said Jack, “ we go on our usual plan, eh ? The specie to be distributed among the ship’s company, and the jewels and personals to be appropriated, in a quiet way, by the officers ? And, for once in a way, I hope there be no breach of discipline, Captain Vanderleer, in asking where might be deposited that secret casket, containing, you and I and one or two more know what ? I mean that we took from the Spanish-American brig.”—“ It is in the stern-hold, beneath our feet at this moment,” answered the captain.—“ A good one for dividing its contents,” said Jack. “ I’ll fetch a light in the twinkling of an eye.”—“ No need,” replied the captain. “ I warrant me I can lay my hand on it in the dark.” Without the warning of another moment, the Demon commander was in our hold. On the removal of the trap-door a faint light streamed into our prison but it only fell on the part immediately under the ingress, and left the sides in obscurity. I suppose it was about four in the morning. I had laid Margaret down on some torn old signal flags, in that division of the hold which Girod had assigned her, and had myself retired behind my own bulwark of meal sacks, in order that my companion might possess, for her repose, something like the freedom of a small cabin to herself. I had scarcely time to glide round to the side of Margaret ere the merciless buccaneer descended. We almost inserted ourselves into the wooden walls of our hiding-place, and literally drew down the sacks upon us. The captain felt about the apartment with his hand, sometimes pushing it behind the sacks, and sometimes feeling under them. And now he passed his arms through those which aided our concealment. Gracious heaven ! his hand discovered the countess’s garments ; he grasped them tight ; he began to drag her forward ; but at this moment his foot struck against the casket for which he was searching. He stooped to seize it, and, as his hold on Margaret slackened, I contrived to pass towards his hand a portion of the old flag-cloth, so as to impress him with the belief that it was the original object of his grasp. He dragged it forward, and let it go. But he had disturbed the compact adjustment of the sacks ; and as the vessel was now rolling violently in a tempestuous sea, a terrible lurch laid prostrate our treacherous wall of defence, and we stood full exposed, without a barrier between ourselves and the ruffian commander of the Demon. To us it now seemed that all was lost, and I leaned over Margaret just to afford my own bosom as a slender and last defence.

The Demon captain had gone to the light to pass his casket through the trap-door. The sun was rising, and the crimson hues of dawn meeting no other object in the hold save the depraved and hardened countenance of our keeper, threw on its swart complexion such a ruddy glow, as—contrasted with the surrounding darkness—gave him the appearance of some foul demon, emerging from the abodes of the condemned, and bearing on his unhallowed countenance the reflection of the infernal fires he had quitted. That glow was, however, our salvation. The captain turned with an oath to replace the fallen sacks. Any

body who has suddenly extinguished his candle, even on a bright, starry night, knows that the sudden transition from a greater to a lesser degree of light, produces, for a second or two, the effect of absolute darkness. And thus our concealment lay enveloped in utter darkness to our captain's eyes, dazzled by the morning's first flood of light. But it was difficult for the half-breathless beings, so entirely in his power, to realize this fact, when they saw him advancing toward them, his eye fixed on the spot where they stood, though he saw them not; it was difficult to *see*, and yet retain a conviction that we were not *seen*. The captain replaced the sacks instantly, and we felt half-doubtful, as he pushed them with violence against the beams where we stood, whether he had not actually discovered our persons, and taken this method of at once destroying them by bruises and suffocation. His work was, however, only accompanied by an imprecatory running comment on Girod's careless manner of stowage. We were now again buried in our concealment, but another danger awaited us. Jacqueminot descended to the cabin. An involuntary, though half-stifed shriek escaped him when he saw the trap-door open. He sprang into the hold, and when he beheld the captain, his ghastly smile of inquiry, for he spoke not, demanded if his ruin were sealed. "I have been seeing all your pretty work here, Monsieur," said the gruff captain, pointing to the deranged sacks, behind which we were concealed. I caught a glimpse through them of Girod's despairing countenance. It was a fearful moment, for it seemed as if we were about to be involuntarily betrayed by our ally, at the very instant when we had escaped our enemy. Girod's teeth literally chattered, and he murmured something about French gallantry and honour; and the countess being a lady, and the Captain Francillon an old acquaintance. "And so because you cut the throats of a couple of solan geese—as your duty was, at your captain's command—you think he must not even see to the righting of his own stern-hold?" said the captain, with a gruff and abortive effort at pleasantry, for he felt Girod's importance in amusing and keeping in good humour his motley crew. Jacqueminot's answer shewed that he was now *au fait*, and thus we had a fourth rescue from the very jaws of death.

Day after day passed away, and still we were the miserable, half-starved, half-suffocated, though unknown prisoners of this Demon gang, holding our lives, as it were, by a thread, hanging, with scarce the distance of a pace, between time and eternity, and counting every prolonged moment of our existence as a miracle. Girod at this period rarely dared to visit us. He came only when the business of the ship actually sent him. The cabin above was now occupied at night by the captain and some of his most depraved associates, so that small alleviation of our fears—small relaxation from our comfortless position—small occasion of addressing a few consolatory words to each other, was afforded us either by day or by night. At length I began to fear that Margaret would sink under the confined air, and the constant excitement. Her breath became short and difficult. The blood passed through her veins in feverish, yet feeble and intermittant pulsation. It was agony indeed to feel her convulsed frame, and hear her faintly-drawn and dying breath, and know that I could not carry her into the reviving breezes of heaven, nor afford a single alleviation of her suffering, without at once snapping that thread of life which was now wearing



away by a slow and lingering death. At length her respiration began to partake of the loud and irrepressible character which is so often the precursor of dissolution. She deemed her hour drawing on, yet feebly essayed, for my sake, to stifle those last faint moans of expiring nature which might betray our concealment. I became sensible that the latter could not much longer remain a secret, and, with a strange calmness, made up my mind to the coming decisive hour. I supported Margaret's head, poured a faltering prayer into her dying ear, wiped the death-dews from her face, and essayed to whisper expressions of deep and unutterable affection. Happily for us there was such a tempest of wind and sea, as drowned in its wild warfare the expiring sighs of Margaret. At this moment Girod descended to the hold. He put his finger on his lips significantly, and then whispered in French—"Courage—Rescue! There is a sail on our weather bow. She is yet in the offing. Our captain marks her not; but I have watched her some time with a glass, and if she be not a British sloop of war, my eyes and the glass are deceivers together." I grasped Margaret's hand. She faintly returned the pressure, but gently murmured, "Too late." Ere the lapse of a moment it was evident that our possible deliverer was discovered by the Demon crew, for we could hear by the bustle of feet and voices that the ship was being put about; and the ferocious and determined voice of the buccaneer chief was heard, even above the roar of the tempest, giving prompt and fierce orders to urge on the Demon. Girod promised to bring us more news, and quitted us. The rush of air into the hold seemed to have revived Margaret, and my hopes began to rise. Yet it was too soon evident that the motion of the vessel was increased, and that the crew were straining every nerve to avoid our hoped-for deliverer. After a while, however, the stormy wind abated; the ship became steadier, and certainly made less way in the waves. A voice over our head said distinctly in French—"The sea is gone down, and the sloop makes signal to us to lay too." A quarter of an hour elapsed, and the voice again said, "The sloop chases us!" Oh! what inexpressibly anxious moments were those. I felt that aid must come, and come speedily, or it would arrive too late. We could discover from the varying cries on deck that the sloop sometimes gained on the Demon, while at others the pirate got fearful head of her pursuer. At length Girod descended to the hold. "The die is cast!" he said in his native language. "The sloop gains fast on us. We are about to clear the deck for action."—"God be praised," I ejaculated.—"Amen!" responded a faint and gentle voice.—"Do not praise Him too soon," said Girod, shrugging his shoulders; "our captain is preparing for a victory. The Demon has mastered her equals, ay, and her superiors, and this sloop is our inferior in size and numbers. The captain does not even care to come to an accommodation with her. He has hoisted the Demon flag, and restored her name to the stern."—"But has his motley crew," whispered I, anxiously, "ever encountered a *British* foe of equal strength."—"I cannot tell—I cannot tell; I have been in her but a short time, and will be out of her on the first occasion," said Girod, as he hastily quitted us. We now heard all the noise of preparation for an engagement. The furniture was removed from the cabin above us, and the cabin itself partially thrown open to the deck. Cannon were lashed and primed; concealed port-holes opened, and guns placed at them. Seeing ultimate escape impossible, the captain took in sail, and deter-

mined to give his vessel the advantage of awaiting the foe in an imposing state of preparation for action. He harangued his men in terms calculated to arouse their brute courage, and excite their cupidity. I confess I now almost began to tremble for the gallant little vessel, whose crew seemed thus bravely pressing on to their own destruction ; I began to fear that they would be powerless to rescue her in whose life my own seemed bound up. But what were my feelings when I heard the captain retire to that part of the vessel which had been the countess's cabin, and there take a solemn and secret oath of his principal shipmates, that they would, if they were boarded by a successful enemy, scuttle the *Demon*, and sink her, and her crew, and her captors, in one common grave. It appeared, then, that either the failure, or the success of the sloop, would alike seal our destruction.

Not a ray of light now penetrated through the chinks of the trap-door, and from the heavy weights which had fallen over it, I was inclined to think that shot, or even cannon-balls, had been placed over the mouth of our prison. We might, therefore, in vain attempt to shew ourselves, or make our voices heard amid the din of war, should our allies (doomed to a watery tomb even in the midst of conquest) prove victorious. Yet condemned, as we seemed, alike by the fall or the triumph of our self-supposed murderers, there was something in the oath imposed by the captain which, as it shewed a feeling of doubt as to the result, inspired me with hope. Besides, the noise of preparation for action had in it something inspiring to my ear ; and as it effectually drowned every other sound, I drew Margaret from behind the sacking into the most roomy part of our wooden dungeon ; endeavoured, by fanning her with her kerchief, to create a little freshness of air around her ; and spoke to her *aloud*, in the voice of hope and courage. It was a terrible thing, in such an anxious moment, to be unable to see or hear distinctly aught on which our fate depended. I listened anxiously for a signal of the sloop's nearing us. At length a ship-trumpet, at a distance, demanded, safe and unhurt, the persons of Colonel Francillon, the Countess of Falcondale, and two female domestics. It was then evident that the pirate's stratagem at Malta had transpired. The *Demon's* trumpet made brief and audacious reply :—" Go seek them at the bottom of the sea." A broadside from the sloop answered this impudent injunction, and was followed by a compliment in kind from the *Demon*, evidently discharged from a greater number of guns. The volleys continued. Our vessel reeled to and fro, and sometimes half rose out of the water with the violence of the shocks she received. I heard her masts cracking, and her timbers flying in every direction. Yet still her men continued their yell of triumph, and her guns seemed to be served with as much spirit as ever. At length the firing on both sides appeared to slacken. One of the vessels was evidently approaching the other for the purpose of boarding. But *which* was the successful adventurer ? My heart almost ceased to beat with intense expectation. The heavy grinding of the two ships against each others' sides was soon heard ; and, not an instant after, the shouts of the sloop's crew rose triumphantly over our heads. Long and desperately raged the combat above us ; but the pirates' yell waxed fainter and fainter ; while the victorious shouts of the British seamen, mixed with the frequent and fearful cry, " No quarter, no quarter to the robbers !" became each instant louder and more triumphant. At length every sound of opposition from the *Demon* crew seemed almost to cease.



But there was still so much noise on deck, that I in vain essayed to make my voice heard ;—and for the trap-door, it defied all my efforts—it was immovable. At this crisis, the ship, which had hitherto been springing and reeling with the fierce fire she had received from her adversary, and the motion of her own guns, suddenly began to *settle* into an awful and suspicious quiescence. But the victors were apparently too busy in the work of retribution to heed this strange and portentous change. I perceived, however, only too clearly that the Demon was about finally to settle for sinking. After the lapse of a few seconds, it seemed that the conquerors themselves became at last aware of the treacherous gulph that was preparing to receive them ; and a hundred voices exclaimed, “ To the sloop !—to the sloop ! The ship is going down—the ruffians are sinking her ! ” I now literally called out until my voice became a hoarse scream. I struck violently against the top of our sinking dungeon. I pushed the trap-door with my whole force. All was in vain.—I heard the sailors rushing eagerly to their own vessel, and abandoning that of the pirates to destruction. I took Margaret’s hand, and held it up towards heaven, as if it could better than my own plead there for us. All was silent. Not a sound was heard in the once fiercely-manned Demon, save the rushing of the waters in at the holes where she had been scuttled by her desperate crew. It almost seemed that—determined not to survive her capture—she were eager to suck in the billows which would sink her to oblivion. At last, as if she had received her fill, she began to go down with a rapidity which seemed to send us, in an instant, many feet deeper beneath the waves, and I now expected every moment to hear them gather over the deck, and then overwhelm us for ever. I uttered a prayer, and clasped Margaret in my arms. But no voice, no sigh, proceeded from the companion of my grave. Her hand was cold, and her pulse quiet ; and I deemed that the spirit had warred with, and overcome its last enemy, ere our common grave yawned to receive us.

Voices were heard ; weights seemed to be removed from the trap-door ! It was opened ; and the words “ Good Heaven ! the fellow is right ; they are here, sure enough ! ” met my almost incredulous ear. I beheld a British officer, a sailor or two, and Girod with his hands tied behind him. I held up my precious burthen, who was received into the arms of her compatriots, and then, like one in a dream, sprang from my long prison. Perhaps it might be well that Margaret’s eye was half-closed in death at that moment ; for the deck of the sinking Demon offered no spectacle for woman’s eye. There lay the mangled bodies of our late dreaded jailers, their fast-stiffening countenances still retaining, in cold death itself, that expression of daring and brute ferocity which seemed effaceable only by the absolute decomposition of their hardened features. I shall never forget the scene of desolation presented by that deck, lying like a vast plank or raft of slaughtered bodies, almost level with the sea, whose waters dashed furiously over it, and then receding from their still ineffectual attempt to overwhelm the vessel, returned all dyed with crimson to the ocean ; while the sun, setting in a stormy and angry sky, threw his rays—for the last time—in lurid and fitful gleams on the ruined Demon.

A deep, and, as it seemed, long-pent sigh escaped from the bosom of Margaret when the fresh breath of heaven first played on her white cheek. I would have thanked her brave deliverers—have gazed on her to see if life still returned—but the sea was gaining fast on us, and I had

lost the free use of my limbs by my lengthened and cramped confinement. To one human being, however, I did not forget my gratitude. As we hurriedly prepared to spring into the boat, I saw that Girod's pinioned members refused him the prompt aid necessary for effecting an escape in such a moment. I returned, seized a bloody cutlass that lay on deck, and, without leave of the officer, cut at once through the bonds which confined our first deliverer.—“This man,” I said, as we seated ourselves, “has been the instrument of Heaven for our preservation. I will make myself answerable for his liberty and kind treatment.” Girod seized my hand, which received a passionate Gallic salute. Our sailors now rowed hard to avoid being drawn into the vortex of the sinking ship. Merciful God! we were then *out of the Demon!* I supported Margaret in my arms; and as I saw her bosom again heave, a renewed glow of hope rushed to my heart.

We had not been on board the sloop many minutes ere, slowly and awfully, the Demon sank to the same eternal grave to which she had so often doomed her victims. We saw the top of the main-mast, which had borne her fatal flag above the waters, tremble like a point on their very surface, and then vanish beneath them. A frightful chasm yawned for a moment—it was then closed by the meeting waves, which soon rolled peacefully over the vessel they had engulfed; and the Demon, so long the terror of the seas and the scourge of mariners, disappeared for ever.

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Here abruptly terminated my relative's narration; and if any reader should have felt just sufficient interest in it to *wonder* whether Margaret died, and whether Colonel Francillon attended her funeral as chief-mourner; or whether, after all, she recovered, and was married to the Colonel,—I can only briefly say, that the sloop put into Naples, where the Countess was soon placed under a skilful physician. He pronounced her case hopeless, and my relative had only the melancholy satisfaction of reflecting that her dying hour would be peaceful, and her lovely remains honoured by Christian burial. She passed from the hands of her physician into those of the British ambassador's chaplain; but I do not think it could have been for the purpose of religious interment—as I enjoyed, for nearly forty years after this period, the inestimable privilege of calling the Colonel and the Countess my revered father and mother!

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## QUACKERY PRACTICE, AND ST. JOHN LONG.

No sooner has Mr. St. John Long passed through the ordeals of the courts with barely the *singeing* of his whiskers, than we find him proved to have been, under precisely the same circumstances—to use the gentlest terms—the *death* of another lady. Forbearing as we were before the trial, from pure conscience, our scruples vanish on this repetition of offence; and we shall express our sentiments plainly on his atrocious practices. A severer penalty awaits him than before—not, indeed, from the reluctant sentence of the bench, but from the ready and indignant censure of the world. The law cannot or will not crush him; but he is within reach of public opinion, which will and must brand him with infamy, and cast him off with the scum and refuse that are for ever manning upon the surface of society.

To look for any effectual penalty from the criminal courts is idle. Of murder he cannot be proved guilty, in the legal sense, nor in any equitable construction. He is a quack, in the coarsest and most contemptuous sense of the term; but murder forms no part of his plan. Though death often ensues, the desire to produce death cannot be made apparent. But if killing be not always murder, it is only when committed inevitably or undesignedly, that the laws pronounce it innocent. If you kill by design and unjustifiably, that is murder; if you kill by accident or in self-defence, that is homicide, and no offence; if you kill in a state of excitement, upon provocation, that is manslaughter; if you kill in the performance or prosecution of an illegal act, that, again, is manslaughter; and if, even in the pursuit of a lawful one, you kill through want of care and caution, that also is held to be manslaughter *sometimes*. Fine, imprisonment, or transportation, are the penalties for each of these descriptions.

Now, it is obviously under the last alone—ambiguous at the best—that a case like Mr. Long's, in the common course of law, can be brought; and we see how readily, where the absence of care and caution is clearly proved, the verdict of a jury, when the judges are adverse, may be evaded by a little management in the penalty. Whether manslaughter be an offence of any importance or not, comes thus to depend, not upon specific facts, but upon the individual prepossessions of the judges; and out of twelve judges—or fifteen, we believe, now—we can never be sure that two will think alike. One will acquit, and another condemn. The law is thus good for nothing; it is operative at one moment, and not at another, and, of course, is no longer calculated to *deter*,—which is what a law should do, or do nothing.

But the case of a medical man indicted for manslaughter in the exercise of his profession, has some peculiarities. A question of “license” comes in; and there is, or was, a special provision in favour of the “qualified” practitioner. Sir Edward Coke—the great oracle of the courts—states that the law declares it felony when an “unlicensed person undertakes a cure, and lets the patient die”—referring to an enactment of Edward III., to which Britton apparently appeals. This must imply exemption of criminal charge for the *licensed* party; and, indeed, the common language of law-books is that a *regular* medical man—which must mean the licensed practitioner—cannot be guilty of manslaughter; he cannot be the subject of a criminal action, though he may be of a

civil one for ignorance or neglect. Sir Matthew Hale, however, seems to have seen no difference between license and no license. Drugs and salves—the reason he gives—which, however, is not much to the purpose—were before licenses and diplomas;—nobody, again, undertaking to cure could mean to kill; and so none could be fairly indictable for a criminal offence. Nine times out of ten, the judges make their own law. Without, however, referring further to remote and obsolete cases, we find Lord Ellenborough insisting upon misconduct as the *gravamen* of a charge against a medical man; as if ignorance or neglect would substantiate a case of manslaughter—with license or without. Baron Hulloch, in the case of Van Butchell, expressly claimed the privileges of the licensed for the unlicensed; and Baron Garrow seems not to have been aware that the law knew of any such distinction: the *irregular* man, in his estimation, was as good as the regular—the unlicensed bone-setter of the country stood in the same circumstances before the court, as to privilege, if not importance, with the president of the college. But Bayley, who is considered to have at least as much law in him as his brother of the Exchequer, not long ago, on a charge at Lancaster, maintained Coke's doctrine as still the indisputable law of the land.

And beyond all reasonable doubt, such is the intent and meaning of the law. The object of it was to protect the public against ignorant pretenders. By the law of the land, then, Mr. Long was clearly guilty of manslaughter; he was not a man of medical education; he was not licensed by any recognised authority; and the patient died under his hands. This was enough; yet, in spite of these facts, the judges were ready to dismiss the case; and when baffled by the virtue of the jury, and annoyed by the verdict, were resolved to take the sting out of it—the penalty was in their own hands; and they fined a man who was making thousands, two hundred and fifty pence, or pounds—it makes no difference—and turned him free upon society, to seek again, like Satan of old, whom he might devour.

Yet in all this, it must be allowed, the judges have done—what they but rarely do—gone with what may be justly termed the spirit of the age. It is true, great indignation existed against Mr. Long on account of the miserable fate of the poor young lady, and especially of his selfish and unmanly conduct; but, generally, the public are decidedly favourable towards irregular professors, and certainly very little disposed to support corporate bodies, invested with authority, though calculated specifically for the general security. If our medical corporations enforced their undoubted legal rights, no irregular person could practice with impunity; but they dare not enforce them; they are afraid to encounter a clamour so readily raised against them. Any man who sets them at defiance is almost sure of meeting with a sort of smiling sympathy; and that encouragement it is, open or covert, which enables him to baffle all attempts to put him down. The multitude, besides, great and little, have a sort of natural *penchant* for quackery; they are always, indeed, for a time, the ready dupes of the charlatan. Any one who professes to do what nobody else has thought of, is sure to be listened to. So profound, too, is the public ignorance upon medical topics, that, once quitting the regular professors, people are at the mercy of the pretender; they have no criterion to guide their own judgments; medicine seems to them to be more a matter of intuition than of observation—of guess than of study—and one man may make a lucky hit as well as another. Wholly



strangers to the principles of the science—with no confidence in any knowledge of their own—they are never sure that the empiric may not, after all, be the wise man; and it is better to err on what seems to be the safe side. Some confounded blunder, on the part of the quack, removes the prejudice, and he is laughed out of the world; but the dupe is as liable as ever to fall into fresh delusions.

People are calling out, on this occasion, for more law. More law, however, is not really wanted—there is already more than can be enforced. It will be the fate of new laws, if new ones are enacted. The public might be all but secured against *excessive* ignorance and gross incompetency, if the licensing system were suffered to go fairly into execution, coupled with a power of carrying cases of misconduct into criminal courts, without distinction, licensed or unlicensed. But plainly, this will never be borne with; the general feeling is a desire to be left at liberty. It is the suggestion doubtless of great ignorance and greater presumption, but it exists, and it is in vain to pull against it. Let us choose for ourselves, is the cry. We—if any body—are to be the sufferers; we have confidence in Mr. New-man, and none in Dr. Old-fast. In a matter so individually and exclusively concerning ourselves, why should we not be left to ourselves, and trusted with our dearest interests? Why protect us in spite of our wishes? Besides, in every thing else, all the world agree there is nothing like free competition—the public are always thus best served. Why should it not be the same in medicine? The best energies will thus be called into action; the best workmen—the best practitioners will thus be found, and we shall all reap the benefit. Privileged physicians and surgeons quickly become, like close corporations, susceptible of all corruptions—the spur to activity is withdrawn—the spring relaxes—the vigour flags—the public are drugged *secundum morem*, and the science of physic sinks into the *art* of physicking.

But though freedom of action be the demand of the day—freedom of profession on the one hand, and liberty of choice on the other; though hostility be general to any bold and effective enforcement of law for the exclusion of impudent and perilous quackery, the public do not *desire* to be mere anvils for any to hammer upon—the mere subjects of experiment—the dull dupes of pretension—no, their sole quest is that of talent and power; for once convinced they are imposed upon, they will quickly recoil and spurn the impostor from them. It is this readiness to turn to the right—about the detected pretender to superiority, which presents the chance and means of finally remedying the evils of quackery. That remedy is mainly, under existing circumstances, *exposure*; and to this remedy we shall lend a helping hand by glancing first at Mr. Long's book, which will, we think, establish the man's consummate ignorance, and next, at the evidence of his friends, which will go far to prove *their* incompetence; and together will shew the imbecility of the principle, the profligacy of the man, and the peril of the process.

Within the last half century quacks have swarmed. Not to mention multitudes of minor twinklers, those stars of greater magnitude, Mesmer, Graham, and Perkins, must have been heard of by all. Perkins and his tractors are within the personal recollection of numbers. The principle upon which Perkins built his system is essentially the same as that of Mr. Long, but *his* practice was sheer mummery, and simply harmless.

The theory of both is thoroughly gratuitous—it assumes the existence of certain humours in the system as the sources of all disease—*extract* these humours, and at once the disease is removed, and the cause of it for ever. But the difference between these worthies—and that is a mighty one—lies in the *mode* of extracting. Perkins was content with drawing a couple of pieces of metal, which he called tractors, along the surface of the body ; but Mr. Long smokes the inside to drive the humour to the surface, and then blisters to force it through the pores. The one was a gentle tickling, that depended for effect on exciting emotion through the imagination—the other applies a scorching embrocation that strips off the scarf-skin, and, where the susceptibility is great, tears and cuts to the bone. Perkins's system was all pure fancy, theory, and practice. The principle of galvanism was a novelty in his day—the mere contact of two different metals in some liquid, elicited what has since been proved to be the electric fluid. Perkins caught at this discovery. Two metals applied to the surface of a body, surcharged with a certain vitiated humour, the existence of which he took for granted, might, he conceived—seriously, perhaps, at first—elicit not the electric, but what was more to his purpose, the *morbid* fluid. Accordingly, armed with two nice little pieces of metal, and applying one of them to the seat of pain in the patient, he drew the other backwards and forwards over the neighbouring regions, till he finally brought it in contact with the stationary piece, and suddenly the excited and gathered fluid was supposed to vanish into the metals—taking with it, of course, the disease. Perkins became at once the general talk of his day ; the mania spread on all sides ; but the delusion gave way, as all charlatanerie must do, to *exposure*. Dr. Haygarth, of Bath, collected his patients at an hospital ; he produced *his* tractors, bits of wood, and sealing-wax ; the operation proceeded with due gravity, and numbers affirmed the relief they experienced was wonderful. The hoax was complete—it was published, and Perkins slunk back into his native obscurity.

But Perkins never, that we know of, wrote a book. Long has committed that folly, as if for the express purpose—so full of absurdities is it—of exposing his own perfect ignorance of the subjects he presumes to handle. He has neither manner nor method—command neither of language nor logic—nothing approaching the plausible—no power whatever to make the worst appear the better reason. His theory of disease, as he describes it, is simple enough, Heaven knows. He discovers, it does not appear how, that the source of all disease lurks in a certain acrid humour, which pervades the whole frame. Like the caloric of the chemists, it has two states—free and latent ; while latent, all is well ; when active, it manifests its malignity by disease. *All* diseases spring from it—not merely consumptions. It is the source specifically of small-pox, measles, hooping-cough, and ‘analogous inflammable’ disorders. It is equally the cause of insanity of all kinds, gout, tic douloureux, cataract, deafness, cholera morbus, crooked spines—of every thing, in short, except, and the author himself points out the exceptions—mechanical injury and original malformation. The extraction of this same malign humour constitutes the cure of the disease ; and to extract is the one object of Mr. Long's practice. The effect of course ceases with the removal of the cause. This same humour is a congenital production ; it exists in every individual, and will sooner or later generate disease, till the whole is extracted, or as much as will leave too little behind to make its



workings visible. The sooner, therefore, the extraction is accomplished the better; every disease by a timely exertion may be nipped in the bud, and vaccination itself be superseded. You may thus be beforehand with the plague, and defy contagion.

The "humour" itself is described by Mr. Long and his friends. Mr. Long vaguely speaks of it as a substance—a fluid—an inflamed fluid; but Lord Ingestrie, Long's great titled patron, more intelligibly states it to be like quicksilver—he himself witnessed the fluid, like quicksilver, extracted twice from the head of one of Mr. Long's patients. It is just possible this may have been an extraordinary case—the patient was obviously of a *mercurial* temperament; the produce of the noble lord's own head, we have seen it stated, on sufficient authority, had more of a *leaden* aspect.\*

Long's remedy, again, is as simple, or rather as single as his theory; he gives no drugs—nothing is ever internally administered by him but what is nourishing—nothing but what may taken to *any* extent—nothing to adults which children might not take. Oh no! humane man; he does nothing but first *smoke* his patients, which seems to be merely a piece of mummery, just to inspire them with a sense of the occult powers of the operator; and then *bathes* and *rubs* with a lotion so intrinsically innocent that it cannot harm an infant—with which in fact ladies often wash their hands, and even rinse their mouths. But this same lotion, which is professedly applied to open the pores, to give egress to the universal fluid, where it meets with disease strips off the skin—is of so corrosive a quality as to tear and rend, and decompose all it comes in contact with. Its peculiar virtue is—it will fasten upon nothing but disease.

But besides this grand discovery, he lays claim to the detection of numerous *errors* in the general practice of the profession—a specimen or two will help to measure the man's calibre. Vaccination is mischievous, because it only adds disease to disease—it only increases the miserable catalogue of human ills. Bleeding, again, must do more harm than good. It is practically mischievous, and logically superfluous. "It does not remove the deteriorated quality." It merely takes, as he phrases it, quantity from quantity, and not quality from quantity. The blood that remains must be the same as that taken away. Again, medical men are for ever administering chemical poisons, which is not only bad in practice and logic, but apparently worse as to the metaphysics of the business. "Good," he says, with all solemnity, "cannot come of evil, nor nourishment from acrimonious fluids; affluities cannot be generated by contraries, nor can that which irritates soothe. What healthful union can there be between mercury, prussic acid, henbane, digitalis, acetate of lead, sulphuric acid, nitrous acid—and flesh and blood?" The interrogative is supposed to carry with it its own triumphant reply. Some profound aphorisms—the distinct result of his own personal experience—are scattered over the pages;—such as the "constitution is not to be undermined;" "no remedies are to be applied which are worse than the disease." But enough of this—the book furnishes, every page of it, proofs of unparalleled ignorance—

\* *Medical Gazette*—the able and indefatigable editor of which has laboured zealously to expose Long's measureless impudence. We have been much indebted to him.

the man contradicts point-blanc, and by arguments perfectly childish, some of the best established principles of the science of medicine.

Nevertheless, it will be urged probably—he has performed numerous cures, and has experienced few failures. We do not deny that the rough discipline to which his patients were subjected may have produced on some of them salutary effects; but we do not believe a tithe of the cures to which he lays claim—and as to the failures, we know little about them at present. More, we doubt not, will come to light. Long's book is more than half filled with testimonials, zealously collected by his friend Lord Ingestrie, who has furnished a satisfactory measure of his own intellect—they are obviously got up for effect. Numerous friends presented themselves at the inquest, and again at the trial—some of them of rank, but none of them so distinguished as to give any weight to their opinions; and as to questions of fact relative to morbid matters, it is not every body that can either detect or detail them. So much emphasis, however, is laid on this evidence, that it may seem to demand some consideration—it is essentially of so little value, that it scarcely deserves it.

First comes a young lady in a carriage with shewy appointments—but *alone*, it will be observed—no gentleman to protect her in such a scene—no female companion to support her. No; her father, mother, brother, and sister, aunts and cousins, we believe, all died of the disease, from the jaws of which Mr. Long rescued her, after she had been given up by all the faculty. None of the said faculty, however, bear testimony to the fact. The young lady, according to the reports, had been tattooed, almost every inch of her, by Mr. Long, though the “marks” were now but slight. She had been Mr. Long's patient two years, and had long been cured. Nevertheless, like most of the witnesses, she had seen Miss Cashin at Mr. Long's. How came that about? Mr. Long's house, it seems, was quite a house of call for all the old patients—they came in crowds—they were employed in encouraging the new ones—washing their hands in the mixture—putting it in their mouths, &c. Chocolate and sandwiches were circulating—every thing was done to make the house agreeable to the ladies—it was the nicest lounge in the world.

A gentleman, who calls himself a solicitor at Brighton, states his case, with evident knowledge of what he was talking about, as one of debility, arising from a neglected wound. The wound was, nevertheless, in a highly inflamed state. The universal lotion was most successful, and so convinced was the patient of its efficacy, that, recollecting his digestion was none of the best at all times, he bethought him, if the lotion was good for a wound, it might be good too for a feeble digestion—the good people about him at Mr. Long's telling him all the while wonders of its catholic powers. Accordingly, he applied it forthwith to his *chest*, having some notion the stomach was thereabouts, and none of any other digestive organ—and scarcely was the rubbing over, than he found himself in a state to eat a shoulder of mutton—and he that can eat that, can, it may be presumed, eat anything.

Then comes Mrs. General Sharp, who assures the coroner, she was *decidedly* consumptive. Sir Anthony Carlisle, and other eminent medical men, considered her case hopeless. With Mrs. Sharp appears the General, her caro sposo, to confirm all she says, and especially as to Sir Anthony's opinion. Sir Anthony told him plainly it was a decay of



the system generally—even the bones were decaying. None of the other witnesses mention the names of the medical men who in despair had given them up, or turned them over to Mr. Long. The general and his lady were precipitate enough to quote Sir Anthony, and what was the consequence? Why Sir Anthony denied any particular knowledge of the case—he once visited the lady, and found her in a state of lassitude after sitting up late in a crowded party the night before—received his fee, and saw her no more.

Somebody from Kentish Town, in the East India Company's Service, had been afflicted from his childhood with complaints in his throat. No medical testimony is alleged, nor any medical name mentioned or appealed to. For a long time, it seems, there was no getting at the lurking and offending fluid, with all the rubbing and scrubbing at Mr. Long's—the confiding patient rubbed with all his might, but not a drop could be elicited—head, chest, neck, it was all in vain—still he was better at every rub. At last Mr. Long told him to apply it to the first vertebræ of the neck, *where he never knew it fail*; and to preclude the possibility of failure, he rubbed him with his own hand, and soon forced out the unwilling fluid in the required quantity—about half a pint, we observe, by his book—how it is measured does not appear. Who is to believe in the identity of the lotion in this case?

The Surgeon-General of Jamaica—of course put forward as a grand authority—was a patient of Mr. Long's. But he is also plainly a crony, and even lives at Mr. Long's. In his opinion, the lotion is perfectly *innocent*—he applied it to his eyes—and this he—a surgeon—pronounces of what is manifestly a powerful irritant—a corrosive and scorching agent. But we give no credit to the identity.

Lady Ormond is one of the devotees at Mr. Long's shrine. She washes her hands in the lotion, and, being as sound as a roach herself, it takes no hold. Her daughter has been rubbed for months for a violent headache. Mr. Long cured her; but she still attends—a proof it might seem that she is *not* cured—but she attends probably for enjoyment—for the sake of the refreshing sensations, as another of the witnesses stated, who confessed nothing was the matter with her. Lady Ormond said her daughter still goes to Mr. Long's temple, and will go—adding, in a thorough-going spirit, so shall all my children, whenever *any thing* is the matter with them.

Mrs. Ottley is quite at home at Mr. Long's. Well or ill, all her family, young and old, dabble in this precious liquid—the scent is rather agreeable than otherwise. Upon herself its virtue is not very perceptible. Nevertheless, after constantly using it for two months, such was the result, that the medical men who had previously attended her *acknowledged she was better*. Mr. Long has different modes of conciliating his patients—of making his house and treatment attractive. Mrs. Ottley never had any presents of wine or whiskey—tea was either more appropriate, or more to her taste, and she accordingly had some choice gunpowder.

Mr. Prendergast has the weight and dignity of an M.P., and, withal, a most unreasoning credulity—to stamp the value of his testimony. He had what *he* is pleased to designate a determination of blood to the head—probably mistaking the technical sense of the term altogether. He was found to have the offending fluid in great abundance. Mr. Long applied the lotion late in the evening, and in the night the patient was

half deluged by the effusion. Mr. Prendergast has some peculiar notions on the subject of testimony—an *opinion* upon oath is something new. He had tried to persuade Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald to consult Mr. Long, but his persuasive were like his other powers—not very efficient—Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald declined; “but my opinion on oath is,” says Mr. Prendergast, “that had he been rubbed, he might have been able to preside at the Board of Trade at this moment!” Mr. Prendergast never knew any lady but Miss Cashin die, meaning of those who had had little the matter with them. To such as had been given up by their medical advisers, and were evidently in a desperate state, Mr. Long was in the habit of saying he *would do his best*. Now Mr. Long, on the testimony of all his patients, had but *one* remedy for every thing—what then could *doing his best* mean? The repetition of the phrase betrays in the mind of Mr. Prendergast a credulity, that would have taken him to Graham, or Mesmer, or Perkins.

We *have* had some respect, little as it has been of late, for Sir Francis Burdett, and scarcely suspected him capable of making so very pitiful an appearance as he did at the Inquest. To lend himself, as a cat’s-paw, to a great man is something so deplorable, that we willingly pass him by—his testimony was not of the slightest worth, and it is painful to dwell on what is at once grovelling and ineffective.

A Mr. Braithwaite, an honest engineer, seems to have had an extraordinary disease—a wasting of the limbs; and believes, apparently with a thorough devotion, that Mr. Long, in fifty days, *restored* them to their original dimensions. By the way, somebody else deposes, that his *lungs grew* under Mr. Long’s operations. Mr. Braithwaite was asked whether his confidence in Mr. Long’s remedies was at all shaken by the death of Miss Cashin—not at all, quite the contrary—so that a death seems, in his opinion, to have been desirable—to test the *power* of the remedy.

Colonel Campbell speaks for his daughter. She had what he terms an affection of the hip; which affection, as he states it, forced the thigh from the socket; an abscess formed in the hip-joint, and other tumours on the leg. Her knee turned almost to dislocation, and the toes inclined inwards. Was this case—possibly relievable by mechanical means—cured by Mr. Long’s remedy? Not precisely—the young lady cannot yet walk—she cannot yet bear at all her weight upon the limb. Yet this case figures among the cures.

These are the testimonies of the leading witnesses—all of them, it will be observed, proceeding from the patients themselves—from unprofessional persons—knowing nothing of the nature or source of disease—incapable of discriminating, and utterly unqualified to give an opinion as to any specific relation between the disease and the remedy. In the only case—for we put the Surgeon-General of Jamaica out of the question—where the name of a medical man was brought forward, as previously acquainted with the patient, the evidence was fairly annihilated; and we scarcely doubt the result would have been the same in many other cases, which are said to have been given up by eminent medical practitioners—had the parties been rash enough to name them. Many of the witnesses were obviously Mr. Long’s friends, and others, it may safely be supposed, having once committed themselves, were resolved to go through-stitch, and brazen the matter out to the last. The witnesses were told the lotion was always the same, on all occasions. None



of them seem even to have doubted. Many of them affirmed peremptorily it was the same, and affirmed, we may say, what, in half the cases, it was impossible they could *know*.

The brand of ignorance and incompetence is ineffaceably fixed upon the man. In his visits to the dying Miss Cashin—in the miserable condition to which he had reduced her—he shewed himself to be wholly without resource, or blundering at every step. He ordered port-wine for a loathing stomach—which for hours had not been able to retain *anything*; and bade them expose the raging wound to the air; he took off his coat and called for lint, and made no use of it—he was all abroad. He inquired what the attendant had done, and acquiesced in all she suggested, though repeatedly contradicting his own recommendations—she must know best, he said—as she truly did. Though the wound was plainly in a state of mortification, he affirmed there was no ground for apprehension; it was just what he wished to produce—it was his system—he would give a hundred guineas to produce the same effects on other patients; he persisted till the last in his assurances that all was right, and she would be well and better than ever she had been in a few days.

Now all this may have been ignorance, and nothing more; but what shall be said in the case of Mrs. Lloyd? Though the condition of the wounds was precisely the same—though within a few weeks he had seen the same sad effects, and knew they had proved fatal, he still kept up the melancholy farce, and made the same confident declarations. *This* cannot be called ignorance; it was sheer brutality—a resolute perseverance in wrong and mischief—a desperate clinging to his own fame, at the risk and even certainty of another's destruction. Yet this man has found persons willing to speak to his *humanity*. But what persons? Lords and ladies, whose rank secures to them attention and deference, but who are the last persons surely to speak to general conduct and general feeling.

Whatever may be thought of the possible efficiency of this man's remedy in particular cases—the blind pertinacity with which he applies it—the utter contempt of all discrimination—the total ignorance of fatal symptoms—the lack of expedient on unexpected occasions which he shews—the more than savage spirit with which he perseveres, must surely, now that all has got wind, deter the most credulous and confiding of his patients and admirers—they must be ready to bless themselves for their escape, and eschew for ever the perils of committing themselves to similar pretenders.

*Exposure*, in the widest sense of the term, is the effectual remedy against quackery, but only against *particular* quackeries. The true and permanent remedy is to be found in a better acquaintance with medical matters, in principle especially, on the part of the public generally. Some knowledge of the human frame—of its organs and their functions—of the qualities and the workings of medicine—of their relations and bearings upon disease: these must come to be subjects of *education* generally—the concluding, finishing branches. Chemistry is already a favourite pursuit. It is surely of more importance to know something of the Art of Healing—the management of our own personal microcosm, than can be one half of the ologies and ographies, about which so much parade is made, so much time wasted, and so much breath spent in vain. It is surely a matter of higher interest and concernment to know on

what ground, with what view and expectation, drugs are forced down our throats—why the blood is drained from our veins—what are the causes and symptoms of disease, organic and vascular—what the promptest and most appropriate remedies, than to learn languages which we never use, or study nations we never visit—whose happiness we can never influence, nor whose weal or woe can affect our own.

Mr. Long's reign we pronounce to be at an end. We scarcely wish to see him brought again before the courts—not even for imprisonment or exile. Neither is the appropriate punishment—that is the scorn of the world. His patients are themselves committed—they are the accomplices of his crimes. He has no design to kill—it could never answer his purpose to kill, though a single instance, by a kind of reaction, has gathered up his friends to his support—it might be an accident. But repetition he must know, would ruin him—he *is* effectually ruined. Without receivers there would be no thieves, and without dupes and noodles there would be no quacks. The women are in these cases sure game. They readily give their confidence to medical men—they dabble themselves in medicine, and readily grow fantastical about drugs and salves. Credulity or vanity take them to the charlatan, and pride prompts them to persevere. If of rank, they are ready to play the protector—they expect to ride over the heads of the laughing vulgar, and silence the public voice by the din, and clatter, and pretension of station and title. No *man* of cultivated understanding—no man, certainly, whose mind has been turned fairly to the subject of disease and the treatment of it, has throughout appeared to bear an atom of testimony in Long's favour. His own *practice* manifests the most deplorable ignorance—while his book, to any person of common sense, quite independently of any medical knowledge, is decisive of his absolute unfitness for conducting a hazardous process. He has suppressed the book—himself has taken away all the copies from his publishers—what juggling fiend could have tempted him into printing at all?

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#### A WEEK AT CONSTANTINOPLE IN 1829:

BY A NAVAL OFFICER.

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“Plus on voyage, plus on est content de son pays!”

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THE Mediterranean station, with its lovely climate, splendid relics of antiquity, and their accompanying host of classical recollections, in addition to the varied and romantic picture of human life, presented by the nations who inhabit its shores, forming a singularly beautiful contrast with the more staid manners and customs of our own isle, to be met with in our garrisons at Gibraltar, Malta, and the Ionian Islands, has always been one in high favour with the Navy. But ever since the “untoward” event of Navarino, and the commencement of hostilities between Russia and the Porte, these lovely regions have assumed an interest of a higher character, from the almost general impression that they were destined to become once more, to use an expression of Admiral de Rigny's, “le théâtre des grands événemens:”—in fact, the strong reinforcements which came out from England towards the middle



of last year, and the rapid concentration of our squadrons at Vourla, all combined to give to this opinion of the gallant admiral a strong colouring of probability. Intelligence of the disasters of the Ottoman armies reached us in quick and rapid succession. First came the capture of Silistria; next, Diebitsch had out-manceuvred the Grand Vizier, and nearly destroyed his army before Chumla. Ere we had well digested these bulletins, we heard that the formidable chain of the Balkan was passed, that the northern eagle floated in lordly pride along the towers of Adrianople, and that for the first time a Cossack hurra had been heard almost at the very gates of old Stamboul itself. Sailors are seldom profound politicians; they rarely take the trouble of diving beneath the surface of any thing save of their own element; though in the present instance they entertained an opinion with many others who had the advantage of being nearer the fountain-head of affairs, that Great Britain would not be a silent spectator of the game of war, or passively submit to the completion of the darling plans of Russian ambition now in full development. Some feeling of this kind appeared to have taken possession of the minds of Count Heyden and his Russians; for, on a sudden they kept aloof from us, a circumstance we all regretted, for their high-bred courtliness of manner had rendered them universal favourites. It was sometimes amusing to listen to the political lucubrations of some of our pseudo-politicians. With the youngsters nothing but an immediate dash at the horse-marines, as they had nicknamed the Russians from their military tenue and carriage, could save Constantinople, while the views of their fellows of a larger growth in the gun-room took a wider range. After destroying the Russian Mediterranean squadron, we were to pass into the Black Sea, and, paying a similar compliment to Admiral Greig's division, destroy in succession the naval establishments at Odessa and Sebastopol, make a demonstration on the right flank of the Russians, who, cut off from their supplies, would be forced back behind the line of the Danube, and the tide of war thus rolled back on their own territory. Fortunately, however, for the peace of Europe, though to the utter disappointment of our projectors, whose dreams of promotion and prize-money were most provokingly dissipated, the fate impending over the Ottoman empire was averted, though whether owing to Russian moderation or British interference continues to this day to be a subject of violent debate among them. Our ambassador returned to Constantinople, and preliminaries of peace, as all the world knows, were signed.

For some time subsequent to this event, we had been \*stationed' at Smyrna, passing our time most agreeably in this *petit* Paris du Levant, and losing our hearts to the beautiful Smyrnotes, whose lovely countenances, heightened by the effect of their beautiful and classical head-dresses, rendered them in our eyes most bewitching objects, when we received orders to carry on despatches to Constantinople. For any other spot, at the moment, I should have quitted Smyrna with undisguised reluctance; but the attrait of a visit to the Ottoman capital was sufficient to overpower every lingering feeling of regret. Bidding, therefore, adieu to our fair friends, to whom we promised on our return a copious budget of news from Pera, we sailed at daybreak on the morning of the —, and after encountering a tramontana and strong adverse current, came to an anchor on the evening of the third day of our departure off Tenedos, with the far-famed Trojan plain abreast of us.

With but too many, classical enthusiasm in a sailor is regarded as sheer affectation ; but in a scene of unrivalled beauty like this, with the Trojan plain commanded by the lofty range of Ida before us ; behind, the distant Mount Athos rearing its lofty head above the low lands of Lemnos and Tenedos ; on our right the ruins of Alexandria of Troas, and Lemnos ; on our left the entrance of the Hellespont, and the high lands of Imbras and Samothrace—add to the crowd of recollections which rush on the mind while gazing on this splendid panorama the magical effect of an oriental sunset, and in this spot the indulgence of a schoolboy recollection will, perhaps, escape the imputation of both pedantry and affectation.

We weighed anchor early the following morning, and passed the castles at the mouth of the Hellespont with a light breeze from the southward. With every stitch of canvass set, it was with difficulty that we made way against the strong adverse current. Among the crowd of souvenirs which rush on the mind in passing these celebrated states, we dwell with peculiar delight on the story of Leander, associated as it is with the name of our own Byron, who, it may be recollected, swam across it with an officer of the *Salsette* frigate. This feat of his lordship has been much blazoned, though without reason, for he did not attempt the most difficult part, which was to swim back again.

Independent of the formidable castles which defend the entrance of the Hellespont, the guns of which are all “*à fleur d’eau*,” there is an extensive system of batteries and redoubts on the heights near Sigeum and the opposite point of the Thracian Chersonnesus. As we reconnoitred with our glasses these formidable defences, we felt that, once in possession of the Russians, they would laugh to scorn the attempts of all Europe to dislodge them : even in the hands of the Turks, our squadron in 1807 found their position before them untenable.

In the evening we passed the town of Gallipoli, and held on our course through the night across the Sea of Marmora ; the wind freshening from the southward. At an early hour in the morning, we came in sight of the village of San Stefano, and the beautiful summer palace of the Sultan. We could now descry from the deck the graceful minarets and swelling cupolas of the capital. By eleven we rounded the Seraglio Point, and brought up in the Golden Horn opposite Galata. Then it was that a panorama of unrivalled loveliness burst upon our enraptured vision, of which no description, however florid and accurate, can convey an adequate idea. In the course of a long naval career, it has been my lot to visit at different periods most of the beautiful spots on the surface of the globe—the Bays of Genoa and Naples, the romantic Cintra, Rio de Janeiro, and the more distant Sydney ; but, beautiful as they certainly are, they must yield the palm of superior loveliness to Constantinople. On the Asiatic side, a succession of beautiful country houses, surrounded by vines and beautiful gardens ; on the left an arm of the sea stretching far up into Europe, in the middle of which stands the tower of Leander ; while from the European shore rises Byzantium in gorgeous magnificence, a vast amphitheatre of reddish-coloured buildings, beautifully intermingled with trees and the dark domes of the mosques and bazaars, above which rise the lofty minarets, surmounted with the emblem of the Moslem faith, the crescent ; the whole standing out in distinct relief from the transparent dark-blue sky. But enough of description. On landing at Galata, the



illusion produced on the mind by a distant view immediately vanishes. Such a compound of filth and wretchedness I never beheld. I was only astonished that the plague should ever cease its ravages in its narrow streets. At Pera the vision brightened, though the appearance of this celebrated Frank quarter greatly disappointed us. Its finest features are its barracks and cemeteries: the latter are indescribably beautiful. Barbarous though we style the Turks, how far superior are they in this point to the more civilized Europeans! There is an exquisite feeling of delicacy and religious respect for the dead, evinced by this people in the construction of their beautiful cemeteries, which must command our warmest admiration. Aware that our stay would be extremely short, we made the necessary dispositions for making the most of it. As a preliminary measure, we engaged an Italian "cicerone" whom we fell in with at an inn in Pera. On the following morning we pulled round the Seraglio Point to see the Sultan going in state to the mosque of the Sultan Achmet. The cortège was splendid, and realized to the fullest extent all my preconceived ideas of oriental pomp and magnificence. Mahmoud was mounted on a beautiful Arabian, and rode on without casting a look either to right or left. It was impossible to gaze on this extraordinary man without a deep feeling of interest and admiration. Nurtured in adversity, unawed by the experience of the past, fierce and bloody insurrection at home, or foreign aggression from without, with an admirable singleness of purpose and unshaken firmness, he pursues his system of reform. I confess I am one of those who wish him success. A fine spectacle he certainly presents; and bloody and terrific as have been some acts of his career, it would be ungenerous not to give full weight to his peculiar position. The countenance of the Sultan wore an expression of sternness and hauteur almost bordering on ferocity, heightened by the most piercing pair of black eyes I ever beheld. Of his figure we could not judge, robed as it was in the ample folds of oriental costume.

To one accustomed to the monotony of European towns, the first view of Constantinople produces a singular effect on the mind—pleasing, certainly, from its novelty. The crowds of people of different nations, in their various and picturesque costumes, who swarm its narrow streets and lanes—the absence of horses and wheeled carriages—a melancholy and desolate air which pervades every thing, interrupted by an incessant noise of hammers and files, which, like many Portuguese towns, distinguish Stamboul—present to the eye of the stranger a picture unique in its kind, though, when the first charm of novelty had worn off, I think disgust would rapidly succeed. Our cicerone now led us to the seraglio, into the first court of which we penetrated: there was as usual a display of human heads. An air of desolation and melancholy seemed to hang over the vast area, the scene of so many bloody tragedies. A few Turks were lounging about with a listless air, which singularly contrasted with the hungry looks which a pack of half-starved dogs directed towards the human heads in the niches above them.

We made a hasty tour of the old town. The remains of antiquity greatly disappointed our expectations. Gibbon we set down as a "romancier." San Sophia, in external appearance, is decidedly inferior to the mosque of the Sultan Achmet and several others. Although the late events have infused into the character of the haughty Osmanlis a certain degree of courtesy towards foreigners, hitherto unknown, we ventured not to penetrate into the interior of any of the mosques.

Most travellers complain of annoyance from the canine race, which infest the streets of Constantinople. I know not whether the complexion of the times had infected these animals, but we certainly did not experience the annoyance which the complaints of all visitors to the Ottoman capital had led us to expect.

Every officer of the ship feeling the greatest anxiety to lionize this celebrated capital, I was obliged to take my turn of duty on board, and thus lost two valuable days. On the morning of the fifth day, I started with a party on a trip up the Bosphorus to Therapia, where the Sultan was encamped with his favorite tacticoes. Nothing could surpass the loveliness of the scenery on either side the strait. The defences from the city to the castles at the mouth are extremely formidable, and had been lately strengthened, in expectation of an attempt on the part of the Russians. A British squadron of similar force to Admiral Grey's would most certainly have made a dash: he would have had the advantage of a strong current, which Admiral Duckworth had to contend against in forcing the Dardanelles. The Turkish encampment with its various-coloured tents had a most picturesque appearance. Nothing could be more beautiful than the scite chosen for it. We were unfortunately disappointed in getting a glimpse of Mahmoud, whom we had been led to expect we should have found engaged in his favourite occupation of manœuvring the tacticoes. There were assembled at Therapia at the moment of our visit several battalions of infantry, with some squadrons of lancers and artillery: the material of the latter agreeably surprised us. Upon the whole the tacticoes, to an eye accustomed to the beauty of European troops, cut a most sorry figure. Their firing was rapid and well concentrated, but in every other point they struck me as miserably deficient. Nothing can well be more ungraceful than the uniform of these new troops. Many grave writers have attempted to impute the opposition to the military reforms of the Sultan to a bigoted attachment to ancient costumes: for my own part, I am inclined to ascribe it to a very different cause—to the existence of that all-ruling passion vanity. The Turks are a people passionately fond of dress, and their standard of taste is certainly fixed at an elevated point. With them, rank, privilege, caste, are all designated by the colour or cut of a turban. A more dashing uniform would, I am convinced, have rendered the service more popular. What young effendi would exchange his graceful turban, richly embroidered vest, scarlet pantaloons, and cachmere girdle, with its richly mounted "handgar," for the red skull-cap and unmartial costume of the tacticoes? Were an order issued from the Horse Guards, conceived in the economical spirit of a Hume, to dress our guards "*à la Tacticoturque*," almost every officer in the brigade would, I feel confident, sell out in disgust. The dashing uniforms of some of our staff-officers excited the admiration of the young Turks; with whom, as with our young dandies in the west, there is magic in the glitter of an epaulette, and music in the jingle of a spur. Notwithstanding their defective organization, these new troops behaved extremely well in the field, and on several occasions gallantly charged the Russian infantry at the point of the bayonet. There is much yet to be effected. The Ottoman army has neither commissariat, hospital, or general staff; and they have yet to acquire the two most difficult points of the military art—that of directing, and the still more difficult one of subsisting large masses. We returned at a late hour on board, delighted with our excursion.



We had but one day left, and there was yet a great deal to be seen; but the wonders both of nature and art which enrich this celebrated capital have been too often described to need a repetition. After perambulating the bazaars and bezentians, tired with our walk, we entered a Turkish café. A café Turque has nothing in common with similar establishments in Europe but the name. They are circular buildings, generally with a porch. Elevated tables are ranged along the sides, covered with carpets or mats, on which the Turks sit smoking, or sipping their coffee. We were sufficiently masters of the Turkish language to order some cups of, in Turkey, this delicious beverage, and its usual accompaniment the pipe. One of our party preferred a cigar, which he was proceeding to ignite, when he was politely presented with a small amber tube by an officer of tactics seated near us. The Turks, votaries as they are of tobacco, never allow its aromatic leaf to come in contact with their lips. Our companion, in return, handed his cigar-case to the officer, who helped himself, returning, to our astonishment, his acknowledgments in very good French. Our new acquaintance, we found, had been for some time an attaché to the Turkish embassy at Paris. He had only returned to the capital a few days before from Chumla. Contrasted with former periods, he said, every thing wore an air of the deepest gloom at Constantinople. We ventured to ask his opinion as to the probable success that would attend the extensive system of reform projected by Mahmoud, and already in partial operation: he answered with an ominous shake of the head. The vices which are eating the vast edifice of the Turkish empire to the very core are of too inveterate a character to be reformed by mortal hand. Even though it were practicable, he added, the ambitious Muscovite would mar the execution. I could not help remarking that the bias of our friend's opinions, was decidedly unfavourable to the Russians, whom he regarded with mingled feelings of hatred and distrust.

We all regretted that our near departure would prevent our cultivating his acquaintance, from whom we should have doubtless derived much curious and valuable information relative to his interesting country. The press has lately teemed "ad nauseam" with productions on Turkey, forming an "olla podrida" of conflicting and contradictory statements that must satisfy the most superficial reader that the Turks have hitherto remained totally impervious to the eye of European scrutiny. Of the domestic circle of this singular people, we literally know little more than of the interior of the moon: their external features are alone familiar to us, and picturesque and splendid are they in the extreme. In Turkey, we travel back, as it were, into remote antiquity; at every step we discover traces of the primitive ages of mankind, venerable from their antique character, and interesting from their singular and beautiful contrast with the manners of Western Europe. With all its vices, there is in the Turkish character a native innate dignity which inspires respect, mingled at the same time with many traits well worthy the imitation of their more polished neighbours. I leave it to politicians to decide whether Europe would be a gainer by their being driven from its shores; but as the tall and graceful minarets of Stamboul were receding from our view, I ventured to indulge in the hope, that, should fate ever again lead me to its walls, I might not behold the Crescent of Mahomet replaced by the Eagle of the North.

## MINA.

WE give a very curious paper on the exploits of the Spanish patriots in their late attempt. Their adventures would make a good figure in a romance; and Mina's two stags deserve to flourish on the stage, as well as any dog of Montargis.—The refugees had *no force*. What were two thousand men, without cavalry or artillery, to invade a kingdom?—or how could they wonder if the peasantry dreaded to join them, when they went so obviously to destruction? The patriots must wait; they have yet lost *nothing*; their time will assuredly come. Human nature will at length rise against the stupid severity of the government, and the gross tyranny of the priests. The patriots *then* will be called for; and then they will be necessary, popular, and irresistible.

## THE CAMPAIGN OF THE SPANISH CONSTITUTIONALISTS.

THE question which naturally occurs to the generality of Englishmen who are not deeply conversant with the state of Spanish affairs, is—“Why do not the Spanish people, like the French, rise spontaneously to arms against their oppressors?” To enter into a full and satisfactory solution of this query, would carry us beyond the limits which we can for the present assign to the subject; and we shall accordingly remit to a future number the task of demonstrating the several causes which militate against an electric and simultaneous rising up of the Spanish nation. But whatever may be the obstacles to be surmounted, the dangers to be incurred, or the trial to be undergone, before a regeneration can be effected in Spain, neither those obstacles, dangers, or trials can present a pretext, much less an efficient reason, for apathy and inactivity on the part of those who feel any interest in the affairs of their country. A false argument is continually adduced by the advocates of the present ruinous and humiliating system of government in the Peninsula, when they wish to paralyze the efforts of the noble-minded, or destroy the sympathy which those efforts may generate in kindred spirits in foreign countries. They say, “The Spanish people are content with the existing order of things; why, then, disturb the tranquillity of the land by attempts, the probable results of which will only be to entail a long train of calamities on the inhabitants? Why endeavour, by violent means, to introduce into the nation institutions which the mass of the public can neither understand nor appreciate?” These questions may, at the first blush, startle and perhaps convince those who are not disposed to give the subject sufficient reflection. The validity of this argument once established, it will go to prove that Spain is doomed to continue for ever in the same deplorable state; for there is no earthly reason why the question and concomitant answer should not be supplied a century hence with the same justice and propriety as at present. Are evils to be cured by letting them have full scope to prey upon the patient?—or is the enlightenment of nations to be obtained by keeping individuals in a close and jealous oppression? Wait till the mass of the people becomes less gross in their ignorance—less fanatic in their superstition. But how is this to be obtained? Is it by making no efforts whatever to open the eyes of the said people?—or is the miracle to be accomplished by divine interposition?—or, perhaps, the enlightenment of the mass of the Spanish nation is to be achieved by carefully removing from their reach all the



means of coming to a knowledge of the truth? Such is precisely the aspect in which the unprejudiced will view the argument in favour of postponing Spanish liberty to a future period.

But the Spanish nation is not, as it is gratuitously assumed, satisfied with the present system of affairs—unless, indeed, by a nation be meant the swarm of reptiles who fatten on the ruin of the land—unless by a nation be meant the tribe of place-holders and place-hunters—the sycophants, an indolent portion of the aristocracy and of a tyrannic and vicious clergy—and a degraded rabble, that care little under what form of government they live, provided they can carry on their pernicious avocations. But if, on the contrary, by a nation is understood the respectable, enlightened, and industrious classes of society, the balance will weigh prodigiously in favour of liberal institutions. These and other considerations had determined the exiled Constitutionalists, in accordance with their brethren of the Peninsula, to exert their efforts in behalf of their country, so soon as a favourable opportunity should offer for carrying their undertaking into execution with any strong probability of success. The late memorable events in Paris, which terminated so fortunately in the overthrow of oppression, were the welcome messengers that told that the long-wished-for moment was at length arrived, when the energies of the Spaniards were to be called into action to break the ignominious shackles which kept their country in more ignominious thralldom. It was evident that, with the downfall of an obnoxious dynasty in France, the chief support of despotism in Spain was also felled to the ground. No longer would the patriots have to dread the scandalous and unprincipled invasion of a hundred thousand soldiers, sent to destroy the liberties of the land—as was the case in the year 1823. Instead of the agents and abettors of oppression, the liberals of Spain beheld now friends and brothers, who, if they did not support their cause, would at least throw no impediment in the way of freedom, much less present themselves as instruments in the hands of tyranny to enslave and oppress their neighbours.

Strong symptoms of revolutionary effervescence in Spain became immediately perceptible. A general movement took place among the refugees individually, or in parties; they moved towards the frontiers. The public journals were filled with speculations relating to the question at issue, and the state and prospects of Spain acquired suddenly a degree of interest and importance which offered a striking contrast with the indifference formerly displayed towards the affairs of that kingdom. sanguine expectations of success were entertained, and the internal intrigues, occasioned by the Carlist faction in the Peninsula, reasonably enough added another argument in favor of such anticipations. But among the obstacles which were destined to impede and check the progress of the constitutionalists, there was one more deeply deplored by the friends of Spanish liberty, as they knew the fatal effects which it was sure to produce; such was the disunion which became but too soon apparent among the chiefs that were organizing the invasion into Spain. This disunion was the more detrimental to the cause, as it originated not in the pique or disappointment of the moment, but was on the contrary an evil of long standing—an evil which had been firmly established, and was now systematically continued. That the reader may clearly understand the original cause of this calamitous difference among the Spanish patriots, it is necessary he should learn that among that valiant body there exist

two distinct parties known by the denominations of the *Masones* and the *Comuneros*. Without entering into an examination, or presuming to give a judgment, concerning the merits and demerits of these parties, it will still be necessary to afford some idea of their character, views and pretensions. The *Masones* possess the *moral*, and the *Comuneros* the *numerical* majority among the refugees. Though we must not infer from this, that there are not many *Comuneros* who have and will adhere to the operations of the other party when they perceive inefficiency or fault in their own. The *Masones* contain in their ranks the greater proportion of the influential names among the liberals. The members of the Cortes of the year 1812, the old generals and patriots, &c., belong to this party.\* That part of the aristocracy which entertains liberal opinions, also adheres to the politics of the *Masones*, as is also the case with the men of science and letters that have espoused the cause of freedom. The party of the *Comuneros* is of more modern date than that of the *Masones*. Its members profess more decided opinions, and its leaders are more strongly characterized by vehemence and impatience. The military chief of the party is General Torrijos, a gallant and enthusiastic young officer, who, during his sojourn in London, displayed an unusual activity and restlessness for carrying his plans into effect. The partizans of Torrijos, of greater note, are Palarea, Gurrea, Vigo, and F. Valdes, the leader of the late unsuccessful attempt.

We will now proceed to give a rapid sketch of the late events which we have already asserted have given to the cause of Spanish liberty a degree of high interest, even at a time when the affairs of France and Belgium made so powerful an appeal to the attention of the public.

Immediately after the glorious events at Paris, the Spanish patriots, resolving to make an attempt in behalf of the liberty of their country, proceeded without delay to take the necessary steps to carry their design into execution. A provisional junta of government was formed, composed of Isturiz, Vadillo, Calatrava and Sancho, who proceeded forthwith to Bayonne, to fulfil the duties incumbent on their station. In every undertaking, even of a trifling nature, the necessity of a general leader is imperiously felt; and without unity in design and in execution, few probabilities of success can be reckoned upon. Deeply impressed with this truth, both the provisional junta and the refugees individually perceived the urgency of naming a general-in-chief, on whom the supreme command of the various bodies preparing to march into Spain should be invested. Among the various brave, experienced and otherwise distinguished chiefs, the general opinion ran, more especially, in favour of Mina; and he was accordingly elected. No choice could argue at once more justice and discretion—even putting aside the extraordinary merit of that general—even passing over in silence his abilities as a soldier—his rigid discipline—consummate prudence and fertility of expedients in cases of emergency—even, we repeat, making abstraction of so many claims which pointed him out to the preference of his brother liberals, the very name of Mina was in itself a host—a name not merely respected among the Spaniards, but justly admired and appreciated in foreign countries. The friends of liberty hoped that such

\* Such as Don A. Arguilles, Don C. Valdez, Count Toreno, Martinez de la Rosa, Calatrava, Cuadra, Galiano Isturiz, &c. Among the generals—Mina, Espinoza, Placencia, Castellar, Butron, Quiroga, Lopez, Banos, &c.



superior pretensions would induce the various chiefs to acquiesce in the propriety of the election of Mina to the supreme command, but, unfortunately, this was far from being the case. Without entering into invidious and disagreeable speculations, we will merely state that, whilst Espinosa, Plasencia, Butron, and other generals readily and joyfully subscribed to the choice, there were other chiefs who opposed it, and determined to act independent of his authority. Colonel Valdes, De Pablo, and Vigo were more conspicuous in this opposition, and they forthwith applied themselves to hasten their invasion into Spain. This unfortunate circumstance was a source of great sorrow and perplexity to the more prudent among the Spaniards; they harboured fearful anticipations that much mischief might ensue from this spirit of disunion, and they even dreaded that the *immediate* success of the cause might be affected by the event. Negotiations were entered upon which proved abortive, and an entrance into Spain without further delay was the result. It is, however, but just to observe, that the decided hostility evinced by the sub-prefect of Bayonne towards the constitutionalists, and the numberless paltry vexations with which he contrived to annoy them, might also have weight in influencing the resolution taken by the oppositionists to Mina. Be this as it may, a detachment of constitutionalists entered Spain on the 15th of October, under the command of a chief in the interests of Torrijos and the Comuneros.

Colonel Don Francisco Valdes is an officer who possesses in no ordinary degree the quality of daring intrepidity. He is, besides, enthusiastically attached to the cause of liberty, and bears a character of unimpeached honour and integrity. Added to this, his great activity and the recollection of his attempt at Tarifa, have invested him with a degree of merit which gained him partizans, and enabled him to muster up a respectable body of followers. But let us calmly ask, is this enough to justify Valdes for his ambition, or excuse his reluctance to act under the orders of such a man as Mina? This unhappy breach among the constitutionalists paved the way to the spirit of intrigue, and the enemies of Spanish liberty would not allow so favourable an opportunity to escape without setting all their engines to work, in order to multiply the difficulties which the folly of the patriots themselves conspired to increase. From the very active part which *certain persons* played,—from the pecuniary means at the command of other men by no means deserving of *implicit* trust, and from a variety of circumstances which it is superfluous to enumerate, we may draw the most melancholy inferences concerning the series of intrigues carried on among the deluded Spaniards, whom, it now appears, no lesson of experience can render wiser.

Colonel Valdes then, after a stormy interview with Mina, effected, as we have related, his entry into Spain: but his first movements were for some time totally unknown to the public. Indeed, the most contradictory accounts were daily in circulation concerning the progress of the small band, and the encouragement afforded by the inhabitants. One day Valdes was completely routed, and the next we heard of his repulsing a force of two thousand men under Juanito. So imperfect was the information received, that the greatest variety of opinion existed even with regard to the amount of the numeral strength of the invaders. Some boldly asserted, that the corps of Valdes amounted to eight hundred strong, while others were only willing to allow the colonel half the number—the latter were, no doubt, nearer the mark. Colonel Leguia

sustained a partial check, and this gave rise to the rumour of the total discomfiture of the liberals—a rumour very industriously circulated by a certain Spanish capitalist of Paris, deeply interested in the present affairs. No event of importance, however, took place. Valdes maintained his position at Zugarramurdi, but it does not appear that he derived any considerable advantage therefrom; the desertions from the enemy were few, and, as far as we can gather, the conduct of the inhabitants not remarkable for cordiality.

The attempt of Colonel Valdes possessed none of the elements which could count probabilities of success, or remove gloomy anticipations from the more prudent and experienced among the patriots. A small body of men, hastily equipped and indifferently organized, invade Spain, and their movement is undertaken through a province which, owing to certain privileges which it enjoys, has always exhibited a decided hostility towards the constitutional government. The leader of this band, though a brave and honourable officer, is neither from experience, abilities, or station, of sufficient weight to take on himself the responsibility of so arduous an enterprise; indeed, the whole affair bears rather the semblance of an experimental adventure, than of a regular judicious and systematic military operation. Jeune and ill-concerted measures—imperfect information of the country and the enemy—want of means and authority, come to increase these obstacles to success.

The position of General Mina was at this moment extremely delicate and perplexing. The ignorant and mischievous men who had hitherto used their utmost endeavours to fix odium and reproach on the character of that honourable soldier, would, under existing circumstances, have another opportunity to seize upon in order to vent the venom of their spite and envy. The most odious aspersions had been systematically disseminated against the fair fame of the general. By the most lenient he had been represented as an indolent, selfish man, who, possessing the means of enjoying a tranquil life, preferred his ease and comfort to the prosperity of his country. But there were Spaniards also, some from sheer ignorance and imbecility, others from still less excusable motives, who blushed not to advance the most weighty accusations against him. His honour and integrity were called in question—he was represented as a traitor to the cause of liberty; and there were some who went so far as to give it to be understood that he was afraid of marching into Spain—*Risum teneatis!* General Mina turned coward! And why all this violent persecution against him who had rendered such essential services to his country? Simply, because he would not blindly enter into every mad scheme which any imprudent man thought fit to agitate. We will not offer an insult to General Mina by undertaking an idle defence of his conduct. Yet the mischief which this systematic and abominable persecution of Mina does to the Spanish cause is immense. The friends of the cause abroad have neither the time nor the opportunities of entering into a proper investigation of motives, and drawing reasonable inferences. They only see things *en masse* which deserve condemnation, and, in dealing this award, a separation of the innocent from the delinquent cannot easily be attained. The natural result is, that foreigners, however favourably inclined towards the cause, come to a conclusion, that it cannot prosper as long as it possesses no more competent supporters.

But there was another and a very powerful reason to determine Mina



to adopt the resolution which he ultimately took. The rashness of Valdes seriously compromised the enterprise into which they had embarked, at the same time that it exposed that commander to probable destruction. It was indispensable to march immediately to his support, and by vigorous exertions endeavour to counteract the mischief of a first blunder. It was neither humane nor politic, to abandon these Spaniards to their fate. Impelled, therefore, by such weighty considerations, but against the dictates of his better judgment, General Mina determined to march forthwith into Spain. He felt fully aware of the incompetence of the means in his power to carry on any extensive operations, and he probably limited his views, for the moment, to reconnoitring the country, and aiding to liberate Valdes from his difficult position. The force which Mina could command has been differently stated, but we have good reason to suppose it did not exceed three hundred men. Of these a considerable number were officers of all ranks, from that of general to lieutenant: these gentlemen formed themselves into a body, which they called the *sacred battalion*, and they cheerfully submitted to undergo all the toil, and perform all the duties of private soldiers. The services of these men, however valuable in other circumstances, were little available in the present posture of events. These officers were old veterans, the youngest not below forty, almost all infirm and suffering from the effects of a long series of sorrows and misfortunes; they could ill support the excessive fatigue which they had magnanimously imposed on themselves, and, considering the nature of the service they were now to perform, they were certainly inferior to a company of common soldiers.

Mina's little army began its march on the 18th of October, and on the 20th entered Spain. The gallant body contained in its rank several generals and chiefs of high merit and standing in the army, amongst others Butron, Lopez, Banos, Alexander, O'Donnel, Sancho and others. Mina also took with him the brave Colonel Tauregui, better known by the name of *El pastor*, or the shepherd, in allusion to his calling, previous to his taking arms against the French during the Peninsular war. The sufferings which these brave Spaniards underwent were very severe. We know from the most authentic sources that for several days and nights they enjoyed no moment of repose, passing the nights among the fastnesses of bleak mountains without shelter or protection. A violent storm, which continued for a whole day, added to the misery of their situation—they were literally soaked in the rain, suffering from fatigue and want, and exposed to a variety of dangers in a province, which, as we have already mentioned, is one of the least inclined to a political change. But nothing was sufficient to damp the ardour of the devoted troop and they patiently endured all the hardships which they were compelled to undergo. They had taken their position on the heights of Vera, no doubt with the intention of effecting a junction with the corps of Valdes, or at least to be near in order to offer him assistance in case of necessity. Meantime *El Pastor*, who commanded a body of a hundred men had advanced towards Irun, and after a short fire succeeded in expelling the small garrison which defended that post.

It soon became evident to the judicious observer that the reception of the patriots was not so cordial as it had been confidently anticipated. The number of those who joined the ranks of the liberals was limited, and though the inhabitants did not rise against them, still there was no-

thing in their conduct strongly indicative of adhesion to the cause of freedom. But this ought to be subject of no wonder. They knew that an overwhelming force was advancing in every direction against the refugees, and the issue of so preposterous a contest as that of five or six hundred devoted men against an army of six or eight thousand regular troops was easily to be foreseen. From this general dread, the apathy of many and the decided hostility of others, the most fatal results ensued. As we have before said the constitutionalists met with no support within, and madness alone would suppose that the liberty of the country would be effected by their sole individual exertions.

Mina in this trying occasion exhibited the abilities for which he has been so justly celebrated. He soon perceived that the odds were fearfully against him, and he prudently confined his operations to the avoiding engaging in a contest until he could command greater elements of success. He was surrounded with imminent dangers; and to elude the vigilance of the enemy was for the present moment the only advantage to which he could aspire. In the art of fatiguing an enemy to no purpose Mina is acknowledged a profound adept—the extraordinary manner in which he continued with his *guerrilla* to harass and exhaust the strong French detachments opposed against him is in the memory of all who are conversant with the history of the Peninsular war. The same tactics would have been followed with equal success on the present occasion, had not fatal and unavoidable circumstances deranged the plans of Mina, and compromised his troops to a line of conduct contrary to the wishes of their general as well as their own.

The obstinacy of Colonel Valdes was productive of the most fatal effects—this chief must have been strangely deceived by the treacherous informations of scouts in the interests of the enemy. Mina had received intelligence of the real state of the case—he knew that a formidable body was on the point of falling upon the little army of the patriots, and he hastened to communicate the news to Valdes. In the meantime he had sent a great proportion of his troops to cover the retreat which he foresaw his companion in arms would be compelled to make. General Butron, who commanded Mina's followers, had an interview with Colonel Valdes, and informed him that they would be surprised by the enemy unless they made good their retreat in time. Valdes would not believe the truth of this intelligence, alleging that he had received far more correct information from his confidential scouts—this fatal blindness in Valdes was not long in producing the natural results. Early in the morning of the 27th the enemy came in sight, and in a short time they presented a very formidable array. Instead of detached guerrillas or small flying columns it was soon perceived that a series of battalions of regular troops were making their appearance. The troops of General Llauder, Viceroy of Navarre, together with those of Fournay, Santos, Ladron and Juanito, were acting with one accord, in order to surround and completely annihilate the small band of the constitutionalists.

To his first error Colonel Valdes added a second—when he saw that he had been mistaken in his surmises—either from a punctilio of honor—from some extravagant stretch of hope, or from some other unknown cause, he resolved to engage in conflict with the enemy, instead of retreating before such superior force. This certainly was a strange infatuation, the more reprehensible as no one ever entertained a doubt of the intrepidity and military honour of Valdes. In a short time a brisk



fire commenced between his two hundred men and the foremost detachment of the enemy. Valdes himself behaved with the utmost gallantry, and being most efficiently seconded by his followers, he succeeded in maintaining his station at the bridge of Vera for a long time. But new forces were continually coming in sight, and no human exertions could avail in so unequal a contest. The heights of Vera presented a fearful array, forests of bayonets and other weapons glancing in the sun, threatened the devoted band with certain and immediate destruction. Valdes, after an obstinate resistance, was obliged to abandon his place and retreat still keeping up the fire. At this moment a body of above a thousand men was seen advancing to the right with the intention of cutting off the sole direction by which the retreat could be effected. The danger of the constitutionalists was now appalling—wherever they turned their eyes they met nothing but fearful numbers of the enemy—it seemed as if the crisis of their fate was arrived and that nothing could avert their ruin.

In this awful moment, Mina's cavalry, that is to say thirty horsemen, made a desperate rush against the division of the enemy that was intercepting the retreat. The attack of this gallant band was so resolute, that despite of the immense inequality of numbers, they succeeded in killing many of the enemy, taking a chief and some men prisoners, and throwing the whole body into confusion. This partial success infused new ardour into the hearts of the patriots, their drooping hopes were revived and a fresh stimulus was added to their exertions. The struggle was continued with obvious advantage on their side, when another division was observed rapidly advancing to support the first. To prolong now the contest under such disadvantages would have argued insanity and folly, and the order was given for a retreat into France. This movement was performed with less disorder and confusion than could have been anticipated from the circumstances of the action. The great majority of the patriots effected their entrance into France, not as flying fugitives, but as soldiers in possession of their arms. The loss which the troops of Valdes and Mina sustained on this occasion amounted to about a hundred men in all, counting the slain, wounded, prisoners, and those who were missing; but it was afterwards found that the loss was not quite so severe, as several men belonging to the party made successively their appearance in the French territory.

It seems really strange that a single man should have been suffered to escape. According to the assertion of the prisoners made by Mina's cavalry the forces of the royalists amounted to 5,000, and this without counting other troops which were kept behind and took no part in the engagement. The constitutionalists were nearly surrounded—pressed on all sides, and retreating through places which certainly were not very friendly disposed towards them. From this a natural conclusion must be drawn which will prove favorable to the liberals. The event serves to establish the fact that there was an extraordinary exertion of courage and activity on one side, and an equal degree of indifference on the other. The royalist troops merely performed their duty, they did not fight as men who were ardent in the cause they defended, and there is every reason to suppose that had any thing resembling an army been opposed to them, the desertion to the enemy's ranks would have been very great. Another circumstance to strengthen this opinion is that the royalist forces were not made up of militia, guerrillas, or disorderly bands of

volunteers, but was composed of a regiment of the royal guards and troops of the line. How came it then to pass that soldiers who could have not the slightest grounds of complaint, were seen to perform their task so *tamely*? How is this to be explained unless we admit that they were not ardent in the cause they were sent to support? We do not mean that in some particular instances they did not shew a degree not only of zeal but of ferocity; for example, many of the officers (new men) were vociferous in their cries of *Viva il Re absoluto!* and the royalists violated the French territory by killing and wounding several constitutionalists in the pursuit; but certain partial cases cannot affect our opinion, and we may fairly believe that the spirit of the army in general was, to say the least, very doubtful.

Mina beheld the conflict from the heights of St. Marcial; and as he had justly anticipated, should Valdes refuse to retreat, he perceived the defeat of the constitutionalists and their return into France. He was at the moment attended by a few followers, as we have seen that the bulk of his little army operated under El Pastor and Butron. To effect an escape into the French territory was now the only object towards which his attention ought to be directed; but there were great difficulties in the accomplishment of this plan: the country swarmed with royalists, who after the repulse of the enemy, naturally enough directed their whole care to ferret out and capture those whose escape had been intercepted. The royalist chiefs were indefatigable in their pursuit, they suspected or rather knew that Mina was surrounded and in their power, and they spared no exertion to secure so rich a prize—the few attendants of that general had dispersed in order to effect their escape individually, as in this manner they were more likely to succeed than by keeping in a body, which would of course offer greater facility to a discovery. Mina at last remained alone with his aid-de-camp Meca, a priest and an old servant. He wandered about the mountains in the most destitute and wretched condition, expecting every hour to fall into the hands of the enemy. He knew the importance that attached to his capture—his situation was deplorable, but his mind remained unbroken by misfortune—the fatal moment at length arrived. His aid-de-camp perceived a strong detachment of royalists advancing in their direction—they had been seen—to avoid a meeting was totally impracticable. Mina perceived the horror of his situation, from which he felt sensible nothing could extricate him. He finally resolved to exert every effort, however desperate and wild, rather than submit tamely to his melancholy fate. Collecting all his energies and summoning to his assistance his extraordinary presence of mind, he turned to his companions, who had lost every hope, and in a calm tone of voice said—

“Gentlemen, be composed—remain here and let me advance.”

Saying this he resolutely went to meet the approaching party. In a short time he was close to the royalists, when in a steady tone and collected manner he cried out—

“To what division does this detachment belong?”

The captain stared in astonishment, at a question so arrogantly and confidently put. He did not recognise Mina, and he remained for a few seconds in suspense; he was as it were taken by surprise, and knew not what to make of the man who addressed him in so commanding a tone. Mina, observing the confusion into which he had thrown the royalist chief, lost no time in improving his first advantage; feign-



ing to fall into a rage, he exclaimed in a more haughty and impatient manner—

“Sir, I ask again to whom does this troop belong?”

The question was accompanied with an oath—the captain’s confusion increased, his surprise was converted into a kind of dread, and fancying that he was addressed by some superior chief of the royalist army, he submissively answered—

“This detachment belongs to the division of Juanito.”

“Well then,” returned Mina, forthwith, “what brings you hither? hasten to join your division.”

The officer stared and demurred to obey this order.

Mina cast a glance of indignation, and in a fierce voice exclaimed—

“Damnation, Sir! what do you mean by not obeying immediately? Go, Sir, or depend upon it I shall report your conduct!”

The royalist officer made no further shew of opposition, but in a deferential manner, bowed to Mina, and followed the command so sharply given: in a few minutes the deluded party were out of sight and Mina joined his companions. The success of this extraordinary *ruse*, gave the four unfortunate wanderers courage to support the new trials and hardships which they were aware they would have to encounter before they could gain the French line. Though they had escaped one imminent danger, a thousand equally appalling obstructed their path—they were not deceived in their melancholy surmises—the royalists, who by this time had received correct information relating to Mina’s fugitive course and destitute condition, were exerting all their endeavours to discover his lurking-place. The constitutional general and his attendants, knowing that those places were filled with their pursuers, had taken refuge in an obscure cavern, situated in a retired and dismal ravine. There they remained in concealment until an opportunity should offer for their escape. Meantime the royalists were very actively engaged in scouring the forest and every spot around, but to no purpose. Their ingenuity was next put to the utmost stretch, in order to devise means for arriving at the attainment of their object. They caused some shepherds to ramble about, sounding their horns, that Mina, deceived by the welcome note, might be tempted to quit his concealment in order to request succour. This stratagem was very adroitly put in practice, but without success; Mina, like an old fox, would not quit his hole; the failure, however, only served to stimulate the contrivers of this plan to form another more pregnant with danger, for the fugitives. Blood-hounds were then procured and let loose, that they might scent the intended victims out; this expedient was sagacious, and it was nearly proving fatal to Mina. The hounds went on in their pursuit with fearful precision; and the unfortunate men were on the point of being discovered, when two stags suddenly started from their repose, crossing in the direction of the hounds. This singular incident saved the lives of Mina and his companions; the dogs, naturally enough, followed in the tract of the stags, and this new scheme of the royalists completely failed. Had this extraordinary circumstance happened when the life of a royalist general was concerned, the monks and friars would, no doubt, have cried out—“A miracle! a miracle!” The two stags would have been converted into angels, expressly sent from heaven, in that moment of peril. In

the present case, however, the said stags must be content to bear a very different character, and if the circumstances of Mina's escape should be narrated by his enemies, we shall not be surprised to see the poor stags transformed into a couple of devils.

When General Mina felt assured that the coast was clear, he ventured to quit his retreat, and endeavoured to effect his escape by the most solitary places. After a fatiguing and anxious march, he succeeded in reaching a hamlet; his sudden appearance produced a strong emotion in the inmates of one of the wretched houses, and he endeavoured to tranquillize their fears. A lad eighteen years of age, then generously offered to conduct the general to the French frontier, which he did with perfect success, and in reward of his humanity and resolution, received a considerable sum of money from the general.

Having crossed into the French territory, one would suppose that the dangers and trials of Mina were at an end, but this was far from being the case. He arrived at a house near Sara, and there, exhausted with fatigue, and suffering from the combined effects of hunger and want of sleep, he threw himself down to enjoy some repose. Not long after, Santos Ladron, one of the royalist generals, passed by the house where he lay—the chief commanded a division of four hundred men, no doubt a part of those who had pursued the party of Valdes into France. Santos Ladron passed by the house where Mina reposed, and never once dreaming that the rich prize was in his power, he returned to Spain without further delay.

Mina upon his arrival in France appeared in a most wretched condition—it is asserted that a quartern loaf was the only food which he and his companions tasted for the space of two days. The effects of his sufferings were clearly perceptible upon his constitution; his wounds bled anew, and to recover his strength, he was afterwards obliged to take the baths of Cambo.

The attempts made by other constitutional chiefs, have been of less importance; the one conducted by the brave Colonel de Pablo, called Chapalangaras, is the most worthy of notice, from its terminating in the death of that officer. It must, however, be confessed that De Pablo was guilty of an excess of rashness, not to say folly—he boldly marched before a strong body of the enemy, and without further ado attempted haranguing them—a few moments afterwards he was pierced with a shower of bullets, and his small band totally dispersed. Colonel Baiges also made an invasion, but was obliged to retreat: such has also been the case with Gurrea. Of the operations of Milans and Grases, nothing positive is known; but we may venture to assert that from the spirit which reigns in Catalonia and Arragon, invasions are much more likely to be attended with success in those places than in the province of Navarre. The disaster which happened to Mina and Valdes, will be a subject of no wonder to those who have been at the pains of perusing this sketch of the event; the wonder would indeed have been, if things had turned out otherwise. A close investigation of facts, will convince any one that if the constitutionalists instead of frittering away their slender powers in petty attempts and foolish quarrels, had mustered up all their forces, and under the command of Mina marched into Spain two thousand strong, the strength to be supposed to be scattered along the frontiers, they would have determined the undecided to join them, and opened the way to success.



With regard to different other points in the Peninsula, no event of importance has hitherto taken place. The progress of General Torrijos is involved in mystery; sometimes he is represented as a solitary and helpless fugitive, and at others as having made a successful descent on the southern coast of Spain. As he is totally bereaved of resources, the probability is that he has met yet with nothing but disappointment. In Gacilia the fire of revolution has emitted some sparks. The curate of Valdeorras and Rodriguez, called Bordas, have organized guerrillas, which for some time excited deep anxiety among the constituted authorities. But the forces of those chiefs were not sufficiently strong to cope against the enemy opposed to them. Many of the party have been killed, others executed, and the rest dispersed. The leaders and principal men have escaped, and will yet reappear in the field, when it is least expected. The long time, which forlorn as they are, has passed without their being taken, is a strong evidence that they have protection in the territory. Much is expected from Catalonia—the spirit of that province is liberal, and the atrocities of Count d'Espagna will add the stimulus of revenge to the desire of freedom. The entrance of winter will probably retard the operations of the constitutionalists. The Junta has been dissolved, but another with a more authoritative character will be named in its place. Meantime, as if the poor refugees had not trials and difficulties enough to encounter, the *liberal* French government has given peremptory orders for their dispersion, and they are ordered into Bourges and other places in the interior. It is something singular, forsooth, that France should now shew such conscientious scruples—France! that blushed not in 1823 not merely to aid and abet the serviles, but even carry on a most atrocious and unjustifiable invasion against all the laws of justice and the rights of nations. By what strange fatality is it, that unfortunate Spain is ever doomed to suffer from the government of her neighbour France, whether this government be imperial or republican, ultra-royalist or liberal?

But the radical impediment to the political regeneration of Spain is, we trust, for ever removed. France is no longer under the dominion of a family reared in secret hatred of freedom, and ready to support the views of despotism in the Peninsula. The fatal counsellors of Ferdinand are thrown entirely on their sole resources and strength:—those resources and that strength must at last be exhausted. A shuffling, discreditable, and pernicious system of finance cannot be continued for ever; even the most blind, the most inveterate of dupes must ultimately open his eyes to the picture of his own ruin.

The Spaniards have now no cause of alarm from the anticipation of foreign interference. The governments of Europe have business enough to mind at home, without taking upon themselves the task of meddling with the affairs of other nations. The first interests of France are connected with the dissemination of liberal principles throughout Europe. Let this truth be deeply impressed on the minds of those who hold the reins of government. Should a foolish confidence in its own power, or the adoption of half-measures, founded on fallacious and fatal theories, induce the French ministry to shew hostility towards their brother-liberals of the Peninsula, let it be remembered that the baneful results of such weak, cruel policy will ultimately rebound against France itself. The policy which England will adopt in the progress of the momentous

events that absorb the attention of Europe, is not difficult to be seen. We will not interfere in the debates at issue in the continent. This has, hitherto, been the general opinion; an opinion greatly strengthened and confirmed since the change which has lately taken place in our administration. The sympathy of the English public is strongly engaged in favour of the liberty of the Spaniards, and from the government the patriots have nothing to apprehend. W.

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THE COMING OF WINTER.

SILENT I wandered through a winding lane,  
Where late the Spring's triumphant hand had thrown  
Its archways green; alike from sun and rain  
Protecting those that love to stray alone,  
And speak to Nature with that inward tone,  
Which, trembling in the heart, is scarcely heard—  
A music all too mute for any sigh or word.

The place was known to some of thoughtful mould,  
Lovers of summer-solitudes. And there  
Full oft had been renewed the hours of old,  
Ere Evil in the heart had found a lair,  
Or Hope's high wing grew heavy with despair.  
I seemed to meet their minds within the place,  
And felt a heavenly breath come freshening o'er my face.

The way was as a labyrinth of love.  
There Peace and low-voiced Pleasure might be found,  
Seeking brief glimpses of the blue above,  
Or gazing fondly on the lifeless ground,  
As if some spirit spoke in every sound  
Or rustling step: for even the naked earth  
Hath seeds of human joy—of deep mysterious mirth.

But now, through all that peaceful pleasant path,  
O'er which a leafy arch had late been flung,  
The conquering Winter walks. A sign of wrath  
Is on each stem and twining tendril hung.  
The wind now wails, that in the spring-time sung  
Low symphonies of gladness; and the year  
Sheds fast and frozen tears o'er Summer's shadowy bier.

That native green cathedral, where the soul  
Swelled with the sweet religion of the fields,  
Is all in ruin; to Time's cold control,  
Fretted with flowers the vaulted verdure yields.  
From sharp decay no leaf its blossom shields,  
But every rich adorning object dies  
Which Nature's self beheld with glad admiring eyes.

Earth seems no longer the selected bride  
Of Heaven, but, like a Widow, weepeth there.  
Across her brow the deepening shadows glide;  
The wreaths have perished on her pallid hair.  
Yet in her bosom, beautiful though bare,  
A radiant hope is sown, that soon shall rise  
And ripen into joy beneath the brightening skies.



The sight in that forsaken place and hour  
 That touched me most with pity and strange woe,  
 With tears of solemn pleasure—was a shower  
 Of loosened leaves, that fluttered to and fro,  
 Quivering like little wings with motion slow,  
 Or wafted far upon the homeless breeze,  
 Above the shrubless mount, and o'er the sunless seas.

Oh! could the Mind within a leaf be curled,  
 What distant islands might mine eyes behold!  
 How should my spirit search the various world,  
 The holy haunts where Wisdom breathed of old,  
 The graves of human glory, dim and cold!  
 Or float far upward in the frostless air,  
 Returning home at last, to find its Eden there!

But those pale leaves that fell upon the ground,  
 When the wind slept, did most my thoughts engage;  
 They spake unto my sense with such a sound,  
 As breaks and trembles on the tongue of age.  
 Each as it dropped appeared some perished page,  
 Inscribed with sad moralities, and words  
 That seemed the languaged notes of meadow-haunting birds.

So fast from all the arching boughs they fell,  
 Leaving that sylvan sanctuary bare  
 To the free wind, that musing through the dell  
 I paced amidst them with a pitying care.  
 Beauties were buried in those leaves—they were  
 The graves of spirits, children of the Spring—  
 And each one seemed to me a sacred, thoughtful thing.

Honour be theirs to whom an insect seems  
 A thing made holy by the life it bears!  
 Yet some have found, in forms unconscious, themes  
 For thought refined; that each mute atom shares  
 The essence of humanity, its cares,  
 Its beauty and its joys—who feel regret  
 To tread one daisy down, or crush the violet.

Slight touches stir the heart's harmonious strings.  
 This feeling came upon me as I crept  
 By the stript hedge—a sympathy with things  
 Whose absent spirit with the sunshine slept—  
 That fell, or floated on—or as I stept  
 Complaining music made, as if the feet  
 Of Time alone should press existences so sweet.

And then, among those dry and yellow leaves,  
 I felt familiar feelings, known to all;  
 That deep emotion when the warm heart heaves  
 And wakens up beneath a wintry pall.  
 My pleasures and my passions seemed to call  
 From out those withered leaves—and then a voice  
 Came with a livelier note, and taught me to rejoice.

The promises of Youth they fly and fade;  
 Life's vision varies with the changing year;—  
 But the bright Mind receives no certain shade  
 From dead delights:—it rises calm and clear  
 Amid its ringlets grey and garlands sere.  
 Oh! let not Time be ever tracked by grief,  
 Nor Man's instinctive Hope fall like an autumn-leaf!

LETTERS OF THE RT. HON. R. WILMOT HORTON AND OTHERS, ON  
THE WEST INDIA QUESTION.\*

So much has been said and written of late on the subject of West India Slavery, that it would seem difficult to state the question in any new point of view, or to throw any additional light upon its merits.

The sectaries, since their missionaries quarrelled with the people of Jamaica, Demerara, &c., and since bishops of the Church of England were appointed to superintend the conversion and religious instruction of the negroes—have commenced and now carry on a determined crusade for the entire destruction of West India property; and such are the false impressions which they have succeeded in creating throughout the country, especially amongst their own followers—by repeating over and over again, the same calumnious misrepresentations and exaggerated statements respecting the condition of the slaves in the West Indies, and the “miserable, unhappy, and degraded state” of the negroes—that even their most influential leaders have become alarmed for the consequences of their ungovernable zeal; and while we perceive their most popular advocate glad to escape from the mass of insane petitions which they inflicted upon him, we find Mr. Wilberforce adhering to the wise resolution of Parliament in 1823, and signing a petition, praying the legislature to abolish slavery at the earliest possible period, “CONSISTENTLY WITH THE ESTABLISHED INTERESTS OF INDIVIDUALS, AND PROPERTY IN OUR COLONIES.”†

We find the same meeting which adopted this petition, passing the following just and equitable resolutions:—

“1. Resolved—That the abolition of slavery would materially affect the interests of a large portion of our fellow-subjects, who hold property in slaves, under laws passed or recognized in this kingdom; and that all sufferers thereby will be justly entitled to compensation for the losses they may sustain.

“2. Resolved—That to accomplish the great and desired measure of the abolition of slavery, it seems necessary that *a fund should be raised, and set apart for the especial purpose*; and that this meeting will cheerfully submit to any new measure of taxation which Parliament in its wisdom may adopt for that purpose.”

Widely different, however, are the views of the headlong abolitionists. They shut their eyes and their ears against every appeal to

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\* Letter to the Freeholders of the County of York, by the Right Hon. R. Wilmot Horton. Lloyd, Harley-street.

Presbyter's Letters on the West Indian Question, by the Rev. Dr. Duncan, of Bothwell. Underwood, Fleet-Street.

Statement of Facts, by John Gladstone, Esq. Baldwin and Co.

† The following apposite remarks on this petition are copied from the *Bath Herald*: “The principles of religious justice upon which the Colonial proprietors ground their claims to compensation for the loss of the services of their slaves, may be gathered from the divine oracles,\* wherein Almighty God, who in his unerring wisdom, has sanctioned and decreed slavery, even unto perpetuity, in terms so clear, so positive, so direct, as no human sophistry can mystify, perplex, nor controvert, any more than it can the Decalogue itself, has also decreed that slaves shall be ransomed for ‘a price.’ With these considerations before their eyes, and with a thorough conviction of the necessity of gradually preparing the slave for his liberty, and in the mean time, of adopting all practicable measures for the amelioration of his condition, a petition was adopted by the above meeting, to which the West India proprietors themselves who were present, most cheerfully and promptly affixed their signatures.”

\* Levit. xxv. 44, 45, 46.



their justice and humanity. It is in vain to urge that the negroes are more comfortably situated than the greater part of the labouring classes in the mother country,—that they are, at present, amply provided for, both in health, in sickness, and in old age; that their religious instruction is sedulously attended to, by clergymen of the established church and by others, and that a compliance with the indiscreet zeal of the ultra-abolitionists would ruin our colonies, and consequently not only create great distress and misery there and in the mother country, but, also, lead to *the destruction of the negroes themselves*. They answer—“talk not of vested rights and the annihilation of property, perish slavery, even though it should involve the destruction of the life of the slave with that of his master,”—they persist in shouting “Murder,” and “Robbery,” whilst the objects of their solicitude are comfortably attending to their pigs and poultry; and the little laughing “blackies” are said to be dancing about their master, or his representative the manager—their friend and benefactor—eager to attract his attention and favour, by the most winning endearments.

The ultra-abolitionists will not, however, look at this part of the picture. They have been so wrought upon, that we have seen peaceable quakers—men, who so far from being aggressors, have for ages been celebrated for their doctrine of non-resistance and quiet demeanor—whose boast it has been, that, for the sake of peace, they would when smote on one cheek, turn the other—not only bustling at public meetings—but “smiting lustily” such unfortunate West Indian, or friend of the colonies, as dared to lift up his voice in favour of common sense and common justice, or who even had the hardihood to attempt to obtain a hearing for our ill-used and grossly belied brethren in the West Indies. Others, not contented with calumniating the colonists in their petitions, make a direct attack upon individual Members of both Houses of Parliament! Seemingly regardless of the acts of those incendiaries, who are laying up such a store of want and misery for the poor in their immediate neighbourhood, they declare that *they themselves* “BURN with holy indignation,” to see persons connected with the colonies sitting in Parliament “LIKE SATAN AMONGST THE SONS OF GOD!”\* and pray that the colonists may be robbed of their estates and slaves, without the slightest shadow of compensation!

Is this, we would ask, the language of Englishmen? living under the liberal and paternal government of King William the Fourth? or have we, by some unaccountable means, been carried back to the time of “Praise-God-Barebones,” when according to history, “hypocrites exercising iniquity, under the vizard of religion,” confounded all regard, to ease, *safety*, interest:—when *the fanatical spirit let loose, dissolved every moral and civil obligation?*—yet such are the questions which naturally present themselves for our consideration, when we take a cursory view of the abominable mass of cant, bigotry, and misrepresentation, embodied in a great majority of petitions which are impugning the lawful interests, property, characters, and feelings, of a numerous class of persons, who in every relation of life are more respectable, more loyal, more upright, and more honourable members of society—than the great mass of their assailants?

We have earnestly and conscientiously endeavoured for some time

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\* *Vide*...Petition from the Independents of Chichester.

back, to counteract the machinations of the anti-colonists, and we have much pleasure in noticing that several eminent statesmen and divines have felt it their duty to come forward in defence not only of the rights of property, but of true humanity. The recent report of the church missionary society very clearly establishes the fact that the conversion and religious instruction and education of the negro slaves, for which purposes that society was incorporated, is making very satisfactory progress; and that the colonists are seriously and cordially assisting the clergy in that desirable work. We perceive that a right reverend bishop has presided at a meeting at home, where the justice and necessity of an equitable consideration of the rights of private property was enforced and subscribed to even by Mr. Wilberforce. Mr. W. Horton, in an admirable letter addressed to the freeholders of the county of York, has explained in the clearest manner the desire and attempt on the part of the abolitionists, to evade and start away from the resolutions of parliament of 1823, to which they stand so fully pledged; and he has fully exposed the unjustifiable declarations made to the electors during the late election, and their inconsistency with all the former pledges and declarations of the abolitionists.—

“It is your bounden duty,” says he, “to take the pains of informing yourselves with respect to the history of this question of West Indian slavery; and *unless you take those pains* when the means are afforded to you, *you will be guilty of the greatest and most unpardonable injustice.*”

Whatever intelligence there may be amongst the class to whom Mr. Horton particularly addresses himself, we do not believe that a tenth part of the Yorkshire petitioners know any thing whatever of the question, or are even capable of comprehending its merits.

“The sole difficulty of this West Indian question is comprised in two short sentences: First, Do you, or do you not, mean to give the planters equitable compensation, should they, under the operation of any legislative enactments, lose the power of commanding the labour of their slaves? Secondly, If you do mean to give them equitable compensation, what is the mode under which that compensation is to be estimated and applied? From whence are the large funds to be drawn, which may be necessary for the completion of the object?”

After explaining, that the resolutions of 1823, convey two distinct pledges, as clear and definite as it is possible for language to convey;—the one, that such measures should be adopted as would lead to the emancipation of the slaves at some future period, leaving the distance or proximity of that period to depend upon circumstances; the other, that equitable compensation should be given to the planters.—Mr. Horton shews by a publication of Mr. Stephens in 1825 or 1826, that the abolitionists fully concurred, even at that period, in these views; which they denominated “temperate and prudent,” and he draws a strong parallel between the pledge which they demanded from candidates in 1826, at the then approaching general election, and that which they required during the recent contests.

“Whoever the candidate may be,” say they in 1826, “demand of him, as a condition of your support, that he will solemnly pledge himself to attend in his place, whenever any motion is brought forward for the mitigation and progressive termination of Slavery by Parliamentary enactments, and *that he will give his vote for every measure of that kind, NOT INCONSISTENT WITH THE TEMPE-*



RATE AND PRUDENT SPIRIT OF THE RESOLUTIONS OF MAY 1823, AND THE RECOMMENDATIONS OF HIS MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT FOUNDED ON THOSE RESOLUTIONS."

But in 1830 they call upon their followers "to favor the pretensions of such candidates only, at the ensuing election, as will engage to exert themselves in carrying INTO IMMEDIATE EFFECT the wisest and most practical measures for the speedy extinction of slavery, &c."

Mr. Horton concisely explains the difference between the conquered colonies, and the old possessions of the crown: the latter are governed by local legislatures—the former regulated by orders of the King in Council. In the case of the former, containing 300,000 slaves, it is clearly shewn not to be the fault of the planters, if the "temperate and prudent" recommendations of the government have not been carried into full effect, "and will you, in that case," he inquires "be prepared to call for the sudden extinction of slavery in those colonies, WITHOUT EQUITABLE COMPENSATION?" If compensation is to be granted, "what is your project, and where are your funds?"

But it may be said, "we will not emancipate the slaves in the ceded Colonies, but we will at once emancipate those in the Colonies having local legislatures." If justice to the slave be the object, how are any principles of justice to be reconciled with the distinction?

On the general question, Mr. Horton argues that—

"If a state of Slavery be pronounced to be so repugnant to Christianity, that delay in putting an end to it is a breach of religious duty,—that argument appears to have been precisely as forcible, at the time of the Abolition of the Slave Trade, or at the time of the Resolutions of 1823, as it is at the present moment. In 1807, however, the general condition of the Slaves was such as to make the problem of immediate emancipation still more awful than it is at present; and it may be argued, that they have since attained a degree of civilization, which renders it more safe for them to receive their freedom than it was at the former period. But, if that be true, *it can only have arisen from improved treatment; and precisely in proportion to the degree in which the immediate extinction of Slavery is contended to be safe and practicable, the more does satisfactory equitable compensation become due to the West Indian proprietors.*"

In the accuracy and justice of this view of the subject every reasonable man must concur; and it clearly follows, either, that the slaves are still unfit for emancipation; or, if they are fit, that the planters are the more fully entitled to equitable compensation for the loss of their services. Mr. Horton proves the accuracy of this position, by reference to the opinions of M. Wilberforce, and others. Earl Grey, who has, at this moment of difficulty, been called to the helm of affairs, expressed his opinion that slavery should be allowed to "*gradually wear out, without the immediate intervention of any positive law, in like manner as took place in the states of Greece and Rome, and some parts of modern Europe.*"

"The Abolition of Slavery," said his lordship, "*must be gradually and not suddenly effected, and this both on the principles of justice to the Planters, and also to the Slaves themselves. For, in the present reduced circumstances of the Slaves, to propose their immediate emancipation, would be to produce horrors similar to those which have already happened at St. Domingo.*"

Other eminent statesmen concurred in the same opinion; Mr. Fox's language was still more decisive—

“ With regard to emancipation, I perfectly agree in what has been said, that the idea of an Act of Parliament to emancipate the Slaves in the West Indies, without the consent and concurrent feeling of all parties concerned, both in this country and in that, would not only be mischievous in its consequences, but totally extravagant in its conception, as well as impracticable in its execution, and therefore I see no good in discussing that point.”

In continuation of the subject, Mr. Horton inquires—

“ Has that change taken place in the condition and character of the slave, which is insisted upon in these quotations as an indispensable preliminary to any emancipation, much more to sudden emancipation? If it has taken place, then equitable compensation is *à fortiori* due to the West Indian proprietors, under whose improved management this change, impossible under other circumstances, has taken place. If, on the other hand, it has not taken place, I would ask you, whether the authority of Lord Lansdowne, Lord Grey, Lord Grenville, Mr. W. Smith, and (last, though not least,) Mr. Fox, be not *point-blanc* against the expediency of the sudden extinction of slavery, with exclusive reference to the well-being of the slaves themselves.”

Mr. Horton proceeds to shew cause why a more rapid improvement has not taken place since the Abolition of the Slave Trade in 1807.

“ An incredible number of Negroes have been legally or clandestinely imported into the Slave Colonies of other powers, thereby affording a *bonus* on the production of sugar in those foreign colonies, to the prejudice of our own. The British planters have had a losing trade to carry on; and the slaves have partaken of the bad consequences which are inevitably attendant on a losing trade.”

We have no hesitation in affirming, that if the present depressed state of the planters continues, the negroes will undoubtedly suffer in the ratio of that depression.

It being undeniable that the abolitionists unanimously adopted these unexceptionable resolutions of 1823, pledging the legislature to such measures only as might be compatible with an equitable consideration of the interests of private property,—“ to fritter away” that phrase by a mental reservation, that there can be no equitable interest in slave-property, is a subterfuge below contempt.

“ He who owns slaves now,” says Mr. Alexander, in a recent pamphlet, “ is surely not a more responsible party than he who owned them ten, or twenty, or thirty years ago; who converted them into money, and who now lives in splendour upon the fortune he then acquired. If restitution is to be made, it is not the present holders of slaves alone, but former holders, even in the third or fourth remove, who ought to be compelled to make the sacrifice. The greater part of the fortune of Mr. Fowel Buxton was derived from slaves. He is consequently as responsible as Mr. Goulburn, or any other present proprietor of slaves. Mr. Protheroe, of Bristol, is as responsible as Sir Thomas Lethbridge or Lord Seaford. Mr. Zachary Macauley ought to contribute to the compensation fund nearly three times as much as my Lord Chandos; Lord Calthorpe is as responsible as the Marquis of Sligo. In short, there are very few noble or eminent families in the country, who have not at one time or another, possessed or inherited property in slaves. Surely these persons are as much entitled to make restitution, and contribute to the sacrifice, as you, the present embarrassed, contemned, and slandered proprietors and planters of the West Indies.”

“ If it be meant,” says Mr. Horton, commenting on an election speech, “ that, abstractedly speaking, man ought not to be the property of man, I concur. If it be meant that in consequence of that abstract truth, the West Indian slaves ought to be emancipated, without compensation to the planters for any injury which may result from such emancipation, I dissent. But this



at least I am prepared to say, that, as long as the representatives of the people *loathe rapine, despise fraud, and abhor blood*, they will not on one day pledge themselves to the equitable consideration of the interests of a particular class of private property, and on a future day maintain that the pledge *was not binding*, inasmuch as, in that particular class of property, *an equitable interest could not exist*. For, if they do thus fritter away the plain meaning of the English language, they cannot ‘despise fraud,’ and who knows but that *rapine and blood* may be the result of such glaring tergiversation?”

We have quoted freely from this pamphlet, which is written in the bold and manly language of truth; and we repeat, nearly in the words of Mr. Horton, that unless all persons taking an interest in the agitation of this question of Abolition, take pains to inform themselves of its real merits, *they may be guilty of the greatest, and most unpardonable injustice!*

The Rev. Dr. Duncan, minister of Ruthwell, a distinguished member of the Church of Scotland,—the originator and promoter of parish banks and other benevolent institutions for the benefit of the industrious poor, has also directed his attention to this momentous subject. In a series of letters, addressed to the late Colonial Secretary, he has clearly pointed out, that slavery is *not* prohibited by express christian precept; that our slaves are not yet arrived at that period when emancipation would be a benefit to them, although he demonstrates that a progressive improvement has, and is daily taking place, and that the period is advancing, when emancipation will become the interest of the planters. On this last part of the subject, we confess that we are sceptical, unless the question be conjoined with that of compensation. He points out in the true spirit of a christian pastor, the duty of the government and of the public at home,—the duty of the West India proprietors, and concludes with some excellent observations on the people of colour—their condition and the means of its improvement—the extent and consequences of the foreign Slave Trade, and, finally, with a view to that gradual amelioration, which must precede the emancipation of the slaves, he points out the necessity of reducing taxes on West Indian produce.

“Meetings,” says the Reverend Doctor, “have been held, and petitions have been prepared, against slavery as it exists in our colonies; and these are, doubtless, only a prelude to steps of a similar nature in other parts of the United Kingdom; while publications have issued from the press, intended, by exciting the public indignation against the colonists, and by depreciating the value of the colonies, to hurry on a crisis, which, if premature, it is impossible for any sober-thinking and impartial man to contemplate without alarm. Every one sees the absurdity of sending the negroes back to Africa; and it will, I think, require no great effort of reasoning to shew, that immediate manumission, in any shape, could not fail to be a curse instead of a blessing—that it would add injury to injury, and would crown all, by preparing, for a whole people, inevitable ruin, under the insidious and insulting name of a boon.”

If there were any direct precept in the word of God declaring slavery unlawful, this would be decisive of the question. But the Mosaic Law “not only permitted, but sanctioned by express statute, the holding of heathen slaves; and, what is more, allowed the temporary bondage, and by consent of the party—a consent rendered irrevocable by certain public forms—even the perpetual slavery of individuals among the chosen people themselves;” and what is of much greater consequence

that "in all the injunctions of our Saviour, and in all the writings of his apostles, from the beginning to the end of the New Testament, there is not a single precept directly condemning the state of servitude to which the laws and customs of the world had, in their days, reduced so large a proportion of the lower orders; and that, on the contrary, there are many directions given to christian masters as to the treatment of their slaves, (for such is the meaning of the word *douloi*, translated in our version, *servants*,) and to christian slaves as to the duty which they owe their masters, which all tacitly, but unequivocally infer, that the condition was not positively prohibited."

On the subject of the unfitness of the slaves for present freedom, he remarks that—

"It is now twenty-two years since the slave trade was put down by law, and although it is but justice to remark, that for many years no new slaves have been brought from Africa into our dependencies, not less than a fourth part of the whole black population, even in our oldest colonies, still consists of *imported* Africans, while in those which have fallen into our possession at a later date, the proportion is much greater. These Africans, being chiefly savage warriors taken in battle, brought along with them all the ignorance, all the prejudice, and all the superstitious and immoral practices of their countrymen."

It was therefore difficult to govern, enlighten, or reform them, and the necessity of enforcing order, and of superinducing quiet habits of industry, must have been as painful as it was urgent. The Doctor adduces the examples of Haiti and Sierra Leone, in illustration of the danger of rash proceedings. "It is well known, that throughout our West Indian possessions, the greater part of the free labourers and manumitted slaves have acquired indolent and dissolute habits. They are indeed said to be almost entirely without property; for the most part either supported by their former masters, or living in an idle and worthless manner."—And there seems every reason to believe that the slaves, if prematurely emancipated, would fall back into the same destructive habits.

The influence of religion is, in the Doctor's opinion, much to be depended upon, in bringing about a gradual change.

"Christianity is, in its spirit and tendency, decidedly hostile to every kind of arbitrary power, yet it does not, by express statute, interfere with existing institutions; but, with a wisdom truly divine, leaves religion to work its resistless, though often silent and gentle way, and, by convincing the judgment and affecting the heart, gradually sheds over the face of society its substantial and enduring blessings, of a temporal, as well as of a spiritual nature. It follows from this, as a legitimate conclusion, that, when Christians find themselves in actual possession of slaves, they are not required instantly, and without inquiry into consequences, to break up the connection which has thus been formed between them and their fellow-men, as if that connection were, under all circumstances, sinful; but, on the contrary, that they are constrained by duty to consider themselves placed in a situation of the highest responsibility, and charged by Providence with the care, not merely of their worldly comfort and advantage, but of their intellectual improvement, and of their moral and religious education. If immediate manumission be inconsistent with such objects, it is plainly inconsistent with the Christian obligation of masters; and therefore, so far from being required, may safely be regarded as forbidden, by the spirit of our holy religion. \* \* \* The negro population is, at present, altogether unfit for liberty, and would, by being turned loose on society, be materially injured, both as regards their temporal and spiritual interests."



The great improvement which has gradually taken place since the abolition of the Slave Trade, and the causes of that improvement, are clearly traced out. The negroes themselves are not insensible to the principal cause, which is proverbially expressed in every colony in this sentence—" *Good massa make good nigger.*"

On the progress of religious instruction in Jamaica, Dr. Duncan quotes the following letter from "a young but intelligent and excellent friend" of his own—

"To a religious mind, Jamaica presents a most animating prospect. On all sides the work of conversion is going on. My time is much spent in moving about among the properties I have the charge of. I like the management much. It is all conducted on Christian principles:—no oppression,—no attempt to keep the negroes in ignorance. Marriages are multiplying—the Sunday congregations are enlarging, and the Sunday schools are well attended. It is a delightful sight to see the little negro children, who have been taught to read, winningly and affectionately endeavouring to instruct their ignorant parents."

Let any unprejudiced person of common sense, compare this short statement—(which is amply confirmed by the recent report of the Church Missionary Society)—with the allegations contained in most of the petitions recently presented to Parliament, and say whether the planters are, or are not, by these petitions, *grossly calumniated*.

In regard to compulsory emancipation, the Doctor argues very ably against the injudicious application of the rude hand of power.

"The slave-masters themselves, are undoubtedly the best judges of what improvements the present condition of the negroes will bear. \* \* \* \* They must be gently conducted by the light of civilization, and above all, of religion; and thus, as the Scripture strikingly expresses it—'wisdom and knowledge' will become 'the stability of their times.' The difficulty lies, as I have said, in the transition. When the light first breaks in on eyes, which have long been held in unnatural darkness, it dazzles and misleads; and the excesses to which it may give rise, are dreadful to contemplate. Now, the black population of the West Indies is precisely in this situation; and nothing can require more delicacy and prudence than the management of such a crisis. *To this task, a distant authority, which can, at best, be but partially informed, and which is liable to be guided by feeling and theory, rather than by judgment and experience, is scarcely competent*; and, therefore, do I earnestly deprecate a rash legislation at home."

Speaking of the evil resulting from the feeble and vacillating attitudes in which successive cabinets have placed themselves, and of that shrinking from responsibility, which we have repeatedly deprecated, it is very justly observed, "that it has been attended with much evil, and can no longer be persisted in, without the most ruinous consequences. *Scarcely any measures, however erroneous, if firmly and consistently pursued, could lead to more distressing results.* Mercantile confidence has been undermined—colonial produce has ceased to bring a remunerating price—the value of West India property has declined, till it has become almost unsaleable—and a general gloom, accompanied with irritation, prevails throughout the colonies. A little longer, and if such a course be continued, the West Indies will fall into utter desolation."

In this view of the subject we most heartily concur; and we may further add, that the vacillation of ministers in the management of this question, and the constant struggle which has, in consequence, been

kept up between the colonists and their sectarian opponents, have enabled the leaders of the latter to inflame their ungovernable zeal and unite their strength, while the former have been irritated to a degree, that has now rendered its adjustment to the entire satisfaction of all parties, we fear, utterly impossible, and may yet create not only much embarrassment at home, but materially affect the integrity of the empire.

The necessity of a full inquiry, on the part of government, into the actual state of society in the Colonies is strongly insisted upon; and it is suggested that as many of the resident proprietors, managers and overseers are from Scotland, the protection of the Presbyterian Church, by government, might be attended with good effects. Into this part of the subject we do not, however, propose to enter; neither is it necessary for us to say much on the degree of responsibility which attaches to the mother country for having originally instituted slavery in the Colonies, that point being already, we believe, tolerably well understood, even by the anti-slavery writers themselves, one of whom expressly admits that *"the crime of creating and upholding the slavery of the West Indies, is a national crime, and not the crime of the slave-holders alone. For the loss, therefore, which individuals may incur by its abolition, they have a claim upon the public."*

We would here remark that the losses actually sustained by the slave-holders through the measures of the abolitionists, call already, in common justice, for serious investigation and remuneration.

Dr. Duncan, in the able letters before us, takes much pains to explain the past and present condition of the free-people of colour, and the means which in his opinion should be adopted for their improvement. We are not so certain of the accuracy of the Doctor's views of this part of the question, which we conceive more likely to be regulated by the conduct of the wealthy part of the brown people themselves, than by legislative enactments, or the exertions of the whites; but we give the Doctor every credit for his benevolent intentions.

On the extent and consequences of the Foreign Slave Trade, it is very appositely pointed out, that a benevolent zeal is apt to over-reach its mark by the too exclusive views which it takes of one object.

"I do not say," observes Dr. Duncan, "that those who, with such creditable arduousness and ability, took the lead in the abolition of the slave-trade, have withheld their efforts for putting down the evil in every other part of the civilized world; but I cannot help thinking that their vigilance and perseverance have considerably relaxed; and *I must distinctly state, that, in the new direction to which their philanthropy has been turned, they have in a great degree lost sight of the unhappy effect that their attacks on the West India system are necessarily calculated to produce, in perpetuating among other nations the traffic in human flesh, which Britain has so honourably abandoned.*"

And the unhappy consequences to Africa and Africans are very forcibly dwelt upon.—

"If it can be proved," says he, "that the difficulties under which these West Indian dependencies labour are the chief cause of the commercial enterprise of other countries, which gives such encouragement to the foreign traffic in slaves, it must follow, that, to relieve them from these difficulties, if not the only means, must, at least be a very powerful means of repressing and of finally extinguishing that traffic."

And he concludes this part of the subject by a powerful appeal to our abolitionists, entreating them "to pause in the course they are pursuing, that they may consider whether their philanthropic object might not be



better attained by changing their plans, and again turning their energies towards that direction in which they were first impelled."

But we fear this appeal will be in vain, unless government assume a more decisive attitude in the management of this question, than they have hitherto done.

In considering the necessity of reducing taxation on West India produce, the Doctor forcibly points out the impolicy and injustice of continuing the present high rates, which operate equally against the revenue and the cause of humanity, and in conclusion he says—

"If I could flatter myself that my feeble voice would reach those influential individuals, who, by directing the destinies of this great empire, hold in their hands the springs which move the civilized world, I would tell them respectfully, but plainly and honestly, that the interests, not of our colonies only, but of Africa, and of Britain itself, are involved in the manner in which they acquit themselves of the important duties which belong to the colonial department—that other administrations, by trifling with a subject of such mighty importance, have treasured up for their present successors a responsibility of no common magnitude—that the time is arrived when the question, in all its bearings, must force itself on the public attention,—and that the country looks confidently to their firmness and political sagacity for the suppression of such overwhelming evils;—in the West Indies, by the restoration of amity and confidence between master and slave, and between the white inhabitants and the mother country—in Africa, by the final abolition of that traffic which has so long been the opprobrium of humanity—and in Britain, by the establishment of a wise and paternal system of government, which may impart its blessings equally to all, and which may unite in the bands of mutual sympathy every class of his Majesty's subjects in every quarter of his vast dominions."

We have at the present crisis, been so anxious to place these important subjects before our readers, that we have left ourselves very little space to notice Mr. Gladstone's (of Liverpool) very able statement of facts connected with the present state of slavery in the British sugar and coffee Colonies, and in the United States of America;—with which is contrasted a view of the present situation of the lower classes in the United Kingdom—a subject, which, partly in consequence of the disgraceful clamours raised by the sectarians about negro slavery—has been most shamefully overlooked. "I think," says Mr. Gladstone, "it must be admitted, that in all countries situated within the tropics, where society is formed of the aboriginal inhabitants, it has been found existing either under a despotic form of government, where slavery has ever prevailed in its worst forms and effects, or in a state of savage life."

He very clearly points out the peculiarities of the negro character, and the dreadful consequences of premature emancipation, which he exemplifies by reference to what took place in Cayenne.

"When freedom was given to the negroes there, during the most intemperate period of the French revolution, and which state of freedom was afterwards followed by the restoration of slavery under increased disadvantages, 'when though the interval was short, *their numbers were found to be reduced one-half or more, by civil strife and dissension, degrading cruelties, unbounded licentiousness, and disease.*'"

Here is a picture for the contemplation of our violent abolitionists, which with that exhibited in another French dependency (Haiti), as well as the condition of the American slaves liberated during the late war, and variously located—should be their constant study. Mr. Gladstone demonstrates the absurdity of various plans of immediate emancipation, and adds:—

"But it may be asked, is slavery then to be interminable in our colonies, or what is the course meant to be followed? I humbly conceive, it is not for me to attempt to say when a system should terminate, which Almighty God, in the divine wisdom of his over-ruling providence, has seen fit to permit in certain climates since the origin and formation of society in this world; whilst in other climates, where man is found in a more civilized state, and influenced by different feelings, the same purposes have been answered by those distinctions which rank and subordination have created."

He affirms that the measures already adopted by Parliament are quite sufficient for the gradual abolition of the system.

In the United States, a republican government, jealous of freedom and of the rights of its citizens; with a people every where advocating humane and liberal principles; individually watching over their privileges; to whom the distinctions of rank and subordination are almost invidious; where no want of strong religious feeling nor of a sense of duty exists; where institutions and societies abound for promoting the temporal and eternal interests of the community; and where the labour of the slaves are in general much more severe than in the British Colonies,

"We hear of no petitions, of no applications from the people to their legislature, to put a period to the existence of slavery, such as our Parliament continues to be incessantly assailed with. And why? The truth is, *they live in the same land, where all have constant opportunities of observation*, and therefore become intimately acquainted with the character and habits of the negro, the nature of his gratifications, and his ruling passions. This knowledge leads them to acquiesce in the existing state of things, as necessary and unavoidable, whilst they know that the comforts and wants of the slaves are cared for and attended to."

However unpalatable this view of the subject may be to the immediate abolitionists, it is very necessary to take it into deliberate consideration in viewing the difficulties of the subject. Mr. Gladstone makes a powerful appeal to the warm-hearted abolitionists, in favour of the working classes at home\*—

"Let them, among other quarters where large bodies of the working classes are congregated together, visit those immense buildings in which the manufactures in cotton and in metals are carried on; let them encounter the increased degree of heat, and offensive, if not unwholesome, effluvia with which they abound; let them behold the squalid looks of most of the people that labour within them, pinched to earn enough to purchase the common necessities of life for themselves and their families, whilst they are generally strangers to its comforts."

He then adverts to the state of the labourers throughout the country generally, and adds—

"Let them visit Ireland, and enter the hut of the poor peasant where no poor laws exist to aid or diminish his wants; let them examine his hollow looks, his wretched clothing, insufficient to cover his nakedness, his want of employment, though willing to work, and his ignorance of both his rights and his duties; let them examine his dwelling, inhabited promiscuously by his family and his pigs, all partaking of the same food, and that too often in scanty supply, where in untoward seasons, when prematurely exhausted, he has been left to starve and perish, unheeded and uncared for!"—"Let them then visit

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\* We trust it will not be thrown away. No state of slavery can be more miserable than that of the poor children in the cotton manufactories at Bradford. Children under fourteen have here been destined to labour thirteen hours a day—with only one solitary half-hour's cessation from their toil!!! Like charity, abolition should begin at home.—Ed.



the Colonies and compare the negro's state with that of the lower classes here, and then determine which calls most loudly for their benevolent efforts in their favour! I may be told, the slave in our colonies works from compulsion, the labourer here from choice. Granted; and *I beg to ask, what is that choice?* Is it not either to *submit to labour, for a bare subsistence, or to leave it and starve, or become degraded in his own mind by the acceptance of the scanty pittance which parish relief affords?* I ask, can this be a desirable state of things, and how much does it fall short of positive wretchedness? Then, surely, here is an ample field at home for the exertions and the sympathies of the benevolent and well disposed, who interest themselves so much in the well-being of others."

Even on the subject of Sunday markets, Mr. Gladstone shews clearly that there is abundant room for exertion at home. "Let me invite them," says he, "to visit Covent Garden," and we may add every street inhabited by the lower orders in London, "and other similar markets, on a Sabbath morning, where they will find all the people busily employed, as on any other day of the week—selling their fruits foreign and domestic, their roots, and their vegetables; and if they find I am correct in this statement, let them take shame to themselves for being occupied with attempts at reforming in distant parts of which they have no personal knowledge, and neglecting the scenes that are passing under their eyes and in the very front of the church!"

Mr. Gladstone concludes, by recommending to the government, for the purpose of satisfying the public mind, that commissioners should be sent out to the colonies with full authority to examine and report upon the state of society there; a measure in which we are quite sure every sensible West Indian would most cheerfully acquiesce.

We had intended to make some observations on certain very erroneous opinions contained in a letter of Mr. Galt, on the West Indian question, which has appeared in a contemporary periodical; but we must defer this till a future opportunity.

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#### NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

WE have no inclination to take any of the *onus* off Judge Parke or Judge Garrow, in their next trial of St. John Long. But as they seem to be no great lawyers on such points, we shall give them the law of the case:—

By 3 Geo. IV., ch. 38, persons convicted of manslaughter are to be transported for life, or for any term of years at the discretion of the court, or to be imprisoned in the Common Gaol, House of Correction, or Penitentiary, for not more than three years; or they may be fined at the discretion of the court. But this discretion of the court is now taken away; for, by 7 and 8 Geo. IV. ch. 28, sec. 11, upon a *subsequent conviction* they are to be transported for life, or not less than seven years, or be imprisoned for a period not exceeding four years; and, if a male, to be once, twice, or thrice publicly or privately whipped, in addition to such imprisonment—but it must be alleged in the indictment to be a second offence.

Such, we humbly submit to those learned judges, is the law; and we equally submit to the counsel for the prosecution that they should look carefully to the indictment, and see that it marks the present to be the *second offence*! We have no doubt that the fashionable personages who attended Mr. St. John Long will be very much grieved at seeing him sent to jail, or hearing that he is transported; but we fear they must

acquiesce in the necessity of the case, and look out for some other rubber of their backs and bosoms.

As to Captain Loyd and his unlucky wife, we know not what species of brains may have been vouchsafed to them ; but to us it seems the most extraordinary idea in the lady to have anticipated illness by making herself ill ; and in the Captain, to have patronized so ready a contrivance for getting rid of " all the ills that flesh is heir to." As to the quack himself, we can almost pardon his ignorance for the sake of his temptation. When he saw the old radical Burdett, who is as tenacious of a farthing as another man would be of a guinea, coming to be rubbed at the expense of a fee, he must have thought himself qualified to work more miracles than upon the lady ; or, when he saw the Marchioness of Ormond coming, with her three daughters in hand, to be rubbed by him ; or half a hundred others, of the same class, as " silly as their sheep," soliciting him for a cheering drop of aquafortis, or a *cooling* lotion of oil of vitriol, he must have believed that either the people were mad, or he was something supernatural. When the money of these titled fools came pouring in upon him, who can wonder if he held out his hand to grasp it. They would have thrown it away on some other absurdity—for such people are palpably incapable of making any rational use of money ; and if St. John had absorbed their guineas by the thousand, in return for his bottles of spirits of wine, dear to the hearts of ladies of a certain age ; or his prepared drams, which some of them seem to have adopted as regular cosmetics, and others as merely the pleasant companions of their private hours,—we should have had no tears for the diminished purses of those ridiculous people.

But what we abominate in the fellow is his gross heartlessness. When he saw that poor Miss Cashin was dying—the victim much less of the quack than of the foolish woman who put her into his hands—we find no regret for the unfortunate creature's agony—no alarm for its consequences, which he must have dreaded—not a syllable of anything but congratulation on the charming effect of his medicine ;—and upon this he takes his hat, and walks away to some similar operation. The girl is dying at the moment, in the most horrid of all sufferings—the tortures of coming mortification ; he offers no mitigation, or none of any use. We hear of nothing further, but the fruitless calling in of a surgeon by the family : the surgeon finds that he can do nothing—and the poor girl perishes. It is utterly impossible to believe that the judges, on this occasion, were more correct in their law than they were true to common sense. The law allows no man to say one thing, and do another—to sell potatoe-flour for wheat, or dose us with sawdust or plaister of Paris for the assize loaf.

In like manner, it cannot suffer a quack to sell us poison for medicine, or rub us into a mortification, on the pretext of securing us against consumption. In fact, the law is created for the protection of the subject against all evil doers ; it smites the swindler of a sixpence—and why shall it not smite the swindler of a life ? Why does it demand that medical men shall take degrees at colleges, except for the purpose of securing us against the ignorance of quacks ; and if those precautions are universal in all civilized countries, why is a fellow like St. John Long to be suffered to practise on the credulity of hypocondriacs and pampered women, with more money than brains ? It is to prevent fools from being duped by their own folly, that three-



fourths of all laws are made; and we cannot conceive how Mr. Justice Parke, however given to story-telling and nonsense—or Mr. Justice Garrow, though the gout in his toes had bewildered his memory—could have laid down *dicta* which undoubtedly go to sanction all the experimentalists in human folly. But St. John Long is now to be tried again; and on the result of the trial will depend, whether we are to be inundated by a race of pretenders, hazardous to life; or they are to be deterred by an example—which, to be salutary, must be prompt and severe.—Vide page 656.

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Reform must take place. The last Parliament made every honest man in the country sick of the present state of things. Its whole composition was so base; it truckled so scandalously to every successive administration; barter and bribe were so palpably inscribed on its portal,—that a nation of common sense or common honesty could no longer suffer its concerns to be transacted by such hands. Its dissolution may have saved a serious catastrophe. But the present parliament, formed on the same model, must be watched, and *must be purified*. It, doubtless, contains individuals too high-minded to suffer villany to be passed by in silence; and so far, a reform is beginning to work; but we must have the reform more than theoretic. It must be secured by a change in the mode of election, and by a general purification of the electors, and the representatives together. What is the present condition of Scotland? The people have actually scarcely any votes. The whole is in the hands of a few corporators, and the consequence is that the Scotch members are always among the most inveterate supporters of “His Majesty’s Ministers for the time being.”

On the late debate, which flung Wellington headlong out of power, what was the conduct of the Scotch members? Out of the forty-five, the votes for the Treasury Bench were twenty-nine; against it seven; the remaining nine were absent. The Scotch talk much of their talents and their integrity; why does not the nation raise its voice against such a system, and shew its spirit in something more like freedom and manliness than radical harangues, and baubees subscribed for the mob of Paris? They have their victory to be struggled for nearer home, if they will struggle for it. When shall we see the name of Dundas, “name beloved of jobbers,” exiled from all influence in Scotland?

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The theatres are in full promise; and tragedies, comedies, and operas, are declared to be fluttering at their gates for existence, like the infant ghosts in Virgil. Kenny is at his old work of translation, and gives us Victor Hugo’s tragedy of *Hernani*, which flourished for a while last year on the Parisian stage. We should greatly prefer a farce from either France or Kenny. No French tragedy ever succeeded in this country, nor ever deserved to succeed in its own. The best of them are dull, dry, unvaried, and unnatural, all declamation, all description, all heroes and heroines, no men, no women, all stilt and stiffness, no action, no nature. *Hernani* will do very well, however, for the living race of tragedians.

Macready is bringing out Lord Byron’s *Werner*, which will *not* succeed. It may toil through a night or two; but the original dulness of the plot and the writing, will plunge it ten thousand fathoms deep, where all the tragedies of the noble author went before or after it.

Byron's poetry was *not* dramatic, but melo-dramatic. He could do nothing without harems, turbans, Turks, and three-tailed pashas. In tragedy he failed altogether; and though we shall see Macready looking as fierce as triple whiskers and a bandit costume of the most approved ferocity can make him, a terror to the stage, and obnoxious to the scaffold at every glance; yet he will have his trouble for the pleasure of overthrowing Werner once more.

But the theatres wisely do not limit themselves to the trifling matters of plays. They are never happy unless when to their scenic exhibitions they can add an appearance in the courts of law. The majors and minors are now preparing for desperate bills of costs, which they will have the pleasure of being compelled to pay, though they should come to no further conclusions. The preliminary operations of the campaign have commenced, in the challenge of a minor manager to a major manager, and in the threat to throw a fellow out of the window, or give him his alternative of being roasted on the green-room fire, where he had been detected with a pen and ink, taking notes of something or other for the benefit of the forthcoming litigation.

The Duke of Montrose, late Lord Chamberlain, in his capacity of mediator between the managers and proprietors of the principal London theatres, arranged that the Haymarket should remain open four months in the summer, and that during three of those months Drury-lane and Covent-garden Theatres should be entirely closed.

But the poor duke had no more chance of reconciling even the winter and summer theatres, than he had of reconciling the sheep to the butcher, or the client to the lawyer. The summer theatres complain that they are undone by the restriction, and demand why they must be condemned to idleness during eight months out of the twelve, while the winter theatres have leave to expatiate over nine. The reason is not easily to be found out. But a new tribe of antagonists have started up, the suburb theatres, the Coburg and the Surrey, with the East London and the West London, and probably others, which have escaped our discovery. Those assailants divide the prey with the majors, nay, sometimes pluck the prize out of their hands. But the Duke of Devonshire is again Lord Chamberlain; terrible tidings for George Colman, Jun. His scrupulosity of conscience will be tortured as badly as before by the unfeeling duke. He will see the erasures of his pious pen restored, and the fatal time come back when a lover in a comedy may call his mistress an angel with guilty impunity. Still, we are glad that the duke has come back; he is a gentleman, though a whig; has some fondness for literature, and a certain knowledge of the drama. The little old Duke of Montrose was a gentleman, too, but he knew as much of the drama, as of the Copernican System; and was much more eminent for the punctual receipt of his salary than for his patronage of the stage. We hope the Duke of Devonshire will shew us the difference between an English nobleman and a little pensioner; that he will disdain to accept his salary, which is for a sinecure, and of which he ought to scorn to touch a shilling; and that he will expend it on patronizing the stage, which is to be patronized only by encouraging the *dramatic authorship* of England. When Halifax was minister, the stage was pretty much in its present condition, all *Frenchified*, all overrun with contemptible translations from our neighbours. He, at once, offered five hundred pounds for the best comedy, a sum more than equivalent



to a thousand now. Let the Lord Chamberlain offer the same sum from his salary for the best comedy, the best tragedy, and the best opera; the judgment to be formed not in the closet, but from the natural trial of the stage. Let the prize be given to the best *acting plays*, in the three styles; and we shall soon see a new vigour given to the English stage. This would be a noble expenditure of his salary, and would render his name more long-lived than his title-deeds. Let him try.

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We rejoice that the time is come, to mark with indelible contempt the grasping and wretched meanness of public men. Let the following instance speak for itself:—

Lord Bathurst, on Monday morning the 15th, waited upon the King, and informed his Majesty of the death of Mr. Buller, Chief Clerk to the Privy Council, and at the same time solicited his Majesty, in whom the appointment now rests, to bestow it on his son. The King at the time gave no answer to the application; but his Majesty has since written to his lordship, intimating, that probably the new Lord President of the Council may be inimical to the appointment, but if he should not, his lordship's son will be appointed to the office by the King.

Now, let us see the state of the case. What are Lord Bathurst's claims on the country? He is a man altogether without talents; a most feeble, awkward, and puzzled speaker; and, in every sense of the word, a most trifling personage. Yet this man has contrived to hitch himself on office for many years, with sinecures and appointments, amounting to upwards of twelve thousand pounds a year! and notwithstanding this enormous payment from the public purse for abilities so utterly obscure, his constant effort has been to fix his sons on the public, an instance of which occurred a short time ago, and was defeated by the general voice of the House of Commons.

Buller, the Clerk of the Council, dies on Sunday, and instantly runs up my Lord Bathurst to ask this place from the King for his son. We set aside the spirit in which this man, quite conscious that his masters were on the point of being turned out, acted in attempting to secure this place. Of course, his habits of life made him ready to grasp at every thing. But we ask, did he acquaint the King with the real state of the case? did he tell him that the ministry were on the point of resigning, and that, if defeated on the Civil List *that night*, they must resign before *twenty-four hours were over*? If he did not, we may leave it even to himself to fix the name which such conduct deserves. However, he may congratulate himself that he *lost no time*, that he was consistent to the last; and that having begun life as a sinecurist, and dragged it on as an established hanger-on upon office, he closed it by an effort to pension his family upon the public. But the public are awake at last, and we shall suffer no man in future to encumber us with his noble sons, cousins, sons-in-law, or mothers-in-law. The sinecure system must be at an end, and the imbecility and avarice of noble mendicants, be they who they may, must be no longer fed upon the hard-earned, and heavily-burdened property of the honest people.

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The Court of Aldermen has never been held to be an assembly of sages, yet they shine in comparison with the blundering of the late ministry.

And we really think that the Duke of Wellington could not do better than take Sir Claudius Stephen *Locum-tenens* for his coadjutor in his next attempt on the constitution. Now that Sir Robert Blifil Peel is separated from his grace—for Blifil follows the moral of his name too well to have any thing to do with any body who can no longer help him to the loaves and fishes—we can think of no one under the canopy of London smoke half so fitted for his grace's councils as Sir Claudius Stephen. The baronet's propensities too are all military; and if it had pleased the king's stable keeper to set him on the white charger, that object of his warlike ambition, Temple Bar would have never seen his equal. The baronet too can make a blundering speech as blunderingly as any field marshal on record; and in a red coat at the head of that victorious, and ever distinguished regiment the first London militia, bears a striking resemblance to Alexander the Great.

We understand that his distinguished services on the late occasion, in saving the king and the royal family from being eaten alive between Temple Bar and the Mansion House, and the grand duke himself from being roasted whole at Charing Cross, have attracted due notice in the highest quarter, and that blushing honours in abundance are in reserve for him. One of our contemporaries says that, "Sir Claudius Stephen is immediately to be raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Gog, of Guildhall, in the county of Middlesex, with an addition to his armorial coat, viz.—a goose, proper, or, on a cant-or; supporters, two asses erect ducally gorged. Sir Claudius is now sitting for his portrait to that distinguished artist, Mr. George Cruickshank, which is to form the first of a series intended by his majesty to adorn the walls of one of the private apartments in Windsor Castle."

We have no doubt that the baronet would make a very captivating addition to the collection of any man or monarch curious in his specimens of human absurdity. But the baronetage is quite enough for the poor devil's demerits at present, and the public are not just now much in the mind to see any more of those pleasant promotions of asses.

We sincerely hope that the king will take the state of the Royal Society into his immediate consideration; not for the foolish purpose of giving money or medals to those people; but for the purpose of castigating their foolery, ignorance, arrogance and presumption. This wise body are, in the first place, in a continual squabble. They are all such enormous philosophers that they cannot live in quiet a moment, but every week produces the explosion of some petty jealousy, or local discontent, that sets them canvassing, speechmaking, and pamphleteering, to the endless annoyance of the wiser community.

One fact is clear, and it is the only point worth considering, that at this moment there is no man *eminent for science of any kind*, within the walls of the Royal Society. This the F. R. S.s know perfectly, and two or three of them have lately written some dull pamphlets at once to proclaim the fact, and deciper the cause.

Sir James South, in a pamphlet entitled "Charges against the President and Council of the Royal Society," says one of the reasons why he complains against them is "for having intended to give the Copley medal last year, for a paper presented to the society, subsequent to the period when, by established custom, such competition was precluded; and, moreover, that such intention was expressed before the paper had been



read to the society ; circumstances which becoming known to the author of the paper alluded to, caused him to hint to some members of the council that their medals would not be acceptable, thus placing the society in the *disgraceful* predicament of having its Copley medal refused by the individual for whom it had been unwarrantably designed."

So much for this learned Philomath's opinion of the case. The decline and fall of science in this country, according to this sagacious fellow, is assignable to the "giving of a medal, after the time established by custom;" and other such nonsense. The plain truth is, their heads are running on medals, and the giving or withholding one of those baubles is enough to throw the whole set of dabblers in diagrams into a brain fever.

Then we have Mr. Babbage, scribbling a pamphlet on the same wise topic, and in exactly the same spirit—"science is sinking in England, science is gone," says this crabbed orator; and why? Mr. Dalton the quaker did not get a medal, and Mr. Somebody else did. A medal was given to the inventor of a new method of proving that lines which are not parallel will meet at the world's end, while a medal was refused to the much grander discovery that lines which *are* parallel never meet at all. Mr. Babbage is just as much a medal-man as poor Sir James, and each deserves the bauble about as much as a sixpenny almanac-maker, and not a stiver more.

The impudence of pretenders in all sciences is notorious. But the half-learned mathematician always exceeds the whole class of coxcombs. A man of the rate of Mr. Babbage naturally thinks that the world does not contain his equal, and that he is entitled to look down from his clouds on all the orators, poets, divines and historians of the world. We fully admit that mathematics are a great science, of the highest utility in various practical departments of knowledge, and assistant to noble speculations in natural knowledge. But the only claim on which any man can call himself a mathematician, is his having *added something to the science*, his telling what none knew before, his giving the world some remarkable discovery in the principles of knowledge.

But what discovery has any one of those conceited and noisy persons made? Nothing. If they write, they borrow from the French or Italian mathematicians. The whole scientific production of those men during the last quarter of a century has been plunder from foreigners.

To come to particulars, what has Mr. Babbage done? he has attempted some slight addition to the old German calculating machine; which has stopped where it was many years ago, and no one has been the wiser for the carpentry and brass, for the workmen were the true philosophers on the occasion; and at all events the machine has never been more than a clumsy toy. Then comes Sir James South, who has made a catalogue of the double and triple stars, a mere business of drudgery, which any man might have gone through with a good common telescope, and a yard of flannel round his throat to keep him from the night air. Then comes Captain Kater, a prodigious man of science, who knows the difference between a Gregorian and Newtonian telescope, and has made some trivial mechanical improvement in the pendulum. There rests his fame. Then comes Captain Sabine, who was sent out on a mission to ascertain the swings of the pendulum in the South Seas; no man could wind up a chronometer better, tell the world when it was twelve o'clock, or know the difference between sunrise and sunset, the mean

time of dinner, or the differential of tea according to the longitude, with more philosophical accuracy. The captain did his duty gallantly, filling his table-books with figures of the most imposing regularity. We should like to know what has become of those labours, or of the blundering instrument with which he made his erroneous observations. And yet all those triflers actually consider themselves as first-rate personages, terribly injured by being still unpensioned, unribboned and unlorded. Is there one of them who deserves the slightest notice from government, or from any body else? "We pause for a reply." Then we have an astronomer royal. We should like to know how many blunders there are in the Nautical Almanack this year less than the last; or how often the professor ventures to look at a star without a letter from Olbers of Bremen, assuring him in the first instance that it *is* a star, and not a Congreve rocket.

We ask, is there one man among all those pompous persons who makes any figure among the continental philosophers? is there one of them within a hundred degrees of Lagrange or Euler? or if those names set all their competition at defiance, is there one who is fit to hold up the skirts of Arago or Biot? And yet those persons are all for knighthoods and pensions. They are fit for squabbling at the Royal Society, and that "is their vacation, Hal."

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The papers say, that Sir Walter Scott has refused the pension offered to him by government to make up the difference between his full salary, as Clerk of Session, and his retired pension. We are glad to hear of this refusal, and hope that the example *will be followed*. A statement of Sir Walter's affairs has lately been given, by which it appears that Ballantyne and Co., with whom he was concerned, and who fell with the fall of Constable's house some years ago, have been enabled, through Sir Walter's means, to pay £54,000, of which the Ballantynes furnished but £7,000. A post obit bond of £22,000 is further in the hands of the creditors, on which Sir Walter has paid the policy of insurance; and the new edition of his novels, with his notes, &c., has already produced £30,000. It is further said, that the creditors are to have a proposal made to Sir Walter, to take back his library, manuscripts, and plate, which of course had become their property. All this is as it ought to be, and we expect that as Sir Walter has dealt honestly, his creditors will deal generously.

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We hope that the new ministers will learn wisdom from their own experience, and offend the public feelings by none of the follies of their predecessors. The yeomanry are called out again by the necessity of the case; and this too, by the individual who, more than any other man in the empire, wished to supersede all other force by the standing army. The Bucks yeomanry under the Marquis of Chandos, have been called out, and have gone on duty into Hampshire. All the other yeomanry ought to be called out in the same manner. Riots and burnings may go on for ever in the face of a standing army, with its embroidered staff, pompous reviewing generals, and all the solemn incumbrances of the service; but the only force equal to put down domestic disturbance of the present kind is the yeomanry. It was one of the errors of the amphibious administration, in which the Marquis of Lansdowne was Home Secretary, to extinguish the yeomanry.



We trust that they will not be fools enough to do this again. The nation is sick of a standing army, its enormous expense, its total uselessness in a sea-girt country like ours, and its real danger to the constitution. The liberties of every country of Europe fell under a standing army. They all had some rough share of liberty, derived from their Gothic ancestors. But when the monarchs raised standing armies, the popular rights were rapidly crushed; and from that hour the continental kingdoms differed only in variety of slavery. In England a standing army is a mere superfluity, or worse. It is like a powder-magazine, useless for all purposes of peace, and giving signs of its power only by its explosion. As to Ireland and its tumults, a well-organized yeomanry would do more to keep them down than a regular army of a hundred thousand men. Let us then have the yeomanry raised again, and the country gentlemen of England employed, as they ought to be, in protecting their own property, and in learning to defend their country and their constitution. As we have got rid of the reign of corporals, have sent the horseguards-faction to the right about, and banished the aiguillet dynasty far from Downing-street, (to which may no misfortune of England ever bring them back,) we say, let us send their standing army after them. The disbanded officers may be employed in the militia and yeomanry; and so they should be employed, both to give them the subsistence to which they are entitled, and to make those descriptions of force of the most efficient order. But, in all cases, away with the standing army; and let England know no force but that of its constitutional defenders.

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The barn-burners are coming closer round the metropolis. They have made the circuit already from Essex, Kent, and Sussex to Berkshire. Every night has its conflagration: yet no detection has followed. The stories of the incendiaries seem to have all come from the Minerva press. We have a man in a mysterious costume of French boots, speaking German, and moving about in a green coat; another who resembles a female, and a female who resembles a man. On one fellow is found a receipt for making squibs, and another carries an air-gun doubled up in his pantaloons: but nothing comes of the discovery. The fires go on.

We doubt, a good deal, the activity of the farmers in protecting their property in all instances. Where a heavy insurance has been made, which is frequently the case, it is just as agreeable to the farmer to receive its price from the insurance-office, as from the market. The transaction is of a very simple kind, and saves much trouble; while it also saves the farmer from any severe retaliation by the ruffians who have committed the outrage. It is true, that this conduct is altogether dishonest; for the insurance-offices have, of course, taken it for granted that every possible precaution shall be used, and that they shall not be betrayed, at least, by the farmers: but the insurance people must bestir themselves, or they may rely upon their suffering in a very formidable degree. A letter from Windsor—so near have the burnings come—thus describes the scene, which his Majesty might have witnessed, if he had been in his castle:—

“WINDSOR, SUNDAY.—On Friday night we were alarmed by a large fire in the direction of Maidenhead. We could distinctly see it from the back of the house. Two post-chaises were out, and we went to see the awful sight—indeed it was an awful one. The barns were burnt down

—seven ricks burning in a line, and behind them another row, upon which the flakes of fire continually fell. Men with forks threw off the flakes, whilst others played upon the ricks with the only engine they could find *water* to work. The contrast between the proverbially peaceable state of a village farm-yard and the scene we witnessed was very striking. Groups of farmers standing in different directions, with loaded guns, to assist their neighbour in protecting his property, had a thoughtful gloom upon their countenances—for whose turn was next no one knew. The whole peasantry of the neighbourhood seemed drawn out, and I think willing to aid, as far as they could, in extinguishing the fire. Water was scarce, for there were no “plugs” to supply it, as in London; and the burning masses of hay or corn defied any attempt upon them.”

But by much the best evidence given for the last twenty years of there being any brains among the Etonians, is given in a *threatening* letter to that crabbed little pedant Keate, the head-master, who in default of any other claims to the world’s notice, and who certainly as a scholar is utterly obscure, and as a writer has never been heard of, has established a reputation for the use of the birch.

“Reverend Sir,—Unless you lay aside your ‘*thrashing machine*,’ you will hear further from me.” “SWING.”

“Nov. 21.”

Our wiseacres at this side of the water, who *pretended* to believe that they had quieted Ireland for ever by giving up the Catholic question, now think that they have nothing to do but give O’Connell a silk gown, and no man in Ireland will breathe a whisper about the Union. If they can believe themselves, the more fools they. Their attempts to get up addresses are nonsense. We are thus told that no fewer than thirty peers, seven baronets, and 260 gentlemen of other ranks in Ireland, have subscribed to the “declaration” against all attempts to agitate the question of the repeal of the Union. They might just as well have been addressed by so many shoeblacks; indeed much better, for the shoeblacks would probably do something when the “physical-force-days” were come, but the thirty peers and so forth will do nothing but pack up their portmanteaus and be off for Holyhead. The concession of the Catholic question has decided on the fate of Ireland. It declared that the force of the mob was to be the law of the land. The Irish papists know that if Ireland had a parliament, it would now be wholly papist; and they will have it. The Irish priests, whose king is the Pope, whose country is Rome, and whose oath, ambition, and hope here and hereafter, are the aggrandizement of the popish church, know that a popish parliament would overthrow Protestantism in Ireland, and they will move heaven and earth to accomplish that point. The Irish Protestants, irritated by the conduct of the late miserable administration, and thrown on their own resources, must resist feebly, and will at length find emigration to America or England, a much pleasanter way of disposing of themselves and their property than having their throats cut, and their houses burned over their heads. Every man will be anxious to withdraw to some quieter spot of the earth; and thousands are, *at this moment*, withdrawing to the Canadas and the United States. Then will come the true struggle; and as for the thirty peers, &c., &c., they will have no more power to turn the popular opinion than such a *statesman* as his Grace the Duke of Leinster!



If ever Right Reverend gentleman has been showered with contempt in all quarters, it is the Right Reverend Henry Philpotts, the new Bishop of Exeter, by the grace of his Highness of Wellington, Ex-Minister. Scorn seems to be poured on this wretched man on all sides. Every man's hand seems to be against him. Sneers and scoffs are his daily bread. He cannot receive a letter without finding himself addressed at the top of it with some of those happy epithets that mankind have contrived for drawing characters as briefly as expressively. He cannot take up a newspaper without finding himself thrown into the most bitter ridicule. Much good may it do him. May his perusal of newspapers be always attended with the same balm to his feelings. One of the papers observes:—"It seems to be determined by the inhabitants of Exeter to shut up their shops on the entry of the Bishop into that City. Some difficulty has occurred as to a report of the manner in which such a compliment is to be received, unless indeed there should be found one in all the city who shall possess the curiosity of *Peeping Tom of Coventry*, of olden time. Perhaps, however, the Bishop will previously resign his enormous church preferment, in which case the inhabitants might be induced even to illuminate on his Lordship's entry. Poor Exeter will have had three Bishops within nine months!"

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The Belgian revolution promises to settle for *awhile*. We promise the friends of tumults that it will be but for awhile; and we should probably not go too far in promising them the erection of Belgium into an affiliated republic of France, when France shall have eased the Orleans' brow of the pageantry of a crown.

But for the present the High Allies have taken the Revolution under their care, and De Potter has been prevailed on to withdraw from its councils. This man seems to have been mistaken for a mere newspaper proprietor. He is now mentioned by the *Spectator* as a Belgian nobleman;—he is a native of Bruges, and his house there would be considered a palace—it is certainly equal in all points to Devonshire House. His fortune, for his country, is large—ample—and, for a single man, would anywhere be thought sufficient. By habit he is a student: his learning is considerable, his application immense. Whether by his study of the history of the Church, or by having fallen upon the works of Bentham, which are well known in Flanders, he has become a thorough theoretical Republican: hating all overweening authority, he would gladly sacrifice himself and his fortunes—all but his old mother—to right the cause, not of his country, but his theory. He hates all that is of Nassau, or Nassauish. They have tampered with him, they have coaxed him; but he has treated with them as sovereign to sovereign, and they, having the power, have beat him. He was beaten dead—when the French Revolution broke in upon his chamber, beaming with light—his little wretched chamber at the Black Swan at Vales, where the peasants, in secret, came to honour him. Had he been quiet even in Paris, it is possible the Bruxellois might have been cajoled or reduced to order, or by whatever name it be called. When he read the answer to the deputation on the part of the King of Holland, he cried out, "Cheatery!" He wrote a letter to the Belgian people, which was conveyed through the medium of the *Journal des Tribunaux*, exposing the designs of the King, accusing him of *finesserie*, and, in short, predicting precisely that which has happened—double-faced cruelty on the part of the Dutch Government.

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If men are ever to be taught by the example of others, the late career of the unfortunate Prince Polignac ought to give a lesson to ambition. A year ago he was in England leading a quiet and pleasant life, as Ambassador, in which he might have remained undisturbed till this hour. But he must be Prime Minister of France, and now he is the most miserable man in France, and in peril of his life by public execution. Not but that his execution, if it shall occur, will be an act of useless bloodshed, a piece of national cruelty, which without any conceivable good, will add to the national guilt, and alienate the entire good will with which rational men throughout Europe have hitherto looked on the late French revolution. The blood of Polignac and his fellow ministers, instead of cementing French liberty, will dissolve it, turn the revolution into a resemblance of the old days of terror; and bring down the still higher vengeance that is always visited on the wanton shedding of blood by a people. In the death of Polignac the French can contemplate no future good, no present use, nothing but revenge. The thirst of blood, is a principle which in every instance is forbidden equally to nations and individuals.

The course which will be adopted by the counsel for Polignac and his colleagues, upon their trial, before the Chamber of Peers, will be to shew that the crime with which they are charged is not high treason. It is said that, notwithstanding the express terms of the Charter, there are lawyers in France, and even in this country, who have shewn a leaning to give an opinion something to that effect. Witnesses will be examined from all parts of France for the prosecution. They will be, it is said, between 200 and 300.

If King Philip shall suffer this execution to take place, he is a King of Gotham, he is a King of Moonshine, and the sooner he sells his estates and transfers himself and his family to New South Wales the wiser he will be. Europe expects him to shew his firmness in this point, and if he hesitates for a moment between resigning his crown, and giving his sanction to a judicial murder, he is undone; undone in reputation first, and then undone even in the object for which he shall have sacrificed that reputation: his diadem will not be a twelvemonth on his brow.

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The last news from the Spanish frontier is like all that came before, totally disastrous. One of the letters mentions, of the date of Nov. 13th, that Vigo, who was supposed to be at Lharens Sallens, had not, on the contrary, been able to advance a step beyond the frontiers, and that Gurrea, who had penetrated as far as Barbastro, had been beaten and driven back on the French territory, leaving nineteen of his followers in the hands of the Royalists. Those unfortunate men were shot on the spot. All the villages were in motion at the sound of the tocsin, asking for arms to repel further invasions. Thus the cause of the refugees is irretrievably lost at all points of attack.

The French authorities have been called on by the Spanish Government to keep the insurgents within their frontier, which the French are doing in mere mercy to the poor devils of refugees, who, if they attempted any more expeditions like the last, must be undone. The obvious fact is, they have no force to effect any thing. Let them wait till the French *Republic* takes them under its wing.

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What a capital collection of pleasantries might be made out of those



on *dits*, which the multitude of newspaper readers look upon as the most serious pieces of intelligence ; for instance—

“ The report in circulation that his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex had declined becoming a candidate for the Presidential Chair of the Royal Society (in the room of Mr. Gilbert) is not true ; the Royal Duke not only continues to aspire to the honour, and to offer himself as a candidate, but he is the only Fellow of the Society who has, up to the present moment, declared such to be his intention.”

Here the jest is, that his Royal Highness of Sussex is a jovial fat fellow who knows more about a bottle of claret than all the science under the sun, and who must sit *mum-chance* in the Royal Society if ever they shall put him in their chair.

Another of the facetiæ is the following :—

“ During the discussion in the House of Peers last week, several Peeresses were present. On Monday evening her Grace the Dowager Duchess of Richmond was in the House, to hear the speech of the Lord Chancellor, on opening the regency question ; on the succeeding night Lady Holland sat in the same place, to hear the Duke of Wellington’s announcement of his resignation.”

Here the point is rather an impudent one, but an excellent joke nevertheless. Lady Holland is saucily represented as a fussing, forward woman, pushing herself into prominence on all occasions, when mere common delicacy would have made her avoid the scene. Indeed the idea of women thrusting themselves into the House of Lords, to listen to debates of which they of course cannot comprehend a syllable, is so masculine, that we think nothing more should be necessary, to convict them of beards. Mrs. Arbuthnot, we acknowledge, used to exhibit on those occasions, but then it was to prompt the faltering periods of his Grace of Wellington.

Another :—

“ Northumberland house is in a state of preparation to receive the noble Duke, who is, we understand, already on his return from his government of Ireland.”

This is almost cruel. The fact is, that the preparation of this noble mansion for the reception of its noble proprietor, notoriously consists in putting out all the fires, discharging the cook, and nailing up the hall door. The taste is hereditary. When the noble Duke’s father was quartered in Ireland with his regiment many years ago, he was compelled to give them a dinner at a tavern. Some of them accidentally discovered that their gallant colonel had been dexterous enough to contract with the landlord for their dinner at *five shillings a head* ! The officers not liking this lenten entertainment, privately ordered the landlord to enlarge his bill of fare at the rate of a couple of guineas a head. The dinner was superb ; and the noble colonel was delighted with his bargain. The appearance of the bill however cleared his conceptions on the subject. None spoke, all laughed, the money was wrung out in agony, and the officers were never asked again.

Another :—

“ The King of Holland is said to be the richest personage in Europe. Whilst he was King of the Netherlands his income was enormous, and his domestic expenses ever since the general peace have been extremely circumscribed.”

Here the jest is, that he is the most notorious prodigal. Under the affectation of saving a few pounds a year, to please Dutch parsimony,

he has lately been throwing away millions by the month; and to gratify the smokers of the Hague has gambled away Belgium.

Another, which involves a libel on an ambassador, no less a personage than Talleyrand.

"A newspaper correspondent, giving an account of the Prince's landing at Dover, expressed his surprise at seeing in Talleyrand, whom he had expected to look nothing but the cunning diplomatist, 'the countenance of an open, candid, and honest character.' This was shewn to Talleyrand, who coolly remarked, 'It must have been, I suppose, in consequence of the dreadful sea-sickness I experienced in coming over!'"

The fact is, the observation was manufactured in a committee of *diners out*, with little Luttrell in the chair. Talleyrand conceives the affair an unpardonable attack on his reputation, and declares, that after such an insult his embassy is at an end. We understand that he has demanded his passports.

Another:—

"The King of Naples, who died at Naples on the 8th inst., was born on the 19th of August, 1777, and was consequently in his 54th year. The eldest of his thirteen children, who succeeds him, was born on the 12th of January, 1810—his title is Ferdinand II. The late King was brother to the Queen of the French."

"The Marquis and Marchioness of Conyngham, and Lady Maria Conyngham, left Slane Castle on Wednesday morning, for Italy."

Nothing can be more malicious than the juxta-position of those two paragraphs, which might by simple people be supposed to have no connection. They however proceed from the Foreign Office, and are meant to insinuate that the heads of the noble family having been so long in the habit of nursing old kings, would as condescendingly be now ready to take charge of a young one, the salary being handsome, and the appointments suitable!

Another:—

"The new French coinage will bear the effigy of Louis Philip. The profile will be turned to the right, and on the reverse will be a crown of laurel, with the words '5 francs, 1830.' The device round the edge will be like the former pieces, 'Dieu protège la France,' in relief."

The point here is, that the coinage should bear the effigy of a King, who is merely the Mayor of Paris, or that his head should give any currency to a five franc piece, when if he stays in the country six months more, his life may not be worth half the money.

Another:—

"At seven o'clock on Saturday morning two troops of the Life Guards mustered at the Barracks at Knightsbridge, and marched on route to Dorking, where they were quartered for the night. Yesterday they were to proceed on their march to the various parts of Sussex, where the disturbances are at the greatest height."

Here the burlesque is, in supposing that any man who carried his brains higher than his boots, should conceive that those portly fellows with their brass helmets, steel cuirasses, and heavy horses, could by possibility be sent to ferret out incendiaries who have baffled the keenness of the Bow-street people, and who never appear by daylight between the hours of breakfast and dinner, the only hours when a colonel of any conscience could expect the Life Guards to be visible.

Another:—

"Austria has accredited Consuls to Greece, which is said to have



given great satisfaction to Russia, and drawn a military *cordon* in front of the Russian border, which is said not to be so agreeable in that quarter. The pretence is the danger of infection from the *cholera morbus*."

The point here is a play on the finesse of those sages, who call themselves ministers, and perpetuate blunders, loans, and war, through the nations. It is here shewn how Prince Metternich can at once give satisfaction and dissatisfaction to the same court, and how Russia can be at once pleased and angry. The *infection* is of course a pretence, and a happy example of how much may be made by a politician of a *cholera morbus*. Here instead of slaying a population, it will create an army.

Another, on the late outcasts :—

"The rest of the Administration have really occupied so little of public attention, that their names are hardly known. The Underlings who served under the Earl of Liverpool, then under Mr. Canning, next under Lord Goderich, and last under the Duke of Wellington—though they talk of acting in a body—will join the present, or the next Administration, or both, if they can. These convenient bodies must be in place, if possible, and if they only take subordinate offices, the public care nothing about the matter."

The sting here is, an attempt to insinuate that there are attached to administrations in this country, a set of poor devils called by the various names of Under Secretaries of the Treasury, Under Secretaries of State, &c. &c., whose only idea of public duty is that of scraping together their salary, and whose best notion of public honour is to cringe and kiss the toe of any man who will give them any thing. We disclaim the cruelty of this insidious imputation altogether.

Among the multitude of childish works that the press pours out, there appear from time to time some which are worth preserving. Among those are the adventures of Giovanni Finati and of Van Halen. Finati was the interpreter, or Janizary, who accompanied Mr. Bankes through Egypt and Syria. He is an Italian, who being seized by Napoleon's universal conscription, deserted from his army in Dalmatia to the Turks, and was by them, after some cruel treatment, compelled to turn Mahometan. The narrative is a mere outline, and yet it is amusing ; its truth is fully vouched for, and the scenes through which it leads (the war of Mahomet Ali in Upper Egypt, and against the Wahabees in Arabia,) are totally new to the European reader.

Van Halen's story is not less curious from the scene in which a large portion of it lies, the Caucasus, during the wars of the Russians with the mountain tribes. He was originally distinguished in his native service, the Spanish, during the peninsular war. On the return of the King he was thrown into prison as a republican, from which he escaped in a most romantic manner ; he then volunteered into the Russian service, and was employed in its Georgian army. There, however, some unexplained jealousy pursued him, and he was sent across the frontier under a guard, delivered to the Austrian court, and by it, after some delays, set at liberty, but with orders to keep clear of its boundaries in future. He returned to Spain, was forced to fly again ; went to America, came back to England, settled in Belgium, where he had some relatives, headed the late insurrection and beat the Dutch : was still unaccountably exposed to jealousies, and after having achieved this victory was thrown into prison in order to be tried for some offence to the patriotic cause. From that prison he has just been liberated, and he has the world before him once more. The book is spirited and interesting.

## THE LAST WORDS OF THE MEN AT ST. DUNSTAN'S.

PLACEMEN, churchmen, sinecurists,  
 Fops and courtiers, fools, and cits,  
 Nobles, noodles, talkers, tourists,  
 Kings, economists and wits!  
 Come, all creatures, clowns, sublime,  
 Tumblers in life's Pantomime!  
 Come, each whipper-in that lingers  
 To support some precious plan;  
 Ye who cannot "count your fingers,"  
 Ye who, graced with genius, can!  
 Come ye finders, and ye seekers,  
 Voters dumb, and drowsy speakers.  
 State-physicians, rhetoricians,  
 Deeply read in "aye" and "no;"  
 Advocates for abolitions,  
 Foes to fetters, whips and woe;  
 Half-pay hero, pensioned peer,  
 Dukes and dunces, hear us! hear!  
 Ye who, with unchanged approval,  
 Crown the fallen Duke with flowers,  
 Ye who mourn o'er his removal,  
 What have you to say to *ours*?  
 We, who held so long together,  
 Laughing at all sorts of weather!  
*We* were more for office fitted,  
 Far more, than his Grace, whose phiz  
 Rivalled ours—though all admitted  
 That our heads resembled his;  
 Whether made of brass or wood,  
 Still the likeness holdeth good.  
 We were to the people's liking,  
 For the folks who stopped the way,  
 Seeing *us*, saw something *striking*  
 Every hour throughout the day.  
 Yet we witnessed, while in place,  
 Nothing striking in his Grace!  
 One thing, though not used to slaughters,  
 Still we shared, as equals should;  
 For, like him, we looked for *quarters*,  
 Let the time be what it would.  
 He—like us—the moment hailed,  
 Never missed it, never failed.  
 Yet again some difference dwells;  
 For while Mars, allured by Venus,  
 To himself had several *belles*,  
 We had only two—between us.  
 Still it must be here conceded  
 That he *struck* them not—as we did.  
 We, you know, near "Peele's" resided;  
 So did he, although he scoffed;  
 But the folks who *there* presided,  
 When they feared to listen, coughed.  
 Mammoth shrunk into a mouse,  
 And 'twas called "Peel's Coughing-House!"



But 'tis done—swept off for ever  
 All our triumphs now are o'er;  
 Such a glorious trio never,  
 Since creation, fell before.  
 Yet he fought as he retired,  
 And at us his last shot fired.

Yes, at *us*—who disappointed  
 That the King should keep afar,  
 Longed to see a Lord's Anointed  
 Come on this side Temple-bar.  
 When, while we were waiting there,  
 Lo! a Letter to the Mayor!

Then, oh! then, for Birch and Gunter,  
 How we grieved; and sighed of course,  
 O'er our hopes of horse and Hunter—  
 Such a Hunter—such a horse—  
 Pallid palfry!—to eclipse  
 Him of the Apocalypse!

We—who, standing like two sentries,  
 Are at least two centuries old—  
 We who loved these public entries,  
 Gartered lords all gout and gold,  
 Knights and nonsense, giants, boys,  
 Fudge, and finery, and noise—

We were thus debarred from viewing  
 This, the triumph of the town;  
 And to finish our undoing,  
 Like his Grace, were taken down—  
 Sold, and sent, by two or three gents.,  
 To adorn a park—the Regent's.

Now we much desire to know—  
 But our hopes are dying embers—  
 Why our clubs must westward go,  
 Where they've far more *clubs* than members?  
 By the way—we've just bethought us  
 Why on earth Lord Hertford bought us?

If some classic female taste  
 Hath for us a predilection,  
 Sure he'll let our limbs be graced  
 With whate'er defies inspection.  
 Ladies peeping, we might scare 'em,  
 In that snug sub-urban Harem.

Yet in vain his lordship's labour,  
 When he panted to possess  
 Our illustrious statued neighbour,  
 Glorious, golden-sceptered Bess!  
 Scandal 'twere that such a scene  
 Should receive the Virgin Queen!

But farewell! we ask no pity,  
 And, like transports, bid adieu!  
 Farewell to the sighing city—  
 Gayer spots we go to view.  
 Fleet-street, haunt of gas and glee,  
 Fun is not confined to thee!

B.

## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

*A New Voyage Round the World in the Years 1823, 4, 5, and 6, by Otto Von Kotzebue, Post Captain in the Russian Navy; 2 vols. 12mo.*—This voyage round the world appears as an original production, but we suppose Captain Kotzebue published it in his own country—it is four years since he completed his tour. For the most part the regions he visits are not visited every day, and the intelligence he brings is most of it news. The missionary journals, indeed, furnish more recent information from the Pacific, but they do not fall into every body's hands, though, apart from their cant, they deserve a wider circulation, for they often supply much that is of value geographically and morally. Capt. K. tells his tale very agreeably—it is quite a personal narrative, and unencumbered with matters drily scientific, which seldom mix well with the details of a passing glance, and that is all the captain takes. There is often more liberality in the sentiments than seems calculated for the meridian of Petersburg.

Captain K. sailed from Cronstadt in a frigate of considerable size, with a cargo for Kanischatka (pronounced Kanschatska). His orders were to proceed from thence to the north-west coast of America, for the protection of the Russian company at Ross—to remain on that station a year, and then to return to Cronstadt. In going and returning he was left wholly to his own discretion, and he turned the liberty allowed him, to the prosecution of geographical discovery. Starting from Cronstadt, in the summer of 1823, he first landed at Portsmouth, and next at Rio Janeiro, where he met with Lord Cochrane, and made his acquaintance. Lord C. had recently quitted Chili, and was then in the Brazilian service, and longing to enter the Russian, for the purpose of assisting the Greeks and fighting the Turks. "War seems to him," says Capt. K., "as indispensable, and struggle in defence of a good cause the highest enjoyment." The captain, however, is puzzled how to reconcile this, which he calls enthusiasm, with the noble lord's passion for money. Doubling Cape Horn, with scarcely a gale to ripple the waters, he stops next on the coast of Chili, where though he was welcomed with apparent cordiality, suspicions were excited—the natives were full of alarms about the Spaniards, and he found it prudent to hasten his departure. From the port of Talcuquanha, he struck into the south-east trade wind, and 3,000 or 4,000 miles swept over in three weeks, took him to O Tahaita (for the O, it seems, is only the article), where he spent some time—long enough to ascertain the dege-

nerating condition of the island. The advance so rapidly made by the activity and energy of Pomareh is fast retrograding. The navy, of which so much was said a few years ago, has almost wholly vanished. Three or four missionaries, themselves ignorant men, rule despotically; and praying and preaching, Captain K. found substituted for more active pursuits. So completely cowed are the natives, by the theocratic discipline of these men, that they allow themselves to be driven to prayers by the cudgel. The religion of the islanders, Captain K. affirms, is mere formality. The missionaries, it is true, have abolished some superstitions, but only to make way for others scarcely less gross. Thieving and concubinage are under some restraint, but bigotry and hypocrisy flourish vigorously, and the Tahaitians are now any thing but the open and benevolent beings they appeared to their first discoverers. If human sacrifices are abandoned, it has been at the expense of a large majority of the population. They were once estimated at 150,000; and do not now exceed 8,000—the effect of the chief's (Taio) conversion, who butchered right and left, and almost cleared the island. There must be some exaggeration here, for the massacre took place in 1797, and Pomareh could never have accomplished what he did with a population of 8,000. A son of Taio, whom Pomareh destroyed, is still living,—he has, it seems, a party in the island, and Captain K. anticipates an explosion, and a violent end to the present dynasty and the missionary power.

At O Tahaita, he met with one of Adams's seraglio, lately returned to her native home from Pitcairn's Island. From information received from her, and an American captain who had recently visited the island, M. Kotzebue repeats the now well-known story of the settlement of the mutineers of the *Bounty*. The Maldu pays had brought the old lady home, but she soon changed her mind again. She found O Tahaita sadly degenerated—it was no longer like the Paradise she had left; nobody could be compared, she said, with her Adams. Missionaries, it seems, are likely to extend their dominion to that peaceful and gentle family. "May Adams's paternal government," says K., "never be exchanged for despotism, nor his practical lessons of piety be forgotten in empty forms of prayer"—a wish we heartily echo.

From O Tahaita Kotzebue steered westerly to Navigator's Islands, and beyond—ascertaining the geographical positions of several contested spots, and discovering new lands. Proceeding then



northward he reached the Radack Islands, a group, in about ten degrees north and one hundred and seventy east from Greenwich, which he himself, we believe, discovered in 1816. Landing at Otdia, he was joyfully recognised by many of the natives, and the name of Totabu (their articulation of Kotzebue) was echoed with delight. The natives of these beautiful islands are represented as gentle and well disposed—very much, indeed, as the O Tahaitians were originally. They have not yet got the missionaries among them.

On the captain's arrival at the Russian company's settlement, at Ross, on the north-west coast of America, he found his services not required for some months, and he filled up the interval by an excursion to California and the Sandwich islands. In a few months after his return to Ross, he was very agreeably relieved from a most unpleasant station—the description of which is, we believe, quite in tact, but we have no space for quotation—and he prepared to return home by the sea of China, and the Cape of Good Hope. In his way, he a second time called at O Wahi (Owhyee). The bodies of Rio Rio, and the Queen, had since his first visit arrived. He found a considerable change. Queen Nomahanna—who stands six feet two, without shoes or stockings, (for none from Europe can she get on, and none, of course, are made at home,) and two ells round, is governed by the American missionaries, and the island, like O Tahaita, is rapidly going backwards. The chief charm of the Christian religion seemed to the women to be—that they might now eat pork as much as they liked, and not be confined solely to dogs' flesh. He met an old man with a book—the captain inquired if he was learning to read—No, he was only making believe, to please the Queen. What is the use of B, A, Ba? Will it make yams and potatoes grow? Another old man was imploring the Queen's assistance—"If you won't learn to read," says she, "you may go and drown yourself." All this is enforced by Bingham, the missionary—discontents spread among the Yeris—they set fire to the church lately—Captain K. looks for nothing but a general revolt. The Captain, in his passage to the Ladrões and Philippines, made some new discoveries, and visited St. Helena in his way home, and has made a very pleasant book.

*The Life and Times of George IV., by Rev. G. Croly.*—There is scarcely any separating the private from the public life of a sovereign, or of one born to sovereignty, and in the case of George the Fourth least of all, for though fifty years old before his accession to power,

from his earliest youth he was mixed up with a party, who seized upon the heir-apparent as a ready instrument for worrying the minister, and promoting their own selfish purposes. The whole complexion of his life to the very hour of the regency was tinged with the colours of this restless party; they prompted his political actions, and encouraged his private expense; their leaders were his table companions, and even the blacklegs and demireps who hemmed him in on every side, were but the dregs of this absorbing faction. His purse and his credit were drained by excesses thus excited; they were the persons who flung his debts in the minister's face, and upbraided the sovereign's penuriousness as the source of all the mischief. Deeply impressed with the pernicious influence of this party on the conduct and character of the prince, Mr. Croly fills his spirited pages with the political history of the whigs; he is merciless in detecting their intrigues and exposing their obliquities; he triumphs in their defeats, and exults in their shame. The whole blame of the prince's first rushings into extravagance they threw upon the king, whom they chose to represent as keeping so tight a hand upon the youth that till the hour of emancipation, he knew not what relaxation meant—no wonder he leaped the fences of moderation—while the fact seems to have been, that though he and his brother of York were brought up with due observance of domestic regularity, they were early enough initiated in the decorous gaieties of their rank; and balls, and parties, and amusements, with those of their own age, were of sufficiently frequent occurrence to satisfy *any* class. Education at a public school, where they might have *roughed* it a little with their fellows—as the present king did with his brother middies—Mr. Croly justly thinks, would have been all the better for them and the country. They would scarcely have thought of laying the birch about the master of Eton, as it seems they did on the back of Arnold; or have been in after-life so fond of unworthy associates, as at least one of them was.

Scarcely had three years elapsed from the prince's first establishment at Carlton House, when debts to the amount of triple his income were found to have been incurred—the subject came before parliament—the sovereign, vexed at an outbreak that seemed to reflect on his parental management, and the minister annoyed by the caballings of the whigs, concurred in venting their angry feelings upon the young and scarcely censurable victim, and studiously made the arrangement a source of lasting annoyance. The turbulent efforts of the

party, apparently exerted for *his* benefit, formed a new tie, and in the following year their attempts to grasp for him the regency, rivetted it still more closely. Politics from that period were for a time abandoned in disgust; and profligacy and extravagance reigned unchecked but by accumulating embarrassments of debt, till in the year 1795, in an evil hour, the prince, compromised his character for honour and elevation of spirit, by compounding with the minister for the payment of his debts by taking a wife of his, or at least of others' selection. It was truly a heartless business, and Mr. Croly, though a ready apologist, expresses in manly terms his disgust as well at the motives for the marriage, as the sources of the early separation. The immediate occasion is attributed, without reserve, to Lady Jersey, who, by intercepting the princess's confidential letters to her family, inflamed the indignant lady finally to insist upon a formal separation. The prince's own embarrassments at the time are amusingly told.

The princess had no hesitation in requiring Lady Jersey's dismissal from the household. Her first demand was that this woman should not be suffered to appear at the table, when the prince was not present. The request was not complied with. The princess next applied to the king. His majesty immediately interferred, and directed that Lady Jersey should, "come no more into waiting," and should be given up. Half of this order was complied with; her ladyship was dismissed from her waiting; but she was not given up.

Never was there a more speaking lesson to the dissipations of men of rank, than the prince's involvements. While he was thus wearied with the attempt to extricate himself from Lady Jersey's irritations, another claimant came; Mrs. Fitzherbert was again in the field. Whatever might be her rights; since the royal marriage, at least, the right of a wife could not be included among them; but her demands were not the less embarrassing. A large pension, a handsome outfit, and a costly mansion in Park-lane, at length reconciled her to life; and his royal highness had the delight of being hampered with three women at a time, two of them prodigal, and totally past the day of attraction, even if attraction could have been an excuse; and the third complaining of neglects, which brought upon him and his two old women a storm of censure and ridicule. But the whole narrative is painful, and cannot be too hastily passed over.

From this period pleasure was again the business of life, and scarcely does Mr. Croly find any thing to record relative to the prince—save the celebrated inquiry in 1806—till the regency. Through the revolutionary wars the prince's repeated importunities for public employment were coldly repulsed; and even under the coalition ministry, when Fox was in power, no attempt at

a change, in this respect, appears even to have been contemplated. This unaccountable neglect was finally visited upon the whigs. When the restrictions on the regent terminated—power, absolute power, seemed to be theirs of right—they would listen to no terms—they proclaimed their intention of riding rough-shod through Carlton-House; and the gates were deservedly closed against them. The death of the poor old afflicted king gave the sceptre to the regent, and a few months brought over his insulted wife. She insisted upon her regal rights; the king was resolute in refusing them; he took passion and pride for his counsellors; he subjected her to a trial, and was, as he deserved to be, thoroughly baffled. Mr. C. throws all upon Lord Liverpool and his imbecility—"always, hitherto, a feeble, unpurposed, and timid minister, he now put on a preposterous courage, and defied this desperate woman." He might better have taken a tiger by the beard,' &c. But the truth is the King was imperative—Lord Liverpool, to be sure, had his alternative—but that alternative was resignation!

The volume, as the time will tell, is hastily got up, but vigorously written—the dictate of moral scorn perhaps too exclusively launched at the hapless whigs. Their story will be thought to be too prominently told, but it is an instructive story, and may well plead a justifiable excuse. Mr. Croly's animated eloquence is well known, and he falls short, in this effort, of nothing which he has ever accomplished.

*The Water Witch, or the Skimmer of the Seas, a Tale, by the Author of "The Borderers," &c. &c. ; 3 vols., 12mo.*—The novelist of the seas—produce what he will in the shape of tales—must always be readable; not that he ever makes a good tale, but because he paints his own element, and all that floats upon it, so admirably. *The Water Witch*, the name of a smuggling vessel, is but another Red Rover, in the beauty of its construction, and the facility, and all but intelligence, of its movements. The commander, the Skimmer of the Seas, is again the identical Skipper of the Rover—the same bold and reckless character, with the like generous and seaman-like qualities. The Skimmer is apparently nothing but a smuggler, while the other is wholly a pirate; but the marking difference in the *Water Witch* is the introduction of some mechanism and mummery to attach the crew to his person and interests by the chains of their superstitions. The scene of the tale is almost entirely confined to the waters of New York—the intricacies of which with the land, though laid down



with the precision of a geometrical surveyor, and described with the author's own glowing pencil, still require a *chart*—of so much importance are the localities to a tolerable conception of the piece. The chief characters are an honest Dutch Burgher's family, the Skimmer himself, and the gallant captain of the English cruizer on the station; and the period of time is the latter part of Queen Anne's reign, when Lord Cornbury, the queen's cousin, had just been superseded in the government of New York, but was still unable to leave the colony for the claims of his creditors. He is represented—historically—as a man of profligate habits, and driven—to enable him to meet the demands incurred by extravagance—not only to connive at smuggling, but to join in the ventures, and connect himself with even more unjustifiable transactions. Buccaneering habits still lingered among the English, and the Drakes and Raleighs, who were in their day no better than legalized pirates, had left their mantles behind them, and they were not yet worn to rags. Lord Cornbury is brought prominently forward, but unluckily for the interest of the tale, is not well mixed up with its texture—he only fills the pages, without advancing the story.

The old burgher has a country house a few miles from New York, but still within the waters of the estuary, where he occasionally goes, professedly for country air and retirement, but, in reality, the better to cover his intercourse with the commander of the *Water Witch*—for he dabbles in contraband wares. On one occasion he is accompanied by his niece, a wealthy heiress—a lady for whom the captain of the English cruizer avows his admiration. The captain, who calls to pay his devoirs, makes some awkward discoveries relative to the old burgher's dealings with the smuggler, and his duties and affections come a little into conflict. He is, however, too much a man of honour, and too much devoted to his profession, to suffer his public duties to give way to his private feelings. They only *modify* his conduct. Circumstances occur also to excite his jealousy—he surprises the young lady smiling very graciously upon a youthful, but very animated personage, who was displaying before her his silks and laces, and whom, the captain concludes, though he seems fitter for a lady's boudoir than a smuggler's deck, is the notorious commander of the *Water Witch*. That same night she suddenly disappears, and every body, as well as the captain, believes her to have gone off with the Skimmer on board the *Water Witch*. This remarkable vessel was well known on the station—the captain had long had orders to seize her,

and, exasperated as he was at the recent event, on discovering she was within the waters, he loses not a moment in commencing the pursuit of her. The chase is eagerly prosecuted, and vast space is occupied in describing the witch's manoeuvres, and the captain's annoyance, at finding himself repeatedly baffled. The sailors universally believe her some unearthly thing. Giving up the pursuit at last as hopeless, the captain returns to his station, and visiting the old burgher's country house he again finds the lady, who reappears as if nothing had happened, and again in company with the smuggler. The burgher's house is neutral ground—the Skimmer is safe from his resentments and his authority; but returning to his ship in the evening, the captain intercepts him in a boat, and whips him off to his own deck. The seizure is communicated, at the smuggler's desire, to the family, and they all, in a body, come aboard, and the captain politely cedes his cabin to the party. But the *Water Witch* is within sight, and he, with the visitors and the prisoner on board, again starts in pursuit of her, and is again fairly baffled—he loses sight of her, but falls in with a French frigate, and an engagement ensues, in which the captain offers the Skimmer a chance of redeeming his credit in the command of some guns. The offer leads to a discovery, which explains some previous mysteries—the Skimmer proves a lady, and declines the command. Returning to the New York waters the real Skimmer comes on board, and gives the captain notice of a new and more formidable French force; and, finally, by his exertions, and those of part of his crew, rescues him from certain destruction. Scarcely is the captain thus nobly rescued, when the ship is discovered to be on fire, and a tremendous scene of distress follows—from which, when all hope has vanished, they are again delivered by the *Witch's* crew. Discoveries and explanations now take place at the old burgher's—the lady who so long figured as the Skimmer is the old man's daughter—she finally refuses to abandon the Skimmer—(the scene here is a very striking one)—and he and she put to sea again, and are heard of no more.

*Principles of Geology*, by Charles Lyell, Esq. Vol. I.—Mr. Lyell's book is a masterly performance, and its publication will form an epoch in the history of a science, which, while its professors are most of them in chase of theories—thinking of little but *cosmogonies*—is yet adding daily to our real and useful knowledge of the globe, and detecting or defining the laws of nature. The leading object of the author is to shew

that those forces which are now confessedly in operation; constantly working changes, are precisely such as have produced the earliest traceable effects on the earth's surface. The introductory portion of the volume—after defining the legitimate objects of geology, and tracing the history of its progress through its chief professors from remote antiquity to the days of Werner and Hutton—is occupied with the removal of sundry popular, and some speculative objections to the doctrine which he professes to establish. Among the latter is what may be termed the theory of the progressive development of organic life. The strata of the earth apparently have been deposited successively, at different periods. In the earlier or deeper strata are found; it is said, nothing but vegetation, and first, of the simplest kind—then successively, nearer the surface, come shells, then fishes, then oviparous animals, then birds, then quadrupeds, and finally, in the gravel and sand, the diluvian formations, quadrumanous animals, and the remains of such species as now people the surface, along with the consummation of organic life, man. This theory, by certain geologists—Cuvier, the chief of them—is maintained as indisputable; and this theory, as most conflicting with his own conclusions, Mr. Lyell sets himself earnestly to subvert. A very little examination shews on what a very slight foundation this magnificent structure is built. In the lowest strata in which *any thing* organic has appeared, even vertebrated animals have been found—not numerous, it is true, but one undoubted specimen is as good as a thousand for the distinction of the absolute doctrine in question. The simplest vegetation, again, seems the cryptogamic, but even dicotyledons have been found along with them, and these, few though comparatively they may be, are at once fatal to the theory of successive development. Geological facts, in short, do not warrant the now popular notion of a traceable gradation from the simplest to the most complex forms in unison with the successive strata of the earth; nor will the confessedly recent origin of man interfere with the author's doctrine, that the laws of nature now in operation differ not from those which produced the oldest known effects. In his mind, man is not the concluding link, no, nor any link, in the supposed series; his superiority consists not in any part of his organization which is in common with animals, but in his intellect—his reason, with which there is nothing to compare in animals—no gradation, no approach. The instincts of animals are unimproveable, or, at all events, the improvement of which they may seem slightly susceptible, is

not transmissible—the race-horse is not more *intelligent* than the cart-horse. The truth apparently is, that too little is yet known to warrant such broad deductions—our acquaintance, geologically, with the globe in its whole circumference, is comparatively insignificant; and facts are continually concurring to shew how precipitate these speculatists have been. In spite of the eternal babble about the inductive process, it is for ever lost sight of. Mr. Lyell is a sober inquirer, and as far as the real facts and discoveries of geologists have yet gone, he finds no ground for concluding that the globe has ever been governed by different physical laws.

The proper object of geology is to investigate the changes which have taken place in the organic as well as in the inorganic portions of nature; but as the inorganic changes are most apparent, they claim the author's first attention. The great agents of changes are *aqueous*, rivers, torrents, springs, currents, and tides, and *igneous*, volcanos and earthquakes. Both are instruments of destruction as well as of reproduction, and both, too, may be regarded as antagonist forces. The aqueous are perpetually levelling the inequalities of the earth's surface, while the igneous are as incessantly active in disturbing the level—elevating one portion and depressing another. Two-thirds of Mr. Lyell's interesting volume are taken up with estimating the workings of these potent agencies, describing at the same time all the most memorable effects recorded in every part of the globe. With the same view a glance is taken round the whole of the English coast. The geological changes in the organic kingdoms of nature will occupy another volume, which, from the author's extensive knowledge and sober judgment, will, we doubt not, be looked for with interest.

*Camden, a Tale of the South; 3 vols. 12mo.*—This is an American tale, published originally at Philadelphia, and fairly brought into the English market by Mr. Newman, for what it is worth, and not reproduced as 'fresh fish.' To the few who have any knowledge of the military details of the American war of independence, Camden will be recognised as the scene of General Gates's defeat in South Carolina, by Lord Cornwallis, in the year 1780. Success is the criterion of worth with half the world, and Gates's reputation rose as much above his real deserts, by the Convention of Saratoga, as it sunk fathoms deep below them by the disasters of Camden. His best merit in the one case was that he was cool, cautious, and *lucky*, and his greatest discredit in the other, that he



was enterprising, dashing, and *unlucky*. He preferred a short but barren route to the south, to a fertile but circuitous one—the measure was bold and adventurous, but not, therefore, precipitate and ill-judged. Circumstances called for a *speedy* encounter with the enemy; and unhappily the troops were surprised—forced into action, when weakened by disease and short allowance, and after the exhaustion of a night's march—the Caroliners fled at the first onset, and the rest were overwhelmed by numbers, after a resistance that commanded the admiration of their conquerors.

In the tale comes a Captain Templeton to the house of old General Lethbridge, who resides on his property, in a state of retirement, a few miles from Camden, to announce the advance of General Gates, and solicit his co-operation, and influence in the neighbourhood. This captain is the hero of the novel, and Miss Lethbridge, the general's daughter, is the heroine. The young folks had met before, and had felt a mutual attachment, the ardour of which, however, had been chilled by misunderstandings—these are of course soon cleared up, and the dying embers of affection rekindle and blaze afresh. The old general bestirs himself without loss of time, collects his friends, joins the troops, and mingles in the fatal fight. The officers connected with the tale are most of them wounded, and all captured. Among them is the colonel of Templeton's regiment, the Marylanders, who after the battle is introduced to the Lethbridges, and when released on parole, visits the family, where he falls in love with the young lady or her fortune, and forthwith resolves by hook or by crook to supplant the captain. The colonel is a very Lovelace, as profligate, as mischievous, as plotting, and unprincipled, with even more of the *infernal* about him. He is a disciple of Hume and Voltaire, and of course, in the writer's conceptions, not only capable of villainies of every kind, but *disposed* to execute them. He contrives to involve his rival in charges of cowardice, disobedience, and treason, and the victim is finally cashiered upon one of them. The details of the profligate colonel's intrigues—the merited punishment he at last meets with—the clearing up of Templeton's honour—his restoration to rank, and the final reconciliation with the heroine and her friends, constitute the texture of the tale. The piece is completely American—not merely in subject, but in character. Dusty Sam is coarse painting, and so is fat Captain Roebuck, but doubtless both of them have resemblance to realities—one of them is a Kentuckian. Old Lethbridge is well sustained, with all his predilections in favour of the Great

Frederick of Prussia. The young ladies are, both of them, agreeable sketches—scarcely refined or affected enough for our boudoirs. Like all the ladies who figure in American novels, they are full of exclamations and expletives—Lord, how pretty—Lord, how mad you make me—with a thousand similar phrases, universal with the most cultivated in England a century ago, and still general enough in the middle ranks of society. Colonel Tarleton and his dragoons, and one Captain Huck, of the same corps, seem to have left a terrible impression—they are represented as very devils incarnate. The novel is well calculated, by its local and historical information, to extend our acquaintance with America, and we are glad to see it reprinted. Mr. Newman, we hope, will go on—will select the best, and not be deterred by competition of loftier pretension.

*Demonology and Witchcraft, by Sir Walter Scott, Bart.*—In spite of the many occasions on which the author has shewn more than a common penchant for the marvellous, these letters as good as deny the farther possibility of either ghosts or witches. On witches he has no mercy, at any period, ancient or modern, nor indeed any tolerance for spirits, except when he discusses the demonology of the scriptures, where, as may well be supposed, he is too sound a theologian to carry scepticism beyond the orthodox point. Nothing, to be sure, can well be less peremptory than his sentiments on this part of the subject. "Wise and learned men"—"men of no mean authority," have said so and so—except, when speaking of the obscurities of the Bible on these matters, he oracularly adds, "all is told that can be important for us to know"—and here he is as peremptory in fact as he is prostrate in words. But as to witchcraft he has no misgivings. Witchcraft implies a compact with the devil, which he seems to affirm was as impracticable, when the Prince of Air exercised powers all but sovereign, as it is now when, apparently, if we take Sir Walter right, he has none at all. The Law of Moses directs that witches shall not be suffered to live. But what sort of things were those witches to which Moses alludes? Why, that somewhat puzzles the author as well as other folks; but he has a point to enforce, and therefore the knot must be cut, if it cannot be united. The original word, he is told, may have meant nothing but dabblers in poisons; and though the Witch of Endor professed to deal with spirits, she was pretty clearly an impostor, and at all events there is no evidence that she had any thing to do with the devil—professionally. Therefore, the scriptures are not fairly lia-

ble to the charge—a charge which has never, we believe, been made by any but such as shrink from a confession of ignorance—of denouncing an impossible crime. Then why punish, and that capitally, an imaginary offence? Because, it seems, the tendency of a power of appeal to spirits, real or imaginary, was to withdraw the Jews from their allegiance—it was an encouragement of idolatry, and justly fell under the same penalty. But though the female professors of witchcraft, in the scriptures, were as mere impostors as their successors in modern times, Sir Walter seems to hesitate about the gentlemen—the *wizards*, if not the *witches*, may have had the benefit of supernatural communications—Pharaoh's magicians, for instance—we do not know why. The truth is, there is—*pace divinum*—a deal of twaddle in this portion of Sir Walter's entertaining gossip.

The volume is, indeed, a choice collection of stories relative to the treatment of witches in courts of justice, in Scotland and England. Pitcairn's collections have contributed largely. Sir Walter has also given us his interpretation of most of the popular tales of apparitions—assigning most of them to disease, on Hibbert's principles, many to defective evidence, and some to still more obvious causes—not always very satisfactorily. To shew how easily a ghost, or the rumour of one, may be laid, he tells a story of a family alarmed by noises in the night. The head of the family, a gentleman of birth and distinction, and well known in the political world, determined to discover the cause of these terrific noises—he watched and heard the sounds—in the depth and silence of the night they were truly awful; but the man of birth and political distinction had his senses about him, and at last traced them to the efforts of a rat struggling to escape from an old-fashioned trap in which he had been caught. "The circumstance was told me," says Sir W., with becoming gravity, "by the gentleman to whom it happened." But what had the rat to do with the previous noises? Did he play the same prank every night? Towards the close of the volume is a good specimen of the garrulous—the author tells of his own sensations, at two epochs of his life, at nineteen and forty-four, when he slept in haunted rooms, but nothing came of either, and it would be difficult and, as the Greeks might phrase it, not difficult to say why either was told.

*Cabinet Cyclopædia—History of France, Vol. I., by Eyre Evans Crowe.*—Our national literature has long wanted a condensed history of France—not a mere sequence of events—but a survey made

by somebody deserving the name of historian, with time to gather up opinions and customs, and an eye to mark their bearings upon current ages and after ages—the bias of parties—the prejudices of professions—the struggles of different orders in the state—and thus through masses of facts develop the successive steps of cultivation, and still more those which checked the march of constitutional government. *Such* an historian, not to the very perfection of beau-idealism, but yet to a very respectable degree—Dr. Lardner has unearthed in the person of a Mr. Eyre Evans Crowe. The name is new to us, but he is obviously no novice in scribbling. His history of France is worthy to figure with the works of his associates, the best of their day—Scott and Mackintosh—he is less easy than the first, but more graceful than the second—he has not the power, perhaps, of ready combining so conspicuous in the one, but shews no deficiency in what is considered the other's chief excellence—he generalizes and even moralizes with quite as much effect, if it be with less solemnity and pretence. We were satisfied Sir James was not so immensely in advance of his age, as to the philosophy of history, that all new competitors must of necessity be distanced in the race—Mr. Crowe will run him hard. It must not, however, be forgotten, he has had the full benefit of Sismondi's able performance.

The early periods of the history Mr. C. does but glance at. From Clovis to Charles Martel there exists, he observes, not a personage worthy of the reader's attention or memory—there is not recorded an event or an anecdote which could excite any feeling save disgust. Charlemagne, whose reign constitutes the great epoch of modern history, claims a closer regard; but his successors, again, require as little as the Merovingians; and the reigns of the Capetians, up to St. Louis, are described by Sismondi as one long interregnum, during which the history of France was a history, not of its monarchs, but of the nobles. The remark, however, applies only to the first four Capetians—Louis the Fat, and his successors shewed more activity, and paved the way for the greater decision of St. Louis. This was the age of the Crusades. Pilgrimages had been long in fashion; vast numbers visited the holy sepulchre; they went in crowds; one bishop headed a body of three thousand; another, one of six; the greater the assemblage naturally the more they were liable to ill-treatment—they began to excite alarms. These unarmed expeditions, with the cruelties exercised upon them by the Mahometans, suggested hostile ones. "The universal thought of an age is often referred," says Mr. C., acutely,



"to the first bold utterer of it. To Peter the Hermit, is attributed the honour of the first crusade," &c.

To consolidate and legalize the royal authority, which Philip Augustus and his son had strengthened and extended, was the task of St. Louis, and his chief resource was to balance the lawyers against the nobles. The nobles had need of men of study and business to aid them.

Legists were thus introduced into the Parliament, and these soon engrossed all its authority and power. They became almost a fourth order in the state. Raised from the lower or middling classes, they were jealous of the aristocracy, and more so of the priesthood; and they laboured with inveterate diligence to raise royalty, to which they owed their own elevation and honours, on the ruin of those two estates. The ensuing hundred years of French history might be called the age of lawyers, so universally did they dominate and bend every power and institution to their will. It was their teachings and maxims that gave to Kings that divine right which the church at that time claimed for itself. That devotion to royalty, which in romance is considered to be the characteristic of the high-born, was in reality first held and forced upon them by the plebeian lawyer. This profession, which in later times has given to the cause of liberty its ablest advocates, laid, in the 13th century, the firmest foundations of absolute power.

The princes of the house of Valois are well known in English history. The throne came to them by the operation of the Salique law, then, in Mr. C.'s judgment, recently established. Louis X. left a daughter, but Philip, his brother, succeeded, and was the first that so succeeded. This maxim was by no means previously established, known, or understood. Chance, the mature age of Philip, the friendless state of Louis' daughter, together with the circumstance of her mother's infidelity, were the true origin of a rule so unique and so important! The Salique law was confirmed by a decree of the States General, which the new King summoned for the purpose. Philip left only daughters. A son of Philip the Fair succeeded: he died without children, and the crown thus passed to the Valois branch. Our Edward's claim was not, therefore, so utterly unreasonable as Hume affirms. Hume is wrong in stating that his claim was not entertained by any in France, and wrong too in stating that the Salique law was an old established opinion.

It is not till the reign of Francis the First that Mr. C.'s history enters much into detail.

That period (he says) may be called the frontier line of modern history; it is the horizon which bounds our historical view; all within it stretching in continuance up to the very present, separated only by three centuries—an interval which, however great it may seem to us, is in reality no

very extended portion of time. To this epoch may be traced the different political systems and fortunes of the European states. They had then, each of them, attained their national limits. Nations, like men, when they arrive at maturity of growth, seek to exert their force externally. To encroach upon, to conquer, to reduce their neighbours, is the natural impulse of the many as of the few. Laws and civilization have restrained the frowardness of man; it is to be hoped that a still greater degree of enlightenment may yet equally tame the envious and ambitious spirit of nations; and that man in the aggregate may at length be taught the moral wisdom and forbearance which have been forced upon the individual.

The extract closes with a hope, which takes the form of a moral aphorism, and one that is beginning to be generally tasted. Mr. Crowe's volume terminates with the reign of Henry IV.—and as a mere narrative is remarkable for *neatness* in the sketching of events; but it has higher merits.

*Encyclopædia Britannica. Part VIII.*—This very superior edition of the most popular of our Encyclopædias continues to keep the word of promise; it is true to the periods of publication, and many of the articles shew proof of the editor's promptitude. The greater portion of the part before us is occupied with Playfair's well executed dissertation, and the treatise of Algebra, neither of which required addition or correction; but *Algiers* is brought up to the latest moment, and *Allahabad* and *Almorah*, in the east, have the benefit of Heber's remarks. *Almanack* commemorates the improvements wrought in this essential article of life by the exertions of the Diffusion Society, though we see not why the editor should adopt the term *blasphemy*, which the society has chosen to apply to Moore's nonsense. The *Nautical Almanack* is noticed without any allusion to recent occurrences. So long as Maskelyne superintended it the publication might be safely relied upon—it now smacks of the indolence of establishments. It is notoriously incorrect. Considerable sums are expended on the calculations;—we are glad to see Sir James South keeping a sharp lookout. In the *Life of Alleyn* the player and master of King James's Bear-garden, and founder of Dulwich College, is a letter containing an anecdote which brings together Alleyn, Shakspeare, and Jonson. The letter is from George Peale, the dramatist, to a friend of Shakspeare's. Alleyn, it seems, had charged Shakspeare with stealing the speech to the players in *Hamlet*, from his occasional conversations, which Shakspeare did not "take in good sorte." Jonson put an end to the strife—"This affair," says he, "needeth no contention; you stole it from Ned, no doubt;

do not marvel; have you not seen him act times out of number?"

By the way, a *key* to the letters affixed to the principal articles would be acceptable to many; and more so first than last.

*Waverley Novels. Vol. XVIII.—The Monastery. Vol. I.*—The Monastery succeeded Ivanhoe. In Ivanhoe Sir Walter migrated to new scenes, and actions, and manners, expressly to avoid wearying his readers with eternal sameness, and to repel also the possible insinuation that he was *at home* no where but in his own country. The Monastery, however, placed him in Scotland again, but why or wherefore—what reason or caprice impelled—the author himself does not, it seems, recollect, and surely, as he himself hints, nothing can well be of less importance—*furca expellas naturam*. Fielding, we remember, in his *Journey to the Next World*, represents some doughty critic consulting Shakspeare about some contested passage of his—"Really," says the dramatist, "it is so long ago, I cannot tell myself what I meant." The Monastery was the least popular of the Waverley novels. The conception of the White Lady—no fault could be found with the execution—met with little sympathy. Such imaginary beings must be mixed up with gaiety—any attempt at the serious with them must for ever fail in England. De la Motte Fouqué, in one of his most successful compositions, produces a beautiful, and even an affecting effect by the introduction of a water-nymph who loses the privilege of immortality, by uniting her lot with a mortal who treats her with ingratitude. The White Lady is avowedly an imitation of this successful attempt. "She is connected with the family of Avenel by one of these mysteries, which in ancient times were supposed to exist, in certain circumstances, between the creatures of the elements and the children of men. Such instances of mysterious union are recognized in Ireland, in the real Milesian families, who are possessed of a Banshie; and they are known among the traditions of the Highlanders, which, in many cases, attached an immortal being or spirit to the service of particular families or tribes." The confession, or statement rather, is made by the writer to exculpate himself from the charge of introducing, wantonly, a being of inconsistent powers and propensities.

With his usual good humour and good taste the author thus winds up a long explanation.—"Still the Monastery, though exposed to severe and just criticism, did not fail, judging from the extent of its circulation, to have some interest for the public. And this, too, was according to the ordinary course of

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such matters; for it very seldom happens that literary reputation is gained by a single effort, and still more rarely is lost by a single miscarriage. The author, therefore, had his days of grace allowed him, and time, if he pleased, to comfort himself with the burden of the old Scots song,

"If it isna weel bobbit,  
We'll bob it again."

*Maxwell, by the Author of Sayings and Doings: 3 vols.*—Nobody is so much at home as Mr. Theodore Hook in *Life in London*. In the city—with the theatre—among the lawyers and doctors, he is in his proper element. No novelist of the day enters so thoroughly into the recesses of society in the middle ranks, and none, as a consequence, so skilfully anatomizes their tastes and feelings. Though giving the form of fiction to all his observations, he is essentially a dealer in facts, or in what assimilates admirably well with ordinary matters. He spins as little as any one we know from imagination merely. He only modifies realities according to his taste for the production of effect, which often smacks of the tricks of the stage. There is nothing, in short, in his pages for which he could not produce authority—in real fact, or in common report. The reader feels from beginning to end he is conversing with one who knows the world, by the tact, which nothing but such knowledge will give, with which he measures the motives of action, and strips off disguises. He is no *romancer*, and what is no slight recommendation, his tales may be administered as infallible specifics against mawkish and morbid sentiment.

The tale is wholly domestic—the fortunes of Maxwell and his family—constructed on the tantalizing system. The author's secrets for producing effect, are suspenses and surprises. He has developed his tale by analysis, but we, if we sketch it at all, must reverse the scheme, and proceed synthetically, or we shall never bring the sketch within our straitened limits. We must explode the grand mystery of the tale at once. Maxwell is a surgeon of eminence, in full practice—a lecturer on anatomy also, with a school at the back of his premises, as Joshua Brookes used to have in Marlborough-street. One evening a body was brought, as usual, by some of the minions of the moon; it was not dead, and Maxwell recognised it as the body of a gentleman, a merchant of respectability, who had been executed that morning for shooting his partner. Great sympathy had been excited in his favour, and Maxwell especially, believed him innocent; but the evidence, though wholly circum-



stantial, seemed irrefragable, and he was hanged. *How* he came into the hands of body-snatchers is not so clear. No matter—Maxwell resolved to save him—with a full sense of the peril he incurred, and the difficulty of secreting the unhappy man. He accomplished the hazardous attempt; but not without involving himself in a good deal of perplexity, and subjecting himself to uncomfortable surmises with his family—especially from his midnight visits, and from occasional intercourse with the gentleman's daughter—a most beautiful girl, whom his son accidentally came in contact with, fell desperately in love, and all but discovered. Finally, both father and daughter are shipped off safely for one of the Azores. Maxwell will make neither of his own children confidants. Though a most indulgent parent—as most parents are, so long as they are unopposed—he was despotic upon points. His daughter had caught a glimpse of the resuscitated patient, and was bound by her father to eternal silence. The son was peremptorily commanded to desist from farther pursuit of the lady, as one, without an explanatory word, who must bring disgrace upon himself and ruin upon his family. His daughter, a very charming and intelligent girl, had early given her affections to a very handsome youth, of whom Maxwell, a Scotchman, and as proud as a Highlander, disapproved, on the ground of his *mother's* illegitimacy. He contrived to pack him off to India cut off all correspondence, and by fallacious statements, finally induced her to accept for a husband his own broker, who had gained an ascendancy over him, and involved his whole property in the share bubbles of the day. Though a coarse fellow, the young lady, after many delays, marries him, in compliance with her father's importunity, and thinking that though he was unlicked and uncongenial, he was honest, and she might be comfortable, if not happy.

The marriage took place, and never was honey-moon more suddenly eclipsed. The bridal party go to Brighton, and the very next day an Indian lands Somerford, her old lover, whom she had been told was dead, before her own eyes. He had returned with a full purse, and a full purpose of marrying the fond object of his early affections. An explanation follows, and in the agitations which ensue, comes alarming news from the city. The broker hastens to London; the case is desperate; all is lost, and Maxwell with his son and daughter fly to the Madeiras, to escape his creditors. The broker driven to his last shifts, commits an act of forgery, and is also forced to fly. At the Madeiras, Maxwell and his family are

warmly and hospitably welcomed by the son of the man he had restored to life. Filled with grateful feelings, he takes a deep interest in Maxwell's fortunes—gives Maxwell's son half his business, and proceeds himself to London to inquire into the actual state of his affairs. They prove to be not so bad as the broker had represented them—he had not, in fact, been able to *complete* his villanous intentions. While gathering the wreck of Maxwell's fortunes, the young man discovers his father's clerk under sentence of death for forgery—he confesses to the murder for which his master had been executed, and the honour of the family is thus restored. Somerford, in the meanwhile, seeking some relief for his disappointments, withdrew to Cheltenham, where he fell in with a nobleman, who turned out to be his grandfather—the legitimate father of his supposed illegitimate mother. Somerford succeeds to the title and estates. While driving to a villa of his at Richmond, he encounters the Maxwells, on the road towards town—the young lady is in mourning—she had just heard of the death of the worthless broker—her husband of a day—the widow, of course, becomes my lady, and is repaid for all her sufferings; and old Maxwell, of course, too, no longer opposes his son's union with the lovely daughter of the resuscitated merchant—whose honour is proved to have been unsullied.

A friend of Maxwell—a Dr. Moss, a singular mixture of coarseness and acuteness—of real or affected cynicism, and undoubted good feeling, is, it must be supposed, a portrait—nobody ever *imagines* such eccentricities.

*The Bereaved—Kenilworth, &c.* by the Rev. E. Whitfield.—A very sweet and gentle tone of sentiment pervades this little tale. Though the poetry exhibits no fertility of fancy, it is full of deep feeling—if plaintive it is not sickly, and the melancholy has always the *ratio sufficiens*. The story is told gracefully, and the versification is easy and melodious. The Bereaved loses a beautiful wife while yet in the bloom of youth. She leaves behind an infant child, the recollection of which first lifts him from the depths of despair, when it seemed relief was nowhere to be found.

'Twas found—convulsive heaved the breast,  
To which the lovely babe was prest—  
Sudden it stretched its little hands,  
As if to clasp in such weak bands  
A father's neck; the artless child,  
Then, like a cherub, sweetly smiled:—  
Enough—o'er all his trembling frame  
The feelings of the father came;  
Shone in her face his sainted wife,  
Spake in that smile, and waked to life

Affection's current; ah! what force  
 Resistless urges on its course!  
 Moved—melted by the thought that she,  
 Who loved so true—so tenderly,  
 Asked for her babe his fond caress,  
 Bade him its infant life to bless,  
 And prayed that it might ever prove  
 A fond memento of her love,  
 He wished to live, the watch to be,  
 Over his young child's destiny;  
 In startling peril a defence—  
 The safeguard of her innocence;  
 He hoped in her fair form to trace  
 His Anna's sweetness, Anna's grace;  
 And, in that casket see enshrined  
 The jewels of his Anna's mind.

The child grew up all the fond parent  
 could wish—the image of her mother;  
 —she had cheered his loneliness, and  
 her education had given an interest to  
 life—when she too was torn from him,  
 by the same ruthless disease, which,  
 from the climate of England, or the  
 over-coddling of the higher classes—de-  
 clines are not so prevalent among the

poorer—sweeps away the more delicate  
 and beautiful portion of the sex.

Brilliant the glances of her eye,  
 And fresh the roses on her cheek,—  
 Ah! what foretold this brilliancy?  
 What did the mantling colour speak?  
 They told of early change—decay—  
 Of sudden flight from earth away—  
 Of union with the angelic throngs,  
 To whom such loveliness belongs!  
 And thus it was, her wasting frame  
 Confessed the insidious fever's flame.  
 Her father marked the change; dismayed  
 He called on man, on Heaven for aid;  
 But vain the skill, and vain the care,  
 Vain was the wish—the impassioned prayer;  
 As the rich flower in fragrance bathed,  
 By the terrific lightning scathed,  
 Blighted reclines its dying head,  
 And prostrate falls on earth's dark bed;—  
 She drooped—she pined—till at the last,  
 Over her pallid features past  
 A sacred smile, and she was gone—  
 Mysterious Heaven claimed its own!

## FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS.

### ANNUALS.

Distinguished by superior size—and  
 price—stands the *Keepsake*. The beauty  
 of most of the other annuals are but  
 mere flowers compared with the gem-  
 like pretensions of this; yet we must  
 confess it is by no means so brilliant as  
 it might be, and is altogether far less to  
 our taste than many of its competitors  
 of an humbler class. We should not  
 “justly place the gem above the flower”  
 in this instance.

The frontispiece—Haidee, Eastlake,  
 and C. Heath—gleams upon us like a  
 syren, and lures us to look further; it  
 is like a lamp lighting us to a shrine of  
 beauty. The vignette on the title page  
 has a pretty effect, but the figures are  
 strangely ill-drawn; Flaxman never  
 originated such singularities. The Gon-  
 dola, F. P. Stephanoff, and C. Heath,  
 is superbly engraved, but meretricious  
 in sentiment. Miss Sharpe's Juliet has  
 lost little of its lustre in this engraving;  
 it is by J. C. Edwards. Another bril-  
 liant production by Heath is Mima,  
 from a drawing by Cristale. The Use  
 of Tears, by Bonnington and C. Rolls,  
 is a beautiful subject, richly, yet some-  
 what coarsely engraved. The Swiss  
 Peasant, H. Howard and C. Heath, is  
 most delicately finished; it is succeeded  
 by scenes far different yet almost as  
 fair; Sea-Shore, Cornwall—Bonnington  
 and Miller; and Adelaide, somewhat  
 elaborate and affected, by Chalon and  
 Heath. Saumur, by Turner and R.  
 Wallis, is irresistible in its light and  
 shadow, and furnishes food for a whole  
 morning's contemplation. Milan Ca-

thedral, Prout and W. Wallis, is its  
 equal of an opposite kind. Another of  
 Turner's, engraved by Willmore, suc-  
 ceeds—Nantes, varied and picturesque,  
 gleaming through a transparent mist.  
 There are others—one or two being  
 scarcely inferior to those we have nam-  
 ed. Of the literary contents, one of the  
 best pages is the list of the contributors,  
 which almost rivals “Burke's Peerage,”  
 —it is alarmingly aristocratic—Lady  
 Blessington, Lord Morpeth, Lord Por-  
 chester, Lord Nugent, Lord John Rus-  
 sell, and Honourables without number.  
 We have read their several productions  
 with the greatest solemnity and respect,  
 and have been internally amused where  
 amusement perhaps was never contem-  
 plated. There are about three clever  
 things in the volume—the “Moral  
 Song” by the editor certainly *not* being  
 one of them. We do not recollect to  
 have seen such a specimen lately—we  
 wish we could extract it, as a sample of  
 editorial taste. After the classic motto,  
*Vanitas vanitatum*, &c., it commences—

Though from certain crimes exempt,  
 Don't indulge in those that tempt;  
 True no doubt you spill no blood—  
 You're not, therefore, very good:  
 Those who, blessed with fortune, can't  
 Feel the cruel power of want,  
 Cannot even in this day  
 Even wish to rob or slay:  
 Vaunt not then that you're exempt  
 From the crimes that *do not* tempt.

We have intimated that these lines  
 are written by the Editor of the *Keep-  
 sake*: we have done him an injustice—



we have not given his name. It is F. Mansel Reynolds.

To prevent any disappointment that might arise from a scarcity of English Annuals this year, destiny has provided us with a French one, a counterpart of the Keepsake, to be entitled *Le Keepsake Français*, and has here sent us eighteen very seductive engravings—very brilliant and eloquent apologies for the introduction of an additional volume per annum. These embellishments are principally executed by English engravers from pictures by French artists; so that this production will present a union of art which it is presumed may be interesting to its admirers in both countries. Dieppe, by Harding and W. R. Smith, is full of pleasing effect, which might have been heightened. The Ass and the Reliques, Xavier le Prince, and G. Corbould, is beautiful in spite of the artificial air that distinguishes it.

We are pleased to see, in the portrait of the Queen of the French, by Hersent and Thomson, the countenance of a gentle, elegant, and intelligent woman. The Lake of Como is more affected than Stanfield's compositions generally. The correctness of the perspective as regards the figures is questionable. It is atoned for by the succeeding print—Lawrence's exquisite portrait of Miss Croker, as exquisitely handled by Thomson. A different order of beauty follows, Barnard Castle, in which Willmore has well embodied the soft rich depth of Turner's pencil. Curiosity, by Roqueplan and Humphrys, is a light and graceful group. Don Quixote, by Bonnington and Sangster, is far from coming up to our imaginative portrait; it is too hard—the leg looks as impenetrable as the armour. Cromwell and his daughter, Decaisne, and E. Smith, is bold, rich, and animated. The Young Widow, Rochard, and E. Graves, is arch, animated, and beautiful,—the eyes are most satirically swollen: it is a curious composition—forcibly contrasted with the Chevalier de Lauzun, and Madame de Montpensier, E. Deveria, and F. Bacon, the personification of fashion and formality—yet, withal, beautiful. There are six or seven more—one or two equal to those we have named—and all to be in one volume, so that we need not say it will be a rich one. By the way, we had almost forgotten to observe, that these engravings are also to illustrate an English work, the *Talisman*, edited by Mrs. A. Watts, which will consist of scattered beauties, with a few originals; and of which we augur well from the editor's assurance, that she will be guided not by "distinguished names" alone, but by "the intrinsic merits of the articles." We have no fear that "the lady doth protest too much;" we wish certain

elderly editors of the same sex would follow her example.

*The Amulet*, hitherto distinguished for its fervid sentiment, pure precepts, and moral feeling, merits an especial welcome. The character of the present volume will recommend it universally—to the admirer of art for the increased beauty of its embellishments; to the grave, for its refined moral touches; and to the gay, for its light, delicate, and agreeable variety. It is a book for all moods—for summer as well as winter. The frontispiece is the finest flower in its wreath—if we say, the finest in the entire range of this year's culture of the annuals, we shall not exceed the truth. The subject is Sir Thomas Lawrence's magnificent picture of the Countess Gower; and to this Mr. Finden has done entire justice; it is rich, deep, and brilliant. A single glance at the Resurrection will identify it as an effort—and a fine one—of Martin's; it is engraved by H. Wallis. It is a relief after this to look at *The Orphans*, by J. Wood and C. Rolls—a very touching and graceful composition, conceived in the true feeling. *Cromwell at Marston Moor*, by A. Cooper, from a drawing by an unknown artist, and engraved by Greatback, is all strife and spirit; *Cromwell* is alive, and the horses are fearfully animated. *The Florentine*, by Pickersgill and Edward Finden, is of a high character; the boldness of this contrasts with the simple beauty and purity of expression of the *Village Queen*, by J. Boaden and C. Marr. *Sunset* is one of Barratt's best—it has all the warmth of colouring. *Florence*, by Turner and Goodall follows it. But we must stop, and take a glance at the literature. *The Tempter*, answering to its title, attracts us first; it is the story of Ayoub the Mighty, an Arabian legend full of moral power, eloquence, and imagination. *Dr. Walsh's Irish Legends and Traditions* are highly curious and amusing—but they must not delay us from a delightful little sketch by James Montgomery, *Home, Country, all the World*. *The Indian Mother*, by Mrs. Jameson, and *Eastern Story Tellers*, by Mr. Carne, are among the best articles in this year's annuals. *Miss Jewsbury's History of a Trifler* is most pleasantly written; and the *Roman Merchant*, by Mr. Banim, is one of his happiest sketches; to our extreme satisfaction it is not too intense. But we come to *The Dispensation*, by Mrs. Hall, the crown and charm of the volume. This equals Mrs. Hall's best—we are sensible of the compliment conveyed, but we cannot diminish it by a word. The characters are finely drawn and finely grouped—the incidents at once romantic and natural. Imagina-

tion is evermore checked by a sense of what is due to the harmony of nature—to which Mrs. Hall's sketches are always singularly faithful. We have scarcely a niche left for the poetry—there is much that we could wish to quote, by Mrs. Norton, Mr. Kennedy, James Hogg, Miss Landon, and Miss Bowles. We are almost grieved at the impossibility of evincing our admiration of the Poor Man's Death Bed, by the last named lady, by quoting it. We have copied it into the album of our memory, as some atonement, and shall cherish its recollection. In closing this beautiful volume, we must beg to assure its editor that in no part of it has he better shewn the purity of his taste than in his preface. It is by far the most eloquent that we ever read—for it contains but ten lines.

Contrasted with the gaiety of its annual companions comes the gravity of the *Iris*. In point of embellishments it may rank with the best. The frontispiece, Christ blessing little Children splendidly engraved by J. W. Cooke, is one of West's best compositions; and the title-page is adorned with a head of the Saviour, by Lawrence, distinguished by a meek and touching expression, but not elevated in character. It is the beautiful rather than the sublime. Then follows St. John the Evangelist (Dominichino), by W. Finden—Nathan and David (West), by S. Sangster—the Nativity (Reynolds), by A. W. Warren, a lovely little picture—Madonna and Child (Correggio), by A. Fox, in which the engraver has shewn more taste than the painter—the Deluge (N. Poussin), by E. Roberts—Christ blessing the Bread (Carlo Dolci), by W. Ensom—Infant St. John and Lamb (Murillo), by Davenport—Judas returning the thirty pieces (Rembrandt), by W. Rad-don, very rich and Rembrandt-like—and Jesus with Mary in the Garden (Titian),

by W. Ensom, in which the tone and colouring of Titian are as distinct as the graver can render them. If great names are worth any thing, this list is a golden catalogue; nor will the expectations which it conjures up be disappointed. We are glad to see the old beauties of the art in this new and splendid attire—to see the gigantic creations of the great masters brought before us in miniature. The literature is too sombre for our taste; yet its piety should protect it from being pronounced dull. All lighter matter is not excluded from it. The Curse of Property, by Mrs. S. C. Hall, is as fresh and clear as a spring in the desert; and Miss Porter's Sketch of Sir Philip Sidney is an offering worthy of the poet of prose-writers. The poems by the editor may lay claim to the merit of being graceful compositions,

and display taste, if they are deficient in the higher poetical essentials—power and imagination. They seldom rise into the full beauty of their subjects. The poet who treats of such matters as Mr. Dale has selected, should possess a fancy that can “play i’ the plighted clouds:” he should at once, to adopt Hazlitt's description of Coleridge, “enter into his subject, like an eagle dallying with the wind.”

Of the illustrations of Mr. Watts' *Souvenir*, we have already expressed our opinion. Coming before us as they now do, with all the accessories of clear type, gold edges, and splendid binding, we are inclined to like them rather better than at first. In the insinuating garb of such a volume as this, blemishes themselves take the semblance of beauties. The Lady Agar Ellis, the Narrative, and the Trojan Fugitives, are gems like those of the Irish Maiden, “rich and rare.” The author of “Lillian” is foremost on the list of contributors. In his Legend of the Haunted Tree there are many wild notes of genuine poetry; and his Belle of the Ball Room is superior both in idea and execution to any thing of the kind that has lately appeared. Lady Olivia's Decamerone is pleasant as far as it goes, but it is a mere fragment of the fun we anticipated. Mr. St. John's Palace of the Rajah Hurchund is glowing and oriental. We admit the moral, though we cannot find the music, of the ballad of the Three Guests, by Mary Howitt; poems of this class should be first-rate, or they are nothing. The Smuggler's Last Trip, though it presents no new feature to distinguish it from a thousand of its class, touches the true key, and awakens interest. In the lines on the frontispiece, the Mother and Child, Mr. Hervey has availed himself of the full license of poetry, in making very wide circles round his subject—now and then losing sight of it altogether; there is too much gloom and too little grace in it to serve as a comment upon the lustre of Laurence. We like the Last of the Titans, by Wm. Howitt; and the Toorkoman's Tale (there are too many of these tales) by the author of the “Kuz-zilbash.” Much might be said, had we space, for Woman's Wit, Love-Breezes, by Miss Jewsbury, and the Last of his Tribe. We were excited by the animated account of the Bull Fight, by the author of the “Castilian;” and interested in the deepest sense by the History of Sarah Curren—who would have been entitled to our regard independent of the song of Moore's in which her memory is embalmed. We cannot particularize all the poetry that has pleased us. Miss Landon, Miss Bowles, and Mrs. Watts have contributed richly



to it; two pieces by the editor are also to be seen glittering among the gems of the volume.

Another young candidate, the *New Year's Gift*, edited by Mrs. Alaric Watts, invites us to glance at its pretensions. We open it with timid fingers, for we fear to leave a stain upon its delicacy. It commences with the Wooden Leg, engraved by Chevalier, from a picture by Farrier. It is full of that artist's quaint humour, and makes the frontispiece really fascinating. The Boat-Launch, M. Guet and W. Rivers, is a pleasing group, but the little nauticals do not seem interested in their sport. The Little Savoyards, Edmonstone and Greatbach, is much better: the figures are well relieved; the expression of the young musicians, quite foreign and characteristic, is properly contrasted with the infant who is rewarding their melody. An Indian Scene, by Wm. Westall, though a beautiful design, looks somewhat faded. A Soldier's Widow is a clever engraving, by Baker; considering her height, however, she should have been called the Grenadier's Widow. The Sanctuary, by R. Westall and Rolls, is an effective composition, and forms an interesting termination to the list of embellishments, which, with slight exceptions, are worthy of a high rank in this class of the annuals. The editor observes in her preface, that "those who cater for the amusement or instruction of the juvenile public must be content to sacrifice all ambitious notions of authorship; and to study rather to develop the intellects of their readers than to display their own." Some of the contributors to the *New Year's Gift* have done both; it contains many pleasing papers—such as *Tonina*, by Mr. M'Farlane—the *Broken Vase*, the *Cock*, the *Fox* and the *Farm-Yard Dog*, by Cornelius Webbe—the *Jungle*, by Miss Roberts—*Constantine* and *Giovanni*—and a very neat little *Sketch—How Disagreeable!* Of the poetry we prefer Miss Jewsbury's *Far, far from Home*, and some clever stanzas, illustrating the *Soldier's Widow*, by N. P. Willis—which have, it appears, been published before.

*The Comic Offering, or Lady's Mélange of Literary Mirth.*—Here is a new comic offering, the production of a lady—*Louisa Henrietta Sheridan*. A better name than Sheridan could scarcely have been associated with such a book—the "*Louisa Henrietta*" could have been dispensed with. Such elegant vulgarities as we find here are not fit themes for ladies, who can seldom be very delicate and very droll at the same time. Of the numerous subjects of merriment in this rich and tasteful looking volume, many are decidedly unladylike, and some

positively vulgar. This, which must be regarded as a conspicuous blemish upon its beauty, is the more remarkable from the note of refinement with which Miss Sheridan commences her performance. Her work, she says, is expressly intended for "female perusal;" Mr. Hood may say the same thing. The lady's subjects are as little circumscribed, and her humour takes as many licences. Her annual, in short, except as regards *originality*—an important item in works of this class—is an exact counterpart of that by the author of "*Whims and Oddities*;" and we see no reason, therefore, why she should ask in her prospectus—"Shall a clown be admitted to the drawing-room, or pantaloons enter the boudoir?"—and still less, why she should answer it by saying—"No, not even under a *Hood*." One thing the lady and gentleman seem to share in common—a propensity to confound the painful with the pleasurable, to look for the elements of mirth in the disagreeable and the afflicting. One of the polished pleasantries of this volume is called "*A Beam on the Face*"—the head of an unfortunate fish-woman coming in contact with a plank borne on the shoulder of a passenger. Now we cannot see why fish-women, more than clowns, should be admitted into boudoirs; in addition to which, fish-women are, we presume, females; and we perceive, therefore, not the slightest drollery in fracturing their skulls for the sake of a poor pun. There are two or three jokes the humour of which consists in people falling into wells—this is for the sake of saying, "*Let well alone!*"—and another called "*Going it in high style*," represents two ladies tumbling over a stile into a pond, a mishap which seems to be a source of amusement to two gentlemen who are peeping over the pales. The book is full of these delicate jocularities—things, be it understood, which we chiefly stop to cavil at, because they are the ideas of a lady who pronounces herself "best qualified to decide on the strict boundaries of delicacy and refinement." An allusion is made in the preface to her "own feelings," her "youth and sex;" which she hopes will "point out the proper course to pursue;" these we should regard as satisfactory apologies for a want of wit and talent, but they form the very reasons why we think the "course" Miss Sheridan has pursued any thing but a graceful one. What would be a mere speck in Mr. Hood is a blot in a lady. We should have regarded such little freedoms as those we have noticed as perfectly innocent in any other writer; but they certainly indicate bad taste in a lady who writes a chapter upon refinement, and finds fault

with people as pure, it seems, as herself. We select a specimen of refinement from the "Miscellaneous Misceries."

Sigh XIV. Playing in concert on the Confident, when you are not eminently gifted by nature with a predilection in favour of garlic; a grand flute player stationed at your elbow, with the open end of his flute close to your happy nose.

Among the cleverest things in the volume are the Chart of Celibacy—Large Development of the Musical Organs—Ball-Firing (very laughable, but certainly unladylike)—and the East India Company, a gentleman receiving visits from every inhabitant of the East: an elephant entering by the door, a tiger by the window, and a boa writhing gracefully round him. The last embellishment—a livery-servant, prodigiously bow-legged, saying, "Will you walk this way, Sir?"—is also excellent. In the literary department, Rural Felicity, Married or Single, and Single and Married, are by far the most conspicuous in merit. Much—most, we should say, of the poetry is despicable; and for the puns—but they are too preposterous even for puns. A few of them, however, are extravagantly comical. Taking the annual as it stands, it is a singular compound of cleverness and pretension.

*The Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society Delineated; Quadrupeds. Vol. I.*—We must regard this work, published with the sanction of the Society, and superintended by the secretary and vice-secretary, as a substitute for Transactions—and a very pleasant substitute it is. It contains all the information that the general reader can desire—quite as much as we are accustomed to find in more elaborate publications—and its facts have the rare advantage in works of science, of being presented in the most agreeable shape. We must admit that had the Society expressly issued this volume, instead of merely extending its sanction to it, we might have had it at a much more moderate charge; but quartos alone are supposed to carry dignity with them, and a light, elegant, and popular book like this is considered too trifling a vehicle for the grave communications of science. Science too, delights in technicality, and prefers a language of its own; but the editor of the work before us, conceiving that the first duty of a writer is to be intelligible, uses only common phrases upon common subjects; and instead of wrapping up his meaning in abstruse and mysterious terms, leaves it as open to the apprehension of the reader as clear and simple forms of expression can make it. The editor has enjoyed one great advantage

—of collecting his facts and making his descriptions from living and preserved specimens in the Society's collection; where he has been obliged to follow the track of others, to content himself with the statements of previous writers, he has equally evinced his taste and discrimination. He has not, of course, attempted any thing like a system, such a volume as this precluding the possibility of classification: a systematic index, however, is appended to the work, arranged according to Cuvier.

The illustrations, of course, form an important feature. They are very numerous, and are executed, from drawings on wood, by Mr. Harvey, by Branston, Wright, and others. We must confess that the execution of them is very unequal. There is too prevalent a hardness in the various substances forming the coverings of the animals, and an un-artist-like monotony in the outlines, as in the back of the chinchilla. We could wish to have seen more of the feeling displayed in the grey squirrel, the ratel, and the American bison. What is called the *cutting*, is throughout decidedly clever; but truth of appearance should never be sacrificed to this mechanical dexterity. We would instance the flying squirrel, p. 185, where the soft fur of the animal, the hairy tail, the leaf behind and the branch beneath, all seem composed of the same material. This exhibits want of feeling; and in delineations of animals, so distinguished for variety of texture, is especially censurable. Something, we think, has also been occasionally sacrificed to elegance of attitude. With all his genius, Mr. Harvey has a taste for a superfluous refinement that disposes him to regard nature as invariably *graceful*; some of his animals remind us of the epithet in the "Tempest," "a most *exquisite* monster." The vignettes or tail-pieces are exceedingly bright, picturesque, and fanciful.

We have again to express our approbation of the *Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels*. The Seventh Part contains a view of Edinburgh Castle, by Stanfield, very beautifully engraved by William Finden; the effect is as poetical as a lover of the "auld town" could desire. The others are—St. Anthony's Chapel, by Barret—Loch Awe, and Ben Cruachan, by Fraser—and the Hill of Hoy, by Copley Fielding, from a sketch by the Marchioness of Stafford. These are very tastefully executed by Edward Finden.

The nineteenth is one of the very best numbers of the *National Portrait Gallery*. Sir Thomas Lawrence's picture of Lord Goderich, has been ably engraved by Jenkins, and is followed by a portrait of Richard Porson, by Kirby



and Hall, "a portrait which," as his biographer observes, "bears evidence of truth, by preserving the strong indication which marked his countenance." The concluding portrait is that of the Hon. G. A. Ellis, beautifully engraved by Scriven, from a painting by Phillips. The expression here, however, has been refined and finished into something far beyond the character of the original; and notwithstanding a general resemblance, it does not come by any means so near the truth as Mr. Jerdan's sketch of his character.

The third sample of *Views in the East*, comes before us with unabated beauty. The first is Assan Mabal Beejapore, by Boys and Hamilton; the second, Jumma Musjid Agra, by Purser and Boys—both of them picturesque scenes, skilfully engraved. The last, and we may add, the loveliest, is Cawnpore, by Prout and Mottram. This beautiful scene is almost *English* in its character; and but for the oriental buildings gleaming here and there among the foliage, we might fancy that the smooth transparent tide was real Thames-water, and that the trees on its banks were growing in our own soil.

We have been highly gratified by looking through six numbers of a very

novel and interesting publication—*The English School, a series of the most approved productions in Painting and Sculpture, from the days of Hogarth*. Each number contains six outlines from the most celebrated modern pictures; they are executed by French artists, and are accompanied by brief descriptive notices in French and English. The names of the painters—for we have not space to particularize the various subjects—form an irresistible catalogue. The choicest works of Wilkie, Morland, West, Fuseli, Lawrence, Reynolds, Harlow, Leslie, Newton, Flaxman, Stothard, Barry, Mulready, Nollekens, Gainsborough, Northcote, Chantrey, &c. (we must abridge even such a list as this) are here brought before us in the prettiest manner possible. If there are one or two that might have been omitted without injury, there are twenty others that it would have been a sin to have left out. These outlines are among the most beautiful that we have seen: in some instances the accuracy and spirit of the figures are surprising, considering the smallness of the scale. They are cabinet treasures. In addition to their other merits, they have a beauty that cannot fail to recommend them to all admirers of art—cheapness.

## WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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A History of the Reformation in Switzerland. By A. Ruchat. Comprising a Period of Forty Years, viz., from 1516 to 1556. Translated from the French, by Joseph Brackenbury, Assistant Chaplain at the Magdalen.

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A new edition of Colonel Montagu's Ornithological Dictionary, with numerous illustrative wood-cuts and additions. Edited by J. Rennie, Esq., F.S.S., is announced.

A History of the late Revolution in France. By the Rev. Arthur Johnson.

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Knox's History of the Reformation of Ireland in Scotland; with an Historical Introduction and Notes. By William M'Gavin, Esq.

The fifteenth volume of "The Annual Biography and Obituary," to be published on the 1st of January, 1831, will contain Memoirs, among other distinguished persons, of Sir Charles Vinescombe Penrose, the Right Hon. George Tierney, Sir George Montagu, His Majesty George IV., Lord Redesdale, Sir Charles Brisbane, Dr. Gooch, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Bishop James, Sir Thomas Staines, Dr. Somerville, Sir Charles Morice Pole, Bart., William Bulmer, Esq., Sir Eliab Harvey, the Right Hon. William Huskisson, Major-General David Stewart, William Hazlitt, Esq., Major Rennell, &c. &c.

Mr. Curtis, Surgeon Aurist to His Majesty, has in the press a new edition of his Treatise on the Physiology and Diseases of the Ear.

The Life of Thomas Fanshawe Middleton, D.D., Lord Bishop of Calcutta. By the Rev. C. W. Le Bas, M.A.

H. H. Wilson, Esq. has in the press, at Calcutta, a new Edition of his Sanscrit and English Dictionary, much enlarged.

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A Century of Birds, from the Himalaya Mountains, now for the first time delineated. By John Gould, A.L.S.

Don Telesforo De Trueba, the Spanish novelist, has in the press a new Tale under the piquant title of "Sins and Peccadillos."—The same accompanied by M.M. New Series.—Vol. X. No. 60.

plished writer has, we understand, in active preparation a Satirical Novel, which bears strongly on the events and follies of the day. Both works will make their appearance in the course of the season.

## LIST OF NEW WORKS.

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## MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

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THE tone of our country letters and reports has been, for a length of time, and at the present unfortunate crisis especially is, rather political than agricultural: our elders held that, in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom; confiding in that axiom, the Legislature can scarcely err, unless from the uncertainty as to what branch of the tree of wisdom it may be expedient to light upon. The autumnal quarter has been singularly favourable, and in perfect contrast to its predecessors, for every operation of husbandry; the only cause of regret being the length and expensiveness of latter harvest, atoned for yet, in a considerable degree, by the superior condition of the late gathered corn and pulse. The dry weather of October was in the highest degree beneficial to the heavy, wet lands, with the drawback, however, of rendering them, particularly the clover and bean stubbles, cloddy and stubborn, and almost inaccessible to the seed-plough; this again, to consummate our autumnal good fortune, has found a remedy in the showers of the present month, rendering the clay friable and practicable, and enabling the farmer to deposit his seed in the soil in a manner favourable and early beyond expectation. It has been said that, the season being so inviting has induced many farmers to sow a greater breadth of wheat than they had either intended or hoped. Accounts of the year's crops continue unfavourable, and in a greater degree when brought to the test. It is now asserted, and we fear too much in the guise of demonstration, that wheat, far from being a general average, is more probable to be scarce as consumption advances, and that we must still rely on foreign assistance. The markets have hitherto been very scantily supplied with English wheat, and the price high, though the known necessities of the farmers seemed to lead to a very different result; but it is said that, with too many of them, the stock of wheat has fallen very short, and that they have but little to dispose of. Certainly, however, the pressing business of a late harvest, and the demand for seed, the troubles in some parts of the country, and even the quantity of corn destroyed by abandoned profligacy, must have contributed to keep the markets thin of supply. In many expected large crops of wheat, the abundance has been found chiefly to reside in the straw, and on heavy lands the crop has proved inferior to that of 1829. Barley, the next article in value, however partially fine, is a total failure on soils insufficiently light and dry. The condition of all stacked corn has been much improved by the favourable change of weather. The crops of every description seem to have suffered most in our northern border countries, and in Scotland. Much of the distress of the times has been, by our rural economists, laid to the change of the currency; but we do really apprehend that taxes, tithes, short crops, and high rents, have been far the most active and efficient agents in the business, and but for their presence, we should have heard little about changes of currency.

The seed season for wheat, rye, and winter tares, is thus, for the most part, completed; but the state of the lands to which the seed has been committed, presents a most discouraging consideration. Every kind of weed, the growth of our soil and the curse of our husbandry, has been left in full luxuriance,—the couch-grass trimmed and pruned by the plough for a new vegetation, which is actually taking place in chivalrous rivalry with its twin brother the wheat! As an addition to our misfortunes, or our errors, the slug continues to commit enormous depredations on the young wheat, insomuch, that many farmers have judiciously drilled fresh seed upon the bared places: the old remedies, also, of quick-lime, ashes, soot, and salt, have been called into activity, and applied chiefly in the after-part of the day. Mangold (beet) proved a middling crop, the roots not of large size, but the vegetation abundant, which was generally ploughed into the soil as a manure. The roots were saved and stored in good order, and the favourable change of weather improved the turnips, but came too late to render them a profitable crop. They are small in the bulb, and perhaps cannot be generally rated at above half a crop. Swedes, though natives of a more rigid climate, cannot resist the vicissitudes of ours. As an atonement for this, there is yet



plenty of grass; and should the weather continue open, cattle will be supported abroad, and our winter resources much economized. Markets and fairs are much in the same state as described in our last Report, varying in different parts of the country as to readiness of sale, and the reverse; but on the whole, prices are obviously improving. Cattle have also come to market in an improved condition, and in sufficient numbers to meet the demand; but the heavy losses suffered this year by the graziers, and the general want of money, have made them cautious. Though the rot in sheep has prevailed extensively, it has yet left a number of the sound equal to the demand; none however, even of these, are now saleable without warranty. In the mean time, common sense cannot restrain a laugh at the idea of sheep-owners trusting to the infallible nostrums of advertising quacks, to cure what? a rot—animal disorganization, perfected and complete internal corruption! We would earnestly recommend an application in such a case to Mr. St. John Long—miracles are obviously in requisition, and no one knows what miracles might be wrought by a touch of counter-irritation, whether on sick or sound sheep.—Sows seem to have become as prolific as in former days, and many fairs have been absolutely littered with pigs. Horses are not generally ready of sale, and even good ones do not command so high a price as of late, with the exception of cart colts, and the best of that kind. Money, even in the present dearth, is forthcoming for fine cart horses; and the patriotic and practical Coke, of Holkham, harangues the tenantry in vain, to recommend the economy of ox-labour, with the renovation of our exhausted soil, and the employment of our surplus labourers, through the only effective means of the Tullian husbandry. Wool, at a pause in some districts, is still on the advance in others, and no stock on hand among the largest flock-masters. The herring fishery has been successful on the Kentish coast, affording great relief during its season to the poor of that disturbed county. Manchester has been unfortunately visited by a tremendous storm, accompanied by deluges of rain, which swelled the river Irwell upwards of forty feet above its usual level, and inundated the roads, and thousands of acres of meadow land; this, with the loss of live stock, and damage to bridges, houses, and manufacturing establishments, cannot be estimated at a less sum than one hundred thousand pounds.

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*Smithfield.*—Beef, 2s. 8d. to 3s. 10d.—Mutton, 2s. 4d. to 4s. 6d.—Veal, 4s. to 5s. 2d.—Pork, 4s. to 5s.—Rough fat, 2s. 7½d.

*Corn Exchange.*—Wheat, 54s. to 78s.—Barley, 28s. to 42s.—Oats, 19s. to 32.—London 4lb. loaf, 10d.—Hay, 50s. to 105s.—Clover ditto, 56s. to 105s.—Straw, 27s. to 36s.

Coals in the Pool, 28s. 6d. to 37s. per chaldron.

*Middlesex, Nov. 22nd.*

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## MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

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**SUGAR.**—The Sugar Market has been rather dull all the week; by public sales about 900 hogsheads, tierces, and barrels of Trinidad, Antigua, and Barbadoes on Tuesday last went off 6d. and 1s. lower. No general reduction in market prices by private contract. It the refined market there is an uncertainty as to prices, holders refusing to sell at the very low prices which are stated to be accepted for money; the few offers that have been made on lumps and low lumps have been on very low terms; the prices of which, since the alteration in the bounty, the reduction has been considerably greater than upon any other description of goods, the melters having continued to purchase Prussian lumps, and single, at about 70s. to 72s.; the transactions however have been limited to very small parcels, chiefly for crushing for the Mediterranean. In grocery descriptions there has been less doing, but prices are steady. By public sale, on Tuesday, 59 puncheons Antigua, 12 puncheons Trinidad molasses, good quality, 21s. 6d. to 22s.—East India Sugar. The quantity of Siam sugar arrived, and to be brought here, is very considerable; in consequence of the state of Antwerp the prices have given way about 2s. per cwt.; about 7500 have been already disposed of, middling to good white, 24s. to 25s.; low white, 21s. to 23s.; brown, to very fine yellow, 15s. to 21s. No purchases of foreign sugar by private contract. By public sale, 400

bags damaged Havannah; the whole went off rather lower; white, 26s. 6d. to 29s.; yellow, 15s. to 22s.

**COFFEE.**—Sales have been very limited; the whole went off heavily at prices a shade lower; considerable sales of St. Domingo, good to fine old colouring, 33s. to 35s. The East India was old Cheribon, sold at full prices, 33s. and 33s. 6d.; Brazil, 34s. and 34s. 6d.

**RUM, BRANDY, HOLLANDS.**—Several offers have been made for parcels of Rum under quoted prices, but they have been rejected. Brandy is very dull; the best marks offer at 5s. 6d. In Geneva there is no alteration.

**HEMP, FLAX, AND TALLOW.**—Tallow is less firm. In Hemp and Flax there is no material alteration.

*Course of Foreign Exchange.*—Amsterdam, 12. 4½.—Rotterdam, 12. 1½.—Antwerp, 00. 0.—Hamburg, 13. 14½.—Altona, 00. 00.—Paris, 25. 25.—Bordeaux, 25. 65.—Berlin, 0.—Frankfort-on-the-Main, 151. 0.—Petersburg, 10. 0.—Vienna, 10. 10.—Trieste, 0. 0.—Madrid, 00. 0.—Cadiz, 36. 0¾.—Bilboa, 36. 0¼.—Barcelona, 36. 0.—Seville, 36. 0¼.—Gibraltar, 49. 0¼.—Leghorn, 48. 0.—Genoa, 25. 75.—Venice, 46. 0.—Malta, 48. 0½.—Naples, 39. 0½.—Palermo, 118. 0½.—Lisbon, 44½.—Oporto, 45. 0.—Rio Janeiro, 18. 0½.—Bahia, 27. 0.—Dublin, 1. 0½.—Cork, 1. 0½.

*Bullion per Oz.*—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars £3. 17s. 9d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s. 0d.—New Dollars, £0. 4s. 9½d.—Silver in Bars (standard), £0. 0s. 0d.

*Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham CANAL, (¼ sh.) 286½.—Coventry, 850½.—Ellesmere and Chester, 73½.—Grand Junction, 244½.—Kennet and Avon, 25½.—Leeds and Liverpool, 390½.—Oxford, 600½.—Regent's, 20½.—Trent and Mersey, (¼ sh.) 600½.—Warwick and Birmingham, 280½.—London Docks (Stock) 67½.—West India (Stock), 177½.—East London WATER WORKS, 122½.—Grand Junction, 00½.—West Middlesex, 77½.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 8½.—Globe, 153½.—Guardian, 25½.—Hope Life, 6½.—Imperial Fire, 110½.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster, chartered Company, 56½.—City, 191½.—British, 1½ dis.—Leeds, 195½.

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

*Announced from October 23d, to November 22d, 1830, in the London Gazette.*

### BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

T. Poole, Fore-street, linen-draper.  
J. Owen, Chiswell-street, victualler.  
C. Appleton, Northampton, hosier.  
G. T. Elgie, silver-street, wine-merchant.  
J. Crosby, Spofforth, joiner.

### BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month 119.]

*Solicitors' Names are in Parentheses.*

Armstrong, H., Castle-street, oilman. (Duncombe, New North-street  
Andrew, M., Crown-court, insurance broker. (Lovell, Gray's-inn  
Arkinstall, T., Knighton, farmer. (Rosser and Son, Gray's-inn  
Bowring, H., Mincing-lane, colonial broker. (Baddeley, Leman-street  
Bleaden, J., Lothbury, stationer. (Davies, King's-arms-yard  
Byers, J., Little St. Thomas Apostle, tailor. (Bonsfield, Chatham-place  
Bremner, A., Coleman-street, merchant. (Patterson and Co., Mincing-lane  
Burne, T., J. Smith, and P. Woodgate, jun., Watling-street, warehousemen. (Fisher, Walbrook

Brown, H., Norwich, haberdasher. (Tilleard and Co., Old Jewry  
Best, W., Noble-street, ironmonger. (Ashley, Royal Exchange  
Burgin, W., Old-street, corn-dealer. (Smith, Charter-house-square.  
Bumford, E., Mile-end-road, builder. (Carter and Co., Royal Exchange  
Baker, J., Brinscombe-port, and Bourne, coal-merchant. (Crouch, jun., Southampton-buildings  
Bull, C., Longdon, farmer. (King and Son, Serjeant's-inn; Chrood, Cheltenham  
Barker, J., Mattersey, miller. (Holme and Co., New Inn; Swann, Nottingham  
Clarke, C., Old Gravel-lane, corn-dealer, (Brooking and Co., Lombard-street  
Causon, E., Tewkesbury, victualler. (Bonsfield, Chatham-place; Winterbottom and Co., Tewkesbury  
Cattle, W., Sheriff Hutton, cattle-dealer, (Evans and Co., Gray's-inn; Ord and Co., York  
Chapman, R., York, innkeeper. (Evans and Co., Gray's-inn; Ord and Co., York  
Chapman, J., Liverpool, merchant. (Chester, Staples-inn; Ripley, Liverpool  
Cooper, R., Plas Ucha Dwygyfylchi, dealer. (Tucker, Southwark  
Christian, T. B., Leicester, salt-dealer. (Dove, Carey-street; Smith, Rugeley.  
Crawley, T. C., Axminster, ironmonger. (Tre-



- hern and Co., New Inn; Baker, jun., Manchester  
 Clark, G., Camberwell, baker. (Bousfield, Chatham-place  
 Clark, T., Bristol, woollen-draper. (Poole and Co., Gray's-inn  
 Cocking, T., Nottingham, victualler. (Capes, Gray's-inn  
 Dix, J. R., Lamb's Conduit-street, tea-dealer. (Few and Co., Henrietta-street  
 Dawe, F. and T. Gappy, Coaxden-mills, Devon, millers. (Burford, Muscovy-court  
 Dale, J., London-wall, horse-dealer. (Norton, Jewin-street  
 Dyson, G., Pall-mall, picture-dealer. (Burn and Co., Gray's-inn  
 Dixon, H., Leadenhall-street, trunk-maker. (Lewis, Bernard-street  
 Daykin, T. Nuttall, shopkeeper. (Walker, Hatton-garden  
 Eastman, H., Rood-lane, broker. (Sheffield and Sons, Prescott-street  
 Evans, T., Welch-pool, grocer. (Philpot and Co., Southampton-street; Kough, Shrewsbury  
 Edwards, W., Lane-end, Stafford, earthenware manufacturer. (Barber, Fetter-lane; Young, Lane-end  
 Fraser, J., Limehouse, patent ship hearth manufacturer. (Paterson and Co., Mincing-lane  
 Ferguson, R., Gt. Prescott-street, carpenter (Sheffield and Son, Gt. Prescott street  
 Fieldsend, J., and F. Crook, Oxford-street, linen-draper. (Hardwick and Co., Lawrence-lane  
 Fleming, R., Ebury-street, cabinet-maker. (Willis, Sloane-square  
 Fowles, J., sen., Avening, stonemason. (Meredith, Lothbury  
 Garratt, G., High-street, Marylebone, victualler. (Rye, Golden-square  
 Grey, G. L. V., Dove-court, Old Jewry, eating-housekeeper. (Blachford, Fenchurch-buildings  
 Grant, P., Strand, newspaper-vender. (Briggs, Lincoln's-inn-fields  
 Goodwin, J., Lane-end, Stafford, rope-maker. (Barber, Fetter lane; Young, Lane-end  
 Grant, W., Richmond, linen-draper. (Carlow, Marylebone  
 Holditch, S., Totness, merchant. (Blake, Essex-street  
 Hirst, W., Leeds, merchant. (Bogue and Co., John-street; Moor and Co., Leeds; Ainley, Delphin, Saddleworth  
 Harris, W., Cornhill, optician. (Wright, Hart-street  
 Hill, P., Greek-street, picture-dealer. (Wood, Dean-street  
 Hart, J., Hand-court, victualler. (Evitt and Co., Haydon-square  
 Hodges, W. R., Minories, linen-draper. (Thomas, George-street, Minories  
 Higham, R. H., New Bond-street, tailor. (Cook and Co., New Inn  
 Howlett, T., jun., Aston, grocer. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row  
 Hardwick, T., and W. Brown, Leeds, brick-layers. (Robinson, Essex-street  
 Ibbetson, W., Knaresborough, dyer. (Woodhouse and Co., Temple; Stott, Leeds  
 Jones, D., King's-arms-yard, merchant. (Boclett and Co., Cloak-lane  
 Johnson, W., Newcastle-upon-Tyne, draper. (Dunn, Gray's-inn; Wilson, Newcastle  
 Johnson, V. M., Sheffield, wine-merchant. (Michael, Red Lion-square  
 Kirwan, N., Lime-street, merchant. (Alliston and Co., Freeman's-court  
 Kirkham, B., Bentick-street, lodging-house-keeper. (Rowlinson and Co., Southampton-buildings  
 Knapp, F., Camborne, victualler. (Evans and Co., Gray's-inn; Perkins, Bristol  
 Kirkpatrick, J., Clitheroe, wine-merchant. (Beverley, Gray's-inn; Trappes, Clitheroe  
 Kerr, R., and J. Little, Ipswich, tea-dealers. (Bolton, Austin-Friars  
 Leigh, S. G., Oundle, grocer. (Amory and Co., Throgmorton-street  
 Longden, S., Finch-lane, wine merchant. (Trehern and Co., New Inn  
 Large, J., Gt. Queen-street, coach-maker. (Crosse, Surrey-street  
 Lee, J., Brighton, victualler. (Williams, Southampton-buildings  
 Levy, J., Strand, glass-dealer. (Abrahams, Clifford's-inn  
 Labron, R., Wakefield, linen-draper. (Hardwick and Co., Lawrence-lane  
 Loftus, T., Leeds, linen-manufacturer. (Blake-lock and Co., Serjeant's-inn; Barr, Leeds  
 Large, W., Kingsbury, tallow-chandler. (Brooks, New Inn  
 Macdonald, A., and A. Campbell, Regent-street, army-agents. (Macdougall and Co., Parliament-street  
 Machin, W., Greenwich, grocer. (Davis, Deptford  
 Monteith, R., Glasgow and Chelsea, merchant. (Crawford, Lincoln's-inn-fields  
 Miller, G., Watling-street, tallow-chandler. (Young and Co., Mildred's-court  
 Murlon, C., Gt. Newport-street, bookbinder (Crosby, Bucklersbury  
 Moncrief, J., Peckham, master-mariner. (Baxindale and Co., King's-arms-yard  
 Nottage, C., Fore-street, butcher. (Fyson and Co., Lothbury  
 Newman, J., Upper Clapton, builder. (Sutcliffe and Co., New Bridge-street  
 Ogilvey, J., Tottil-street and Bucklersbury, cabriolet-proprietor. (Dods, Northumberland-street  
 Osbourne, C., Sculcoates, merchant. (Rosser and Co., Grays-inn; England and Co., Hull  
 Phillips, J. and F., jun., Derby, linen and woollen-draper. (Smithson and Co., New Inn; Durniciff, Derby  
 Petty, J., Manchester, builder. (Rodgers, Devonshire-square; Morris and Co., Manchester  
 Percival, J., jun., Whitechapel, oilman. (Osbaldeston and Co., London-street  
 Prince, W., Gracechurch-street, slop-seller. (Kearsey and Co., Lothbury  
 Prideaux, J., Plymouth, timber-merchant. (Blake, Essex-street; Prideaux, Plymouth  
 Rowe, G., Shoe-lane, victualler. (Young and Co., Blackman-street  
 Richardson, J., and T. Want, Barbican, builders. (Kearsey and Co., Lothbury  
 Robson, E., Leeds, grocer. (Maxon, Little Friday-street; Upton and Son, Leeds  
 Rose, E., Bath, linen-draper. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Hall, Bristol  
 Rudd, H. and T., Ratcliffe-highway, colour-makers. (Vandercom and Co., Bush-lane  
 Roach, R. S., Cateaton-street, cap-manufacturer. (Nias, Cophall-court  
 Rickarby, W., Oxford-street, linen-draper. (Lewis, Bernard street  
 Ridge, E., Taunton, tailor. (Fairbank, Staple-inn  
 Riley, J., Almondbury, cassinet-manufacturer. (Edwards, Bonverie-street  
 Smith, G., Leeds, commission-agent. (Hardwick and Co., Lawrence lane; Lee, Leeds  
 Spensley, J., South Molton-street, cheesemonger. (Robinson, Orchard-street  
 Scott, J., Norwich, Upholder. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Beckwith, Norwich  
 Scriven, E., Clarendon-square, engraver. (Mayhew and Co., Carey-street  
 Stevenson, E., jun., Leicester, hosier. (Emly and Co., Temple; Robinson and Co., Leicester  
 Simpson, J., Nottingham, wharfinger. (Knowles, New Inn  
 Townsend, W., Parkinson-lane, Halifax, merchant. (Strangways and Co., Barnard's inn; Barber, Brighthouse  
 Thorington, H. J., Battle-bridge-wharf, builder. (Teague, Lawrence Pountney-hill  
 Taplin, W., Basingstoke, ironmonger. (Warne and Co., Basingstoke  
 Tallett, T., Birmingham, hatter. (Hyde, Ely-place  
 Turtill, J., Regent-street, fancy warehouseman. (Walford, Grafton-street  
 Vinen, T., Norwich, woollen-draper. (Robins, Southampton-buildings

Wheeler, F. S., Isleworth, plumber. (Love-land, Symond's-inn; Farnell, Isleworth)  
Walker, T., Bugbrooke, victualler. (Vincent, Temple; Cooke, Northampton)  
Wildy, J., Oxford-street, hatter. (Hill and Co., Welbeck-street)  
Whitley, R., Gt. Russel-street, builder. (Gadsden, Furnival's-inn)  
White, J., Linton, miller. (Church, Gt. James-street; Pateshall and Co., Hereford)  
Woodbine, R., Isle of Ely, carpenter. (Pickering and Co., Lincoln's-inn; Evans and Co., Ely.)

Wilcocks, E., Exeter, linen-draper. (Turner, Milman-street; Turner, Exeter)  
Watson, G., Emley, tanner. (Preston, Token-house-yard; Pickard, Wakefield)  
Walley, T., Manchester, grocer. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Hitchcock, Manchester)  
Whiteley, W. H., Rosamond-street, stove-grate-manufacturer. (Clift and Co., Red Lion-square)  
Woodhead, A., Salford, common-brewer. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row)  
Williams, W., Manchester, merchant. (Makinson and Co., Temple.)

## ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. E. Burn, to the Rectory of Smethcott, Salop.—Rev. W. B. Whitehead, to the vacant Prebendal Stall of Ilton, Wells.—Rev. T. Boulton, to the Vicarage of Bidford and Priors Salford, Warwick.—Rev. F. Parry, to the perpetual Curacy of St. Paul, Boughton, Cheshire.—Rev. G. Gilbert, to the Vicarage of Syston, near Grantham.—Rev. J. Stedman, to the Vicarage of Gosfield, Essex.—Rev. J. Morton, to the Rectory of Stockleigh, Pomeroy.—Rev. N. T. Royce, to the Rectory of Dunterton, Devon.—Rev. C. Tripp, to the Rectory of Kentisbeare.—Rev. J. L. Hesse, to the Rectory of Knebworth, Herts.—Rev. J. Jenkins, to the Rectory of Llangula, Monmouth.—Rev. T. Davies, to the perpetual Curacy of Llanfihangeluch - Gwilly, Carmarthen.—Rev. J. Tyrwhitt, to the new Chapel of St. George, Claines.—Rev. C. Boulton, to the Rectory of Blockborough, and of Bondleigh, Devon.—Rev. J. Jarrett, to the Vicarage of North Cave-cum Cliffe, York.—Rev. C. Mann, to the perpetual Curacy of Fordham, Norfolk.—Rev. C. Whitcombe, to the Vicarage of Great Sherston, with Chapelry of Alderton, Wilts.—Rev. C. Dodson, to be Chaplain to Countess Craven.—Rev. W. Wood, to the Rectory of

Coulsdon, Surrey.—Rev. W. Gilbee, to the Vicarage of St. Issey, Cornwall.—Rev. W. Gresswell, to the Rectory of Duloe, Cornwall.—Rev. H. Lindsay, to the Vicarage of Croydon, Surrey.—Rev. J. Clarke, to the Vicarage of Ilkley, York.—Rev. J. Jones, to the Curacy of St. Peter and Llangunnor, Carmarthen.—Rev. A. H. Richardson, to the perpetual Curacy of Llandhythen, Pembroke.—Rev. F. Dowker, to the Vicarage of Willerby, near Scarborough.—Rev. J. Tyley, to the Rectory of Cleydon cum Akenham, Suffolk.—Hon. and Rev. G. Best, to the Rectory of Blandford St. Mary, Dorset.—Rev. J. Ford, to the Vicarage of Navestock, Essex.—Rev. F. B. Astley, to the Rectory of Everleigh.—Rev. P. Lowther, to the Curacy of Cohampton, Hants.—Rev. G. B. Clare, to the new Church St. George, Wolverhampton.—Rev. T. C. W. Seymour, to the Vicarage of Loddon.—Rev. J. Hensman, to the Curacy of Trinity new church, Clifton, Bristol.—Rev. J. G. Thring, to the Rectory of Bishops Stow, Wilts.—Rev. T. Turton, to the Prebendal Stall in Peterborough cathedral.—Rev. E. Hughes, to the Hardwick Rectory, Northampton.—Rev. C. Hayes, to the Rectory of North Stoke, Somerset.

## CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

### CHRONOLOGY.

Nov. 1. Mr. John St. John Long sentenced at the Old Bailey for manslaughter in the fine of £250.

2. His Majesty in the House of Peers, delivered the following most gracious speech to both Houses of Parliament:

*My Lords and Gentlemen*.—It is with great satisfaction that I meet you in Parliament, and that I am enabled, in the present conjuncture, to recur to your advice. Since the dissolution of the late Parliament, events of deep interest and importance have occurred on the continent of Europe. The elder branch of the House of Bourbon no longer reigns in France, and the Duke of Orleans has been called to the throne by the title of King of the French. Having received from the new sovereign a declaration of his earnest desire to cultivate the good understanding, and to maintain inviolate all the engagements sub-

sisting with this country, I did not hesitate to continue my diplomatic relations and friendly intercourse with the French Court.—I have witnessed with deep regret the state of affairs in the Low Countries. I lament that the enlightened administration of the King should not have preserved his dominions from revolt; and that the wise and prudent measure of submitting the desires and the complaints of his people to the deliberations of an extraordinary meeting of the States General should have led to no satisfactory result. I am endeavouring, in concert with my allies, to devise such means of restoring tranquillity as may be compatible with the welfare and good government of the Netherlands, and with the future security of other states.—Appearances of tumult and disorder have produced uneasiness in different parts of Europe; but the assurances of a friendly disposition, which I continue to receive from all foreign powers, justify the expectation that I shall be enabled to preserve for my people the blessings of Peace.—Impressed at all times with the necessity of respecting the faith of national engagements, I am persuaded that my determination to maintain, in conjunction



with my allies, those general treaties by which the political system of Europe has been established, will offer the best security for the repose of the world,—I have not yet accredited my ambassador to the Court of Lisbon; but the Portuguese Government having determined to perform a great act of justice and humanity, by the grant of a general amnesty, I think that the time may shortly arrive when the interests of my subjects will demand a renewal of those relations which have so long existed between the two countries.—I am impelled, by the deep solicitude which I feel for the welfare of my people, to recommend to your immediate consideration the provisions which it may be advisable to make for the exercise of the royal authority, in case that it should please Almighty God to terminate my life before my successor shall have arrived at years of maturity. I shall be prepared to concur with you in the adoption of those measures which may appear best calculated to maintain unimpaired the stability and dignity of the Crown, and thereby to strengthen the securities by which the civil and religious liberties of my people are guarded.

*Gentlemen of the House of Commons.*—I have ordered the estimates for those services of the present year, for which the last Parliament did not fully provide, to be forthwith laid before you. The estimates for the ensuing year will be prepared with that strict regard to economy which I am determined to enforce in every branch of the public expenditure. By the demise of my lamented brother, the late King, the Civil List revenue has expired. I place without reserve at your disposal my interest in the hereditary revenues, and in those funds which may be derived from any droits of the Crown or Admiralty, from the West India duties, or from any casual revenues, either in my foreign possessions or in the United Kingdom. In surrendering to you my interest in revenues which have in former settlements of the civil list been reserved to the Crown, I rejoice in the opportunity of evincing my entire reliance on your dutiful attachment, and my confidence that you will cheerfully provide all that may be necessary for the support of the civil government, and the honour and dignity of my crown.

*My Lords and Gentlemen.*—I deeply lament that in some districts of the country the property of my subjects has been endangered by combinations for the destruction of machinery; and that serious losses have been sustained through the acts of wicked incendiaries. I cannot view without grief and indignation the efforts which are industriously made to excite among my people a spirit of discontent and disaffection, and to disturb the concord which happily prevails between those parts of my dominions, the union of which is essential to their common strength and common happiness. I am determined to exert to the utmost of my power all the means which the law and the constitution have placed at my disposal, for the punishment of sedition, and for the prompt suppression of outrage and disorder. Amidst all the difficulties of the present conjuncture, I reflect with the highest satisfaction on the loyalty and affectionate attachment of the great body of my people. I am confident that they justly appreciate the full advantage of that happy form of government, under which, through the favour of Divine Providence, this country has enjoyed for a long succession of years a greater share of internal peace, of commercial prosperity, of true liberty, of all that constitutes social happiness, than has fallen to the lot of any other country of the world. It is the great object of my life to preserve these blessings to my people, and to transmit them unimpaired to posterity; and I am animated in the discharge of the sacred duty which is committed to me, by the firmest reliance on the wisdom of Parliament, and on the cordial support of my faithful and loyal subjects.

Nov. 2. The Duke of Wellington, Premier of England, said in the House of Peers, "No improvement could be made in the present system of repre-

sentation; and if he were going to form a representation for a new country, he would take for his model that of England as it now is"!!!

Nov. 5. The Recorder made his report to his Majesty of the 18 prisoners capitally convicted at the last September sessions, when one only was ordered for execution.

— Mr. Hume moved (House of Commons) for a return of the sums paid to the king's printer for the last ten years, and an account of the printing work done, and a copy of the patent by which he was appointed; he stated that a committee, in 1810, had recommended that the patent should not be renewed, and that a saving of 40 per cent. might be made by getting the printing performed in a different way. He read an extract from the charges made in one year, one was "Prayers for a general fast, £997"!!! Motion agreed to.

7. The King's visit to the Lord Mayor's dinner put off by the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, for "fear of confusion and tumult, and possibly bloodshed!!!"

9. Alderman Key sworn into the office of Lord Mayor at Westminster Hall in private. There was not the least parade; even the sheriffs went together in a private carriage; such a Lord Mayor's day was never before witnessed; there was neither dinner at Guildhall nor Mansion House, nor any kind of show, "for fear of endangering the properties and the lives of his Majesty's subjects"!!

— Mobs assembled round the House of Lords, Farringdon-street, Ludgate-hill, Blackfriars'-bridge, Chiswell-street, Barbican, Whitechapel, and other places. Some of them had tri-coloured flags. They all separated without doing much mischief.

11. One culprit executed at the Old Bailey.

12. Verdict of manslaughter against Mr. John St. John Long, given by the jury on the coroner's inquest on the body of Mrs. Colin Campbell Lloyd, of Knightsbridge, whose death was alleged to have been occasioned by the treatment experienced from that person.

13. Information received from the King's Ambassador at the Hague, that the King of the Netherlands had declared the ports of West Flanders, including Antwerp and Ghent, to be in a state of blockade.

15. Motion made in the House of Commons for forming a committee to examine the Minister's State of the Civil List, and carried by a majority of 29 against the minister; 233 having voted for it, and 204 against it.

— Several resolutions passed at the Common Council of the city of London,

and petitions founded on them to both Houses of Parliament, praying them to institute a full and faithful inquiry into the state of the representation with a view to the remedying of such defects therein, as time and various encroachments have produced.

16. Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords, and Sir Robert Peel in the Commons, gave notice that his Majesty had accepted their resignation as ministers!

22. Earl Grey appointed First Lord of the Treasury.—Lord Brougham, Lord High Chancellor.—Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord President of the Council.—Lord Durham, Lord Privy Seal.—Viscount Melbourne, Secretary of State for Home Department.—Viscount Palmerston, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.—Viscount Goderich, Secretary of State for Colonial Department.—Viscount Althorp, Chancellor of Exchequer.—Sir T. Denman, Attorney-General.—Mr. Horne, Solicitor-General.—Sir James Graham, First Lord of the Admiralty.—Right Hon. C. Grant, President of the Board of Control.—Lord Auckland, President of the Board of Trade, and Master of the Mint.—Lord Holland, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.—Marquis of Anglesea, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.—Duke of Richmond, Postmaster-General.—Earl of Albemarle, Master of the Horse.—Marquis of Wellesley, Lord Steward.—Mr. R. Grant, Judge-Advocate-General.—Hon. Agar Ellis, First Commissioner of Woods and Forests.—Lord John Russell, Paymaster-General.—Hon. E. G. T. Stanley, Secretary for Ireland.—Mr. P. Thomson, Vice-President of Board of Trade.—Sir W. Gordon, Master-General of Ordnance.—Viscount Anson, Master of Buckhounds.—Lord Burghersh is appointed Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Naples—the Hon. J. D. Bligh, Secretary of Embassy at the Hague—Mr. Parish, Sec. of Legation in Greece—Lord A. M. C. Hill, Sec. at Constantinople.

23. A Meeting of West India Proprietors was held at the Thatched-House, when Petitions to the King and both Houses of Parliament, in favour of the West India interests, were moved and adopted.

#### MARRIAGES.

At Willy Park, Earl of Chesterfield, to Hon. Anne Elizabeth, sister to Lord Forester, and niece to Duke of Rutland.

—B. Granville, esq., to Anne Catherine, daughter of Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, bart.—Lieutenant-Colonel J. D'Arcy, to Miss Catherine Lucy Eliza Hyde.—J. Labouchere, esq., to Miss Mary Louisa Du Pré.—J. Stirling, esq., to Susannah, eldest daughter of the late Lieutenant-General C. Barton.

#### DEATHS.

J. Buller, esq., clerk of the Privy Council.—Lieutenant T. D. Brand, R.N.; had travelled across the Andes, and lately published an interesting account of his journey.—Lieut. J. H. Davidson, Royal Marines, who had served *seventeen* years as a second lieutenant.—In Regent's Park, T. Kinnear, esq.—At Bath, Hon. Lady Horton, relict of Sir W. Horton, bart.—Hon. Captain Anson, fourth son of the late Lord Anson.—Sir W. A. Brown, bart., CC.—Lady Elizabeth Pepys, relict of Sir W. W. Pepys, bart.—Hon. Elizabeth Ryder.—Dowager Lady Simeon.—R. Barclay, esq., 80, Dorking.—Lady D. B. Lennard, wife of Sir T. B. Lennard, bart.—Dowager Lady Young, 91.—At Ashburnham-place, Earl of Ashburnham.—At Cheltenham, Hon. Charlotte Juliana Smith.—At Little Chelsea, Sir W. A. Brown, bart.—At Wentworth House, Lady Charlotte Milton.—At Walthamstow, Sir Robert Wigram, bart., 87.—At Bildesten, Captain E. Rotherham, 78, who commanded the Royal Sovereign in the battle of Trafalgar.—At Blackheath, Major-General Sir C. P. Belson.—At Kilmun, Isle of Skye, Lieutenant Soirle Macdonald, aged 106. He has left three children under ten years of age.—At Wood-End, near Keswick, Margaret, widow of Mr. Thomas Douglas, aged 90; when a child she resided at Leith with her father, who was a manager of a glass-house there, and *Charles Stuart*, the Pretender, and some of his followers, being shewn through the works, Charles presented the deceased with half-a-crown, at the same time clapping her on the head and calling her "a fine little *boy*!" She preserved all her faculties to the last, and frequently told this history.

#### DEATHS ABROAD.

At Naples, the King of Naples.—In Silesia, Field Marshal Count Von York Wurtemberg.—At Nice, Algeron Percy, Earl of Beverley.—At Leghorn, Lady Forbes.

#### MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

DURHAM.—At a general meeting of the inhabitants of Stanhope, held 15th October, to consider the propriety of a  
M.M. *New Series*.—VOL. X. No. 60.

Petition to the Throne, praying the security of their Religious Rights and Spiritual Privileges, C. Rippon, Esq. m



the chair, the following address was unanimously agreed to :—" *To the King's Most Excellent Majesty.* Sire—We, your Majesty's loyal and dutiful subjects, inhabitants of the parish of Stanhope, in the county of Durham, approach your paternal throne, with reverence and love. To our King we declare our grievance—from the Father of his People, we seek redress. With doubt and regret, we have heard the declaration of our rector, Henry Phillpotts, Doctor in Divinity, that the tithe of this parish, affording a temporal remuneration of the services of its priest of £4,000 a year, is to be enjoyed by him, conjointly with the Bishopric of Exeter, and the spiritual care of 12,000 inhabitants delegated to a hirling!!!—We humbly represent to your Majesty, that a parish so populous, paying so largely for religious assistance, might claim the advantages of a resident pastor. We submit the utter impossibility of a bishop in Devonshire having ability to discharge his duties in Durham;—we submit that prebendal stalls, and other religious sinecures, should alone be afforded to create revenues for the heads of the church;—we declare the cure of souls to be a duty of eternal moment, which cannot be delegated, without awful responsibility—which cannot be sacrificed to present considerations, without fearful daring of future account!!!—We invoke your Majesty, as the head of our church, graciously to consider our prayer; and if expediency should require the elevation of our present minister to the episcopal bench, that your royal prerogative may also secure to us a resident rector, whose undivided help may constantly be given, in exchange for the secular advantages of this richly endowed benefice!!!"

**LANCASHIRE.**—The commissioners of watch, scavengers, and lamps, of the parish of Liverpool, have published their account of the expences for last year from Sept. 29, 1829, to Sept. 29, 1830, which amounts to £18,435. 19s. !—The surveyors of highways have also published their account for the same parish, amounting to £11,313. 10s. 6d. from Michaelmas, 1829, to July 15, 1830.

**WESTMORELAND.**—The expences for this county from June 23, 1829, to June 22, 1830, amount to £3,170. 6s. 9d.—about £2,000 of which was for law and its contingencies—the county bridges and roads at the ends thereof, £411. 5s. 5½d.

**LINCOLNSHIRE.**—A meeting of the electors of Stamford to petition the King, and the two Houses of Parliament, on certain circumstances relating to the late election for that borough, and

to secure to themselves a free and efficient representation in the House of Commons, has taken place. Ten resolutions were unanimously agreed to, and the Duke of Sussex and Lord Holland were requested to lay a petition before the King; and Earl Grey and C. Tennyson, Esq., before the Houses of Lords and Commons. The seventh resolution states, "that the Marquis of Exeter did by his agents, illegally and unconstitutionally, interfere with the election by influencing several electors to vote for his own relations; and afterwards, when the election was over, gave notice to electors, being his tenants, who voted contrary to his desires, to quit the tenements held under him."—*Lincoln and Stamford Mercury.*

**GLOUCESTERSHIRE.**—Colston's Anniversary was celebrated, 13 Nov., at Bristol, with the usual demonstrations of respect and veneration, in honour of the memory of that philanthropist. The *Dolphin Society* met their president at the cathedral; and at their dinner the collection amounted to £340. The *Anchor Society* met their president at the Merchants' Hall, where dinner was provided, and the collection amounted to £540. 11s. 6d. The *Grateful Society's* collection amounted to £440. 10s. 6d.

**NORFOLK.**—At the last meeting (Oct. 22) of the Justices in the Grand Jury Chamber the Prison Report was made, when Colonel Harvey declared that the cause of crime was want of labour, and, after detailing the number of prisoners in the jail, lamented the great increase of the poor's rate in the county, stating it to amount to more than £600,000!!! Within the last 20 years it had increased £100,000!!! "The labourer only received 2s. 6d. a "week," said he; "I consider the poor "man's labour his property, and when "he receives merely 2s. 6d. for that "which ought to be 10s., I cannot help de- "signating it as a species of legal swind- "ling!!!"—The learned chairman (Mr. Weyland) stated, that he had lately seen in this county a Mr. Benning, the agent of the Dowager Empress of Russia, who was surprised at seeing in the gaol women with infant children at their breasts, and inquired, "Whether the country "was in such a state as to render it "necessary to send Women, so situated, "to prison?!!!"

**OXFORDSHIRE.**—By an abstract account of receipts and expenditure of the commissioners of the Oxford lighting and paving acts, it appears that the sum of £3,088. 19s. 7d. was expended for that town between Oct. 27, 1829, and Oct. 28, 1830.



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